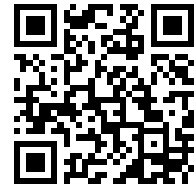
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LADY'S BOOK

AND

MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

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VOL. LXXXIV.—FROM JANUARY TO JUNE,
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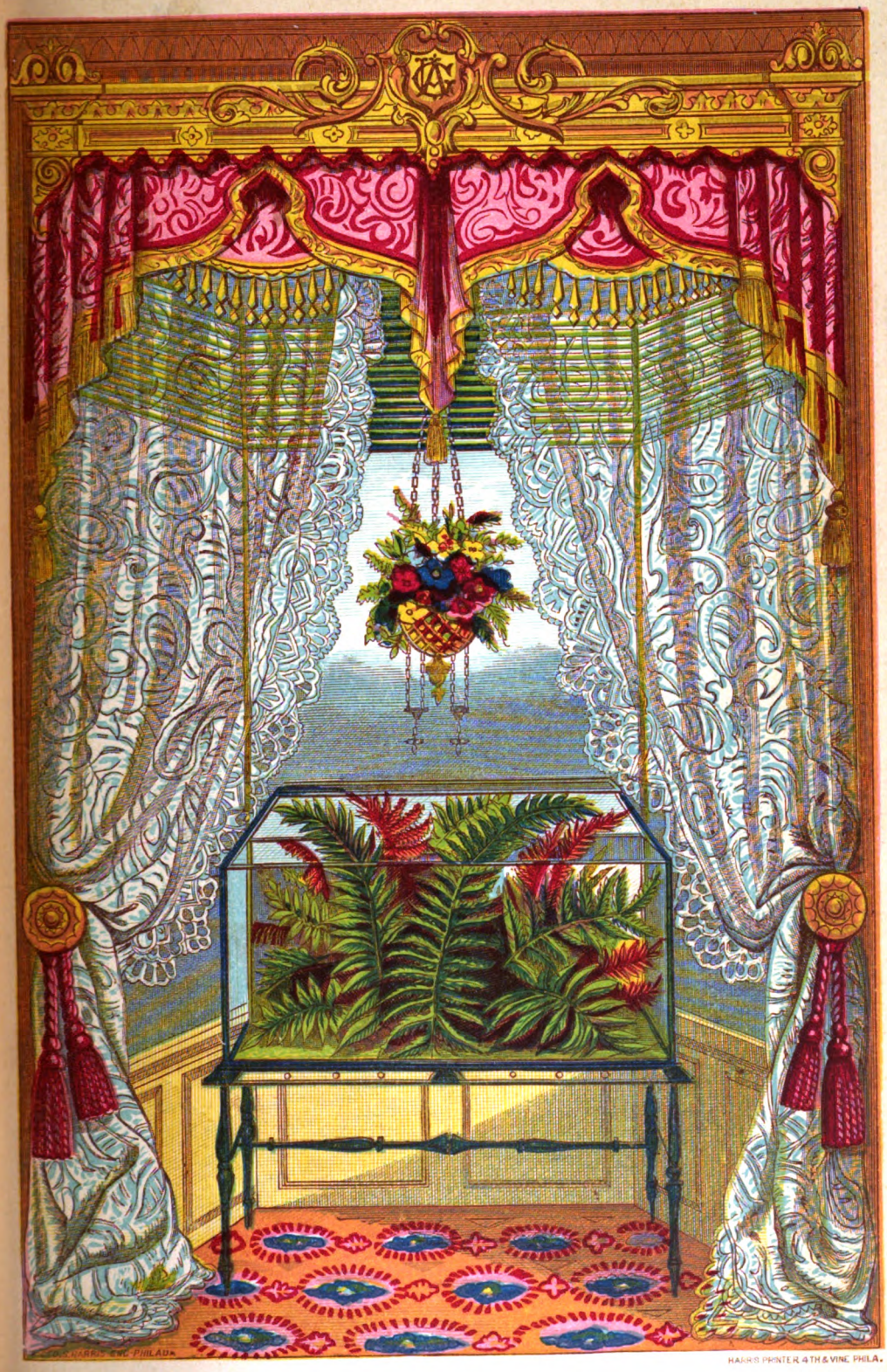
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(See Description, Fashion Department.)



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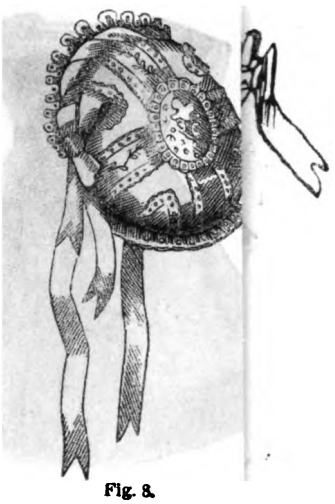
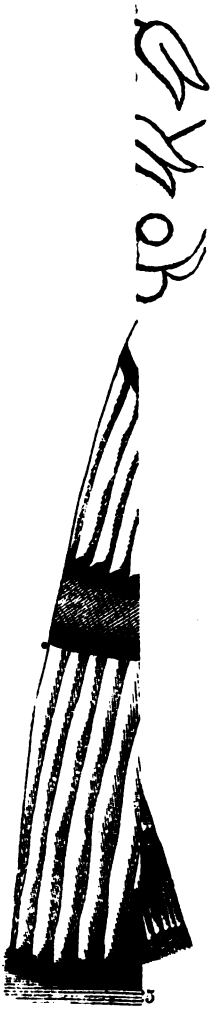


Fig. 8.

FIG. 1.



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Fig. 4.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 1.



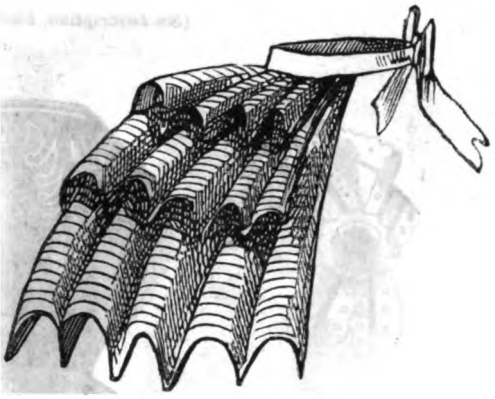
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Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.



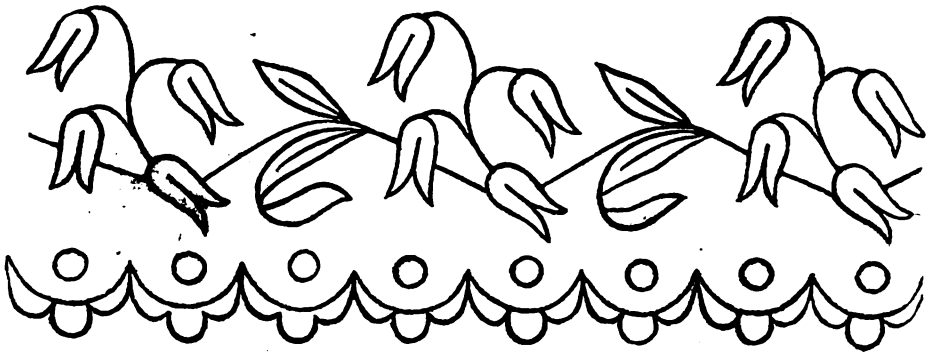
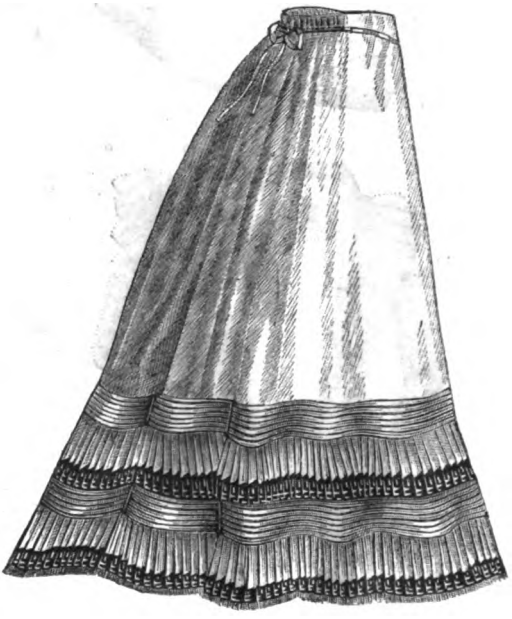


Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.



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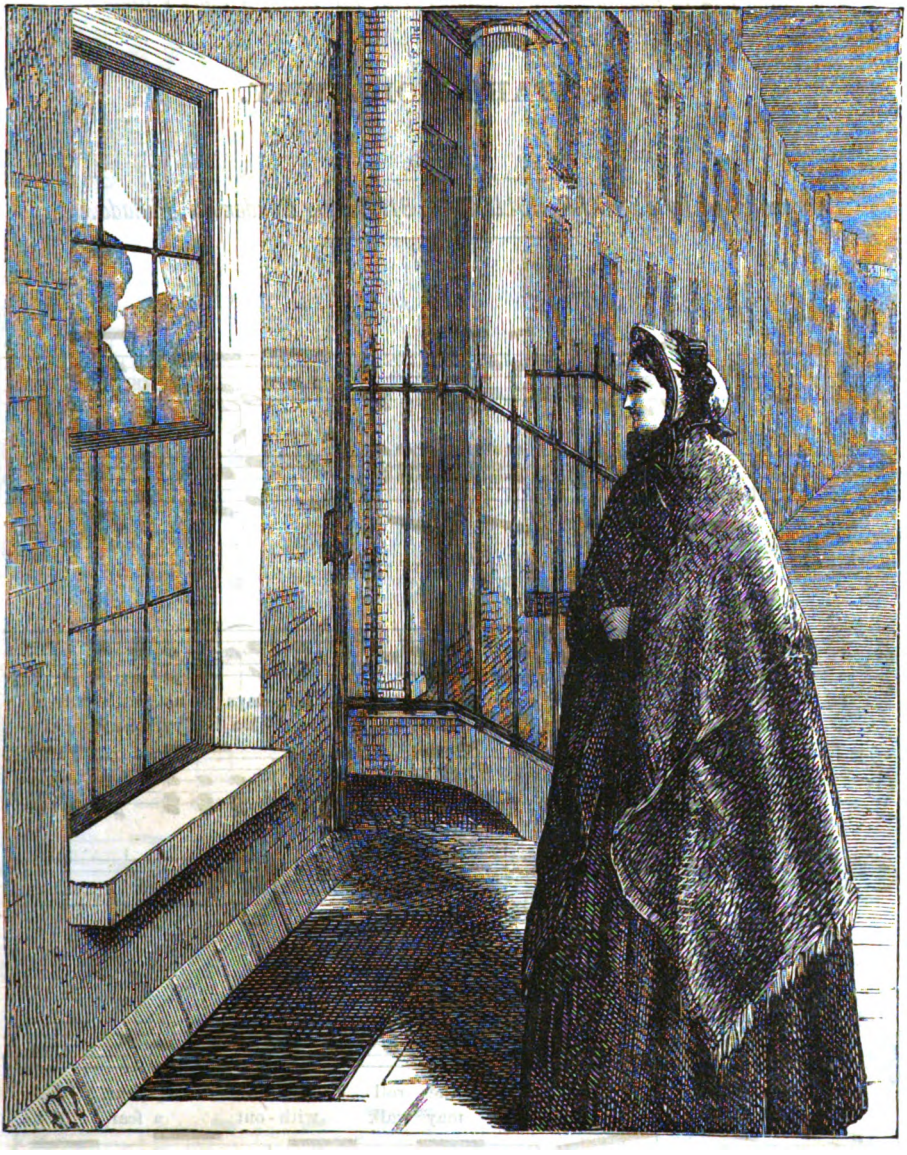
WINTER CLOAKS.



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Fig. 1.—Basquine of black velvet, cut to fit the figure, loosely trimmed with lace and satin plaitings. Open sleeve, lined with satin and trimmed to correspond.
Fig. 2.—Cloak of heavy navy blue cloth, cut with a peak in the back, and trimmed with a fold of velvet scalloped on one edge, a row of fringe and narrow velvet heading
lt. Three fancy ornaments trim the back, also the sleeve, which is open.
Fig. 3.—Basquine of black cloth, cut in squares at the back, and trimmed with fancy gimp, which also extends up the back. Open sleeves, cut in squares on the edge.

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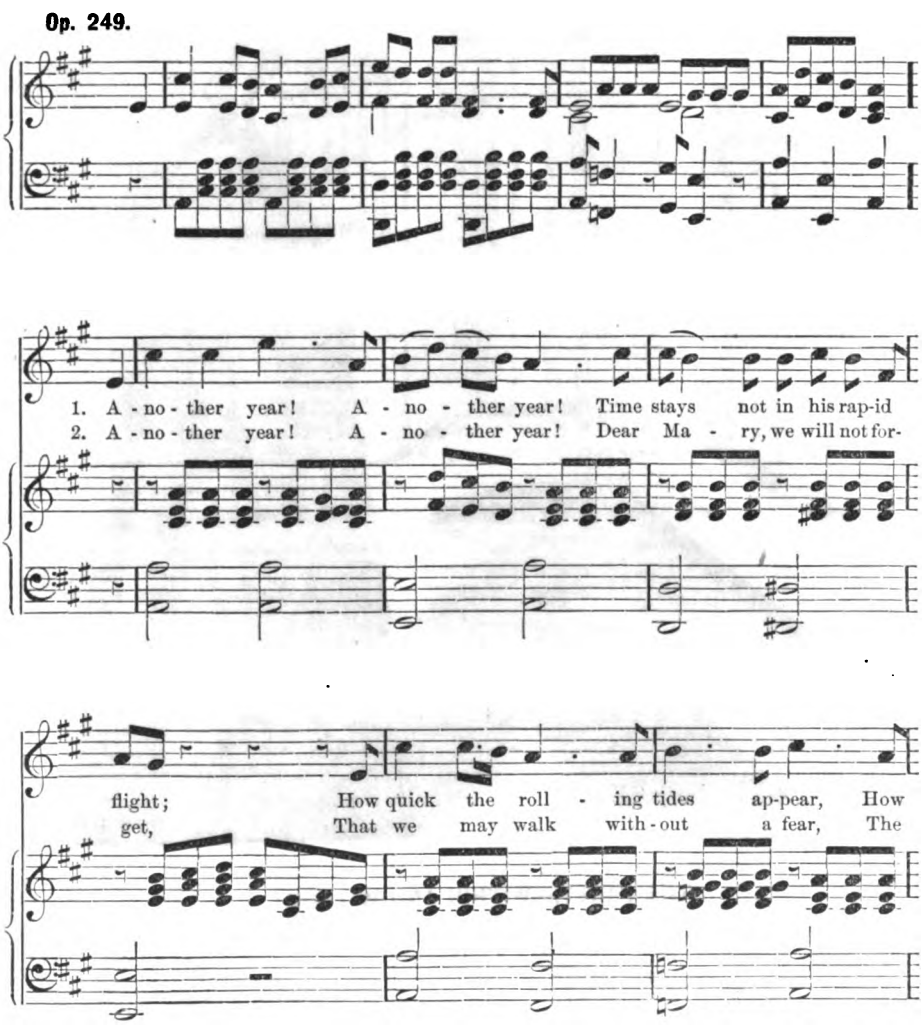
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New Year's Song.
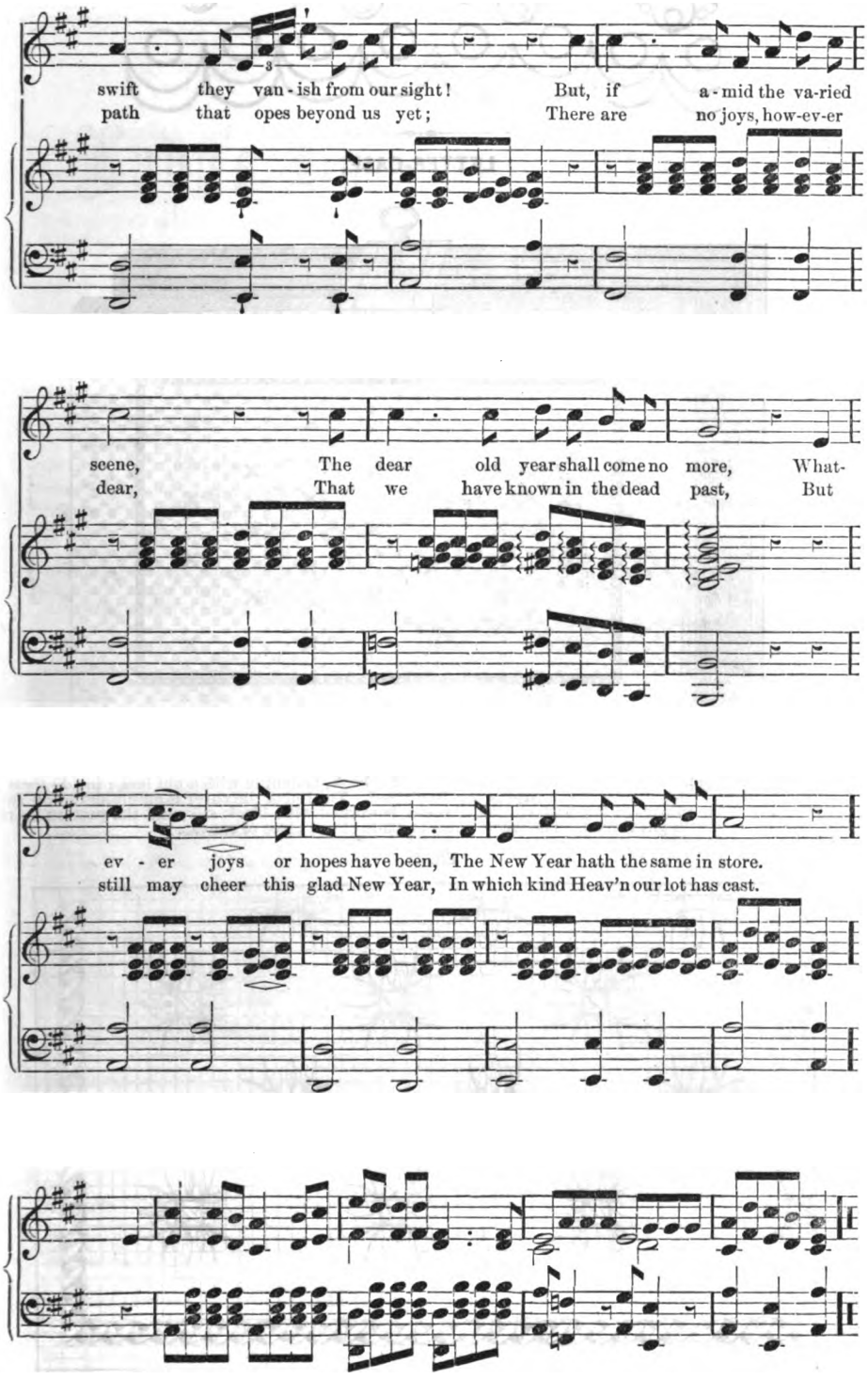
Written and composed for the Piano-Forte, for Godey's Lady's Book.

By J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

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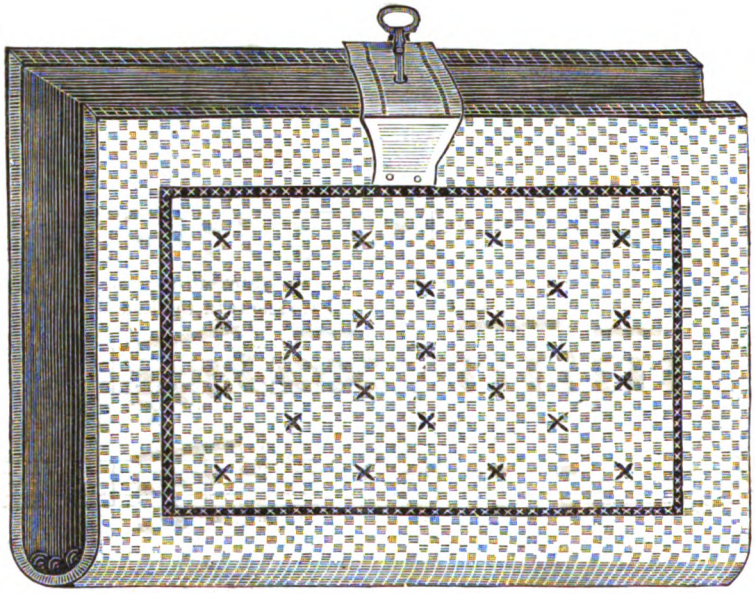


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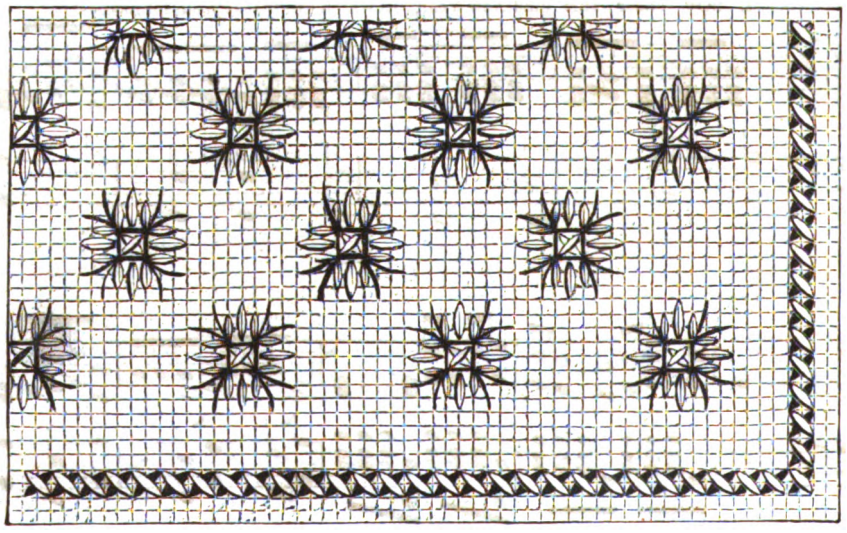
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LETTER-CASE.



This letter-case is made in the shape of the corner of a book, fastening with a gilt lock; inside there is a movable frame, in which letters and papers can be classed. The top of the cover is embroidered on Java canvas. Fig. 2 shows part of the pattern. The border is worked with black silk, and the pattern in red silk, crossed over with gilt thread. The whole cover is made of one piece of canvas.

Fig. 2.



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GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIV.—NO. 499.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1872.

IT SNOWS.

BY MRS. HALE.

"It snows!" cries the School-boy—"Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow he 's out,
And his playmates have answered his call:



It makes the heart warm but to witness their joy—
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that burns in the blood of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the Imbecile—"Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer, and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled tow'rds the life-giving flame;
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame:
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!



"It snows!" shouts the Traveller—"Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace,



The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;

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For bright through the dark storm his own home appeared;
Though leagues intervened, he can see
The clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife, with their babes on her knee!
O Love! how it lightens the desolate hour
To know that our dear ones are safe from its power.

"It snows!" says the Belle—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek burns
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:



And visions of conquests, and splendor and mirth,
Float over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this snow-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snowflakes away:
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss,
That world has a fountain ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow—"O God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
It's burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek pale with fasting and care.



'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread,
But "He gives the young ravens their food"—
And she hopes, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor widow! That sorrow thy God only knows:
'Tis a pitiful lot to be poor when it snows.

THE PEBBLE IN THE PATH.

BY MRS. HOPKINSON.

"If there is anything I *cannot* put up with in a friend, it is selfishness!" said Madeline Percy.

"Oh!" sighed Esther Price, drawing in her breath with astonishment.

"The one thing I *despise!*" reiterated the angry Madeline.

"It was only because—because"—stammered Esther. But what that because was remained unuttered, except in a painful blush.

The two girls were alone in the parlor. All at once Madeline recollected herself. She stooped and kissed Esther. It was as sudden as if a grim gorgan had faded out, and been displaced by the sweetest and most playful of nymphs.

"Forgive me, and forget if you can, dear Esther!" she said, softly.

Esther, bewildered and astonished, kissed and forgave her. Indeed, it was astonishing enough; so much so that if she had not seen, Esther could not have believed the transformation of that lovely face at so trifling a disappointment; that those dark-fringed, violet eyes should shoot forth sparks of disdain; that her soft, rose-tinted skin should ruffle into an angry scarlet; or, strangest of all, that the caroling, bird-like voice, suited, like the lark, to sing at heaven's gate, should break into short, harsh snaps, like an untuned violin. And all because Esther hesitated to lend the locket she always wore around her own throat, and which held Fred's hair. Oh, no! One may be very good-natured, very obliging, and all that, of course; but lending that locket was out of the question. Madeline had pressed and urged her to no purpose. She only answered:—

"Oh, no, not this! I always wear this." But she could not say why, and then had come the angry explosion which bewildered the quiet Esther. Now everything was gentle again. Madeline took up a book and read aloud:—

"'True friendship, like true love, is exclusive and engrossing, and sees no fault in the beloved object.' Now, Esther!"

"Well?"

"You are to see no fault in me. You are to forgive me heartily and freely, and love me just as much as ever. Oh, this 'rash humor that my mother gave me!' But I do try to be lovely and amiable like you. It isn't often you see me make a splurge, is it?"

Esther looked up. There were real tears in Madeline's soft eyes. Of course, she could kiss

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and caress her with all her generous heart—the more easily that the friendship between the two girls, though so close and warm, was of only one week s growth, and there had been small time for very rude shocks to it.

Esther Price had been visiting her aunt in Barton, and had there made the acquaintance of the two Misses Percy. In so limited an experience, both sisters seemed "made of sugar, and spice, and all that's nice;" but Madeline took a violent fancy for Esther at once, which was naturally returned, so that these two were in all the glow of a first friendship, and saw no faults in each other. But, indeed, the intercourse of the two girls had been much with third persons, and in company people somehow manage to keep their tempers. The Misses Percy were considered by all Barton to be "very superior girls." The Percys were new comers, and had taken a large house a little out of the village, which they named "The Grove," though there were no trees near it, any more than there were rooks at "Copperfield's Rookery."

The Percy family had moved to Barton from a small town near Portland, at which city they often visited their relatives, and became imbued with elegant tastes. As there is nothing so effective as self-assertion, a glamour and glory soon surrounded the large house and gabled barn, and Barton came to think it very desirable to visit at the Grove. Insomuch that when Esther met the ladies of that retreat at the sewing circle, and was invited to dinner there the very next day, a flutter of excitement and delight, quite disproportioned to the occasion, pervaded her mind.

In addition, Esther Price was as inexperienced in dining out as a person could possibly be, and at seventeen years of age had only dined at her father's table in a very plain way. Who knew what splendors might be in waiting for her? Not Aunt Hollis, who had never even been in the house.

"If they should have finger-bowls, Esther"—said Mrs. Hollis, anxiously.

"Oh! I hope they won't; but, at all events, I sha'n't drink the water, like Davy Crockett. I've learnt so much. I do hope they won't have many 'modes, and forms, and flatteries paid to fellow worms,'" added Esther, quoting from Doctor Watts, and arranging her plain dress with unprecedently anxious care.

When the sleigh took her to the Grove, Esther was struck at the outset with its stateliness. A black man—there were no black men in Rochester!—opened the door for her, with the air of a prince, and showed her into the presence of General and Mrs. Percy, with as much parade as if she had been indeed a princess.

Esther was impressed with General Percy's hair, which he wore powdered and frizzled, after the mode of twenty years before, when he had seen Madison and Jefferson in a similar condition. Mrs. Percy's languor and condescension were equally striking; and when Esther had glanced at the gilt mantel clock, and the tall brass andirons, and a very much worn Turkey rug before the fire, she felt herself quite in a foreign land, and was glad to be restored to her own country by the sight of the young ladies, and to hear their cordial greeting in her native tongue.

Then the roast beef and pudding! It was quite impossible to believe that was all the dinner, as she was obliged, on her return, to confess to Aunt Hollis. Certainly it had all the impressive splendor of a lord mayor's feast. And when General Percy poured out a glass of currant wine for Esther, and then filled the other glasses, and solemnly pronounced the toast, "Absent friends!" and when each person took up the refrain, calling out fearlessly, "Absent friends!" Esther felt as if she had somehow got into the halls of Valhalla, and was pouring out libations to Woden and Thor.

Then the stories that General Percy told about governor this or that! It was as if an historical monument presided at the table, and gave out important utterances. Esther had never before heard of General Hodgeman. Not to have heard of General Hodgeman argued "herself unknown" with a witness. In after times she learned that he was neither hero nor warrior, only a militia general cotemporary with General Percy, which seemed his chief claim to notice, so that poor Esther suffered as well as enjoyed more keenly than the occasion warranted. If she only had had the magic glass of experience to look through, and had not been worried about her own behavior, she would have seen that the general was very pompous, the dinner badly cooked, the languid Lady Percy very silly, and the anecdotes of brother Russel at Bowdoin College by no means to his credit. As it was, she only admired, and "went it blind."

When Esther's week at Barton was finished, she persuaded the two young ladies to return to Rochester with her, and to grace with their presence the New Year's ball. They were to be her own guests, and it was in the arrangement of their dresses for this occasion that the whiff of temper occurred which Madeline very naturally wished Esther to dismiss from her memory. Madeline's affection was sweetly tempered by condescension. She was two years the elder, and had received fashionable experience at the city balls. Theresa was of Esther's own age, but seemed older, and was mysterious and self-absorbed. Somehow Esther did not understand Theresa as well as she did Madeline. She had just made hearty friends with Madeline, when Theresa came in from her walk. Her dark, olive skin was clearly bright with the crimson of exercise in the crisp December air, while her black eyes shone and glittered

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like a gipsy's. Theresa had always been counted plain and severe looking, till one fortunate day when somebody advised her to smile often, and show her little even teeth. After that she smiled so much, and her face lighted up so brilliantly, that many persons thought her even handsomer than Madeline. Esther would have supposed her very good-natured also, but for Madeline's confiding to her, with many sighs, that her sister was very envious and unsmiling within, whatever she might be without. That was dreadful, but kept strictly secret by Esther, whose unsuspicious nature was a source of much private amusement to Madeline. As a modern young lady would say, "She was perfectly *droll.*"

As Theresa laid aside her scarlet hood, she set herself to arrange a bunch of red berries in a wreath formed of some myrtle leaves from a pot in the window.

"I met Fred Loring, and he gathered these berries for my hair," she said.

It was not much to say, but the words had an odd effect. Madeline looked up, curved her beautiful mouth disdainfully, and glanced out of the window; while Esther's heart gave a little low cry of pain. He had not thought it worth while to call. How very strange that he had time to walk with Theresa, and gather berries for her!

"How my face burns!" said the dark-eyed one, arranging the wreath very effectively among her curls. No one answered.

Mrs. Price came in with a basket of plain cake and some apples. She had heard and seen Theresa. She was a very quiet, observing person, and the *tableau* of excited faces struck her as well as Theresa's conscious remark. She had been detained a minute in opening the door.

The next day Madeline and Theresa went to the only store in Rochester to rummage among its multifarious contents. They said it was for something to complete their costumes at the ball, and it happened that Esther and her mother sat before the sparkling wood fire by themselves.

"How long have you asked them to stay?"

"Only till the Wednesday after the ball. I told Madeline we expected Aunt Hannah then, and had only one guest-room."

"I am glad you told them."

"You don't like them, mother. I can see it, though they do not."

"Certainly, I hope they don't. I choose to return their politeness to you, and we will make their visit as pleasant as possible."

"Oh, mother, I'm so sorry you don't like Madeline! I see you don't like Theresa."

"Neither of them ring true, Esther."

"Dear mother," said Esther, deprecatingly, "you will not be hard on Madeline. She has faults I know, but she is so open, so generous! I sometimes feel quite willing she should offend, for the mere pleasure of her making up. Don't you think her very, very lovely—in person, I mean, mother?"

"Wonderfully so," answered Mrs. Price.

"That is more than I expected you to say, mother," said Esther, gleefully.

"When I say so, I mean nothing complimentary. I mean that, considering her real want of sweetness and candor, it is wonderful that her beautiful eyes have so much of the expression of both. That fulness of the under eye-lid and that lovely mouth and teeth! It quite breaks up an old theory of mine that the soul shapes the body."

"One can't help loving her, mother—partly, I suppose, because one feels she is so very sympathetic, and then she really throws herself so upon you that you are ashamed not to feel with her in all *her* sorrows!"

"Sorrows—real sorrows? She is very young to have them."

"Dear mother, they are indeed real sorrows. I can't think of any worse myself than hers. An uncongenial home, a father occupied entirely with business affairs, a mother *entirely* unsympathetic, and a sister whom she cannot even trust. All this she confided to me, with floods of tears. But she is so heroic, really, in her nature, that she restrains and controls all expression of her grief. To see her in her family, you would never guess how deeply she feels her isolation from them all, and how she has longed for some one who can be a true and sincere friend."

"Hum—m!" said Mrs. Price, dryly.

But Esther was too much in earnest to mind her mother's indifferent tone.

"I don't see why she selected you, my dear," continued Mrs. Price, answering the gentle pressure of Esther's hand, and bending on her a pair of serene, good eyes, exactly like Esther's own.

"Perhaps I was just the vacuum her overcharged heart needed to keep it from bursting. The very first time I met her she poured out her whole heart to me. Don't laugh at her, mother; but she says it is '*such* a comfort to her to have some friend of her own age, to whom she can express every thought,' and don't you think it is, mother?"

Mrs. Price looked fondly at the earnest upturned face, so full of youthful enthusiasm.

"I don't believe every thought is worth expressing. So many are better by being kept back. And, Esther, you and I have never felt the difference of age between us as any bar to our complete sympathy?"

Mrs. Price's half-question, half-assertion, was made in a faltering tone, and with eyes that turned aside, but Esther read the thought at once, and answered, with the hearty and tender love of her whole life:—

"Never! But we are own sisters, as well as mother and daughter. I told Madeline so once, in answer to something she said about her

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own mother, and she answered me if that were my case, I was one among a thousand, and that she could not conceive of the sentiment of friendship without a similarity of age; so I said no more. But you and I know better than that, mother, only it would only make her more sad to talk of it, poor girl!"

She had a great many confidences for my Esther, had she?"

Mrs. Price was a large, fair woman, and Esther a little, fair girl, so it was natural enough for the child to spring into her mother's lap, seventeen as she was, and half-hide her blushing face while she talked.

"Dear mother, she had forty love affairs to tell me about. Do you know she must have begun to have offers when she was twelve years old! And, mother, she knew Fred quite well when he studied law with her uncle in Portland, and she said—but afterwards she half-took it back—that he, too, was one of her lovers, but that her father would never give her to any but a man of fortune or of high rank."

"Oh, I see! A baron, perhaps, or a count of the Empire. Very natural for her father. Very queer she should have told you so—I mean about Fred," said Mrs. Price, flushing.

"Well, you see, mother, it was accidental. She didn't know about Fred and me. Somehow, it has always been too sacred a matter with me to talk over, and even to Aunt Hollis I never spoke of my engagement. So when somebody said Fred Loring was coming up to the ball, Madeline smiled a little archly and whispered to me: 'One of my old admirers! It will be really refreshing to see him up there among the outer barbarians.' And, seeing that I didn't like to have our ball so designated, she took it all back so sweetly, and kissed me so imploringly, that I concluded she was irresistible, mother."

"She is certainly very fascinating, dear. All I can say is, let her talk on as much as she likes, only let it be, if possible, of her own affairs."

Esther looked up wistfully. "And you will try to like her, mother?"

"Certainly not, dear. I never try to like people."

"But you won't take an antipathy to her?" and Esther kissed her mother's cheek.

"What did our good friend say about antipathies? That 'they are the weapons God gives to the credulous.' Say rather I should trust to antipathies if they are genuine."

"I didn't expect you to like Theresa, but Madeline is so impulsive, so generous!"

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Price, impatiently, "I think I am tired of impulsive, generous people. They are so apt to turn out just the contrary—calculating and selfish. Not that I mean to think ill of any one if I can help it—but I can't take qualities for granted, quite—or, as you do, on a person's own assertion. There they come!"

As she spoke, the two girls, escorted by Fred Loring, came into the room, loaded with packages, and all talking and laughing.

"Such a *dear* little shop! A curiosity shop, I call it!" said the emphatic Madeline. "And now pray let us look at our *treasures!* It is so droll to go shopping in the country! Everything is *so quaint!*"

Then down came her careless hair, and off went her bonnet, and her cheeks bloomed like living roses, while she complained of the cold, and begged Mr. Loring to hold her frozen hands in his, and talked about "froides mains, chandes amour," and there was such a tumult and chatter, such a fulness of the room of people, that there really seemed no time or opportunity for anybody to speak but the Misses Percy. Fred had no chance to more than bow to Mrs. Price and Esther, but he had said a good long sentence in that gesture, and in one glance of his bright, cheerful eyes. Theresa stood by the table, unpacking and bustling, filling the room with so much of cold sunshine and noise that it was, to use Fred's expression, "quite stunning."

They were to meet at the ball in the evening, and Fred was to leave Rochester on the ensuing morning, so that Esther's heart sunk a little when, after a noisy half-hour of general talk, of inspection of the various curiosities, and of compliments given and received, they found themselves once more before the parlor fire, waiting for dinner, and Fred gone.

"I hope we shall contrive to dance together two or three times," said Esther to herself, keeping down the steady pain about her throat.

The ladies talked of Mr. Loring continually.

"Dear me! he will be the only gentleman I shall know! I hope there will be waltzing. Nobody waltzes here? You don't say so! Splendid fellow, Fred is! I *declare*, Esther, I *do* so wish he was *rich!* So *talented* he is! I think he'll make *his* way in the world! Uncle Burrage told father he was *very* talented! Sometimes I *do* think father made a great mistake"— Here Madeline stopped short.

"Fiddlestick!" said Theresa, contemptuously.

"My *dear!*" replied Madeline, with a sigh. "I was, indeed, foolish, but you are a little severe on me, I think."

"I am sincere, at all events," said Theresa, curtly; and then she bent her brows to so dark a frown that Esther was frightened at it.

"Did you find many really rare things at that store, Madeline?" said she, by way of turning the conversation.

"Not a *thing*, my precious dear, but what I could have found in Barton. They were only a little cheaper. But I didn't want to say that to *Fred*, you know," said she, sweetly.

Fred again. They seemed on quite intimate

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terms. It was strange that Fred had not told her about them. Perhaps he had, and she had forgotten. Perhaps he had only seen them in Portland, and was now pleased, that is to say, *moderately* so, to meet them again. Of all things, Esther particularly desired not to harbor jealousy, and jealousy of her intimate friend—her beautiful, impulsive, loving friend. Never! never! never! For all that, her throat continued to ache. Only one day, and she had not seen Fred yet, even for a precious five minutes, alone. If Esther had heard Fred telling Mrs. Price that he had been in town the day before, only half an hour, on his way to Augusta, and on business which could not be delayed, it would have saved a part of the pain. But Mrs. Price had not forwarded his explanation, and it did seem strange that he should have had time to see these young ladies twice, and herself not at all. By this time Esther was getting unjust as well as jealous, and it was well Doctor Price came in to dinner and broke up her train of musing.

Doctor Price and his wife were both going to the Rochester ball. They always did go to all the merry-makings, and so kept merry and young themselves, besides setting a good example of moderation in all things by coming away early.

Rochester is a large farming town, but quite a pleasant village is gathered on the straight elm-shaded street that leads south from the corners. They—the corners—have a store, a post-office, a town-hall, a dye-house, and a meeting-house, but on the street are several quite stately wooden modern temples, built after the American architectural ideal of thirty or fifty years ago, and varying from the Temple of Vesta to Saint Peter's in style. Two or three persons in Rochester gave a tone of refinement and taste to the little village, and the long distance from Portland, only to be reached by a weary stage-coach journey, made city influences as unnecessary as impossible. Rochester, therefore, stood on its own feet in regard to fashions, and applied itself diligently to its own resources, adding occasionally those of the "town's round." When, for instance, as annually happened, Rochester gave a ball, it invited fully half of the guests from the neighboring villages, selecting, as it were, choice cream from different pans, and so making up for any native short-comings in the matter of gentility. There were curious rules of selection at these balls, but the rules, though not expressed in so many words, were inviolable, and thoroughly understood. Indeed, no "Almacks," or "Lady Majendie's Coterie," was ever more aristocratic, or, to express it better, more exclusive, than the society of Rochester. Farmers were inadmissible, of course, as also most mechanics, especially such as dealt in hardy and out-door employments. But the dentist and one of the tailors had the *entrèe*, with all sorts of storekeepers and professionals. The barber, in virtue of his wife's relatives, had room, but not the blacksmith. And so on.

Esther had assured the ladies of the Grove that they would meet very "nice" people, and as it was her first appearance at anything beyond a school-ball, she anticipated for them, as for herself, a very gay and brilliant time. In fact, these balls were composed of very well-bred and intelligent persons, with easy and polished manners, of which the Price family were fair specimens. But neither of the Barton belles hoped for much entertainment beyond that of a little variety. Indeed, who were they likely to see worth speaking to at a Rochester ball, except, to be sure, Fred Loring? Still, as it was the event of the week to them, they had prepared a little surprise for the surrounding town—the Prices and the rest. Fred should help them carry it out.

Esther wore her French mull, with Mrs. Price's old lace about the neck. Then she had some mock pearls in her hair, and some geraniums, besides the golden locket, at her bosom. But Esther wore every day, as well as to balls, what was better than pearls or lace, and that was the charm of delicate color and graceful movement, and her two blue eyes had a rare expression in them of innocent goodness. They looked as true and clear as if she had walked straight out of Paradise. Insomuch that even Madeline was moved to quote, half-affectionately, half-patronizingly, from the "Beggar Maid," as she came dressed into her chamber,

> "So sweet a face, such angel grace
> In all the land was never seen!"

The ball was long ago. As long ago as December 31st—say 1820 or '30, when railroads hadn't come to mix manners and customs up together, so you couldn't tell town from country; and when places had ways of their own, and society a refreshing individuality. Rochester's town-hall was decorated by Rochester people with greenery and tin sconces, with a pyramid of light in the middle. Paper roses did duty among the hemlock boughs; and the musicians (three fiddles and a clarionet) were gorgeous in a balcony, festooned with scarlet flannel. With a very little imagination and much good-nature, the hall lighted at either end with jocund and sparkling logs, seemed as fine as Aladdin's palace, and bright with fairy jewelry. At least so it seemed to Esther when she entered the hall and felt her feet already responding to the music. Madeline had begged the doctor to let her and Theresa go down half an hour late, and Esther unwillingly left them while she accompanied her parents.

It happened naturally enough that the new arrivals from several other towns occupied both Mrs. Price and Esther so fully that for a minute or two they forgot to watch for the doctor's sleigh, which was to bring down the

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two young ladies. In talking to guests from Burnham, from Readfield, and from twenty more places, and listening to their merry accounts of their sleigh-rides, sometimes twenty in a sleigh, Esther had not lately looked out of the window. Now a little bustle all over the hall, and a general turning of every eye to the upper doorway, attracted Esther also. She started as she saw two visions of such splendor as had never before met her eyes. Between the two visions loomed Fred Loring, holding one on each arm, and highly enjoying the sensation they produced. Seen against the background of spruce and hemlock, the effect was like a stage tableau, if only Esther had ever been to the theatre.

Madeline, dressed in gold-spotted muslin, and with a rose-colored gauze scarf fastened to her hair, might well stand for "Daybreak," which, in fact, she had stood for, in this identical costume, at a Portland fancy ball the year before. The buds in her hair matched the color in her round cheek, and on her wavy lips. Those lips which seemed fitted only to speak pearls! those cheeks which seemed always mantling with sensitive blushes! Truly, Nature had been in a good humor when she tempered Madeline's clay.

But if one sister looked a little theatrical in style, the other was truly picturesque in costume and appearance, and Esther gazed at her with profound and earnest admiration. As "Night" Theresa had arrayed herself in a vapory black gauze of countless skirts, with "sparkling stars for flowers." Over her low, broad forehead there beamed a silver crescent, and except this, she had put on no ornament.

She needed none, while her large black eyes were lighted with lambent fire, and while her scarlet lips revealed such a wealth of pearls. The dazzled Esther could not admire enough. She felt as if she had never done justice to Theresa. Such eyes! How they sparkled and danced under the heavy lashes! and how the brown face was transformed! How it glowed with living crimson!

Then, before Esther could cross the hall, and while every one stood transfixed with astonishment, Fred seated Theresa, and making a sign to the musicians, clasped the radiant form of Madeline, and whirled with her in dizzy circles up and down, up and down, so gracefully, so softly, so bewilderingly, that new and startling as the exhibition was to Esther, she could not help admiring it. Madeline seemed wholly at ease, not in the least fatigued, and when Fred at length seated her, the rose-flush on her cheek was scarcely heightened. Voices were all around Esther, expressing their various opinions of the dance and the dancers.

"*Is* that waltzing?"

"I never saw waltzing before!"

Some said "it was *so* beautiful!" Some blushed and turned away their heads. Doctor Price muttered to his wife Irving's lines on a waltzer, ending:—

—"From the rose you have brushed the soft dew:
What you touch, you may take. Pretty waltzer,
adieu!"

On the whole, perhaps the exhibition produced as much dislike as admiration. Before it was finished, even Esther's pleasure had turned to pain. She had shivered when Madeline passed her in the soft whirl, the bright head lying sidewise on Fred's shoulder, and the sparkling eyes fixed on his. It became unbearable as it went on, growing ever softer and swifter, the beautiful yielding form swaying hither and thither to the slightest pressure of Fred's encircling arm; and when at last Madeline let herself be dropped on a seat, and when Fred stood by smiling and fanning her, Esther felt her own cheeks grow pale, and a sense of suffocation press on her mouth.

George Turner had been watching her closely, and now held a glass of water to her white lips. George knew of her engagement to Fred, as did all Rochester, indeed, though it was the fashion not to talk about such arrangements, and his honest heart beat with sympathetic rage.

"I had a headache when I came," she said, wearily. Already it seemed hours ago. And Fred had not even spoken to her. He was bewitched, she thought. Madeline seemed like a bright fairy. It was all so strange. The call of the manager for "gentlemen to take partners for cotillions" was a welcome relief to all. It roused Esther from the abstraction she constantly fell into, and she readily accepted George Turner's hand for the first dance. In the course of the dance she must meet Fred, surely! surely! But Fred was in the next cotillion, chatting cheerfully with Theresa, whose eyes were darker and brighter than ever; and he was bowing with that head of his, like nobody else's, to Madeline, who stood in the same cotillion, and sparkled like a star.

Oh! would it never end? How dreary dancing was! And when it did end, and when Fred looked smilingly up to where Esther sat, and was coming to her, why did Madeline call to him in such silvery tones, and send him somewhere for something—something to put over her white shoulders—and why must *he* put it over them, and then sit down by her again? And when Spanish dances had been done, and all manner of cotillions, and when the Virginia Reel had brought out the mothers as well as daughters, why did Fred not come then, if only for a minute, and whisper one single word? She thought one word alone might keep her happy till she could know about it.

All this time Esther smiled and danced—that is, one of herselves did, while the other self wept and mourned. She pitied her poor, neglected heart so much that sometimes she could

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scarcely keep from weeping over it—so betrayed, so insulted! Then somebody announced supper. A little rush and movement—surely, now he will come! But it was only George Turner, in his near-sighted spectacles, who asked her to go down.

Between the heads of the crowd, as Esther stood on the stairway, she saw Madeline, escorted by Fred, and still at the head of the whole, before any other of the guests, of whatever age! George Turner repeated, in a whisper:—

"'The bride hath paced into the hall—
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads, before her go
The merry minstrelsy.'"

Then they both smiled, but Esther's heart felt more like breaking. George did not glance towards her, but took gentle care, and brought her some tea for her headache. He saw a good many things through those spectacles, and he was full of indignation at Fred. At the same time a very humble hope, like a very small violet under a very large mossy stone, sprung up in his heart. Every thing went wrong. But Esther kept looking forward. Something must happen different. It mustn't go on so.

The feature of the evening was to be the dancing in of the New Year. When the clock pointed to a few minutes before twelve, the gay assembly arranged themselves in quadrilles, and, as the old year passed out, broke into a "grand right and left," to the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle," echoed by laughter and good wishes in every direction. In the whirl Esther met Fred's hand. He grasped hers closely, saying, with tender warmth:—

"A happy New Year to you!" and then the air was so full of music, and whirls, and "happy New Years!" that it was perfectly bewildering.

"You look all alight," George had whispered, in one of their turns; and, indeed, when Esther caught sight of her face in the chimney glass, she hardly knew herself; her cheeks were flaming, and her eyes so bright.

Before the ball was over, Fred did get a chance moment to ask Esther to dance. She fancied that he looked preoccupied, however, and not sorry when he found she was already engaged. And when she said she was going home after the next dance, he only replied:—

"I am going in the morning," adding in a whisper, "but next week I shall come for a day," and then left her while he went across to Madeline. In a minute the couple were waltzing once more, and in the whirl of that and the confusion of the last contre-dance, Esther did not again see him.

She reached home, she hardly knew how. She heard the two girls saying, "What a *lovely* time they had had! How delicious! How splendid!" And then that Madeline had concluded to go a day sooner, in order to be escorted by Fred, and that Theresa was going to stay another day, and travel home by herself.

"You'll think it so odd, my dear, but I do really suffer in travelling alone. I am the timidest, foolishest creature in the world. I am afraid of horses particularly; and Fred was obliged to go right through Barton, and said it would be so perfectly convenient. I can't bear to lose one of our dear days, but, really, I ought to be at home. Duty, you know. Now, Mrs. Price, don't you think so yourself? Isn't it my duty?"

But Mrs. Price only replied, politely and gravely, that if Miss Percy felt it to be her duty, they would certainly relinquish the pleasure of another day; but that she recommended her to try to get a little beauty sleep, as the coach started at six o'clock.

"*I* shall wait another day, if you will keep me," said Theresa, "as I have not the least fear of horses, and am not particular about my duty, I am afraid," added she, laughing.

Without noticing this side-hit, and with many assurances of affection, Madeline took leave of the family, insisting that no one should rise to give her coffee, since she would be at home in Barton to a late breakfast.

"I look forward to so many, many happy visits from you, my darling!" she exclaimed, as the door closed on Esther's retreating form.

It was nearly one o'clock. Mrs. Price forbade any more reminiscences of the evening, and in a few minutes all was still in the house. When the mother was ready for bed, she threw a shawl over her shoulders, and went softly across the upper hall to Esther's chamber. She could not sleep until she had seen that Esther was quite the calm and cheerful person she had seemed in the last half hour.

Esther lay in her curtained recess, sobbing in little thick gasps, which would not down at her bidding, nor stop though she hid her face in the pillow. When her mother closed the door, and, throwing off her shawl, took her at once into her arms, she stopped sobbing, but laughed softly and constantly, clinging close to her neck. Not a word was spoken by either of them, and in a few minutes Esther ceased both laughing and crying, and closed her eyes with a faintness almost like death.

Mrs. Price, being a doctor's wife, gave neither poppy nor mandragora for the mind's disease. She had never seen Esther's nerves assert themselves before, but was not much surprised. Through the whole evening composed as she had seemed, and even unobservant, her own heart had felt every beat of Esther's, and she understood through her child's indifferent and even gay demeanor how keen must have been her suffering. She had seen all, without speaking; but quick as her sympathy was with Esther's jealous pain, she had consolations founded on a wider experience, which her poor daughter was without. She had known Fred

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from childhood, and understood that a man does not change his whole character in one evening. She had observed Madeline and Theresa keenly; and the result was that she soothed Esther with silent sympathy, only saying, as she left her, at length hushed and calm:—

"Now sleep. Perhaps joy will come in the morning." And Esther, in pure nervous exhaustion, did as she was bid.

Mrs. Price, rightly conjecturing that absolute rest was what was needed for her child, would not have her disturbed until afternoon, when she allowed Theresa to sit and read to her. At Theresa's request, the two girls shared the same room at night.

"It is my last night, you know, and I have a particular reason for sleeping with you. You must not deny me," Theresa had said, and Esther had not spirit or strength to decline, as she would gladly have done. Indeed, only a dull pain remained about heart and head, and she felt, without defining her sensations, as if life had passed for her, and the "world was going away."

Theresa talked of indifferent things until they were undressed and the light extinguished. Then she said:—

"Now, Esther, I am going to throw another kind of light. I'm going to give you a little insight into character. 'Twill be good for you, you innocent! You are taken in with every word that's said to you. Bless your soul! haven't you learnt your catechism? Don't you know the use of language is to hide thoughts? Why, I am your age, but Madeline couldn't take me in as she does you for an instant."

"I don't know what you mean," murmured Esther.

"Well, I'll show you, and console you if possible. Think I don't know how she has tormented you? See, now! Madeline hates you—just hates you!"

"Hates me!" and Esther drew away from Theresa's encircling arm with astonishment and terror.

"Exactly. Why, she hates you, and she loves Fred! Can't you see it, now I tell you? That's what she's up to. For all that, she knows very well he is engaged to you."

Esther could not speak.

"I told that pretty story about the red berries on purpose to plague her. I didn't meet him even, only saw him at a distance getting into the stage-coach. But I knew it would vex Madeline, and punish her for her artfulness."

"Artfulness? O Theresa!"

"Why, she hasn't a straight thought in her. She's made up of manœuvres and calculations. Don't I know all her hooks and eyes? And don't I disdain them? Now, I never pretended to be very fond of you, Esther; but I am a plain, sincere girl, and I hate underhand work. I was determined to make a straight thing of this as soon as Madeline had gone."

"I did not know she knew Fred much," murmured Esther.

"She didn't. She met him at a fancy ball in Portland, where we were both staying with Aunt Burrage. She was terribly taken with him then, and did her very best to hook him, but he was too wary a trout—or perhaps was already landed. Eh! my dear?" she added, caressingly.

"I don't know. I am perfectly astonished at what you tell me."

Esther might have added what astonished her most of all, that one sister could speak so of another as this one did of hers—her only sister. But it was such a new view, she could truly say she was astonished.

"Weren't you surprised, dear, when you saw 'Daybreak' and 'Night' coming in together on Fred's arm? I saw your eyes then. They are very expressive."

"Of course, I didn't know how you were to dress, you know. It was very beautiful," Esther murmured.

"We meant to startle Rochester a little. Well, just as we got to the hall, we met Fred, and Madeline said, as if we had been neglected and left—you know that's just like her! —'Oh, dear Mr. Loring, do take us in! We don't know a soul here, and the Prices are all in the hall—the people we are staying with.'"

"O Theresa! could she try to give that impression?" gasped Esther.

"Word for word. 'What now?' said I to myself, for I knew she was up to something. Then she went on in her coaxing way, you know, 'O Fred—Mr. Loring, I mean—do take me for the first waltz—that lovely waltz we had at Portland!' Your Fred looked queer at that, I can tell you. I rather guess he meant the first dance for you, but she whispered something else, and a man's a fool sometimes, you know, and Madeline looks so innocent. Mercy! a babe in arms don't beat her at that. Well, what with what she said and didn't say through the evening, she perfectly bewildered Fred. Now, see," she added, feeling that Esther trembled in her arms, "I don't mean to say that Fred was for a moment intentionally neglectful or unfaithful to you, but he couldn't well get away, and part of the time I know he thought he was doing what you would like. I heard her say: 'Esther hoped you would take me down to supper, and do the honors of the ball gracefully.'"

"I don't think I ever spoke to Madeline about Fred," said Esther.

"It wasn't her cue to have you. Don't you see she wanted to make you jealous, and have a split? And how could she do that if you had confided your engagement to her? And then the artful way she got him to take her to

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Barton! I heard her myself rallying him about being engaged to you, and saying how secret he was, and I heard Fred answer her: 'I have never made any secret of my admiration and attachment to Miss Price.' He always will call you Miss Price. And then she asked him if he should go through Barton to-day, and if he would escort her, saying that she couldn't *bear* to travel without a gentleman's escort, 'she was *so timid!*' Now, don't you see it all? You are a goose if you let Madeline trouble you."

"I will try not to. And—you are very kind."

Esther could say no more than this. An inexplicable repulsion seized her for Theresa. She could hardly lie still beside her. After a few minutes' silence, Theresa said:—

"Madeline always passes for sincere. I don't see why, for she is just a bundle of deception. But, then, perhaps it's natural enough. We are none of us like you."

"How?" said Esther, feeling very tired of it all.

"Oh, every way different! Father and mother both care for style, and count on Madeline's making a brilliant match. *I* should not mind living on bread and water with a person I loved! You are a happy girl, Esther Price. Mr. Loring is a very superior person, and will make a great figure in the world."

Esther tried to say something in answer, but the words wouldn't come; so she told Theresa she was afraid she would not get her sleep in season for the coach, if she didn't hurry, and so bade her good-night. Theresa was asleep in two minutes, but Esther lay, with hot cheeks and beating heart, revolving what had been told her, and feeling as if she had been walking on a volcano.

She was ready with a cup of hot coffee for the traveller, and tried to make up for her involuntary coldness by profuse hospitality and attention. When the coach had driven off, the last sound of the sleigh-bells lulled Esther to a dreamless sleep.

How "empty, swept, and garnished" seemed the house of Doctor Price when Esther came down stairs! A soft snow had fallen and ceased. It was as if nature had dropped a veil of forgetfulness over the last few days, while the white calmness without, and the gentle stillness within the house, affected Esther with inexpressible peace. She stood at the window, looking at the beautiful snow-scenery.

"Mother," she said, "I feel as if I had wakened from a bad dream. How still and lovely it is out here! and how calm and *real* it seems to look at you!"

"If you will not think me very inhospitable, Esther, I will say that I am glad those ladies are gone, and desire never to look upon their like again."

"Oh, I think so, too, mother!"

"Every soul must live its own life," said Mrs. Price. "Mothers can't give experience to their children, as they would be glad to."

"I suppose," said Esther, slowly, after a long silence, "I might tell you what Theresa said. She didn't seem to care when I told her I never kept anything from you, only laughed and said: 'Catch me telling *my* mother about *my* scrapes!' But, you know, I never have any scrapes. Now that I am in the mood of telling, I may as well say, mother, that I was just a little mortified that I had not a single romantic experience to give Madeline, in return for her manifold love-stories. It did seem as if no young man could ever come to Barton without falling in love with her, and she says it was just so in Portland."

"I suppose she wouldn't exchange with the pig-faced lady, even to escape from all her troubles," said Mrs. Price.

"I believe not, indeed," said Esther, laughing. "She seems able to bear her vexations; but what a different life hers has been from mine! And yet she is only a country girl—that is, except when she is in Portland. To be sure, both the girls are there every winter, more or less." Then Esther told her mother, in the twilight of the winter day, what a strange communication Theresa had made to her. "It was so strange that, only it makes me so happy not to have to blame Fred, I should almost not believe it. It is so shocking, too, that her sister could say it of Madeline. I don't know which I would rather disbelieve. But don't you think it is shocking, mother?"

"I do, Esther," replied Mrs. Price.

"Could you have thought it of them, so fresh, and genuine, and amiable as they seemed? Now I think I never want to see either Theresa or Madeline again. I feel as if they had both changed from their bright forms into something hideous. Why, it's like a fairy tale!"

"Don't let them spoil your ideal of a true friend, Esther. I really think these are both exceptional cases. Of course, girls are sometimes insincere and wrong-hearted, but I have lived a good many years, and I think I never knew two girls so young who were so artful and so untrue. Certainly we must look to their education and surroundings for a part of the blame. In the meantime you are luckily not without a friend, and Fred is, I believe, an entirely true and right-minded man. There are plenty of good people left."

"That's a comfort. Another is, that you don't think me quite an idiot, to be taken in so by externals and professions. After all, there wasn't a word that I wanted to say to Madeline that I couldn't say much more easily to you, though I did fancy while she was telling me some of her love stories, that you wouldn't have listened to them with quite so much interest or sympathy. Think of it, mother, she had an offer from a governor before she was

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fifteen! And Mr. ——, another young man, who, they say, will go to Congress, is quite dying for her!"

"Possibly," replied Mrs. Price, dryly.

Esther looked up at her mother's tone.

"You don't believe her, mother?"

"Why should I? Or why should you?"

"But she is very lovely-looking, and as bewitching as Vivien. Is it very bad to say she reminds me of *her*, mother?"

It is to be regretted that Fred Loring was born in the State of Maine, since, from his undeniable Yankeeism, he cannot answer to any phase of romantic description. His eyes did not "resemble black velvet, with a diamond in the centre," nor had he a springing, cat-like tread, "full equally of lazy grace and haughty indifference." In short, he was no hero to speak of. Without being handsome, he had a sincere, frank expression, and a wide forehead over pleasant gray eyes. He had also the peculiarly American look which may be called wide-awake, and which settles by middle life into a keen, anxious expression. It speaks of business, sharp outlooks, knowledge of men, and unsusceptibility to humbugs, male or female.

In his love for Esther he had followed the bent of his inclination from school-days, for he was a Rochester boy by birth, though for the last eight years he had been away at college and the law school, and was now in the first flush of practice in Portland. He loved his profession better than social pleasures of any sort, and loved Browning better than billiards. He was not fond of explaining or expressing himself even in his affections, and Esther rather felt than knew from his words how much she was to him. She often twirled round and round her slender finger the plain gold ring with which he had sealed their engagement, and she often wished, womanlike, that he were more demonstrative. But, in fact, he had never even called her "Darling!" as it had become fashionable to do in similar circumstances. Once they were reading a story of some lover who says: "Nor highest heaven nor deepest hell could keep me from my darling!" and Fred had stopped reading with the expressive word, "Fudge!"

And when Esther said, smiling: "Why fudge, pray?" he had said silence was deeper than swearing, and then remarked:—

"It just can't be told, Esther."

Esther read it in his eyes, as he did the same beautiful story in hers, and she had been quite satisfied.

Now she would have given much for one of his heartful glances, and for the warm grasp of his sincere hand. Not that she doubted any. Oh, no! In truth, poor Esther was so little in the habit of observing herself, and so little inclined to analysis, that it was difficult for her to say or to think how she did feel. She had not been educated to "examine herself," and had no habit of introversion. Life, as it presented itself to her, was so full of varied duty and opportunity, that thus far she had been occupied only with active and unconscious performances. No one would have been so much surprised as Esther at knowing how highly and generally she was esteemed and loved. In fact, she thought nothing about the matter. The doctor's daily round of beneficence, her mother's example of disinterested activity, the lofty ideal of a religious life in Jesus, who "went about doing good;" these were before her always, stimulating and strengthening her. What to her were the underground passions and mysteries that kept rumbling and flaming beneath? She walked on green grass, and beside still waters.

Except for this one pebble in Esther's path, the course of her true love went smoothly. Indeed, being not given to spoiling the few hours Fred could be with her in futile inquiries and recriminations, she had not once alluded to those circumstances which at the time had given her such acute pain and wonder. The two sensations had gone by, and she had let them be by-gones.

After her pleasant and rather sudden wedding, which suddenness made it easy not to invite the Misses Percy again to Rochester, Esther found that quiet happiness she had expected and deserved. But it was her destiny to be astonished.

One evening, after she had been helping Fred about some copying, for he could not afford to keep a clerk, he left the table with the finished papers, and began rummaging the secretary.

"What are you looking for?" said Esther.

Fred continued rummaging.

"It is the first time I've thought of it since our marriage. It would be awkward to have you find it, and throw it at me. Oh! here it is." He took a paper filed away with some other letters, and brought it in his hand, still holding it, and looking at Esther. "Puss, were you ever jealous—of me, I mean?"

"What nonsense, Fred! What is it about?"

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Loring, because in this queer world, and with such queer people as abide in it, there's no knowing what they may be up to."

"Come, now, don't drive me crazy with curiosity, Master Fred."

"You remember Madeline Percy?"

"Remember her? Of course. Has she come to Portland?"

"Yes, she has come. And Miss Theresa Percy has come. And—this is an old letter from Theresa. Wouldn't you like to read it, now? And don't say that gentlemen never have offers. This is the second one I have had myself, though I am sure I never encouraged

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the attentions of any lady," added Fred, mincingly.

Esther's eyes and mouth were such spectacles of astonishment to Fred, that he leaned back in his chair to laugh long and loudly at her. But, in truth, she could not believe her senses. It was not until she held the letter in her own hand, and read the words, that she said, sighing and blushing painfully:—

"My heart, Fred! could a woman write this?" She pointed to some torrid words.

"Well, she did. Only seventeen, and up to tricks like these!"

"Did you answer it? O Fred!"

"No. I wanted her to think it had gone to the dead-letter office. I thought it was best so. She asked me once if I had ever received a letter from her. Wasn't that cool?"

"And you told her"—

"I told her 'No' right up and down. She guessed the truth though, I am certain, for she looked steadily at me, without saying a word. Then, for it was no use trying to save her blushes, I looked just as steadily back again, and said once more, very pointedly, 'No.' This time she understood me entirely, I think, for she had the grace to blush, and I couldn't help a small effusion myself. And, indeed, I think, of the two, I have the most of genuine womanhood."

"O Fred! and she says she knows I don't love you, and all this dreadful talk. Why, I never spoke to her of you but once, when she said:"—

"Well, what did she say?" he urged, as Esther's voice faltered.

"It was about Madeline, and I doubt whether I ought"—

"I think it will be quite the best, Esther, to have perfect confidence between us two. If you are bound to secrecy, of course, it is different. But if not," he added, gently, "it is safest, both for you and for me, that there should be no secrets between us."

Then Esther, leaning on her husband's arm, felt courage to go over the old story of jealous pain, that had made the New Year's ball a scene of such suffering to her, as well as the revelation of Theresa in regard to Madeline, and her own strong repulsion from the treacherous sister and false friend.

"Now, that it's all over, and knowing that I forgave you, even while you were sinning, Fred, you must confess you did behave abominably."

"I behaved beautifully, Mrs. Loring, as I always do. I was polite to your friends, and even when my heart fairly ached to be near my Esther, and to knock George Turner into a cocked hat, I restrained my wrath, and did the genteel thing to a charm. Seriously, among so many exquisite falsifications and bewitching misstatements, I wonder I have such a splendid record to show."

Then the happy married pair went over the old ground, step by step, with pleasant laughter and jubilant confidence in each other.

"We have plate armor on as long as we trust each other, Esther, and may defy the assaults of the devil, in how fair soever shape *she* comes. I trusted you all the time. She couldn't make me believe you wanted her to wear your locket to the ball, though she tried to"—

"O Fred! she *couldn't* say that?"

"Couldn't! There are not many things she can't say if she chooses."

"Well, I shall not want to see either of them any more, I think. But, Fred, if you ever"—She held up her finger threateningly.

"But I sha'n't, and never did," said he.

"Fred, *must* I ask them here?" smiling.

"As you please, Mrs. Loring. I don't think myself the game is worth the candle."

"I'll burn this dreadful letter, anyhow."

VAIN LONGINGS.

BY MRS. W. F. COÓKE.

"Oh memory, thou fond deceiver, still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever, and turning present ones to pain!"

Oh, the sad, yet tender memory
Of the bright and happy past!
Of the days so fair and fleeting!
Hours that sped away too fast!

If I do but close my eyelids—
In the firelight on the wall—
Fancy pictures well-loved faces,
That fond memory can recall.

Faces that have smiled upon me
When my spirit was oppressed,
And I found their true affection
Brought me happiness and rest.

Voices that were ever speaking
Words of love and kindly cheer;
But, alas! while here I linger,
I their tones no more shall hear.

Twinkling stars that shine above me,
Can ye not some token show
To the lonely heart and weary,
Watching, waiting here below?

Whispering winds, whence come ye? Tell us,
In that world beyond our ken,
Do our loved and lost wait for us?—
Shall we meet again, and when?

Bird with fleet wing, *thou* art sinless,
And may'st soar where *we* cannot;
Bear a message to the loved ones,
Lost (but loved) and unforgot.

Tell them *we* are sad without them—
That we never can forget—
And we crave some answering token
That they know and love us yet.

No reply comes to my pleading:
Winds, birds, stars, alike fulfil
The command of God our Father;
And *we*, too, must wait his will.

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UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on people, especially the young, that very few real trifles exist in life; that is, there are very few actions, habits, or words which carry with them no consequences, or of which you may safely say it really does not much signify which way they go, or how you act in the affair. Lazy folks are fond of assuming that everything is a trifle. There is nothing new and nothing true, and it does not matter from first to last. It saves trouble to grind one's conscience thus into impalpable powder, so that it shall not be a stumbling block in the way of the will; and to break up the importance of life in the same mortar is comfortable at all events, if not quite according to fact and verity. But laziness is not the noblest way of getting through the world, and it is better to take a little trouble to set things as they should be than to go drifting along anyhow. The plea that "nothing much signifies," and "what matters such a trifle as that?" is about the worst one can have wherewith to preface one's life work.

Things which are trifles taken individually, and of no value to any one—scarcely to themselves—are collectively forces that rule the world, and alter the whole face of things. What can be a greater proof of this than the relative importance of an individual microscopic insect, whose world perhaps stretches out a couple of inches on the whole, whose loves and sorrows no poet has ever risen to embalm in verse, whose very existence would pass away altogether unnoticed, save when man, impelled by divine curiosity, brings science to his aid, and supplements his own deficiencies by its inexhaustible richness? And yet the chalk formation and the flint insect are things which the world could scarce have done without; and infusoria play a more important part in the general economy than one would think likely—considered only a unit, and that unit in the light of an animate trifle.

People are so apt to think that all the work is done by mighty means and much noise thereat, by thunderstorms and earthquakes, and great upheavals and convulsions; they do not remember the long years of patient labor which must be gone through before a little colony of coral insects can form the foundations of fertile islands; the long years of gradual wearing by which the river has cut its way into the valley; the slow and silent increase by which stratum has been added to stratum, and from the great granite bones we have risen up to rich, loamy fields and the leaf mould of gardens. All these things have been done by individually unconsidered trifles, yet in their totality we see the very garment and architecture of the world. And life is very much like the flint insect and the chalk formation. The unconsidered trifles of one's days are the irresistible forces of the years; and habits or events that were in the beginning soft and pulpy become by use and time as hard as rock—as integral to the being as the coral reefs are to the island which has grown upon them. It was "only this once," and it was "a mere trifle," and "it did not signify;" and so these unconsidered trifles struck their roots, and grew up softly but steadily, till at last those most interested woke as from a dream to find themselves in toils from which they could never get free. Men are not born full-fledged into anything. Neither the drunkard nor the murderer was hardened to his trade from the beginning; and all crime comes by degrees, and through the influence of the unconsidered trifles of guilt. So of less fatal faults. The snappish answer of the child becomes the habit of irritability in the adult; and the habit works round to the starting-place, insomuch as it becomes so far like an unconsidered trifle, that the irritable man never thinks any one should be offended with his peevishness, and if he was quick or surly, what does it matter? The same is true of kindnesses—those small, sweet deeds of charity and love which are the flowers of the wayside of life. They are trifling things to give, may be; but all the same they are as the typical mustard-seed, which bears such goodly wealth of stem and foliage from so small a core. They sink deep, and many a poor, sad heart has been helped over a bad place in life by one small word of sympathy, one little deed of pleasant attention, one unconsidered trifle of kindness, which the giver thereof might not have held as of any value even when he bestowed it.

How begins the leakage of fortunes? By unconsidered trifles of extravagance, going on into greater follies certainly; but the beginning, as we say. How begins the habit of lying, but by the same means? And so we may say of every fault, either by mental preparation or by the actual gradation of deeds. Many a man and wife have been parted because the trifles of temper and behavior were not attended to; so that small frets grew into large annoyances, and things went from not so good as might be into absolute bad, too bad to be borne; the imp of thoughtlessness uncorrected waxed strong, and finally developed into the giant of discord, whom none then could master or subdue; and there was nothing for it but separation, until death came to sunder them still more effectually. And all this because the unconsidered trifles of daily life had been neglected, and a few loose shingles had been allowed to creep down and accumulate until they became a "screes," carrying all before it.

The health of the body follows the same laws as those which govern the health of the mind and of life. The unconsidered trifles of exposure, cold, ill feeding, foul air, fatigue, etc., count for nothing in the estimation of

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those who will not see, perhaps do not fully know, how the great fabric of human existence is built up of little bits, both individually and collectively; how minutes make hours, and before you can have the result of years you must go through the gatherings of days. It is only a trifle that your cook makes oily hashes, heavy pastry, and "sad" bread; only a trifle that lays the foundation of a dyspeptic condition which embitters your whole after-life. It is only a trifle when your children eat trash from the hedges, and worse trash from the sweet shop; but a trifle that does for them what your unskilful cook has done for yourself, and the consequences of which they will have cause to bemoan all their days to come. That ditch at the bottom of your garden—well, there is no denying that it smells badly enough in certain winds; but that is a mere trifle—a thing you cannot be expected to bother about when you have so much more important work on hand in the planning of your new conservatory, and your endeavor to rival your neighbor in producing calceolarias or dracænas. The ditch is a trifle compared to the importance of such pursuits—a trifle, however, that brings diptheria and typhus into your pretty house, and takes off your children like sheep with the rot. You had better have turned your attention to this unconsidered trifle at the bottom of your garden, than to have spent all your energies over a new conservatory, or the best method of producing calceolarias or dracænas. You overfatigue yourself, you heat your blood, and you sit in a small draught when heated. What does it matter? That little current of air is nothing, save perhaps a delicious refreshment—a mere trifle, not to be thought about; but it is one that only costs you an attack of inflammation of the lungs, by which you are reduced from the pride of your strength to a condition of enduring debility, wherein life is robbed of half its pleasure and more than half its usefulness. You get a small illness; grant it, quite small—a mere infant of an illness, manageable in the beginning without trouble. You regard it as a trifle; you do not consider it of the least importance; you let it go on as it will, and get ahead of your powers; and then you are laid on your back by it like the weaker of two wrestlers, and you have to go through the purgatory of "a severe attack" till you are brought down to death's door, and perhaps pushed inside. It was an unconsidered trifle that did it, and here is the end.

No! there are very few things in life of which we can rightly make unconsidered trifles. Almost all the circumstances in which we live have grave potentialities within them; severe importance attached to them, which may be only a possibility, not an actuality, but for which it is as well to provide betimes. The little fish which the fisherman threw into a basin became by time a monster, for which the sea itself was scarcely large enough; and the agency which has split the granite rocks is but a drop of water, than which nothing surely can be more trifling. Yet this unconsidered trifle has broken the great bones of the earth as easily as a child can break a nut with a pebble; and so all other unconsidered trifles—friendship, love, health, and life—follow in their train. Sorrow to those who shut their eyes, and will not see that little fishes grow, and that a microscopic insect changes the whole strata of the world by increased addition.

A WAIF.

BY L. A. C.

On memory's ebbing tide I drifted
 Dreamily back to the realms of the past;
Noiselessly, sadly, the boughs I lifted
Of yesterday's willow, drooping light
Over the waters, so calm and bright,
 Which embalm the jewels we into them cast.

Over the river and over the land,
 Was a palpable hush that thrilled and awed;
While stately and gray on the dusk bank stand
Ruins of altars—some old, some new—
Sacred to idols. The sentinel yew
 Its gaunt, restless shadows casts far abroad.

Partly submerged in the mythical stream,
 Stood the dear old home with its priceless hoard
Of treasured nooks, hallowed by love's fair dream:
While dim through mists of long shed tears
Glimmered the light of the vanished years
 With a halo crowning each gift of God.

The rooms, and the meads, and the streams were rife
 With shadowy semblances seeming real,
And my heart cried out for the missing life.
Echoless, motionless, soundless lay
That twilight picture of life's short day,
 Like the bier of the future's bright ideal.

Keenly deep grew longings for moments sped,
 For the touch of lips, for the clasp of hands,
For low murmured words that were long since said,
Till the dumb, weird gloom I could not bear—
And half rebelliously, half in prayer,
 I cried: "Will God ever re-link love's bands?"

As my passionate tones the echoes woke,
 I heard a roar as of on dashing waves,
The tide of to-day o'er my dream shoals broke;
Onward and on rolled the seething serge,
Engulphing the past. A half-moaned dirge
 Swept o'er the crests as they buried my graves.

And somewhere up in the heavens above,
 Or midst the depths of the billows hoary,
My questioning soul found answering love
In the blest promise diuturnal,
That unseen friends are those eternal—
 And after our labors rest and glory.

If the philosopher be happy, it is because he is the man from whom fortune can take the least.—*Rousseau.*

Love is faith, is charity, is gentleness; all truth, all peace, all beauty, and all virtue dwell in this one short word; the rule of life, the precept of our death.—*Pierce Falcon.*

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AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

BY GEORGIA.

"Oh! why does misery so often come hidden in a nutshell? Why did mine come to me in such a way? I did not dream it would ever burst its narrow bounds. Perhaps I might have borne it better had I known how rapidly it would grow. But now it is entwining about me till my very soul is being smothered.

'Moan, moan, ye dying gales!
The saddest of your tales
Is not so sad as life.'

Beauty and sunshine in the morning, but wild winds calling together clouds the live-long day. What wonder that the cold rain beats against the window at night! So my life goes, and at its close, after the 'waters of tribulation' have drenched my heart, what then? Will the morning dawn with new glory? Will there be a rest for me, or only bitterness forever?"

The pale lips of the woman twitched nervously, and her slight figure seemed to shrink into still smaller proportions as she drew back into the gathering darkness of the room. It was only for a moment. Again she leaned her face against the cool panes, and her tearless eyes gazed listlessly down into the street below, while her voice resumed its chanting complaint.

"Only three years ago the world seemed so full of joy and hope, but there's no more happiness for me. Can this be the anniversary of my wedding-day? Yet I must walk through long years husbandless and childless, 'cold, and dark, and dreary.' Would that the All-Father would guide me to a haven of rest on earth or in heaven! Ha! What is that? The gaslight looks so dim through all this driving rain! But it was a child, and she lies still in the place where she fell. Poor wee bit of humanity! are you hurt, or stunned, or—dead?"

An impulse of mercy stirred the sad watcher to action, and she quickly sprang from her chair, glided down the dusty, creaking stairs of the tenement house and out into the street. Strong gusts of wind and freezing rain dashed against her face, and took away her breath, but the frail, weak woman had suddenly become strong and resolute. A moment more, and she stood on the slippery pavement across the street. The child still lay prostrate and motionless. There was no chance for inquiry there in the storm, and she bravely bore her dripping burden back to the house and up the long, dark stairs. How long and dark they seemed to the struggling, panting woman, with such a dead weight in her arms!

"That you, Florence?" said a voice at her elbow, as she reached the top of the second flight.

"No, sir," she answered, in a startled but defiant tone, "I am never Florence to you. I am Mrs. Harden. Let me pass, Mr. Rawley." But the man impudently refused to let her proceed.

"Tell first where you've been. What you got in your arms? Needn't be mad. Will call you Florence. What's your hurry?"

"Mr. Rawley, will you stand aside?" Mrs. Harden, as she called herself, spoke calmly, but she was trembling with indignation. Just at that moment a door opened at the further end of the narrow hall, and an old woman's head was thrust out.

"Dick Rawley," she called, "come back to your supper! What are ye doin' out there? Be ye botherin' Mis' Harden agin, and keepin' her waitin'? Leave 'lone her if 'tis her."

"Coming in a minute, Aunt Poll. Go back and shut the door," said the man, angrily.

"I won't go in till ye do come, Dick. Mis' Harden won't never have nothin' to say to such as you, with yer miser'ble fiddlin' and dancin' at an old circus. I won't board ye no longer, if ye be my nephew, if ye don't mind yer own business, and let alone disgustin' that woman."

With smothered oaths and mutterings about arousing the neighborhood, Rawley took his leave, and Mrs. Harden falteringly climbed up step after step, till she reached her own little attic. She locked the door with her quivering fingers, and hastened to light a lamp.

"Living or dead?" was the query of her mind, as she turned to the couch where she had laid down her strange burden. "Mercy!" A hysterical laugh, that sounded like a sob, followed the exclamation, for she was unprepared for the picture before her. A little girl, six or seven years of age, stood on the floor, with garments ragged, drenched, and muddy, clinging closely to her form. Her large eyes stared wonderingly up into the face of her rescuer, and her tiny red hands were clasped together tightly. Mrs. Harden found her voice. "Child, you kept so still, I was afraid you were killed."

"I thought I was, but I guess I ain't. I hurt my head some on the bricks, and the storm poured down so hard I couldn't get up, so I said 'I want to be an angel,' and then I thought God sent you to carry me up there, and pretty quick I heard a man speak, and I was afraid he would take me away from you, so I kept still." She paused a moment to breathe, and again gave loose reins to her voluble little tongue. "It's nice, and warm, and dry here—so nice! Are you my new mamma? Grandma Weeks said God would find one for me sometime." She tossed back her brown curls, so heavy with rain, and smiled winningly, stepping forward towards Mrs. Harden.

What a strange expression flitted over the young woman's face! Had her prayer been answered so soon? Was this poor waif sent to comfort her lonely heart? The hard look in

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her eyes softened, and a sudden determination sent the blood to her pale cheeks.

"Yes, my dear, I will be your mamma," and she placed a motherly kiss on the upturned brow. New coal was added, hasty preparations made for a warm meal, and then Mrs. Harden proceeded to warm and dry the little stranger. An hour or more afterward the child, enveloped in a soft wrapper, sat folded in the warm arms of her new mother. There was a smile of supreme content on her baby lips.

"My name is Happy."

"Whose Happy?" asked Mrs. Harden, with a shade of jealousy already creeping into her heart.

"Your Happy now. All my name is Happy Mary Alice Dayton. Papa was Captain Dayton. I can 'member him and mamma too. But they went away in a ship years and years ago. Aunt Mary said they sailed to heaven, and won't come back no more. Aunt Mary said she was glad I didn't go, for I was her Happy. She called me Happy Day sometimes. And last week she went to heaven too. She went in a box on a wagon. I cried to go, but Grandma Weeks said I couldn't go then."

"Who is Grandma Weeks, and where does she live?"

"Oh! she is poor old Grandma Weeks. She ain't my grandma, but she is somebody's, I guess. She lives up here a little ways. She is awful poor, too. She don't have much to eat. I gave her all the things Aunt Mary had, but 'twa'n't no such nice things as you have. God gives you beautiful things, don't he? See what a pretty bed, and mats, and curtains, and stove, and—everything! Who is that beautiful man in a frame up there?"

"That—that—is Mr. Harden."

"Oh! your father?"

"No, he—that isn't my father," stammered Mrs. Harden.

"Is he my papa, my new one?" Happy looked animated; she thought she had made a discovery. "Will he come home soon?"

"No," answered her new friend, confusedly. "He don't live here. Tell me what made you go out in the storm to-night, my little one."

"Grandma Weeks let me stay with her, but her awful wicked son came home to-night, and he swore he'd kill me if I stayed any longer, so I ran away."

Just then there was a loud rap at the door. Mrs. Harden flushed angrily, and called, in an impatient manner:—

"What is wanted?"

"Nothing," replied Rawley. "S'pose you've locked your door, as usual? Don't care. Saw your husband to-day. Pretty girl on his arm. Both drunk, I thought. Good-night!" The quiet step of slippered feet passed down the naked stairs, and the malicious heart of their owner was satisfied, for he knew he had caused the woman who scorned him a pang of misery.

She looked down into the face of the child in her arms, but the sweet, dark eyes were closed. Happy's short life had been spent amid the haunts of wickedness and distress, and she had grown wise in reading the signs of wrongdoing. The picture on the wall, the coarse, biting words of the man, the sudden pallor of Mrs. Harden's face, had been enough to convince her that she had found another home where trouble reigned.

Through the long hours of that wild night that childish head rested peacefully on a pillow; but a pale watcher moved noiselessly to and fro, pondering, weeping, praying. When day dawned, and a glorious sun made the earth rejoice after its night of desolation, a new light rose in the heart of Mrs. Harden, and tenderly shone forth from her eyes.

Days, weeks, and months passed. Many a lesson of faith and wisdom was learned from the lips of an innocent child, reared by Christian hands, though surrounded by wretchedness in every form. Mrs. Harden had a new interest in life, too. She labored for the support of herself and the orphan she had learned to love.

One evening she briefly rehearsed to her little companion the story of her sufferings. But ere it was finished, she forgot that she had a listener, and poured forth her thoughts audibly, instead of hiding them in her heart, as she had long done.

"When I was a girl like you, my Happy, I was left an orphan, too, and I lived with my aunt. But she was not poor; she was rich and proud. She taught me that outside appearances were of the utmost importance in this world. She had girls of her own, younger than I, and she tried to persuade me to marry, even when I was very young. They called me very beautiful in those days, and I know that I was haughty and wilful as well as fair. I married a man that seemed to meet all my requirements. He was young, and handsome, and wealthy. To be sure, many called him wild, but that was nothing to his discredit in my estimation. They called him 'fond of the social glass,' but that seemed innocent in my eyes. He was not a Christian, but that was no objection to me. Married life proved to be different from what I anticipated. There was harmony for a few weeks, but we were both undisciplined, selfish, unwilling to yield when our wishes were opposed. Then our trouble began to manifest itself in reality. My husband commenced by absenting himself from home evenings, and ere long he came home intoxicated. My pride was hurt and my feelings outraged, and I reproved him severely. It did no good, for he did the same thing again and again, until I was nearly distracted. I heard whispered rumors of his being seen in company with a young and handsome woman, and I could endure life there no longer; but I was too proud to go back to my friends,

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and my only wish was to hide away from the world. That is how I came to be in this poor, naked, destitute room, for I hired it of my kind old washerwoman, Mother Rawley. And even here I cannot remain in peace, because I am persecuted by her wretched, dissipated nephew. He urges me to marry him, saying that my husband has obtained a divorce, and is about to take another wife. Alas! my husband has forgotten me, for he does not seek me, though he knows I am within the city. Oh! what is marriage in these days of unceasing change but a mockery, a farce? There are vows, but they are not binding; there is an appearance of love, purity, and truthfulness, but it is a temporary display. I did not mean to perjure myself. I had a reverence for God's ordinances, but I did not think of what might be in store for me. I had no high and noble thoughts of life's duties and responsibilities. I had not made up my mind to bear and forbear. I forgot that marriage was to be for 'better or worse' till death. I did not realize that soul must be united to soul in Christian love and labor in order to render a union lasting forever, even through eternity. But in these five long, weary months I've learned the lesson too late. Oh, my little girl! my heart was growing hard and desperate in its desolation, but you have warmed it to new life, and led my soul up to holier aspirations."

There were secret, sober thoughts hidden down deep beneath the quiet brown eyes of the child in her arms, though Happy answered not a word. For several days after she had been made a *confidante* she seemed to have some concealed burden resting on her mind, which Mrs. Harden in vain tried to comprehend.

"Come here, my bird," she called, one day. "The sun is bright and warm, and you are growing too solemn shut up in this dull place. Now go and play in the streets till dusk. I can trust you. Good-by!"

Down the same time-worn stairs, where she had been carried two months before, she lightly stepped, and out into the gay, busy street, so different from that dismal, stormy night, when she had been turned out shelterless. She remembered it all, and pondered upon it in her childish way, as she tripped along up the street, down another, across, and still on, for she was at home on all the streets of that vicinity.

An elegant brown house in an aristocratic neighborhood at length attracted her attention. She looked at it curiously. She walked to the opposite side of the street and scanned it. She peered through the iron bars of the gate into the garden that seemed a paradise to her, with its musical fountains and rare flowers.

"Wonder if it's locked?" she whispered to herself, as she tried to open the gate.

To her joy, she found no difficulty in entering. The great bronze lions on either side startled her a little, but she walked on up the broad path to the massive stone steps, her eyes growing larger and darker, and her lips closing firmly together. The door was fastened. Should she ring the bell? She had never done such a thing, and she concluded she would not try, but search for another door. Down in the basement kitchen an old gray-headed Irish woman looked up from the floor and her scrubbing-brush to see what human being was daring to invade her domain.

"I would like to see your master," said Happy, with a coaxing smile, that made the old servant put her hand on the bib of her sloppy apron as if there was a sudden disturbance beneath.

"Sure, an' it's a darlint like the little lady that can be after seein' him."

"Is he in his own room?"

"Faix, an' he is that same. Wud ye be"—

"I know the way," interrupted Happy. "I can go alone. You stay here."

The child boldly marched up the stairs, and the astonished old woman sat down on a bench to contemplate, with folded arms, the "queer darlint."

Happy did not have any difficulty in finding the room she sought—a large front one on the second floor. The door was slightly ajar, and she noiselessly pushed it open and entered. She had never before seen an abode of luxury, but her eyes were fixed upon one object. A man, still young and fine-looking, but bearing marks of dissipation in his face, sat in an easy-chair apparently asleep. There was an expression of sadness about the mouth as if he had tasted of the cup of pleasure, and found it unsatisfactory—bitter. He did not arouse until a pair of soft white arms inclosed his neck in their warm clasp, and a kiss from childish lips fell on his brow.

"I've found you, papa. I knew I should. I've looked at your picture so much, I know you 'most as well as mamma." Surprise and bewilderment overcame Mr. Harden, for it was he, and he looked up into that fresh, dimpled face as into a deep mystery. "I'm Happy Harden now; mamma says she has 'dopted me. We live in a little room together, but she says she wants to live here again, only you don't love her no more. You do, don't you? She didn't know I was coming here, but she told me one night where you lived. We walked by here and she cried. She loves you for better or worse, and she told Dick Rawley so. I heard her."

Mr. Harden began to have a perception of the truth. His eyes flashed at the mention of Rawley's name, and he pulled the child down into his lap with an almost savage force.

"Are you spirit or flesh? Do you speak the truth? Rawley told me long ago she had left the State to procure a divorce, and was going

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to marry him. Is it true, child, woman, angel, whatever you are?"

"She hates him! We never speak to him now. He has gone away from Mother Rawley's. She wouldn't keep him, 'cause he plagued mamma and told stories about you. I don't believe you are bad."

"Where is my Florence?" he asked, quickly.

"Come home with me," she answered.

Mr. Harden seized his hat, and together they went out in silence. He loved the woman he had married more than he knew himself, and during that short walk he registered vows of future faithfulness and temperance in his heart of hearts.

In that little room, where, a few months before, a despairing woman had accepted a forlorn waif as a trust from Heaven, this man and wife renewed their marriage promises, and with enlarged views of life's duties, and simple faith in the commands of God, perhaps, even hereafter "a little child shall lead them."

ALL THAT REMAINETH.

BY SUE MURDOCK.

ONLY a flowing curl
Of auburn hair
Remains of all her wealth
Of beauty rare.
Only a faded flower,
A violet blue,
Kept "In Memoriam"
Of heart as true.

Only a shrouded form
And quiet hands;
Only a pulseless heart
Before me stands.
Only a funeral pall,
And mourning woe;
Only a new-made grave
In the valley low.

Only a stricken heart,
Still throbbing on;
Only a rayless life,
The love-light gone.
Only a common thing
For men to weep,
When loving eyes are closed
In dreamless sleep.

THE passions are in some degree at the mercy of the thoughts, as are the thoughts of the passions: it is a moral duty, therefore, to think rightly.—*Anon.*

MEN are seldom disappointed, except when their desires are immoderate, or when they suffer their passions to overpower their reason, and dwell upon delightful scenes of future honors, power, or riches, till they mistake probabilities for certainties, or wild wishes for rational expectations. If such men, when they awake from these voluntary dreams, find the pleasing phantom vanish away, what can they blame but their own folly?—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

BY MARION HARLAND.

"I MUST offer my good wishes in advance of the season. I never spend New Year's Day in the city."

"You hardly show your usual just taste in that. It is our pet holiday, and the customs pertaining thereunto are ancient and honorable."

"Long may they flourish! But the duty of honoring one's parents is older by a few thousand years, and I am under bonds to the 'Old Folks at Home' to pass every New Year's at the homestead. I have not failed them once in twelve years."

"In Vermont, isn't it?" asked a listener.

There was a lurking accent of sarcasm in the slight drawl, but the first speaker's smile was unembarrassed, his reply prompt and pleasant.

"Yes, in Vermont, within sight of the Green Mountains. As I leave for that Arctic region to-morrow morning, I shall not see you again, Miss Hoyt. Pray accept the compliments of the happy anniversary, with a thousand sincere wishes for your welfare. Good-by! Good-evening, gentlemen!"

"An excellent young man!" said the listener aforementioned, as the outer door closed.

His solemn nod and nasal twang were so accurate an imitation of a snuff-taking duenna, that the hostess was amused in spite of better sense and feeling. She frowned the next instant.

"That is too bad, Mr. Lascar! You should be ashamed of yourself, and so should we, for decrying anything ridiculous in a son's attachment to his parents."

"I doubt if he—if any of us sees anything to laugh at in filial piety," said the quiet voice of the third person of the little party. "We may have our opinion, however, as to the taste of unnecessary display of this, or any other virtue."

"I don't think Mr. Hilyard meant to be ostentatious," answered the young lady, somewhat warmly. "It isn't like him. I never saw a more unassuming—nor, I might add, a truer gentleman."

"He acquits himself very creditably in society. Yet, if strict regard was paid to social rank and title in this democratic land, he would write 'yeoman,' not 'gentleman,' after his name," said Lascar, respectfully, to the lady, contemptuous of the pretensions of the "excellent young man." "We stumbled upon this 'homestead' last summer—Van Dwyne and I—in the course of a tour through the interior of Vermont. One of the wheels of our buggy ran off within ten rods of the door. A heavy shower was coming on, and the patriarch, who was smoking his pipe upon the porch in the

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'noon-spell,' came to our aid, pressed us to come in, and to house our 'critter' in the barn until the rain was over. But I suppose Van Dwyne has told you all about it."

"No," turning to him, "he never mentioned it. It is strange you did not, Hervey."

"Why should I?" asked the quiet tones that had raised the question of taste, a moment before. "I did not imagine that you would be interested in the incident. It amused me at the time, I recollect, but I have hardly thought of it since.

Lascar laughed. "Amused? I should think so! We 'stayed dinner,' Miss Hoyt! That was the form of the invitation. Fancy our fastidious friend, over there, sitting down to that meal at twelve o'clock, high noon, in the farm-house kitchen, with a freckled, red-haired laborer, Mike by name, *sans* coat or vest, as his *vis-à-vis*, while 'Aunt Sally,' a ponderous dame, in mob-cap and brown calico, was mine. Hilyard, *père*, hewed a stupendous round of salt beef into astounding slices, and passed each plate, with a stretch of his long arm, over the castor to 'Mother,' to be heaped with cabbage, onions, and potatoes. We had cider and buttermilk with the first course; sweet milk with the apple-dumplings and squash-pie, which were the dessert. But we lived through it, as you see, although it was a near thing at one time."

"And are none the worse for it, I dare say. But are you certain this was Mr. Hilyard's early home? There is nothing plebian or rustic about him. Your self-made man seldom succeeds in ridding himself so entirely of the scent of the mould or factory. As I said just now, he looks the gentleman ingrain."

"It is not often that your instincts are at fault," Mr. Van Dwyne said, bowing slightly, but chivalrously, to his betrothed. "But the inference you have drawn in the present instance differs from the conclusion to which my observation of, and acquaintance with, the gentleman in question have led me. I have fancied that the smell of the field and furrow, the reek of the cabbage-and-onion-flavored kitchen, does linger about him. I detected it before the discovery Mr. Lascar has told you of, in the lack of refined repose of manner; the occasional vehemence and brusqueness in talk that mar deportment and language which are, in the main, more than passable. He is a son of the soil, and Nature is mighty."

Miss Hoyt colored slightly. It is not pleasant to be schooled and patronized, even by one's betrothed husband, although he may be the most delightful person in existence, and himself without fault or foible. She returned to her former question.

"There was no mistake in identity, then?"

Lascar answered, laughing again, the short, light laugh Gertrude Hoyt had never liked, which she thought now absolutely disagreeable:—

"You would not ask, had you been deluged with the queries that poured in upon us when they learned that we were from '*York*.'"

"'Maybe he knows our Mark!' uttered the old lady, suspending the spoon above the cabbage-dish.

"And when further inquiry elicited the fact that we had that honor, there was danger of a compulsory surfeit. Such mountains of beef and vegetables as loaded our plates; such hillocks of apple-sauce and 'picklette;' such mammoth pickled cucumbers in small glass saucers, flanking the bulk of the army intended to reinforce our inner man; such very obtuse angles of pie, and freshets of sweet sauce, in which the apple-dumplings fairly swam upon our plates—were a thing of wonder, and to us of terror. Cream was poured into our tumblers in place of milk, and we were obliged to taste at least four kinds of preserves. Aunt Sally buzzed about our heads with a glass dish of sweets in each hand, like a magnified humble-bee, exclaiming upon the pleasure it gave her to do anything and everything for 'dear Markie's friends,' and what a 'happy Providence' it was that took off our wheel so near their house, while the big tears wet 'Mother's' glasses, and broke her voice into a husky tremble. When the rain ceased, and 'Father' had, with Mike's help and our intelligent supervision, fastened the loose wheel in its right position, we were escorted to our vehicle by the entire family. 'Father' put a small basket of very big apples in the foot of the buggy. 'Summer sweetings!' he exclaimed. 'Our Mark has known the taste on 'em since he was knee-high.' 'Mother' forced upon us a bundle done up in a napkin, containing, as we discovered afterward, doughnuts, home-made gingerbread, and cheese; and Aunt Sally gave such threatening signs of embracing Van Dwyne as 'dear Markie's' proxy, that I mercifully hastened his retreat."

"Did you tell Mr. Hilyard of this visit and his friends' kindness to you?"

Gertrude had not smiled once during the recital, and under his supreme self-complacency, Lascar felt something a modest man would have known for discomfiture.

"Never. It is an ungracious office—this reminding one of the pit from which he was digged."

"I do not believe he would mind it. Has he ever referred to the incident?"

"No. That was hardly to be expected. You will find that your hero is a man of like infirmities with others, I suspect, Miss Hoyt."

"I have never doubted the universality of human frailty, nor is Mr. Hilyard my hero, in any sense of the term." The color was higher, but the tone was even and courteous. "I have always liked him. I always shall, I think. I

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have certainly heard nothing this evening to lower him in my regard."

When Lascar arose to take his leave, Mr. Van Dwyne also stood up, but it was only in respect to the retiring guest. Then he crossed to a seat upon the sofa beside his affianced, leaning back upon the elastic cushions with the easy grace and contentful mien of one who felt thoroughly at home in the house, and in the cosey nook—half-boudoir, half-library—where the fair mistress liked to pass her evenings.

It was a semi-circular room, the walls laid out in pinkish-gray panels, bordered by maroon velvet, mounted in a narrow frame of gold. A tripod, topped with gray marble, was the centre-table, upon which stood an Argand burner—bronze and gilt, as was the frame of the stand. A bay-window broke the straight side of the apartment, and within this was a wicker rack of flowers. Opposite it a bright fire burned in one of the wide, low grates that are restoring to the "living rooms" of so many mansions something of the comfort and beauty of the ingleside we feared had departed forever when registers and radiators came into vogue. There were book-shelves built, wainscotwise, on either hand, following the curve of the wall, and a few fine pictures hung above them in the middle of each gray panel. Lounging and reception-chairs and the one sofa were covered with maroon velvet. Gertrude Hoyt, heiress, belle, and betrothed, sat in her corner of the sofa, her profile to her lover; her eyes fixed upon the fire, for at least three minutes after Lascar's departure, without moving or speaking. She looked well this evening, having more color than was her wont. She always dressed in perfect taste, but the silver-gray silk train, with the garnet overskirt and bretelles, became her admirably, thought her companion. He was in no haste to break in upon her musings—to mar the effect of an attitude that could hardly be improved.

She turned abruptly at last.

"There is something terribly unsatisfactory—wofully hollow in the life we are leading, Hervey!"

He was taken by surprise, but this was only betrayed by a slight widening of the eyes, and a scarcely perceptible quiver of the moustache, showing that he was amused as well as startled by her energy.

"Mrs. Skewton found that out before you did, my dear Gertrude. What new development of hollowness has moved you to take up her lament—'We are so frightfully artificial?'"

"I see and feel it every day and hour. It is ill-bred to be in earnest about anything; in bad taste to admire heartily, or to condemn severely. We show our distrust for one another by being continually upon our guard against emotion of whatever kind. We think and feel, as well as speak and act, by rule; and a very villainous rule it is which obliges me to sit by and listen to, without daring to rebuke, such unseemly levity as I have heard to-night; such ungrateful ridicule of worthy people, whose only fault is that they live in the country, do their own work, and use indifferent grammar; people whose simplicity of heart and cordial hospitality should have been their shield with one who had sat at their table and received all the kindness it was in their power to bestow; such despicable depreciation of a good and noble man, because he has independence and right feeling enough to love and honor the parents who gave him birth, and whose idol he still is. I despise myself when I reflect that I held my peace while all this was said in my house."

"Let me lift the burden of your remorse, my pretty Pythoness." Van Dwyne secured in his the hand she had raised in the last sentence. "I consider that the offender *was* rebuked quite as decidedly—pardon me for saying—as was compatible with your hospitable office. You have thus established your right to condemn whomsoever and whensoever you please. *Au reste*—I am 'in earnest' in my devotion to you, and 'admire' you very 'heartily.' And, now, let us talk of pleasanter things. It is useless and unphilosophical to run tilts against society. Nobody should know better than you, who were born within it, that there *is* a charmed circle, whose unwritten laws are positive and final as regards breeding and etiquette—a penetralia in which your friend, Mr. Hilyard, would not be tolerated. There is such a thing as American aristocracy, where purity of blood and perfect refinement, the inherent disrelish and outward avoidance of all that is common and unclean, are the credentials to favor—these and nothing less."

"Why do you echo Mr. Lascar, and call Mr. Hilyard my friend?" said Gertrude, impetuously. "You, at least, ought to understand that I am defending a principle, not an individual; running a tilt, if you will have it so, in the cause of truth, honesty, natural affection, and simple gratitude for favors received. The accident of lowly birth is not a crime in this or any other country. And I am loath to believe that the fact and recognition of relationship to a farmer, who smokes a pipe and eats onions, and to a pious, loving woman, whose hands are hardened by toil, and who sits down to a twelve o'clock dinner in a calico gown, must of necessity lower a man in his own eyes, ban him in the society we consider the choicest in this country. If the truth were told, we should discover that the pure blood you speak of has, in many cases, undergone the straining of but one or two generations through 'refined' veins since it filled those of yeoman and mechanic. It won't do to be too nice in the selection of fruit from American genealogical trees."

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"Perhaps you are right. Since we are content with the stock and fruitage of ours, why concern ourselves about our neighbors? I have no vocation for investigation or reform."

"But don't you see, Hervey," laying her disengaged hand upon his shoulder, "that if people whose social status is assured would combat these false ideas of rank and worth, would boldly set forth what they know and feel to be true, the work would be done? I think of these things sometimes until my brain is upside down. We seem to be of so little use in a progressive age—we the few who belong to the upper classes (so called), who have no work for daily bread. What do we accomplish except spending our money, and swim around in slow, bright, lazy circles, like gnats in the sunshine? And there is so much to be done; so much of misery we could relieve, of wrong we could right, such heights of self-denial and purity to be reached for ourselves! Won't you help me, dear? Show me how to be a better and more useful woman? How to lift myself out of the slough of vanity and worldliness, and to be of some service to my kind?"

Van Dwyne bent his lips to the hand that showed so whitely against his black coat.

"My darling child, do you know I haven't the least idea what you are raving about? I am sure you are one of the busiest little humming-birds in creation. You can hardly find an idle hour in the twenty-four to bestow upon me, and I have heard you complain of being wearied to death at least fifty times within a month. You owe duties to society which you cannot shirk; not to inferior classes, but to that in which your lot is cast. If, by lifting others, you mean that you have been infected by the popular rage for attending ragged schools, and distributing tracts in back lanes and filthy courts, I shall certainly decline to help you; shall, on the contrary, hinder you if I can. It is all balderdash—this clap-trap oratory one hears from platform and pulpit about elevating the lower ranks. They don't want to be elevated, to begin with. They would be as out of place in our carpeted parlors as we would be in their slums and cellars. They were born to the mud as truly as are swine—if you will excuse the allusion. Secondly, if they wished to rise, you would soil your dainty fingers and garments in attempting to help them. No, my lily, your life should be a thing apart from theirs. So jealous am I of this, that I feel uncomfortable when I see you shake hands with any one who is not exactly in our 'set'—Hilyard, for example. If you are determined to go on a mission, let it be to my home, be the priestess of my Lares and Penates. I don't regret this discussion, for it has brought out the roses finely in your cheeks; but as I said, upon my soul, I haven't the remotest conception of the origin, and meaning, and the end to be gained by all our sermonizing, and I believe I have preached as long, if not as animatedly and eloquently, as have you. What is the matter? Are you chilly?"

She had withdrawn her hands from his, and gone over to the mantel, on which she leaned her arm, looking down into the grate with bowed head and mournful face.

"I am afraid sometimes, Hervey, dearly as I love you, and He who made me knows that when I promised to be your wife I believed that I loved you with all my heart and soul, I fear sometimes that we will never quite understand one another. There is a want of sympathetic response upon so many subjects. Can you—a man with brain, heart, and eyes—be satisfied with the life you are leading, when I—a weak, silly girl, who has never been out of fashion's leading-strings—am often so miserable, so consumed by longings for a wider, richer sphere? There is to be a day of reckoning after we have danced or dreamed away our brief existence. When He, who has given me wealth, beauty, time, and influence, shall ask to what use I have put these talents, what can I say? what can I say?"

"Say that you have made me gloriously happy, my beautiful preacher! *I* am only 'miserable' when I see you bent upon self-torture, without cause or purpose," said the perfectly modulated voice, the owner and his admirers reckoned among his most potent charms. "You are *ennuyé* to-night. To-morrow will bring a happier and more reasonable mood. Now, my presence annoys when I would soothe you. Good-night, darling!"

As he approached her, she raised her eyes—large and bright—with a sort of wistful impatience he was as far from comprehending as he had been from entering into the spirit of her protest and longings.

"I had rather you should quarrel outright with me than have you treat me as you would a spoiled, peevish baby!"

He laughed, gently and indulgently.

"To-morrow, when you have slept off the vapors, you will see that it is impossible I should thus regard you, or behave as if I did. Pleasant dreams, and calmer, brighter waking thoughts, my princess!"

She permitted, without returning, his kiss; stood where he had left her, until the impatience, but not the wistfulness, slowly left her eyes, and the heavy tears fell upon her clasped hands.

"I wish my hunger could be appeased by sugar-plums!" she said, aloud and passionately. "Are we really so unlike? Is this shallowness of heart, indolence, or a pitiful affectation? What must the end of it all be? Will our marriage be like the union of fire and ice?"

Van Dwyne had left the door ajar, supposing, doubtless, that she would, as she generally

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did, follow him into the hall, with a few last fond words. She had not noticed this until she heard a bustle without.

"You can't see her, I tell ye! She's particularly engaged, and if she wasn't, this is no hour of the night for a lady to be bothered with the likes of ye!" said the footman, gruffly.

"I must and I will! I know her better than you do! She wouldn't let you keep me here if she knew who 'twas wanted to see her! You'll be sorry enough if you don't let me in!" said a woman's tones, shrill with excitement.

She seemed to try to force her way past the man, for there were exclamations and a scuffle, and Miss Hoyt stepped into the hall.

"Who is it, William? Some one to see me?"

The woman rushed forward. "Miss Gertrude, you must recollect me! I am Amy Marsh."

The lady recoiled involuntarily from the clutch of the soiled glove upon her dress.

"Is it possible? I do recognize you, now. Come with me!"

She led the way to the library, and the unseasonable visitor followed, with a scowl at the footman his mistress did not observe.

"You are wet. I did not know it was raining," continued Gertrude, overcoming her reluctance to look at or approach the wretched figure. "Come to the fire!" She pushed forward a velvet ottoman, but Amy hung back.

"I'd spoil it. I'm just soaking. I can stand, thank you! And I won't detain you but a minute."

From the other side of the room, Miss Hoyt brought a light chair—bamboo and lacquer. "You cannot harm this. You must rest awhile. You look ill and tired. And while you rest, tell me what I can do for you."

Instead of accepting the offered seat, the girl collapsed into a shapeless, shaking heap upon the rug, clasping her arms about her knees, burying her face within them, and rocking to and fro, with a sobbing wail like the moan of a sick child.

"Oh, me! Oh, me! I wish I had died before I came here! I wish I had never been born! What shall I do?"

Miss Hoyt had a full corps of obedient servants, but she would summon none of them at this juncture, went herself to the dining-room pantry for biscuits, cold tongue, and a glass of wine.

"Eat and drink before you try to talk," she said, touching the drooping head, after setting the tray upon the stand. "You are fairly worn out, my poor girl."

Amy's hat had fallen back, and the lady noted the luxuriance of the wet and dishevelled hair; remembered, with pity that was almost tenderness, what a pretty, rosy little creature was the young seamstress she had employed three years before, whom she had liked and petted until her stately mother chided her for her familiarity with a creature of the lower orders; threatened to banish her from the house, if her daughter carried into execution her project of teaching her other things besides embroidery and fine needlework.

"You will only excite unreasonable desires, spoil her for the station she must keep during her whole life," argued the good parent, when Gertrude represented that Amy was quick and anxious to learn, although she knew nothing of the world or of books, and could hardly write her own name legibly. "She is quite learned enough for her station."

An astute matron was Mrs. Hoyt, and she looked well to the ways of her household while she was spared to the world. But she had been suddenly gathered two years ago to the great and (at last) silent congregation of women who had been ornaments to their sex, and very wise in their generation, to whom, now, neither wisdom, nor knowledge, nor device are known. Just before her demise, Amy Marsh—then just eighteen—had left Gertrude's service, without warning or other farewell than a badly-spelled note, blotted with tears and with ink, which she had stuck, between dusk and daylight, upon her young mistress's toilet-cushion. Gertrude had never heard of or seen her since until to-night, and she felt, with a sick and shrinking heart, that there was no need for the wanderer to tell her story, that it was known to her already in all its most revolting features.

Amy got up, crept to the table, ate hungrily, and drank the wine down in an eager gulp that betrayed an already kindled appetite for stimulants.

"I can't say it, although I came a-purpose," she said, her eyes still downcast. "I'll go away and never trouble you again. I said to myself as I came along, that 'twas my duty to let you know about it; but I see now, since you've been so kind to me—just as you used to be—that it was more for my own sake, more out of hope that I'd, may be, get justice done me after all, than because I wanted to serve you."

"If that is so, you must speak out without hesitation," answered Gertrude, decidedly. "For I want to help you, Amy. Unless I am mistaken, you need comfort and aid sorely as ever woman did. Why did you leave me at first? Why have you not applied to me for assistance before matters came to this pass? I always liked and tried to befriend you to the best of my ability. I cannot tell you how sorry I am for you, now."

"I know it, Miss Gertrude." Amy's grief burst forth anew. "And you were always that kind to me, that if I had had the least notion you were fond of him, I'd have cut my throat sooner than listen to a word he said. But he told me, that first evening I found him waiting for me, just outside the door, that he

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wasn't your beau, nor ever would be; that he was only a friendly visitor at the house, and that he had caught sight of me again and again, as I went about the halls and stairs. And one evening you ordered me to carry some shawls and dresses you were going to use in *tableau* down to the library, and he was there, and Mr. Lascar, and a lot of young ladies. That was the time he was struck to the heart, he said; that I was fresh and sweet as a pink clover-blossom along side of the women he was used to meeting of his own kind. And, now, to think you're going to marry him; that all that was a lie, like everything else he ever said and did! I didn't hear of it until to-night, when one of the girls that boards where I do told me. It set me beside myself, I think. I ran right out in the rain, and I didn't rightly know where I was, until I was ringing your door-bell."

She was standing directly before the fire that drew clouds of steam from her sodden clothing, but she shivered all over, and her teeth chattered as with intense cold. Her whole appearance and manner were abject in the extreme, and from the moment of her entrance she had not dared meet the lady's eye.

There was a pause—an interval of awful stillness in the luxurious room, full of summer warmth and flower-scent—while the two women faced each other. The one, pale and still, her fine features set in marble pallor and rigidity, her silken skirts trailing over the carpet, her hand, glittering with jewels, clenched hard upon the gray-topped table. The other in her miserable garb, the more shabby by reason of the poor pretence of finery that bedecked it here and there, but to degrade not adorn; her shamed face sunk upon her breast, and half-hidden by her neglected hair—the golden rings of which she used to be so proud.

Then Gertrude spoke, clearly and evenly: "This is a horrible story, Amy Marsh. Think well before you declare to me that it is true; for I shall sift it to the bottom, demand other proofs than your word."

"It's true, Miss Gertrude, and the worst isn't told. He supported me for a year, and then left me, without a word, left me to be turned into the streets, as I was, and I've lived there ever since. I can show you the notes in which he sent me money for rent and all that, and two little letters he wrote me while he was at the seashore, summer before last."

She pulled a dingy wallet from her pocket, and handed some worn bits of paper to Miss Hoyt. Gertrude read them, one by one, critically and without flinching.

"I know his handwriting well," she said, finally. "Can you trust these with me? I will return them. Or, have you learned to distrust everybody?"

"I don't want them any more. I've kept them this long because I had a kind of notion—I see now how foolish it was—but I did have it until to-night. I've been silly as well as wicked, I know, Miss Gertrude, but he has a wonderful way with him, and he swore, over and over, he'd love me, and be true to me always"—

"There!" Gertrude put out her hand in sudden protest. "I believe you. I would not, if I could, help it." The cry escaped her against her will, and she paused to brace resolution and nerve before she went on. "I will take care of you—provide for your bodily wants, I mean. I cannot see you righted. No power upon earth can do *that*. As to your claim upon Mr. Van Dwyne, you should know men well enough by this time to understand how little that is worth."

These were the only bitter words mortal ear ever heard from the lips of the proud, pure woman upon whom the votary of pleasure had brought such agony of mortification and pain. She had said truly that she loved him deeply and fondly when she plighted her troth to him—the most admired man in the "charmed circle" which was her world. And if, in the intimate association that followed the betrothal, she had experienced misgivings as to the complete harmony of their tastes and sentiments; questioned within herself secretly and unwillingly, now and then, whether the idealistic nature of woman's affection had not blinded her usually clear perceptions, when she said to him: "Be thou my king! my hero, *sans peur et sans reproche!*" he was still too dear for her to think of breaking the bond she considered scarcely less sacred than the marriage-vow. He had disappointed her in some, in many things, never more than in the conversation they had held to-night; yet the charm of his singular refinement of manner, the low, sweet voice that lent beauty to his lightest saying, his splendid *physique*, his taste in *belles lettres* and the fine arts—all that had won for him pre-eminence in the world of fashion, had woven a spell about heart and imagination that was not to be easily broken. She owned its sway, even while her womanly instinct and woman's pride joined in urging her to cast off with scorn and loathing one who could be guilty of the deliberate sensuality, the absolute cruelty, the consummate hypocrisy manifest in his conduct to the low-born seamstress, and to herself, Amy's patrician and successful rival.

When the letter was penned—and it was explicit in condemnation as it was final in the judgment she passed upon him and the deed that had cost him his betrothed—she drew from her finger a seal ring which had been Hervey's earliest gift to her. It was an antique of exquisitely delicate workmanship—a Cupid, leaning upon the bow from which the arrow had just sped. Van Dwyne had bought it in Athens, and in Paris had had a motto engraved about the central figure. "*Noblisse oblige!*" ran the legend.

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"When love and honor unite to bind one to allegiance, infidelity is an impossibility," he had said, in putting it upon her finger.

She recalled the words, and the look, and tone with which they were uttered, while she dropped the wax upon the letter, and stamped it firmly with the love-token.

"The motto has a new meaning for me," she said, sternly. "It never had any for him."

Van Dwyne called the next day, and was refused admittance. He waited twenty-four hours for a message of recall, then wrote to her. Not in confession, or in penitent supplication, but with ill-concealed ridicule of her motive and action, blended with calm imperiousness that aroused the spirited girl to wholesome indignation.

"More Quixotism!" said one clause of the "remonstrance." "My dear child, this latest freak of conscience surpasses all former vagaries. To say nothing of the delicacy of the stand you have taken—which, let me remind you, will be rated at the lowest valuation by the gossips of your sex and mine—the absurdity of the transaction almost leads me to doubt your sanity. I hope, for your own sake, no less than for mine, that you will reconsider a resolution which, if carried into general practice, would ostracize every gentleman of your acquaintance; which will cause me lively regret, and may result in more discomfort and unhappiness to yourself than you, in your present excited state, are capable of estimating." He had added a P. S. to the main body of the epistle. "Should I fail in this endeavor to alter your decision, would you prefer that I should leave town for awhile? It would hardly be pleasant for you to meet me until the talk has blown over somewhat. I am yours to command, now as ever."

This chivalrous proposition won from Gertrude the first real smile that had lighted her face, since Amy Marsh's visit.

"The ruling passion strong in defeat!" she said to herself. This letter has done more to cure me than did the knowledge of his baseness. In another, this offer would be transparent affectation. With him, it is the inspiration of his god—Etiquette!"

She "saw no reason," so she wrote in reply, "why he should play the exile, or she the nun, because they had agreed that it was not wise or possible for them to walk the same path through life. Perhaps it would have been well had they never thought or spoken of doing this, but it was too late to discuss that. For the future they would meet on terms of slight and ordinary acquaintanceship, forgetting, and helping the world to forget, that they had ever been anything else."

The world, ever amiable and obliging to those who can afford to be independent of its smiles and frowns, was easily taught. "Both parties behaved admirably—inimitably, in fact," was the flattering verdict of the lookers-on; "made it so much pleasanter for their common friends than if they had assumed high-tragedy or sentimental airs. But what else but the most graceful tact and self-possession was to be expected from two of the best-bred people in the city?"

The world, still amiable, attributed to charming eccentricity—not to wounded affection—Gertrude's gradual withdrawal from the gayest scenes of a very gay winter. It was not until spring that the pleasure-mongers awoke to the fact that she was virtually lost to them, and whispers, then murmurs, went the round of the "charmed circle" to the effect that she had grown religious and charitable—"*devote*," as the ladies styled it; that, not content with expending large sums from her ample fortune for the relief of the destitute and the reclamation of the fallen, she actually visited hopelessly low people in shocking "down town" streets, taught dirty children on Sunday, and patronized Industrial-schools on week-days.

"I heard you had joined the Sisters of Mercy—indeed, that you had endowed an order of St. Gertrude, all the members of which wore gray cloaks and lawn veils," said Lascar, easily impertinent as ever, checking his saunter along the pavement, one June forenoon, to hand Miss Hoyt from her carriage, as it drew up in front of Delmonico's. "It is an agreeable surprise to meet you here, and in the garb of a worldling. I begin to hope that Madam Rumor is at fault."

"I could not select a uniform for my order without consulting you, Mr. Lascar," was the rejoinder. "Your opinion in the matter of color and costume is invaluable."

She bowed with the old regal grace, and passed into the restaurant. She had been out since an unfashionably early hour "district visiting," and being young and healthy, was more hungry than tired. Selecting a table in a corner shaded by a curtain that promised comparative seclusion, she ordered a substantial luncheon, and while waiting for it, amused herself by watching what went on in the street and in the saloon. She was just settled in her place when two carriages drove up and eight persons alighted, whose entrance attracted general attention. They were evidently from the country, with the exception of the leader and marshal of the party—a tall, fine-looking man of thirty, or thereabouts, who had an old lady upon his arm.

"His mother!" thought Gertrude, observing the resemblance between the withered and the young face. How well I recollect the description of her and his home I heard last December! That is Aunt Sally in brown silk instead of calico; and that white-headed man, with a face as honest and rugged as one of his native hills, is "Father." The two girls who are blushing like damask roses at meeting so many

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eyes, with such very fashionable bonnets set above them, are cousins, I am sure. The overgrown boy is their brother, and the brisk lady bringing up the rear is their old-maid sister—a genuine Yankee in smartness and independence."

In profound ignorance of her vicinity, Mark Hilyard arranged his guests about a table already laid for them, and seated himself at the head, his back to Gertrude, his father on one side of him, his mother on the left, and began a task he evidently enjoyed—that of making them feel at home, and happy as well as comfortable. The dinner was the best that could be selected from the *carte*, and Gertrude soon perceived that although rustic, the Vermonters were not boors. The interchange of kindly courtesies was punctilious as at the tables of the rich and aristocratic, but the freshness of their pleasure in the feast and in the appointments of the saloon; the zest of their delight in their holiday; their affectionate appreciation of the kindness that had introduced this element into their round of sight-seeing, were almost as new to the unobserved spectator as was the hearty satisfaction of Mark Hilyard in the success of his little surprise.

"He does not seem to see that people are looking on; some in amusement, some in contempt," she meditated. "Bless his loyal, sturdy heart! If I were a man, I would go up and shake him by the hand, and ask for an introduction to his friends. As it is"—

"I say, Mark," the old farmer's tones came distinctly to her ear, "are you sure it was the wisest thing you could do to parade this crew of country folks into a place like this? A plainer and more out-of-the-way saloon would have suited us just as well, and you wouldn't have run the risk of being laughed at about your Ver*mount* relations. Most spry young fellows would rather stand in the pillory than be caught in such a crowd."

"I am not like most spry young fellows, then, father, for I am proud, instead of ashamed. I wouldn't object to walking into Queen Victoria's court drawing-room with you upon one arm and mother here upon the other, and if the royal lady has the good sense she is credited with, she would think the more of me for being in such excellent company. Waiter, fill these glasses all around!" And when the bubbling hissing champagne was poured into each, the son lifted his, and bowed playfully, yet in reverent affection, to the left and right, where sat his parents. "I drink to the health and happiness of the 'Old Folks at Home!'"

"Mother" was wiping her glasses, and he stood by, waiting to give her his arm, and the rest were ready to go, when he heard a well-remembered voice at his elbow, that sent the blood redly to his temples.

"Mr. Hilyard! Excuse my intrusion upon a family-party, but I overheard you say that you were bound for Central Park. So am I, and my carriage is at the door. You are too much crowded in yours to be able to see all the beauties of our famous drive. May I ask for the pleasure of your mother's and aunt's company?"

Thus it happened that "Mother" and "Aunt Sally" rode in state upon the back seat of Miss Hoyt's handsome barouche, while Gertrude upon the front, in her sunniest mood, played cicerone, and captivated the entire Hilyard connection, deluding them, moreover, into the belief that "York girls were the most sociable and warm-hearted in the world, without a bit of false pride about them."

"I won you that day!" she is fond of saying to her husband, and the joke is current in the Ver*mount* homestead, which "my son and his wife" visit twice a year—on New Year's Day and in June.

Mark smiles contentedly when he hears it, for he knows she believes him when he tells her in the holy quiet of their home how long and how truly he has loved her; how he saw through the froth and gloss of worldliness into the deep, warm heart beneath, and mourned in silence when it was likely to pass into the keeping of one who neither deserved it, nor valued it aright.

"For all that," persists Gertrude, when the oft-told tale she is never weary of hearing is finished, "you would not have had the courage to hint your preference for poor, frivolous me had it not been for mother and dear Aunt Sally, and I assuredly fell in love with you because of your brave and cheerful devotion to them. And you would have been no better than other men had not the memory of and love for your parents kept alive and flourishing the precious seed they had sowed with prayer and patience in your boyhood. Under GOD we owe the earthly happiness that colors, warms, and fills our lives, and Eternity alone can tell how much of our usefulness to the "OLD FOLKS AT HOME!"

NOT LOST.

BY M. F. ANDREWS.

CRUSHED blossom-buds. Oh sweet and rare
Is the fragrance about the torn, stained leaves!
For a faithless foot has trampled there,
And a life has gone out—but like a prayer
It is not lost. The world receives
Breaths of incense, that are a part
Of a bruised earth-flower, or broken heart.

CONVEYANCE OF REPROOF.—Avoid accompanying your censure with any expression of scorn, with any phraseology which shall convey a wish of yours to degrade or lower in the social scale the object of your reproof.—*Bentham.*

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ACTING CHARADE—OUT-RAGE.

BY M. S. S.

Characters.

MISS PRIMLY, *a maiden lady.*
EUPHROSYNE, *niece to* MISS PRIMLY.
MR. PUFFS, *a lover of* EUPHROSYNE.
SUSAN, *a servant.*

OUT-

Miss Primly. (*Excitedly.*) So my niece has a beau! A *most* revolting idea to my maiden imagination! A Puffs too! What plebianism does not Puffs convey to the aristocratic mind of a Primly? Oh, dear! after *my* virtuous example of holy celibacy, and in the face of the numerous warnings I've given, and the examples I've cited of desolated homes and broken hearts—the most of these masculine maelstroms. It is *too*, too bad! (*Rings a bell.*)

Enter SUSAN.

Miss Primly. (*Aside.*) It is very revolting to the aristocratic mind of a Primly to be forced to the level of a servant for the furtherance of one's ends. (*Aloud.*) You have always been a trustworthy girl, Susan.

Susan. (*Modestly.*) That's as madam thinks.

Miss Primly. (*With dignity.*) I'm unadorned simple Miss. I do not, nor ever did desire any change, no embellishments to my patrician—*Miss Betsy* Primly, Susan.

Susan. (*Aside.*) Old humbug! (*Aloud.*) Yes, mum.

Miss Primly. You are an excellent girl, Susan.

Susan. (*Very modestly.*) I'm sure I always minds my own business, mum.

Miss Primly. (*Graciously.*) Very true, my girl, and are not given to unbecoming fancies of beaux and other frivolities, I hope.

Susan. (*Simperingly.*) How could you suspect *me?* He, he, dear! dear! I never had a beau, and I'm sure I never did see a frivolity.

Miss Primly. I sha'n't enlighten you, my innocent creature, for it is something the young women, and old ones too, of these times are well versed in. But, Susan, ain't you Euphrosyne's much esteemed, confidential servant, eh?

Susan. (*Aside.*) Old fox! (*Aloud.*) That's as my young lady thinks.

Miss Primly. (*Aside.*) Stupid thing! (*Aloud.*) Have you ever seen an approach to levity in me, Susan? Any giggling, gushing propensities?

Susan. Dear mum, *who* could *ever* suspect *you* of sich horrid improprieties! He! he!

Miss Primly. (*Complacently.*) You have perception, girl. Some maidens of forty (*solemnly*) often disgrace its beautiful fruition by singular vanities, Susan.

Susan. (*Aside.*) She is always pulling out her gray hairs. (*Aloud.*) I'm sure you are as prim and proper as becomes one declining in age, mum.

Miss Primly. (*Stiffly.*) You are guilty of singular improprieties in speech.

Susan. Oh, I should have said approaching a charming ripeness, mum!

Miss Primly. (*Benignly.*) You are forgiven—a *lapsus lingua*, girl. Your meaning was obscure, but your intentions correct. But I was remarking upon the strange infatuations of the sex. Even queens were not exempt from absurd vanities, Susan. However, you are not historical, or supposed to be, my excellent girl.

Susan. Me, mum? I never was guilty of sich a thing in my whole life, nor any of those other things you speak so beautifully about, mum.

Miss Primly. I dare say you are quite guiltless, my good creature, and are becomingly shocked by my allusion to those inordinate vanities; but, Susan, you have never seen a masculine approach allowed by *me*.

Susan. That 'ill testify to with my life, mum.

Miss Primly. (*Decidedly.*) Nor will you ever be the witness to such a thing, Susan.

Susan. I could declare to it, mum.

Miss Primly. Well, my unsuspecting creature, those (*solemnly*) indelicate proceedings are actually occurring within the chaste precincts of *this* house.

Susan. (*Astonished.*) Oh, dear! you scare me, mum!

Miss Primly. You may well be, my modest creature, for Miss Euphrosyne is *now* receiving a man's—

Susan. (*Affecting a scream.*) O—h! where, where is he?

Miss Primly. Calm yourself, my poor girl. He is not here. Sniff this vinaigrette. Feel a little more composed now, eh? Well, as I was saying, she is permitting the odious attentions of a man.

Susan. Oh, dear! (*Covers her face with her hands.*)

Miss Primly. Don't be so nervous, Susan. Bear it as I do—with dignity. But, I say, those sinister designs mean—be calm, Susan—mean matrimony.

Susan. Oh! oh! the horrid wretch!

Miss Primly. Now, good creature, you *must* be on the *qui vive*—that is, on the lookout, and when that *impertinent* fellow comes here, you must endeavor to confront him; I am not equal to it. Susan, he must *not* be allowed an entrance within these doors. Once let in, all will be lost. Here is a small gift, my modest girl. (*Gives her money.*)

Susan. Oh, dear, mum! I couldn't.

Miss Primly. Just for friendship, Susan. And now turn that popinjay out, as genteelly as you can; mind out, and then leave me to manage that misguided, sentimental girl.

[*Exit* MISS PRIMLY.

Susan. Spiteful old cat! To think she can bribe *me* to spoil the nice little love play be-

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tween the dear turtle doves! (*A bell rings.*) There is that divine Apoller now! (*Runs to the door and utters a shriek as she sees* MR. PUFFS.)

Puffs. What is the matter, my little beauty? Am I so horrible a specimen of the genus man as to upset your delicate nerves, eh? (*Attempts to chuck her under the chin.*)

Susan. (*Aside.*) What a nice fellow! (*Aloud, coquettishly.*) You are as vile a specimen as ever I come across!

Puffs. And you are the prettiest little angel I ever saw.

Susan. (*Aside.*) A right smart chap! (*Aloud.*) I s'pose I 'm to believe *that?*

Puffs. (*Trying to slip his arm around her.*) Why, you bewitching Hebe, do you think that I'd utter a falsehood?

Susan. (*Aside.*) What an irresistible darling! (*Aloud.*) Why, Miss Primly says you men are a bundle of contradictions.

Puffs. (*Attempts to kiss her.*) And you women are *such* charming temptations.

Susan. (*Utters a little scream.*) How dare you, sir? Don't you know that I have orders to turn you out?

Puffs. (*Coaxingly.*) Turn me out, Susan? No!

Susan. (*Mockingly.*) Turn *you* out, Mr. Puffs? Yes!

Puffs. (*Reproachfully.*) You couldn't, Susan?

Susan. I could, Mr. Puffs.

Puffs. (*Shows a bill.*) Here, dear little Susan!

Susan. (*Indignantly.*) Me bribed to betray the holy confidence of Miss Primly? Never! (PUFFS *shows her fifty dollars.*)

Susan. (*Aside.*) Oh, lordy, how sorry I am for the poor fellow! (*Aloud, with much dignity.*) I couldn't be bought, Mr. Puffs, but on the score of friendship I might dare much.

Puffs. (*Delightedly.*) Oh, you compliant Susan! Where is my Euphrosyne?

Susan. Just be patient. You can't come in, but at the bottom of the garden there is—

Puffs. (*Eagerly.*) My Euphrosyne?

Susan. (*Dryly.*) A summer-house stands—

Puffs. Oh, you delectable, expedient Susan! [*Rushes out.*

Susan. (*Holding up the money admiringly.*) How could I help aiding the innocent young things in their harmless loves? That grudging old harridan, old abomination! Five dollars, indeed! My faithful affection for Miss Euphrosyne moved by that paltry sum! That tall, divine looking, generous—I fail to serve him? Never! Turn him out? No, not I! [*Exit.*

RAGE.

EUPHROSYNE *and* SUSAN.

Euphrosyne. (*With a book.*) O Susan, I feel such keen sympathy, such electrical thrills of anguish, attesting the close affinity I have with this *poor*, ill-treated heiress! (*Sobs.*) Alas! it is my own sad fate. Torn from the arms of true love by a cruel, hard-he—arted aunt—all because I 'm too y—oung to ma—a—rry! Oh! what shall I do?

Susan. Just do like that interesting *hairress* you read to me about. Make ropes of the sheets and blankets, I'll fling out a feather bed, you drop down, and it will be as fascernating as any novel. There!

Euphrosyne. (*Anxiously.*) O Susan! am *I*, indeed, immured?

Susan. Not exactly. But old cantankerous is in a proper rage about your cavalier, and has ordered me to turn him out if he came.

Euphrosyne. O Susan! did you commit the vile, atrocious act?

Susan. Well, I allus obeys orders.

Euphrosyne. Ah! friendship's but a name. (*Sobs.*)

Susan. Stop your highferlutins, and may be I could do something t'wards soothin' your feelings.

Euphrosyne. (*Eagerly.*) Oh! what do you insinuate?

Susan. (*Dryly.*) I never insinuates, but sometimes I sees—

Euphrosyne. What—what did you see?

Susan. (*Coldly.*) I sees a great deal in general.

Euphrosyne. Dear Susan! nothing in particular *this* time?

Susan. (*Very indifferently.*) I guess I sha'n't enter into particlers.

Euphrosyne. Oh, you hard, inflexible Susan!

Susan. (*Significantly.*) I can bend like wire on occasions.

Euphrosyne. (*Despairingly.*) You dark, enigmatical Susan!

Susan. I reckon I ain't so dark if I was dealt fair by.

Euphrosyne. (*Beseechingly.*) Best, dearest soul! take my blue velvet bonnet, and unburden your soul of its secret.

Susan. You are getting rational like, but (*indignantly*) me bribed—never!

Euphrosyne. (*Eagerly.*) My brown silk dress, just from Madame Fringgimps! Do, Susan!

Susan. Oh, dear! that I should have my honesty laid siege to and (*sobs*) bom—bom—

Euphrosyne. And bombarded by my splendid maroon, which I look so stylish in, and which is all the rage. O Susan! (*coaxingly*) will you do nothing for friendship?

Susan. Now, you melt my heart. You are most generous, miss, but never (*vehemently*) shall you suspect me of a mercenary motive in serving you! (*Sobs.*)

Euphrosyne. Never mind, you sensible, accommodating thing! Just tell me what you did see.

Susan. S'pose I did see a—

Euphrosyne. Quick! or I shall die—

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Susan. You 'll spoil it all by doing that. A slim (*deliberately*)—slender—graceful—

Euphrosyne. (*Excitedly.*) Oh, I shall expire with expectation!

Susan. You 'd be wise to postpone that caper. Shapely—captivating—insinuating—irresistible (*aside*)—lordy! wasn't he elegant?

Euphrosyne (*Eagerly.*) My Adolphus, Susan?

Susan. (*Demurely.*) I didn't say what, but whatever I did see went into the summer-house.

Euphrosyne. (*Kissing* SUSAN *delightedly.*) Give me my bonnet, you efficient, contriving creature! [*Exit.*

Susan. Ain't I in a mess with my refined, as Miss Euphrosyne calls it, tendencies for folks in distress? Oh, dear! my heart always did go ahead of my head. Won't Miss Primly be in a rage if she was to know, but I guess I 'll take care of that. Think (*delightedly*) of that poplin and bonnet! Oh, dear! when I gets them on, why (*coquettishly*), why I 'll be all the rage! [*Exit.*

OUTRAGE.

MISS PRIMLY *and* SUSAN.

Miss Primly. (*Significantly.*) Well, Susan?

Susan. (*Staring.*) Mum!

Miss Primly. (*Sharply.*) Don't be stupid, girl!

Susan. (*Aside.*) The old vixen! (*Aloud.*) I'm a-trying not, mum.

Miss Primly. What dullness! Don't you perceive the drift of my remarks, girl?

Susan. If you 'll be so kind as to explain 'em, mum!

Miss Primly. I wish to know what has transpired within the last two hours in this house. Has any one dared—

Susan. (*Simperingly.*) He! he! Oh! about that duck—ahem!—that fellow. Yes, mum, and I guess he would have dared anything if I—

Miss Primly. Oh, chaste Diana! what outrage has not been perpetrated within the walls of my house? (*Weeps, her handkerchief pressed to her eyes.*)

Susan. Don't be flustered, mum. He just chucked me ever so little under the chin. He! he!

Miss Primly. Oh, mercy! Abominable domestic! how dare you make the vulgar confession? Oh!

Susan. Oh! I behaved as decent as possible, and when he tried to slip his arm round my—he! he!—waist—I—I—

Miss Primly. (*Horrified.*) Shocking revelations!

Susan. Dear, mum, I was awfully shocked when he tried to (*simperingly*) kiss—

Miss Primly. (*Falls on the sofa.*) Such an outrage enacted in my abode—on—on my sacred maiden threshold! (*Sniffs her vinaigrette.*) Dear, dear! I'm faint! O—oh!

Susan. (*Aside.*) Dying of envy. (*Aloud, fanning her.*) How overcome you are to be sure! But, dear mum, I declare I never allowed a single approach. Oh, no! Dear me! I only said as how—he! he!—the fellow had a mind to—

Miss Primly. (*Modestly.*) Hush! No more allusions. They overcome—I'm very, very much relieved by your modest assertion of virtuous behavior. Where is Miss Euphrosyne?

Susan. Oh! as to that, mum, I left her—that is, I saw her in her room an hour ago.

Miss Primly. How did she seem to bear the prohibition?

Susan. She was just like a lamb, mum, and to my thinking as happy as could be.

Miss Primly. That's decidedly encouraging, and in time the dear girl will overcome her sentimental penchant— (*A bell rings.*) Go and see who rings, Susan.

The door opens, and admits MR. PUFFS *and* EUPHROSYNE, *who fall at her feet.*

Puffs. Dear aunt, forgive and bless your nephew and niece!

Miss Primly. (*Falls upon the sofa in dismay.*) Oh, oh! They have perpetrated the outrage of matrimony! Oh, oh! That I should be the victim of deception! (*Lies in a faint. They use restoratives.*)

Susan. (*Aside.*) Lordy! I didn't think they had so much dash. He is real grand.

Miss Primly. (*Shuddering.*) Remove the obnoxious sight! It will destroy me.

Puffs. Dear madam, I'm sure you will survive and endure me in time.

Miss Primly. (*Vehemently.*) The horrid masculine specimen! Must I endure the sight of the vicious thing? Oh, oh! I, who have never indulged even in a masculine imagining in my life! (*Sobs.*)

Puffs. (*Aside.*) I must endeavor to reconcile my aunt to a masculine idea, and I've hit upon it. (*Aloud.*) Aunt, ain't you acquainted with my guardian, Mr. Flam, a—

Miss Primly. Oh! there are to be two of them. Fan harder, Susan!

Puffs. I don't think that's such a bad idea, now, particularly as he is a handsome old fellow, and desperately in—

Miss Primly. (*Indignantly.*) Bring the police, Susan, or my house will be the prey of burglars—Goths—Vandals—villains—men!

Puffs. Pray don't agitate yourself, dearest aunt. I assure you he is perfectly harmless, and would only be engaged in the most legitimate kind of robbing if you will let—

Miss Primly. (*Excitedly.*) I know him to be the vilest of rogues, who has abetted in the atrocious theft of my niece's affections. Oh!

Puffs. I am well aware that he would like to win the affections of my dear aunt.

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Miss Primly. (*Stops her ears.*) I'm tormented —oh, dear!—by the vulgarist insinuations. Will no one relieve me of this impertinent fellow? Oh, dear, at my age!

Puffs. (*Elevating his voice.*) That's it now. He is just fifty, ten years older than you.

Miss Primly. (*With much indignation.*) Who told Mr. Impudence about *my* age? Oh! I'm a prey to vile investigation, the most delicate secrets divulged, my home will hitherto be an inquisition, my conduct criticized, my very bandboxes inspected. Dear, dear!

Puffs. Now, aunt, you take a rather exaggerated view of matters. The fact is, this Benedict is horribly *èpris*—that is, in love, you know.

Miss Primly. (*Stiffly.*) None of your jokes, sir.

Puffs. It is no jest. He is quite a tyro in love, has never before admitted a feminine imagining, or that sort of thing, and as I'm *au fait*, why, he has enlisted my services, you see. (*Coaxingly.*) Just tolerate the idea, dearest aunt. Give the imagination free scope, and the heart soon becomes involved.

Miss Primly. How dare you mention my heart, sir?

Puffs. Unless that heart yields and melts like snow before the noonday sun, Mr. Flam—alas! he will become recreant to all that's high and exalted. Bask like a fly in the sunshine of his love, I beseech you.

Miss Primly. Don't fan so outrageously, Susan. (*Simperingly.*) It is almost impossible to resist you, Mr. Puffs.

Puffs. Don't try, I pray, and if you are as agreeable to my uncle, why, he'll never be able to resist you.

Miss Primly. You insinuating rogue!

Puffs. (*To the audience.*) Don't you think that I've succeeded well? And as the old lady seems evidently reconciled to a masculine idea, why, I'll subject her to Mr. Flam's fascinations, and she will soon forgive what she calls my outrage.

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE MIGHT OF WILL.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

A PROUD ship stood, with her fair sails furled,
On the angry, white-capped bay,
Only waiting the word of command
To unmoor and sail away.
"Oh, let us not tempt the angry sea!"
A youthful sailor cried.
"It is surely an omen ill to sail
Against adverse wind and tide;
The waves are rough in the sheltered bay,
On the ocean mountain high;
We may all be lost in the raging storm—
Let us wait till it passes by!"

"We heed not the storm," the captain said,
"When anear our native shore;
We'll brave it now, and when far away
Its fury will all be o'er;
For our ship is strong to breast the sea,
And valiant our gallant crew."
The word was said, the sails unfurled,
And over the waves they flew;
On the morrow the winds were hushed and still,
And the sun smiled tranquilly,
And the ship was safe in a distant port
Ere a storm had swept the sea.

Two countries, alike in wealth and power,
And lying side by side,
By a towering, cloud-capped mountain chain
Were separated wide;
And over this towering mountain height
The travellers journeyed slow,
With a dreary step, and longing eyes
Cast toward the plains below,
And they cried: "Cannot some means be found
To shorten this irksome way?
It seems not long, but it wearies our feet
For many a toilsome day."

"Tunnel the mountain!" the master said,
And straightway the work began—
The work which seemed given of God to try
The power and will of man.
The laborers came, with brawny hands,
And dug in the earth's deep gloom
A huge and darksome cavern, which seemed
Like a mighty giant's tomb.
After years of toil, the work was done,
And with steam a motive power,
The journey, which once was the work of days,
Was performed in one little hour.

An author, who wielded a mighty pen,
Was burning the midnight oil;
He'd wrought until body and brain alike
Were weary with ceaseless toil,
"I will lay aside my work," he said,
At last, "and rest to-night;
My wild brain throbs with a weary pain."
But the spirit still said: "Write!"
He seized his pen, and his mighty mind,
With pain and toil o'erwrought,
Gave forth, like lightning from thunder-cloud,
Flashes of living thought.

DUST.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

WHENCE come they, rising, falling everywhere,
These tiny atoms sailing through the air?
Far out at sea, no glimpse of land in sight,
They dance adown the bars of glad sunlight;
Nor is there in the world a single place
Where one their subtle presence may not trace.
What though we brush them patiently away?
We cannot stop the progress of decay.
Still others come to fill the vacant space;
All marks of dust no mortal can efface.
We wonder not that, cloud-like, it appears
'Mid attic rubbish left untouched for years.
But on the book, a moment since laid down,
We mark it settling with impatient frown.
Whence comes it, that in clean-swept, darkened rooms,
In iron safes, close-locked, as well as tombs,
It gathers still? Is't thus things pass away,
Their atoms falling round us day by day?
Is't thus God meant the human race to learn,
"Dust art thou, unto dust shalt thou return."

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UNMASKED.

A NEW-YEAR'S STORY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

In a poor room, in the upper part of a small house, a young girl sat sewing. The room was very tiny, the furniture of the plainest kind; but the extreme of poverty was not there. Everything was in neat order, and there was an air of comfort in all the surroundings; a clear fire burned in the stove, that evidently served for cooking as well as to warm the room, and the only occupant sat in a deep, well-cushioned arm-chair, wearing a nicely wadded wrapper, and wrapped in a soft woollen shawl. But what spoke most eloquently of want was the young girl and her occupation. She had evidently just left a sick bed; her hollow cheeks, closely cropped hair, sunken eyes, and emaciated form told the plain story of long and severe illness, yet in her thin, trembling hands she held a piece of sewing, the trimming for a rich black silk dress that was spread out upon the bed. She was obliged to stop often and let her head rest against the chair, but she persevered, and round her lips hovered a smile, as if some pleasant thought was associated with her work.

It was in one of the pauses of her work, when her eyes were closed, that the door opened softly, and another young girl about her own age came into the room. About the same age, and wonderfully like the invalid. The same short brown curls, the same large hazel eyes, soft, fair complexion, and delicate features marked both faces, but the new comer had rounded cheeks and the bloom of full health that was wanting in the other face.

"Sewing, Hattie?" she cried, taking the work from the thin fingers. "And upon a dress trimming! You ought to have a good scolding."

"But you will not give me one."

"Don't be too sure of that. You are not well enough to work, Hattie. Who is that for?"

"Mrs. Hartley. She wants it for a New-Year's reception, and I had it before I was sick. I work for her husband's store, and she has given me two or three dresses to make."

"I will finish it for you this afternoon. Now, we must have dinner," and she drew from under her cloak a basket, which she opened. "Here is a roast chicken, to be heated; some oysters, which I will stew; cranberry sauce, celery, rolls, also to be warmed, and custard pie. If you are very good, and eat plenty of dinner, you shall have also a glass of wine and some white grapes that are still in the basket. Then I have some news to tell you."

While she was speaking, Nettie Hastings had thrown aside her hat and cloak, tied a white apron over her black dress, unpacked the basket, and was now busily preparing the dinner, and taking the dishes from the closet to set the little round table. The invalid seemed accustomed to her ministrations, for she only looked on with happy smiles.

"It won't be long before I can get dinner," she said, as Nettie inquired the precise locality of the tea caddy. "What should I have done but for you, Nettie? Died in a pauper hospital."

"You should have sent for me before you were sick, Hattie. But it will not be long now before you are in my home."

"No, no! You are too kind. I must again live, Nettie, as I have since father died."

"Sewing, freezing, and starving? There! I can do no more till the oysters are done and the chicken is hot, so I will tell you my news." She sat down beside the invalid's chair, and continued:—

"You know, Hattie, that whatever was the quarrel between your father and my grandfather, there was some bitter enmity that was never reconciled. Your father left the city, while I, an orphan at three years of age, was adopted by our grandfather. When he died, nearly two years ago, and left me all his wealth and his splendid house, I did not even know he had another grandchild. My mother's sister, who came to live with me when grandfather died, told me first of the son who had left his home in anger and never returned, but knew nothing further. I can never tell you the happiness I felt when you sent me a little note asking me to come to you."

"I was dying of want, Nettie, orphaned, alone, and sick. I knew from my father that I had a cousin here, and I thought she would keep me from starvation till I could work. I hoped for no more; but when you came, you loaded me with luxuries, watched beside me for weeks, gave me the best physician's care, clothed me warmly, added comforts to my miserable room, gave me new life! O Nettie! Heaven will reward you."

"Let me finish my story, Hattie. You and I are the only living relatives of our Grandfather Hastings. The enmity that existed between your father and his father is buried now in their graves. As soon as I knew you were here and in want, I went to my lawyer to right what was an injustice, and to have your share, one-half of our grandfather's estate, transferred to you."

"Nettie!"

"I was informed that no such document could be signed or become legal until I was of age, so I could only make you comfortable out of my income, a liberal one, and wait until to-day. I am twenty-one to-day, and I have just put my name to the deed that makes you the joint heiress of our grandfather. All I ask of you is to come and share my home, live with me, and be my sister, until some one with a

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nearer claim carries you away. To-morrow is New-Year's Day. I shall carry you home this afternoon, and you shall sit in state at my reception, and be introduced to all my friends. Hattie! Hattie! you must not cry so. It will make you ill again."

But it was not in the power of the invalid to check suddenly the tears called forth by the emotion wakened by her cousin's generous gift. Rich, independent, loved! A life of lonely toil thus suddenly removed, and so delicately and affectionately! She could only sob and caress her cousin, till Nettie discovered her oysters were cooked, her dinner hot, and woke smiles again by her cooking cares and jokes. Dinner over, Nettie said:—

"You have only heard half my news."

"Have you another fortune to give away?"

"I am thinking," and the prettiest blushes came upon the young girl's cheeks, "to give all mine away and myself with it. Now, that you are my sister, I must have no secrets from you, so I will tell you all about it. Last evening I received a little note from a gentleman who has visited me frequently, and with the note a ring. The note told me somebody loved me, and asked me to be somebody's wife. If I consented, I was to wear the ring at my New-Year's reception; and, Hattie, it is on my finger now," and she held up her hand, and displayed a superb solitaire diamond upon an azure enamelled setting.

"Then you love him?"

"I hardly know. He is older than I am, but I find him always a congenial companion. I am sure of one thing, though, Hattie, that I honor and respect him above all men."

"Love will come then."

"I believe that, or I would never marry him. He is so good, Hattie, so noble and generous. There is no great charity in the city that has not his name upon the list of subscribers, and he talks so beautifully about the poor, that it would bring tears to your eyes to hear him. I am sure he does good secretly as well as openly."

"That will suit you, Nettie."

"I believe," said Nettie, gravely, "that large wealth is given to some only that others may be benefited also by its use. To hoard money is a crime in my eyes, and I do try, Hattie, to be a faithful steward."

"You do not need to tell *me* that," said Hattie, gratefully. "If your husband shares your feelings, you will win a prayer from many lips that will not burden your heart when you die."

"He does share my feelings, Hattie."

"But you have not told me his name."

"Cecil Graham."

"Mr. Hartley's nephew!" said Hattie.

"Is he? The man you worked for?"

"Yes."

"You know him, then?"

"He superintended the department where I went for work. Ready-made clothing of all kinds forms a prominent feature in his uncle's large dry-goods store, and I made shirts and other clothing. Mr. Hartley knew my father in his better days, and gave me work."

"And Mr. Graham?"

"Gave out this sewing, examined it when returned, and paid for it."

"Did you like him?"

"Nettie, do not ask me. You have to-day made me your grateful sister for life; will you grant me one more favor?"

"You know I will."

"At three o'clock to-day the week's work will be given out and taken in at Hartley's. Will you go for my work?"

"You will not need it now."

"Put on my shawl and bonnet. We are both in mourning, so you will not mind the poorer garments for once. I will give you the ticket that entitles me to work, and you look enough like me to escape observation. Nettie, do not refuse me! Do not ask me to explain now my motive. Go this once for me."

With a very grave face, Nettie Hastings put on her cousin's coarse shawl and poor bonnet, took the ticket from a table drawer, and drew on her hands a pair of coarse cotton gloves.

"You mean more than I see clearly, Hattie," she said. "It is for my sake you want me to go?" and, kissing her, she went out.

"For your sake," said Hattie, "for your whole life's happiness or misery. Thank heaven! she does not love Cecil Graham," and covering her face with her thin, trembling fingers, she prayed silently and fervently for the noble young cousin she had sent upon an errand fraught with such deep significance.

And with the prayer following her footsteps, with a misgiving she felt, but could not describe, in her heart, Nettie Hastings hurried along the streets. She half repented that she had told her coachman to go home and return later to take her cousin to her new residence, and then she smiled at the idea of a sewing girl going for work in a private carriage. It was a bitter day, cold and threatening, with the remains of one snow storm under foot, and the prospect of another overhead. Nettie, in her dear little heart, wished she could give comfortable homes and incomes to every one of the shivering poor she met on her way to the palace store, where she had spent hundreds of dollars in her petted life. Her first rebuff was in being informed, not too politely, that the girls who came to work were not allowed to pass through the store, but must mount to the fourth floor through a small side door. There was an elevator for the employees of certain grades, but the tired women who came to earn the pittance paid for sewing were not allowed to use it. Up the weary stairs, flight after flight, Nettie followed two poorly clad women, others coming after her, for the city clock was striking

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three, and unpunctuality might cost them their week's work. The room was already half-full of women when Nettie entered it, and Cecil Graham, standing behind a large table, with two women as assistants, was opening bundle after bundle of sewing, and checking the amount due for each in a large book. As he did so, the women stepped aside to wait till all the work was examined, when each would be paid, to wait till all received their money, and work for the next week was given out in the same routine. What mattered it if a whole afternoon of precious time was thus consumed? It was the system of the establishment.

Nettie watched the proceedings from under her thick veil with keen interest, not taking her place on the line, but sitting down, as she had no work to be examined, and must therefore wait till fresh work was given out. It was hard for her to believe that the stern, harsh man before her was the courteous gentleman whose ring was hidden under her coarse glove. He seemed to have magnifying glasses in his eyes, so sharply did he criticize every stitch. Several women had passed through this rough ordeal of criticism, when one came up that at once interested Nettie's kind heart. She was so poorly clad, so pallid and worn, that she seemed scarcely able to stand.

"This won't do at all," said the gentleman, harshly. "I should think you would be ashamed to offer such work here."

"I had to sew without a fire," said the woman, in a weak voice, "and my baby is sick."

"I've got nothing to do with your fire and your baby. I can't pay for such work as this."

"I don't think anybody but you would notice any fault," was the reply; and Nettie, looking at the garment, agreed with her. She was not very near it, to be sure, but to her it seemed neatly made.

"No use to us at all."

"O Mr. Graham, give me half price! I have not a cent in the world!

"I shall not pay for work that don't suit me. Move up; you are hindering others."

With a moan as if wrung from her by physical pain, the woman turned towards the door. As she passed Nettie, she felt the pressure of a soft hand and looked down.

"Take this," said a whispering voice, "and tell me where you live. To-morrow you shall have fuel and food. This will help you to-day."

The woman looked wonderingly at the five-dollar bill in her hand.

"But you are poor yourself," she said.

"I can spare that. Where do you live?"

She gave a number and street, and with a faltering "God bless you!" left the room.

Others followed in the long line to the table, and Nettie watched again. Some asked for trifling advances to avert freezing, starvation, or the terrors of unpaid landlords. Some pleaded illness for slight imperfections or delay, but these were exceptions, and every favor or indulgence was sternly refused. The majority came up with mechanical precision, and went to the other end of the long room to wait till their names were called for payment. Quite a pile of garments were thrown aside as too badly made to receive payment, and Nettie innocently wondered if they were really useless, looking, to her eyes, so neat and well made. More than one woman felt a dollar or more slipped into her hands, and looked in vain in the crowd around her for the voice that gave a low "Take this; I can spare it," with the gift, in defiance of the printed rule against the wall that forbade any talking in the room.

The winter afternoon was drawing to a close when a girl in mourning went slowly down the stairs leading to the street, carrying a heartache for every pale face she had seen, every pitiful voice she had heard. Even the sudden crushing of her own hopes did not make her the less sore-hearted for the misery she could dimly guess at in the scene she had witnessed. She found her carriage waiting at Hattie's door, and hurried up the stairs.

"No work?" said Hattie.

"I forgot it," was the reply. "You have saved me, Hattie."

"And yet you smile."

"Yes, for my heart, it seems, could not have been deeply touched, since now I feel only contempt and scorn for the hypocrite you have unmasked for me."

"I was so afraid," said Hattie, tearfully, that it would make you unhappy. And yet, Nettie, I could not let you marry him, believing him to be a noble, generous man, such as would make your life a happy and useful one."

"You have more than repaid anything I may have done for you. But come, Hattie, the carriage is waiting to take you home, and we will send to-morrow for whatever belongs to you here."

"It will not take ten minutes to pack all there is of mine. One trunk is already packed, with things untouched since father died."

"Tell me, then, what to put in this one. We will leave the arm-chair for the next comer."

It did not take very long to finish all the preparations for the ride. The trunks were placed upon the carriage, the invalid carefully wrapped up and carried in the coachman's strong arms down stairs, tenderly propped up with pillows, and, resting on Nettie's shoulder, driven to her new home.

It was a brilliant reception given on New-Year's Day by the Misses Nettie and Hattie Hastings, and Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Nettie's aunt. The invalid, daintily dressed in the garments her cousin thoughtfully had prepared, enjoyed the scene, and gracefully filled her new position. Miss Nettie, appearing in white

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and violet for the first time since her grandfather's death, was pronounced lovely by all who saw her. But there was one constant visitor missing from the numerous callers. In his own room that morning Cecil Graham had received a small note, in whose perfumed folds was enveloped a solitaire diamond ring. The note was brief:—

MR. GRAHAM: I had the pleasure of spending a few hours in the room where you give out sewing, yesterday afternoon. I think you will understand why I then decided to return your gift. Thanking you for the honor you proposed, I must decline it.

NETTIE HASTINGS.

With a muttered exclamation, he would scarcely have wished heard in polite circles, the baffled fortune hunter tossed the note into the fire, and carefully dressed for New Year's calls in houses where the wealthy Mr. Hartley's nephew might still hope for a smiling welcome.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY FABIOLA.

"HAPPY New Year, love! Happy New Year!"
Two fairy feet came bounding near;
Two little hands shut out the light—
Shut out the sunshine, cold and bright;
Two roguish eyes, like stars on the sea,
Under their lashes looked down at me;
Two tender lips gave the greeting dear,
"Happy New Year, love! Happy New Year!"

Only one glimpse of the soft brown hair,
And the pale rose-buds nestling there;
Only one ray from the starry eyes,
Lighting my own with glad surprise.
And lo my fairy hath flown away,
Swift as the sunbeams—brighter than they;
But the echo, lingering, whisp'reth clear,
"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

"What hath the old year borne from thee?"
Asketh my spirit, musingly.
A little bloom from the rosy day,
A little light from the forward way,
A hand which mine shall clasp no more,
A love to live in memory's lore—
Ah me! and mingling smile and tear,
"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!

"What brought this New Year unto thee?"
My spirit asketh, musingly.
A chastened soul, a higher aim,
A hope that scorns the dream of Fame;
A heart wherein all murmurings cease;
A voice there whispering softly, "Peace."
Oh, pearl of price! oh, gift most dear!
"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

THE greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is the most unfaltering.

EARLY STRUGGLES OF AN AUTHORESS.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

IT is my belief that writers, more than other artists, love retrospectively to linger in the mingled sunshine and shade of their early aspirations, early failures, and their early successes, such as these may be. "Affectionate self" stands more thoroughly embodied in the creations of the pen than in the achievements of any other wooer of art, and hence the tenderness, forbearance, patience, and long suffering extended *ad infinitum* to the crudest and most imbecile of all these brain children of poet and romancist.

I am thinking now of the almost boyish blush overspreading his face who painted "Death on the Pale Horse," when confronted in later years with that immortal picture's antecedents—ghastly household portraits, traced with pencil of purloined cat's hair, whilome adorning the studio of incipient genius. It was not an exceptional case—his chagrin, I mean. No cunning artifice, save with the pen, but shirks responsibility of such parentage as named above.

Now, I believe that the author of the "Lost Pleiad," who I take the liberty of supposing wrote sugar-kiss verse—say at fifteen or thereabout—if brought to-day face to face with the soft "sonnet to his mistress's eyebrows," would greet the same with a glance no less indulgent than that which perchance his father bestowed on him at the epoch of its perpetration.

Burns says of one of his own performances in composition: "It was done at an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity, unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is indeed very puerile and silly, but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest and my tongue was sincere."

Shenstone believed what the present writer does—and more. Hear him:—

"Pleasing when youth is long expired to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen designed!
Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face;
Such the soft image of our youthful mind."

I think it was Sir John Hunter who said that every one attaining to a degree of respectability in his vocation in life should publish a "book of blots"—not solely, perhaps, to warn of shoals and quicksands in the way, but to give the aid of sympathy in the missteps that are inevitable, and from which no predecessor's experience hath power to deliver.

Very well, but after all it is here confessed that this tale without a moral is rather inspired by a humor for recreation, and perhaps a certain weak fondness elsewhere named, than by

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any benevolent purpose exhorted to above, or, though this is not Sir John's meaning, any innate obligation to offer "first feints" upon the altar of success. I consider the matter according to the supposed legitimate test—pecuniary emolument. Of one thing I am certain, that co-laborers in this field, be they master workmen or apprentices, will find here a reproduction in kind of their own crude experiences, and if this *resumé* has any other object than that heretofore set forth, it is to assert kinship with other records, written or unwritten, of fellow-crafts of the goose-quill and foolscap from time immemorial.

It is not purposed to treat especially and at length of that callow age wherein the bit of idolatrous verse to the girl of our heart was indited in words that glowed in pokeberry juice on a surreptitious blank leaf of "McGuffey," though we may think tenderly thereon, and a species of pathos invest even the memory of our pleasantries with the capitals commencing each line. The embellishments of preliminary curl and tendril were veritable antetypes, indeed, of the twining, interlacing, one of the most obvious results of the effusion.

Delia was delighted—my precious little schoolmate!—and this amply cancelled the reprimand from another quarter affecting the making of blank extracts. We wound our innocent arms about each other, this chum of mine and I, and walking up and down the garden-path that holiday afternoon, she without reserve proclaimed me the smartest girl in the world, and one who would certainly some day get into a book.

Whether this vague prophecy (vague to prophesier and prophesied of, I have reason to believe) presented anything very alluring or not is scarcely necessary to say, further than that, even in mental contemplation of Miss Hannah More's portrait in short-cropped white hair prefacing her "Memoirs," etc., I was not the one to retreat from my position of the morning in effect that Delia was the most enchanting little maiden in Christendom, that

> "Her bright eyes of blue,
> Of morning-glory hue,
> Were lovelier than any in the world,"

meanwhile relaxing not an iota of faith in the sentiment regarding her

> "Ruddy ringlets curled,"

which brought up the measure.

There exists now a perhaps partial conviction that the juvenile verse-wright did establish some claim to originality in that last-quoted line. Red hair, it has since transpired, is not a favorite theme with the poets, though Delia's, it must in justice be said, was not of the carroty or brick-dusty hue, but of the shade later set forth of the present inditer in, to—herself—seeming more orthodox terms and stately measure as

> "Wine-colored wavelets,"

which description of hair, by the way, I still think gives out more of the Madonna glory and sheen than any other.

Well, the adolescence of our letters past and the morbid sensitiveness thereof gone with it, just as well come to the time when, clothed with literary ambition, we set out to "seek our fortune"—fame, too—in the manner in which these matters are popularly supposed to be evolved from an inkstand, and it became necessary to cast about in thought the subject of a vehicle for our lucubrations.

We had been nurtured from infancy on the *Metropolitan Investigator*, and to that familiar household institution, naturally enough, our reflections turned. However, by some intervening accident, to the *Oldborough Harbinger* was committed the responsibility of bringing out our first essay in print. "Summer's Requiem" was not an unpromising title for a poem, and later convictions harmonized very well with early intuition regarding the potency of making a good start; neither is the efficacy thereof impaired by the supervening consciousness that that caption was better than anything it preceded.

The document sealed and despatched, then came the stage of waiting for the paper. Those few days of heart-palpitation! Well, you all know what it is, as I said before. Age of expectancy! We were in the country at the time, where there was only a semi-weekly mail, and didn't take that paper either. A friend did, however, and we knew we should see it or hear of it. If no more than the latter, even so remote contact was a something not to be despised.

Mail-day came. "Thump! thump! thump!" knocked this unmerciful fleshly timekeeper. "It is here!" Now, for the first time, occurred the thought, suppose the poetry should be rejected (I knew some of the technicalities), with many points wherefore, in their elaboration betraying "a local habitation and a name!" Such were the then existing ideas of the critical exclusiveness of a daily paper. Suppose, again, and I'll justify my humility by saying this seemed less likely, the lines should appear conspicuously placed, accompanied by editorial comment most complimentary, directing attention to the testimonial of dawning genius embodied in the anonymous effusion. My contribution surmounted four modest asterisks. Later I accepted the latent sarcasm—my own—inadvertently conveyed in that mute milky way so pointedly suggestive of an admixture of water. The afternoon came, bringing the mail, and me a visitor to Doctor ———'s.

I hear his cheerful, hearty greeting now: "Miss ———, 'Summer's Requiem' has come."

Incipient apoplexy supervened. Seven times seven thunders roared in my ears, and their accompanying lightnings seemed to singe my eyelashes, scorch my nose, scathe my cheeks.

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Our peaceful doctor was a perfect masked battery. And I, what did I do? Laughed. What else would a foolish, confused girl be likely to do?

He didn't observe my confusion, I thankfully noted the fact, for senior guests claimed his attention, and he turned to them in an instant.

I got possession, through a friend and *confidante*, of that precious paper, though, and treasured it—some of you know how. Sometimes lost in admiration of the eminent superiority of the art of Faust over all caligraphic achievement, wondering I had failed fully to appreciate the same until now, then thinking there must be more in my essay than I had assumed credit for, or the printer surely never would have printed it. I was nearly convinced this was so, and the builder had "builded wiser than he knew," when, unhappily, came a final, chronic relapse into a consciousness, before dimly developed, of missing something there, something unexceptionally supplied in other poetry I read, say that of Milton, Moore, Byron, or even Scott—I place them now according to my then code of æsthetics. It was discouraging, very. I would let my endeavors stop there. Then I wouldn't.

Then followed up, fit commentary upon our natural inconsistencies, successive discharges (over the stars) from the *Investigator*:—

STANZAS.

"Oh, let the green grass lowly wave,
And quietly sweep o'er my grave!"

"Lines to ——," and many other "Lines" of similar quality, probably, if not the same measure, not by any means omitting those of Wandering Jew destiny, from time immemorial bandied about in the world of letters, yet unclaimed by their address, "To One Who Will Understand Them."

There was something inexpressibly pleasant in maintaining a romantic incognito, and listening to the remarks elicited of these phenomena. Pleasant, I say, for if the praise was not of the highest order, the date and locality appended were sure to enlist a certain amount of attention, and their appealing weakness (not that I took that view of it until afterward) placed them beyond the pale of severe critical censure. But I must be literary. The *Investigator*,* and the *Harbinger*, and another, and another, leading journals of the day though they might be —and as the two named undoubtedly and deservedly were—they were not professedly literary papers.

The *Southern Literary Messenger!* There clung an inexpressible beauty and fascination around the thought of a home literature—*home* anything—but then the presumption. A certain unblest tri-syllable, hinted of but just now, arose among the maybes before me. I could not survive seeing it inscribed on the *Messenger* columns against my "pet names," of which latter more anon. The *Messenger*, indeed! whispered some dissuasive spirit, and I, requiescat in pace, insubordinate aspiration!

Presently the steel-pen of my ambition pointed northward. Godey and *Graham* were extensively patronized in the locality where I lived, and not a few admonitions were conscientiously tendered me for "wasting time" while I sat poring over the borrowed pamphlets; I ought to have been at my studies. Nevertheless, the "shopping expedition," the "morning walk down Chestnut Street," the evening ditto "up Arch," the "Apple Woman of Broadway," and the "Newport," or some other "Reminiscences," together with poetry embodying much more "style" than my own, continued to engross me to a certain extent.

"One of these magazines again!" a sharp old lady said. "If the ammunition and stuff in 'em had been worth a cent, the whole concern would a-blowed up long ago!"

Never mind, unsuspecting old lady, I'm cultivating a model. One day, to your great surprise, "I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do." About as well defined as that witch-abstraction was my plan of achieving literary immortality—for it was at this I aimed, certainly. The fire of genius was lambent within me—of course it was—(who ever wrote and didn't feel this?) but even armed with the hint conveyed in Mrs. ——'s logic, I did not stand aloof from the magazine, and so resolved to write to *Graham*.

I had read Macaulay's Essays before now, especially "Madame D'Aublay," and I would secretly write a book to sensationalize the literary universe. No, my resolves culminated as I have said. Let me here take occasion to record that I never inclined to the *Waverly Magazine*, in the words of Doctor Watts (not on a similar occasion, however), "as many children do."

The letter above spoken of enclosed an article with which I had taken considerable pains, and, of course, its despatch was not exempt from the usual pit-patterings of this mortal bivalve on the recurrence of such enterprises, *Da Capo* when the answer was expected, and finally arrived. I would be paid for writing now, of course, if the contribution should be accepted. Certainly, magazine contributors were paid; I had read so, and heard so.

I had written enough for fame, I reflected, but the conviction was not obstinately adhered to, as will appear. The thought of possessing a little El Dorado within the limits (if circumscribed) of one's own brain must be a consciousness eminently vivifying, doubtless. The letter, whenever it came, would probably contain—what? Pay for my spectral poem? It was an unterrestrial creation.

No, Mr. G. R. G. wrote, after "received,"

* This paper has always been remarkable for the taste evinced in its poetic selections.

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"to hand," something of the kind, beside adding, "we pay for all such articles as we publish in the magazine; send me another, will you not? Candidly, I do not wish you to make your first appearance in *Graham* with the one I have." He further asked: "Don't you write prose? It is in far greater demand than poetry?" which inquiry I now translate: "Isn't there some other game you play better than you do this?" Then I was only astonished at that first intimation, that prose, which everybody could write, should bear a better price than poetry, when some people might try all their lives, I had heard said, and never make a rhyme with the requisite rhythm.

He was very gentlemanly, and I felt very amiable; nevertheless, with this fractional item of experience, came a faint intuition of what the world early teaches on a scale of greater magnitude—that in every line of life and business each man must stand up and defend his own; so, in tacit vindication of my little venture, which I felt, and know now, possessed more merit than most that I found in the magazine, I signified my preference to appear first in the article already forwarded. No answer.

A few months after, and one morning my father entered the parlor with a clean, fresh number of the work protruding from his breast pocket, he meanwhile looking fresh as the book, and altogether pleased. It was taken out and passed from one to another, until it had made the circuit of the assembled household, and the comments and the approval were remuneration sufficient, so it was no matter that I received no other. Indeed, Miss Burney, revelling in the halo which blazed around "Evelina" and "Cecilia," felt scarce more joy than satisfied my humble ambition at this moment. It should here be stated that, unable to keep the secret of having achieved so lengthy a poem, my first continuous effort of the kind, though I was more reticent regarding the matter of its destined publication, it was recognized, of course, when chance threw the pamphlet in the way, and my father bought one immediately.

I never heard from Mr. Graham again, but have often thought that if he lacked any evidence of the inexperience of the aspirant as a writer for the press, that afforded by the circumstance of her having written on both sides of the paper might have carried conviction and a little amusement withal, at her ambition. The editor of a daily paper kindly volunteered instruction on this point some time afterward. I now resolved to strike high. Into the *Messenger* and into the city papers I went with a dash worthy—my inexperience.

I had a *nom-de-plume*, selected previously for the *Graham* article, which didn't cure my literary dyspepsia, if this was the name of the disorder. A euphonious, alliterative *sobriquet* it was, that was the orthodox style then. Maggie Mayflower, Bessie Bell, Fidelia Fay, Violet Vaughan—it was none of these, yet something like, and it was transportation to a delicious dream-life when these began to elicit inquiry and interest in the city where we lived. An enchanted existence began to be born here of that I had read of, conceived of in my own mind, but scarce dared aspire to realize. Circulating whither I would, in a sense an invisible creation, hearing myself discussed, guessed at, yet not discovered. What would come next? Celebrity? That intangible Immortality I dreamed of? Indeed, if I only knew it, were they not mine already, should it please me to lay aside the charmed incognito? Eccentricity of genius (to which one of her alleged characteristics let me here say I render but small honor), I forebore the test.

I am delineating faithfully, not caricaturing—this I aver—looking on this side and on that, surveying the ground already passed over, and in full sight of that which is to come. Bear me witness, some of you greater lights in literature. You have no need to disdain comparison of records; we have only our little weaknesses in common. Look to your authorial palimpsest. Down, down, remove another and another of its strata, and after so long research, you shall find the counterpart of mine, my foolish vanities, fruitless aspirations—even the chronicle of the clay-stalled Pegasus obstinately pulling back in harness and refusing liberation from the mire, much less to be sped upward by such inexperienced helpers and blind guides; there the puerile prose genius, betaking its timid way along the beaten highroad, not weighty enough even to leave a defined footprint in the dust. And so we contravene, in one point, the doctrine, "Youth has a sentiment it cannot explain, and the sentiment is explained in a form of poetry that middle age cannot construe," submitting that we employ the term in a more extended sense than in its signification alone of rhyme and rhythm.

No, no one is offended in the review. These achievements, such as they may be, in quality shifting, changing in the process to maturity, our author recognizes them all, and thinks farther of the words of one quoted above, when he writes of those (pretty) sun-dials formed by flowers, which bloom to tell the hour, open their buds to this end, and, telling it, fade themselves from time. So considering, if I have failed of eliciting some little sympathy with the circumstances of this narrative, it will not content me that I have excited a laugh at them. I smile over them, true; yet, though simple as they are, and records of my own simplicity, it is not a smile of derision. Tender, gently I regard them from this distant standpoint, as you, successful pen-artist, do certain similar ones for collateral associations' sake. These surround them with a pathos

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which individually we cannot expect to impart to any second person.

What is the uppermost among these with you? · Mine—do you care to hear?—take shape from my father's fond pride (though it must be almost superfluous to say the Burney programme has never been fulfilled), the evident satisfaction with which he would lay up among his treasures each new lucubration, the pleasures he derived from bringing out and exhibiting them to especial friends; the fresh color and sparkle of the eye, animating my brothers' countenances when some one had met them on the street, saying how (this after the secret was out) that last poem or sketch of Jenny Jessamine's (?) had been so much admired; this, accompanied by other comments, setting forth as an accepted fact that said Jenny J.'s character as the most—etc. etc. girl in the city was now "given up"—i. e., established. Ten to one but my brothers themselves had smuggled that very essay to press for me without our father's knowledge, for no other reason that I'm aware of than that love of mystery inherent in most youthful bosoms. Such are some of the memories which, mingled with coincident comicalities, present a somewhat grotesque picture of my literary gladiatorship in early days.

Prominent among these stands out now in the retrospect an innocent triumph (or so I regarded it) which crowned me with great glory. I may be pardoned enjoying the memory of this to the uttermost, for no other such will ever be mine.

I was awakened in the night by music. Music? Yes, and this was not all; there were words—my own poetry set to the music. Some boys I knew—you could scarcely call them young men—my brother one of them, had formed an amateur band, and to a very pretty air they were in the habit of playing I had written and adapted a "Serenade," having full regard, as implied in the chorus, to the seemingly popular tradition that there are feats far less difficult of performance than that of rousing a sleeping female, and so the inevitable "Wake, lady, wake!" iterated and reiterated as the theme is supposed to require, ascended to my charmed ears, superfluously, I must say, after the first bidding, for it was impossible I should sleep again that night.

A little circumstance occurred not a great while after this, the ludicrous nature of which, for obvious reasons, will be more perfectly appreciated by others than it has ever been by the heroine thereof.'

By this time one of my brothers had purchased and was editing a daily paper, and it occurred that he received one day a special invitation to be present on a certain evening named at a celebrated watering-place, not a day's journey off. By some means, not through the proprietor's invitation, however, we received the impression that a very brilliant ball, the crowning entertainment of the season, was to take place on the night in question.

What a theme for me! For it had been arranged I should write up the editorial in his absence. We both think now that the readers of the *Journal* would very contentedly have awaited the return of the editor proper for a detailed report of the festivities, but not so then. The *Journal* must be ahead of its cotemporaries, and give out a hot-pressed account of the imposing affair.

I had seen some entertainments there before now, had a list of the principal sojourners of note, and could tell pretty well how such an affair as we anticipated would go off. With no farther assistance, save a little drawing upon imagination, the "Latest Intelligence" was gotten up in my quiet room in due time, and you may be sure there was a good case made out for the ball, as such occurrences presented themselves in those days in all the gloss of novelty. More and more brilliant the colors grew under my imaginative pen, glowing unto the final affirmation that

"Everything young, everything fair.
From East and West was blushing there!"

There was a sink to a dead level when the editor returned, more than establishing the value of some dull misgivings of my own, stifled in their inception.

"There was no thought of a ball," said ——, "and the ordinary hop was very sparsely attended. The terrible rain and thunder-storm kept away the neighborhood people, and, indeed, the ball-room was almost monopolized by children."

The succeeding stage of this writer's experience was characterized by caution, a great deal of it, and still a very insufficient amount, considering the demand. "Dash" was entirely decried. But without disposing in too prolonged detail of the minutiæ of circumstances evolved of this period, and inciting to such result, I bethink me I can no longer claim immunity under the flag at the mast-head. "Early" struggles are merged in the era disclosing an uncompromising necessity to make haste *not* to publish. To write, re-write, erase, correct, revise, put away, take out after a long while, read again; not to be too tender for love of your own, not to be sensitive in the matter of lopping off a limb here and there, not to make a lumbering sentence or one not to the purpose to bring in at last a word or phrase that will "tell," or a pet idea; not to be unmindful of the fact that one's work reads very differently in the cool by-and-by from what it did in the reactionary stage, the flush of accomplishment. To all this, I say, I submit—in theory, at least.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them.—*Rowe.*

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PROPINQUITY.

A NEW TALE OF A TUB.

I.

MESHAUMOK.

DERRICK VAN DYKE was a young man of fortune and family. His fine old Dutch name vouches for the latter clause. He had an erect figure, a comely face, and a delicate constitution—an unfortunate inheritance from his mother.

"No one can have everything," sagely remarked a dowager to her daughter. "Better a sick husband than a poor one." As the young lady fully agreed with her mamma, and, as other young ladies agreed with her, Derrick soon found that he could have a wife, if he wanted one.

He fell in love—once—twice—thrice. His angels proved, upon closer acquaintance, to be mere women—worse than that, mere young ladies. They could talk glibly of the last opera, of the new figure in the German, and upon the question of crinoline or no crinoline.

"I shall turn Mohammedan," said he to a friend. "I believe women have no souls."

"Read George Sand or George Eliot," answered Mr. Jameson.

"Exceptional cases, proving nothing. So ashamed of the sex they take masculine names."

"There are plenty of others. I only mentioned those to confound you."

"Spare your pains; I don't believe in the sex."

He did believe in the sex very soon. A week after he fell ill. A motherly old woman kept watch and ward over his pillow, and called him, "Poor dear!" Her hand was as soft as any young lady's who goes to bed in kid gloves and glycerine, her step as noiseless as a burglar's.

"Where did you come from?" asked Derrick, one day, as she smoothed his pillow.

"Doctor Benton sent me. I mostly nurse women, but he said as you needed as good care as a lady or a baby, so I cum."

"I am very much obliged to you. What is your name?"

"They call me Marm Prentegast to hum; but you call me anything you like—'nurse' or 'aunty.' I answer to any name."

"Well, what do you think of me?" said Derrick, sitting upright in bed. "Do you think that I will get well?" Overcome with the possibility of a negative reply, he sunk back upon his pillow, feeling very weak and pitiful.

"Yes, I think you will, if you leave the city. Late hours and gallivantin' round won't never agree with you. But don't you think of goin' to Long Branch, or Saratoga, nor none of them places. Drinking mineral waters and dancin' all night ain't compatible. And seabathin' won't do you a speck of good if you take a lot of girls along. Go to some quiet place, where there's just enough fun to keep you from having the hypo, and you'll git back your health fast enough."

"Do you know of any such spot?" said Derrick, languidly.

"Rather think I do. About ten years ago I had a dreadful attack of salt-rheum. My hands got so bad I couldn't do nothin' at all. One recommended one thing, another another; and the upshot of the matter I was jist usin' up my hard earnin's, and wasn't one mite better. 'I'd go to some mineral springs,' said Sairey, my daughter-in-law. 'I can't afford it,' says I. 'You can git the place of housekeeper where I cum from up North,' says she. 'The water'll do you jest as much good if 'tis winter, and they'll let you stay at one of the big hotels, and give you your keepin' for your services. All you have to do is to see that two stout girls keep the house in order, so that when the folks come in the summer, there won't be much fixin' up to do.' Waal, the idea struck me, and I went. I stayed all winter, and got cured. They wouldn't let me go when summer cum." Then, after a pause: "The people that go *there* go for their health. There's precious few of your dressy, good-for-nothin' young women *there*. I saw some real sensible folks there, though. A great many Kanucks, I own, but there ain't no harm in them, when you once get used to their flat *a's*. I felt struck all of a heap the first time I heard a little girl say, 'Pap-*pa*' and 'Mam-*ma*.' 'Twas jest like a lamb bleatin' for its old one. Now, if you'd pack up your traps, and git some stiddy young feller—not that Frenchy chap here—to take care of you, 'twould be the makin' of you. Mark my word! You might start, say in a fortnight, if you're strong enough."

Derrick heaved a sigh of relief when the good soul came to the end of her rambling speech, and said:—

"You will stay with me, then?"

"Yes, if you'll tell that Antoine to git somethin' to eat besides them messes."

"You shall have what you like from a restaurant." Derrick lived in apartments, with one Antoine Le Gros to superintend his *ménage* generally.

Mrs. Prentegast nursed Derrick into convalescence, and had the satisfaction of starting him off under the care of a youth called Ira Billings. Except for the mania for expressing his opinions in a loud and uncalled-for manner, he was not objectionable. As Ira was a free-born American citizen, and as Derrick was still very weak, there was no repression. The political state of the country was discussed with every traveller whom Mr. Billings could entrap into conversation.

They arrived at the little town early in the

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evening. It is almost debatable land. Not a great ways off her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria, might shake hands with Uncle Sam, each standing upon his own territory.

Derrick found that neither name nor money availed him here. "First come, first served," was the rule. As the house was nearly full, he was obliged to go up three stories above the dining-room. Ira's room was still higher up—a mere closet.

"I sit on my bed while I dress," he remarked to his master.

Derrick did not rise very early. He would have preferred an immediate breakfast, but Ira insisted upon his going to the spring, and drinking two or three tumblers of the water before eating. It was very nauseous, sulphurous in the extreme.

"It comes from the infernal regions," said Derrick.

"It is the fountain-head of the River Lethe," said an English officer.

"How, sir?" queried Derrick.

"Where *is* the River Lethe?" inquired his Yankee follower.

"I came to Canada," returned the officer, "directly from India. I was bilious and spleeny, nervous to a degree that now seems to me impossible. I hated the service, my own particular branch of it especially. I had animosities, little and great. Everything *ennuied* me. My future looked but dismal. My past, which has really been a clouded one, came back to me in sleepless hours. I should have reached the conclusion of the thing had it not been for this healing spring. I came, I drank. Past hatreds have dwindled to indifference. I am reconciled to fortune, position, and kindred. I have forgotten as *usefully* as if I had really tasted Lethe."

Derrick put his hand in his pocket for a card. He was not going to forego a pleasant acquaintance for want of the usual forms.

"*Capt. Chivas, H. M. S.,*" was upon the stranger's card.

They breakfasted together. Had his companion been a New Yorker, Derrick would have made several remarks upon the ladies present and their want of taste in dress. He had become an adept in that glib criticism which characterizes the society men of the Metropolis. During the day Derrick idly lounged upon the broad piazza, and watched the croquet players with the same degree of interest which all outside affairs possessed for him.

"Is there a place so benighted, a spot so far removed from civilization, that this detestable summer sport has not yet reached it? If so, commend me to it, by all that's quiet and unfashionable!" This to Captain Chivas, as the two smoked their Havanas under the very noses of the players.

He smiled. "Then croquet does not please you? To me, there is no pleasanter way of passing away a long summer afternoon. It isn't so much the game as the accompaniments that I admire. The blue sky, the green grass, the ladies' fresh, summery attires"—

Here Derrick gazed rather contemptuously at the ladies before him, and shrugged his shoulders the least bit in the world. Truth to say, in the fastidious New Yorker's eye their attires were anything but tasteful, and their chignons frightful.

"And, above all," pursued the captain, "the delight of being with the dear creatures at an hour when no other pretext under heaven would permit you to be."

"Captain Chivas, you astonish me!" interrupted our invalid. "After all you have seen of the world, to retain so much of early enthusiasm where the ladies are concerned—why, it's quite refreshing!"

"And why should I not? They have always proved my best friends. And," dropping his voice, "Van Dyke, some time I will tell you what particular reason I have for my high regard for the sex." His face had grown very grave, and Derrick, spite of his cynicism, felt a choking in his throat, as he silently pressed the hand of his companion. "But, come! If we get our modicum of spring water before supper, we must be up walking." So saying, the captain donned his hat and led the way to the spring. He noted, with a smile, the grimace with which Derrick gulped down his three regulation glasses of the nauseous liquid.

"Before long you get to think the nectar of the gods could hardly have compared with this sparkling Meshaumok water." Van Dyke looked incredulous, and he continued: "If you think me extravagant in my praise of the healing spring, I wonder what you would say of a fair cousin of mine. She has had delicate health for years, but has found that Meshaumok can do for her what no medical man in the dominion can do. She gravely maintains that if that miserable old idiot, Ponce de Leon, instead of stupidly wandering through the Everglades of the southern peninsula, had come here, he would have reached the object of his quest, he would have found the veritable 'Fountain of Youth.'"

"She must, indeed, be an enthusiast," responded the other, rather bored, as the vision of another ill-dressed and, probably, *old* Canadian was called up by the captain's remarks.

"She will be here in a day or two for her annual visit, and I very much regret that business calls me back to Montreal for a short time, so you will scarcely meet her when she first arrives. I feel anxious to have you do so, as I consider her a brilliant, entertaining woman, spite of her poor health. I think she would help you pass away your time here very agreeably."

Had not Derrick rather inferred that this

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cousin was pretty well along in years, or probably married, he would immediately have scented the cheese in a matrimonial trap, for he was an old rat, and had been very nearly caught before. In that case he would undoubtedly have frozen up and nipped his growing friendship for the captain in the bud, so conceited have scheming mammas made all eligible young men of the present day. But as it was, he only coolly replied: "I should, of course, be happy to meet *any* one so highly esteemed by Captain Chivas."

His friend, however, was not at all affronted at his want of enthusiasm, but placed it in the general score of an invalid's privileged incomprehensibilities. By this time they had reached the hotel. The gong sounded for supper, and the subject was dropped.

II.

THE TUB.

Feeling neither the strength nor the inclination to join in the vigorous country dances enjoyed nightly by the "brave" and the "fair" at Meshaumok, and sorely missing Chivas's pleasant companionship, that evening Van Dyke retired early to his room, thinking to soon forget his troubles in sleep.

But our invalid found that the "balmy restorer" was not to be won for the wooing. All night long he tossed, feverish and wakeful, and not until the early summer sun was stealing in upon him did he close his eyes. He presently found himself upon the Alps in a terrific storm. Shelter there was none. Dripping and shivering, he felt himself borne on by the fury of the gale. The lightning constantly revealed to him pitfalls and precipices yawning at his very feet. Paralyzed by terror, he saw a huge boulder become dislodged from its resting-place, hundreds of feet above him, and come rolling down, threatening to crush him in its descent. Though he felt himself directly in its path, he could neither move nor scream, but gazed upon it with a stupid fascination. But he was unharmed, though the rock rolled on, near enough to him to brush his garments—on, on, to the fathomless depths below, where, with a crash to jar the foundations of the "everlasting hills," it fell—and awoke him.

He sat bolt upright in bed, trembling, while beads of cold sweat started from every pore. Finally, muttering the words, "Indigestion, over-eating," he was again sinking into a state of obliviousness of outside affairs, when another crash similar to that in his dream burst upon his ear. There it went—thump—crash—splash! What did it all mean? He rose up on his elbow and listened. Presently a smile broke over his face and he exclaimed:—

"So *that* was my Alpine storm! Some early devotee of Meshaumok in the next room indulging in his matutinal bath! Ah! well, all hopes of further sleep on my part are at end, thanks to my friend yonder. I wonder if he couldn't be induced though to hereafter defer his ablutions till an hour less barbarously early."

At seven o'clock, when Ira appeared to wake (?) his master, he found him dressed, and sitting in a rocking-chair by the window, cleaning his nails, and contemplating the landscape. To him he opened his heart, telling him how the votary of health and cleanliness in the next room was robbing him of his sleep, and making himself a nuisance generally.

"Verily he believes in the early bird business!" quoth Ira.

"But as for me, I feel decidedly in the position of the worm, and don't like it," returned Mr. Van Dyke.

This little pleasantry furnished an excuse for Mr. Billings to let out the laugh he had been smothering, which he did. Finally, when he had exhausted his mirth, he said, in a weak voice:—

"Waal, if you like, I'll tell that there obligin' clerk down stairs about it, and he'll make that chap change his room"—

"Or his habits," sighed his master. "But, no; we will wait. Perhaps this early bath is only an occasional luxury. We will see, at all events."

But alas for poor Derrick! The next morning, and still the next, he was aroused at the same unseemly hour by the same fearful sounds. First, the dragging of what must have been an enormous tub from some far-off hiding-place. During this part of the performance, occurred the terrible thumpings and thunderings heard in his dream. Then the vigorous unknown poured in bucket after bucket of water, until Derrick framed suicidal intentions on the part of the bather.

As he lay there wide awake one morning, Derrick pictured to himself a great, burly creature, probably afflicted with salt-rheum, or some other interesting cutaneous disorder, trying to rid himself of it in this energetic way.

Nearly all the invalids at Meshaumok bathed in, as well as drank, the water. He shuddered as he thought of the contiguity of their apartments, and resolved to allow Ira to do as he had proposed with regard to applying to the clerk in the matter.

Towards evening a servant brought Derrick a card, telling him that a lady waited to see him in parlor 10.

"Margaret Hersey! I can't remember any one by that name," said he to himself, as he hastily obeyed the summons.

As he entered the parlor, he saw, standing near a window, a tall lady, with a shapely, graceful figure, and a mass of light, frowzy hair. More, by the rapidly waning light, he

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could not distinguish. She bowed slightly as he approached, and said, quietly :—

"This is Mr. Van Dyke, I suppose?"

He bowed in reply.

"I sent for you to apologize to you for an annoyance of which, it seems, I have been the cause." The light was strong enough for him to see that she blushed and hesitated as she spoke. "It is rather a difficult matter to explain, sir, but I will be as brief as possible," she continued, presently, in a more self-possessed manner. All the while Derrick stood waiting for further developments, and thinking within himself that the situation was waxing romantic, to say the least. "I am, unfortunately, a lady of such very moderate means that when I come here I cannot bring a maid, as richer invalids do."

"What the deuce is she telling me all her private affairs for?" And Derrick thrust his hand into his pocket, almost expecting her to wind up her "explanation" with an appeal to his charity.

Unconscious of his inward comments, Miss Hersey proceeded :—

"Consequently I have to wait upon myself much more than is at all agreeable." Here her voice trembled, and she turned her face away from the light. "And, as the doctor has ordered sulphur baths for me every morning, I am compelled to take them very early, while other people are still sleeping." Here light flashed in upon Derrick's benighted soul, and he interrupted her with :—

"Madam, it is *I* who should beg *your* pardon. I had no idea it was a lady who occupied the room next mine."

"Your apologies are unnecessary, sir. I was to-day visited by the clerk of this house, who informed me, rather insolently, that the gentleman in No. 144 said I must either change my room, or he would leave the hotel. As I had all along intended taking rooms in a private house nearer the springs, and was only waiting for them to be put in order for me, I ascertained your name in order to assure you that you will no more be annoyed by your troublesome neighbor."

This speech she had begun impetuously, and in a broken voice, but as she proceeded, her tone became freezing, and her manner equally cold. For the first time in his life, Derrick's easy self-possession left him entirely. So embarrassed was he that ere he could frame a reply, the lady had left him. He heard the distant rustle of her garments as he said to himself :—

"A pretty mess I'm in, to be sure! Was ever a fellow so unfortunate? Here that idiot of a Yankee goes and represents me to the clerk as a selfish old curmudgeon, who won't allow a lady to use her own room as she pleases. By George! what an awkward position for a lady! I wonder what one of my fine lady friends would have made the daring avowal of poverty she made just now? But how she talked me down! *She's a woman that's fit to be a man!* She's the spirit of a soldier! But, by George! I'll see what that Billings said that raised all this rumpus!"

So saying, he sauntered forth to seek the unhappy object of his wrath. He found him placidly smoking his accustomed evening pipe, and between the whiffs, amusing a crowd of loungers around him with reminiscences of his youth.

"Golly! a feller's jest got to have pluck to fight his way"—

"Billings, I want to see you! Come with me," interrupted the cruel master.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the regretful Ira, waving his hand in a *grandiose* manner to his disappointed audience. "Some other time I'll tell you the rest of that story."

Once safely surrounded by the four walls of his bedroom, our hero unburdened himself to his familiar.

"Now, sir, be so good as to tell me what you said that led to the insult which the lady occupying the next room has received."

Neither his frown nor his angry tone in the least intimidated Ira, who, with his accustomed nonchalance, replied :—

"I told the feller jest how 'twas; how you couldn't git no sleep in the mornin' alongside sech a peaky clatterin' as that ablutinary party in the next room kep' up; that you was an invalid, and wouldn't never git well without no sleep; and I *believe* I *did* say," calmly crossing his legs, and coolly surveying his excited master, "I believe I did say that the upshot of the matter was that you'd go down to tother hotel if 'twas kep' up at that awful rate! You see, *that*, I knew, would fetch him. I knew he wouldn't let a payin' man like you leave the house for the sake of a poor devil"—

"Ira Billings, stop!" thundered Derrick. "It is a *lady* who bathes in the next room! Do you hear?"

Ira's calm look of complaisance vanished as he replied: "A lady, sir? Oh, Lord! who'd ever have s'posed a woman could knock round a tub in such a hefty way as that? Naow, what's the use, Mister Van Dyke, in gittin' mad and blowin' me for sayin' jest what you told me to, hey?"

Derrick could but see the force of Ira's pertinent, if not respectful, question; and, finding he could blame no one but himself, like the sensible man that he was, spite of education and surroundings, he set about devising means of righting himself in the eyes of Miss Hersey.

That any woman, with her evident claims to breeding, should leave the house, thinking him the boor she must now consider him, was not at all to be permitted, if it could in any way be avoided. He resolved to see Chivas, who had just returned from Montreal, and tell him of

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the little tangle he was in, and beg him to lend his assistance in straightening it out.

III.

THE COUSIN.

DURING Derrick's conversation with Ira the twilight had deepened, until now, as he betook himself to his favorite resort—the plazza—it was quite dark, too dark to distinguish the people who, allured thither by the hope of fresh, cool air, sauntered up and down, alone or in couples.

Walking moodily along, he nearly ran over a gentleman and a lady. He stopped and begged pardon for his rudeness, and was about to continue his solitary promenade, when the gentleman spoke:—

"You, old fellow? And promenading *solus*, too! See here, join us! Here is the lady I have so much wished you to meet. Maggie, my friend, Mr. Van Dyke. Miss Hersey, Mr. Van Dyke."

Both the lady and gentleman started as their names were spoken, and maintained an embarrassed silence, instead of uttering the polite greetings the captain had expected. The lady, however, was the first to recover herself, and spoke in the clear, cold tone poor Derrick too well remembered:—

"Harry, I believe your friend and I have met before. He can explain the matter to you. It is by no means a pleasant subject to me."

The captain turned to Derrick, who immediately replied:—

"I believe, sir, the lady is somewhat hard upon me in a matter in which I own I am very much to blame." Conscious that he was making anything but a brilliant speech, and glad that the darkness screened him from Miss Hersey's eyes, Derrick falteringly explained the whole matter from beginning to end, and finished by saying to Miss Hersey: "I don't know that I can hope for any mercy at your hands, but if a most humble apology for my unprecedented discourteousness to a lady"—he was fast recovering his usual easy manner, as the increasing length of his words made evident—"can avail anything in my behalf, please accept it. Had I once dreamed that a woman was the early riser near me, do you think I could ever have alluded to the matter to any one?"

It was now Margaret's turn to be glad of the darkness. It hid the painful blushes that would inflame her cheeks at the thought of their late awkward interview.

Captain Chivas turned to his cousin, and said, gravely:—

"Maggie, I do really think Mr. Van Dyke has been rather the victim of circumstances. Do, both of you, forget this little unpleasantness, and be friends forthwith, for my sake! I own, dear, it wasn't a nice position to place a lady in, to have to confront a stranger with an explanation like this, neither pleasant nor romantic." More gaily: "But, come! You have one subject in common, at least. You are, both of you, debtors to Meshaumok. Why, if it were not so dark, I would show you, coz, how this man's old cheeks have rounded"—

"And burned, since this affair came on the *tapis*," interrupted the possessor of the cheeks in question.

They all three laughed, and Margaret timidly extended a tiny hand to Derrick, who instantly grasped it in his own. Then and there was a compact of friendship signed between them. They talked on, forgetting their embarrassing meeting, till Derrick found the iceberg could thaw, the sword be'scabbarded. Later they returned to the well-lighted parlor, where Derrick and Margaret first had a full survey of each other.

As he had supposed, she was a fair, fragile-looking woman. But her face was relieved from utter blondness by a pair of large, lustrous brown eyes and heavily-marked black eyebrows. Well could Derrick imagine that flashes of fire could shoot from those eyes when circumstances called them forth.

Few of the guests at Meshaumok go away without visiting Lahoe, an Indian village some miles distant. Some weeks after Derrick and Margaret's singular meeting, a party, of which our friends formed the nucleus, was made up to drive to this settlement. The day was charming, the road excellent, the wagon comfortable; and a group of invalids with lighter hearts—or better digestions—could hardly have been found, go where one might. So, when they arrived at their destination, they were still fresh to enjoy the novelty of the scene before them.

A wilder or more picturesque spot than Lahoe, at the time of which I write, it has seldom been my fortune to visit. It is difficult to believe that so near to the abodes of civilized white man can be a hamlet so utterly Indian and uncivilized. Our friends amused themselves for a time by wandering through the green lanes, and talking to the comfortable looking squaws seated in their doorways, plaiting mats and baskets, or embroidering in fanciful patterns with beads, while their happy, but dirty, "pappooses" played on the ground near them.

"I fear my aunt will find her house full of Indian pincushions and baskets, if we purchase more," laughingly said Maggie, to her cousin, as they continually added to their souvenirs of Lahoe.

Weary and hungry, they presently found the luncheon spread by Ira's deft hands as pleasant in its way as any part of the day's entertainment. Of this they partook on the shady

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bank of the Lahoe, the little stream from which the hamlet takes its name.

After the fashion of picnicers in general, when through eating, they divided into little groups of three, or four, or, more probably, two; and Miss Hersey, Captain Chivas, and Mr. Van Dyke somehow found themselves separated from the rest of the party.

"A penny for your thoughts, Harry," said Maggie, to her grave cousin, as he sat gazing upon the little stream as it rushed noisily along over its rocky bed.

"Not worth so much, I fear. This little creek reminds me somehow of one which I have not seen for years, and carries back my thoughts to a village in England, where some of the happiest hours of my life were spent."

"Tell us of them, captain. I am sure we should be interested in your story," exclaimed Van Dyke.

"I don't know whether it is the influence of this quiet, sunny afternoon, or what it is, that impels me to open a chapter of my life seldom read by others, but, at any rate, I will do so, and you can tell me, Van Dyke, after I am done, if I am justified in whatever chivalrous feelings I entertain towards womankind."

So he went on and told them how, some years before, while with his regiment in England, he met a girl with whom he fell desperately in love. They became affianced. Several months afterward he was ordered to another town. He fell ill, so ill that his life was despaired of. Laura received intelligence of her lover's sickness, and went to him, in spite of her parents' remonstrances.

She found him in the delirium of a contagious fever, and persistently stayed by him, regardless of her own danger. The disease was at last conquered, and Ensign Chivas was found to be convalescent.

But ere his strength fully returned, he saw his faithful, loving nurse laid low by the same terrible malady. Those days and nights of watching by his bedside had well prepared her delicate constitution for the infection. She sank rapidly, and before many days, he came to know that she had literally given her life for his.

All this, and more, he told in a simple, quiet way. The years that had passed since those terrible days had softened their memory, till it became rather a pleasure than a pain to speak of them. But none the less had their shadow fallen over all his future. And this his two friends felt as they listened to his story. Derrick was the first to break the silence after he had finished.

"I understand now, my friend, to what you referred one afternoon when we were chatting and smoking on the piazza at the hotel—you remember?"

The captain nodded.

"Though your experience has been such a sad one, I think you are greatly to be envied for ever having known such a woman. Why, the memory of her must light up every dark spot in your life."

"Why, I thought you did not believe in women!" exclaimed Margaret, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"I plead guilty to the charge, Miss Hersey, to a certain extent. In my life I have never known more than two species of the genus Woman—the working woman, illiterate and unrefined; and the idle woman, with no thought above her last bonnet or her newest flirtation."

"I wonder in which of these two charming classes he puts me?" thought Margaret.

"I sought in vain for a *woman*, such as—*one reads about!*" Well might Margaret mentally accuse him of discourtesy now. "But a kind fate brought me to Meshaumok. Here I find that in my thirty years of New York life, I have not seen all the world. I think that three months ago I must have been a most priggish, conceited fellow, not worth the friendship of any sensible man—or woman either, Miss Hersey!" But she took no notice of his amendment. "Yes, I was fated to come here to find that women *may* have souls. Here I have just heard of one who braved death in a fearful form for one she loved; and within a few weeks I have *seen* and *known* another, who can calmly tell the truth under most awkward circumstances!" Margaret's attention just then seemed to be fastened upon a very ugly little bug that had crawled up on her dress; at any rate, she stooped down very low to remove it, and seemed much interested in it—too much—it was such a *very* ugly little bug. "Miss Hersey, I must be pardoned for again alluding to that old, disagreeable matter. It is the last time, I assure you. But I wanted to tell you, and I see no fitter time, now you have helped to materially change my idea of your sex. I don't know another woman who could frankly, in such a case, avow her poverty"—

"That is probably because you don't know another as poor," interrupted the lady, with a dangerous look in her eyes. "To be equally frank now—as frankness seems to be a quality you admire—while I thank you for your excellent opinion of me, I must beg you to discontinue the subject. I have womanly pride enough to find it a very painful one."

Derrick was too much hurt to speak. He felt he had somehow made a mistake; had so bungled in his speech that, instead of making her think she had the highest place in his regard, he had, in some way, wounded her pride. But before the silence became oppressive, the captain spoke.

"It seems that I must *always* make the peace between you," and he smiled. Now, Van Dyke, Maggie isn't *quite* so poor as she would have you suppose. She has a small property

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of her own, out of which she"— Here a little hand was clapped upon his mouth. "Yes, I *shall* tell it. Take your hand away, Maggie. She keeps at an expensive institution for the blind a young cousin of hers, of whom she is very fond. This is a serious draught upon her resources, and compels the strictest economy on her part. Now if you admired her before, what do you think of her now?" he triumphantly concluded. Then to Maggie: "Was it such a very serious offence in Mr. Van Dyke —this desire to show you his intense appreciation of your character? Why, how could any one help admiring you, *ma belle?*"

"Oh, you flatterer!" returned Margaret, a smile breaking over her face. "How can you talk such nonsense, my sometime-sensible cousin? It 's only because I 'm his relative, you know, Mr. Van Dyke, that he values me so highly. There now, Sir Captain, you are paid in your own coin."

"That is unfair, Maggie, after all I 've said and done for you. Well, it is only the natural ingratitude of the sex, I suppose. Now I must leave you to complete the peace-making I have begun. I see it is so late that I must be getting our party together to start for home. I will send Ira to tell you when all is ready." And the captain vanished.

Now how that treaty of peace was ratified, it is not the privilege of the narrator to state, as there was no one to listen to the conversation, except the little ugly bug before mentioned —and *he* crawled away before he could be "interviewed." But, as the reader of average acuteness must have seen all along that poor Derrick was fast approaching the fatal cheese he had so many times successfully avoided, it is fair to suppose that on this occasion it proved too tempting to his olfactories—that, in short, the trap *was sprung*, and the old rat was at last caught.

At any rate, of one fact there is no doubt. In the snowiest time, in that snowiest of all cities—Montreal, there was a wedding, at which Captain Chivas shone as best man. Margaret Hersey was the bride, and, I believe, the bridegroom was Derrick Van Dyke.

If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any.

Half the unhappiness of life springs from looking back to griefs which are past, and forward with fear to the future.

Small miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places, and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand the fire of one cannon ball than a volley composed of such a shower of bullets.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

When my ship comes home from sea,
I shall cease my restless longing;
Joys that long have fled from me
To my heart will then come thronging;
Joys for which my soul has panted,
Forms that long my dreams have haunted,
Loves and friendships I have wanted—
When my ship comes home from sea.

When my ship comes home from sea,
I will build a tasteful mansion,
Nestled close behind a tree,
With a moderate expansion;
Four or five cool, airy chambers,
Porches where the sweetbriar clambers,
Honeysuckles dropping ambers—
When my ship comes home from sea.

I will gather on my walls
Little gleams of sunset beauty,
Singing streams and foaming falls;
Scenes of love, and home, and duty;
A voyage of Cole's, a Bierstadt's mountain,
A Chapman's "Dark Girl by the Fountain,"
A Reed's "Beulah," too—I count on—
When my ship comes home from sea.

I shall fill my shelves with books,
Filled with all the lore of ages,
Rich in learning, bright in looks,
How I 'll revel 'mid their pages!
How I 'll look on all with pity
Who cannot, in lane or city,
Read, like me, his favorite ditty—
When my ship comes home from sea.

When my ship comes home from sea,
I shall sail across the ocean;
I shall roam through Italy
With a thankful heart's emotion;
'Mid her orange groves I 'll linger,
Listening to each soft-voiced singer,
Sadly noting Ruin's finger—
When my ship comes home from sea.

Then across a summer sea
I shall reach my Spanish castles,
Where awhile, right royally,
I shall rule my lords and vassals;
Drinking, by the Douro's River
And the winding Guadalquiver,
Beauties that will last forever—
While my vessel waits for me.

Then my ship shall bear me back
To my own loved country's bosom,
Where I 'll tread life's sunset track,
Cherishing each dear home-blossom;
Thanking God for each revealing
Of the blessed, dear home feeling,
Which across my heart is stealing—
When my ship is home from sea.

It is easier to pretend to be what you are not than to hide what you really are; but he that can accomplish both has a little to learn in hypocrisy.

Truth is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance on language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises and oaths. —*Collier.*

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AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

BY LOUISE S. DORR.

"You must go to see the 'Old Ladies' Home,'" said my friend, as we were putting on our bonnets to go out.

It was my first visit to P——, and sight-seeing was, of course, the one thing of importance under such circumstances. A street car took us within a few doors of the place. It was not a general visiting day, but my friend knew one of the inmates, and her inquiry for Mrs. Cady gained us prompt admittance. Up two flights of broad, easy stairs, following the direction given us by one of the matrons, across a long hall, and on to the corner room on the right, we proceeded. My friend knocked lightly at the door, and we heard a cheery "Come in" in reply.

I must confess that until now I had felt some reluctance to making this visit. Ordinarily I do not enjoy sight-seeing where men and women make a part of the spectacle. I have an impression that at hospitals and asylums "visiting days" must be days of trial to the inmates; that it cannot be at all pleasant for them to be put on exhibition, so to speak, for the inspection of all who may care for the show. Such being my feeling, it was with some reluctance, as I have said, that I passively fell in with my friend's plan for this particular afternoon. But that cheery "Come in" seemed to place the call on the footing of a friendly visit, and I entered gladly. It was a pleasant room, high and airy, with two large windows, through one of which the rich afternoon sunshine was streaming. The apartment was nicely and even richly furnished. The carpet was thick and soft, and dyed in rich, warm tints. The sofa, rocking, and easy-chairs were cushioned in crimson brocatelle. The bed was neatly made, and dressed in white. Everything about the room gave the impression of ease and comfort, so that I was charmed at once.

"What a delightful place it is! I should like to live here myself," I said.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Cady, who, with her peaceful face and cheerful manner, was by no means the least pleasant-looking object present, "we are as happy here as queens. I didn't use to look forward to spending my old age so comfortably. It is of the Lord's mercy that the way was opened for my coming here."

"Is it a story? Tell me about it, please—that is, if you don't mind," I entreated.

"It is only an old woman's story, and maybe it won't interest you much, but such as it is, you are welcome to it, I am sure. I was an old woman—sixty and upwards—when my husband died. We had never been rich, but we 'd got on comfortably with pinching a little here and a little there maybe, but never feeling it much until Solomon, he fell sick, and then it took all we had saved to carry him through his sickness. After he was gone, I had to take the burden of providing a living all on my own shoulders, which I 'd seen the time that I could have done it easy, but now I was an old woman, and in grief, too, which made it all the harder. I had always done some sewing for the shops, and it was that I had to depend upon, though being a good deal broken down, and my eyesight failing, I couldn't get along with work now as I had once, and I fell to worrying a good deal about what was going to become of me when I was past working altogether. 'The Lord will provide,' I used to tell myself every now and then, and for a little while I would feel comforted, but the old worriment kept coming back, hard as I tried not to be distrustful of the Lord's promises. I knew about the 'Home,' but it took a hundred dollars to get admitted here, and it might as well have been a hundred thousand for any chance I had of ever getting so much ahead. Still I kept thinking a good deal about it, and pretty often, when I carried my work home, I used to make it in my way to pass here, for the sake of looking up at the windows; all so pleasant and peaceful like, that I couldn't help feeling a drawing toward the place.

"But all this time I was failing, and had pains in my head and shoulders, so that I couldn't do a great deal of sewing now; and what I did, when I carried it home, I could see it did not suit so well as formerly, which set me thinking more than ever of a time soon to come when I could get no work to do. Then I felt as if I must certainly begin to save something to take me to the 'Home.' First of all, I left off getting my bit of meat for dinner, and after that, I gave up using butter with my bread, and last of all, I made up my mind to go without my tea, though that seemed the hardest thing I could have done, unless it had been to give up eating altogether. I was but a poor creature at the best, and without my tea it seemed as if I was poorer than ever, and less able to get along. With all my saving, some how I couldn't get anything ahead, which it all went for rent and coal and things, and I working the best I could, and living on bread and potatoes, and drinking water, which, though it 's a good thing, because God made it, was never meant to suit the stomachs of old ladies, my dears. Still I tried hard to keep from complaining, and if in my weakness I did murmur a little sometimes, I would set myself to count up my forgotten mercies afterward; and, truly, whatever the list of our miseries may be, if we really give our minds to offsetting it with a column on the other side of the account, the balance is sure to be on the side of the blessings.

"When Thanksgiving Day came around, I was no richer than at the beginning of the

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year, which was the time when I began trying to save money. Just for that day, though, it seemed as if I must give myself a bit of a treat. I felt such a longing for stuffed chicken that I could not deny myself that much indulgence, in memory of the bountiful Thanksgivings that I recalled in the past.

"So I went to the market and picked out the smallest spring-chicken I could see. I was all of a tremble while it was being weighed, for fear it would come to more money than I could pay. It was a great relief when I found I could really buy it, and my heart sung for joy whilst I was carrying it home. I took great care with the stuffing, and minded the basting of my poor little fowl as if it had been a fat turkey for a grand dinner. It seemed the longest while in cooking, and I was impatient as a child that has never learned how to wait for things, though in my sixty years and upwards, I had practised enough upon that lesson to have got it by heart, as one might think.

"The chicken was nicely done at last, and the fork I tried it with went clean through the meat, so I knew it would be soft and tender. I put the fowl on the table in an old flowered platter that I had when I first went to housekeeping, but some way I spilled a bit of the gravy on to the stove, which began to scorch, and make the room cloudy and unwholesome with smoke, and I had to open one of the windows to let out the bad air. It was in the basement of a poor tenement house that I lived, and the window faced the street. Do you believe it, my dears, that while I was in the pantry cutting a slice of bread, meaning to sit down to dinner as soon as that was done, in jumped a dog at the window, and though I heard him, and ran out as fast as I could, he got off with my chicken before I could stop him. I felt fit to cry, and was so weak that I trembled all over, but I followed after the dog and saw him go down the street after a nicely-dressed young man, that called out as soon as he saw him:—

"'Dando! Why, Dando!' That is what the young man said, laughing-like, and very pleasant spoken. 'Just give an account of yourself, sir. Whose Thanksgiving dinner have you been stealing? Mercy upon us! what can they have given that chicken to make it grow so very small? It wouldn't feed more than a dozen as hungry as you and I will be when we get home, would it, Dando? But for all that, it must have been meant for somebody's dinner, because, you see, it is stuffed very toothsomely, and roasted with great care, I should say. So Dando, you thief, you must go back and pay for what you have taken, and promise never to do so any more, or you 'll break your master's heart by your bad behavior. Do you hear, you rascal?'

"Though he was half-laughing all the time, he seemed sorry, too, and tried to make Dando take some money in his mouth, but the dog hung down his head and wouldn't do as he was bid.

"'Mind, sir,' said the young man, still laughing in a pleasant sort of way. 'How do you know that some poor woman did not work hard for that Lilliputian bird? For shame, Dando! Go back, as I bid you, and pay for what you have taken.'

"Then I thought it was time for me to speak, having been too dazed-like before. So I said: 'Don't mind about the chicken, sir. I have got the gravy left, and that will make a nice relish for the potatoes; so I shall make a very good dinner after all."

"'Do you mean, my good woman,' says the young man, as pleasant spoken as ever, 'that potatoes and gravy are all you have left for your Thanksgiving dinner?'

"'Not all, sir. There's a bit of the loaf left yet, and it's a very nice gravy, so I shall do well enough without the chicken, and please don't scold Dando, who didn't mean to do anything out of the way.'

"'It is kind of you to take his part, and he is very much ashamed of himself, I am sure. Will you show me where you live, my good woman? Dando may have to be put on trial for his misdemeanor, and I want to know how it all happened.'

"'Oh, yes! Come this way a little. It is in the basement there, where the window is open. The dog must have smelt the chicken, and I don't think he could help it, sir.'

"'He must contrive to learn a lesson from it, however. Good-day, now! I hope you may enjoy your dinner in spite of Dando.'

"I hurried back, then, thinking the potatoes would be getting cold, and sat down to eat my dinner after I had shut the window. I did miss the chicken, that is true, but not so much somehow for thinking of the pleasant-spoken young man. Pretty soon there came some one knocking at my door, and, when I opened it, there was a colored man carrying a heavy basket, which was covered over with a white cloth.

"'Be you the woman that had a chicken stolen?' asks the man. And when I said, 'Yes,' he shoved the basket inside, and 'Here's yer dinner, mum,' says he, 'and there 's a load of coal a-coming to cook it with.' Then, before I could think of a word to say, off he went again, grinning and looking as happy as if he 'd had a fortune left him. It was all so unexpected that I did not know what to do with myself. So I sat down and cried a little. Then I took off the cloth to see what was in the basket, and a sight to bless a hungry woman's eyes it was, you may be sure. The nicest of fat turkeys and two plump chickens —*they* hadn't had anything given them to make them grow small—and mince pies, and plum cakes, and two paper parcels with tea and

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sugar in them, and a little scrap of paper, with 'Dando's compliments' written on it. The load of coal came pretty soon afterward, and I don't believe anybody in all the city kept that Thanksgiving Day more thankfully than I did.

"Well, after that I used to see the pleasant-faced young man pass once in a while, and I got in the way of calling him—all to myself, you know—'my young gentleman,' and, somehow, the sight of him seemed always to be company for me in my loneliness. Once or twice, when I happened to be at the window, he looked up, and bowed, and shook his fist at Dando, who was always with him, as if to remind me of what the dog had done, though there was no danger of my forgetting that, from thinking so much of what had come out of it.

"The winter that followed was a pretty hard one for poor folks. Every thing, and especially coal and flour, were high, and there were a good many days that I did not know where the next day's food was coming from. One such time in particular I remember I had to go out toward evening for something, and when walking down W—— Street, I met my young man. I was going right on, but he stopped and spoke to me as pleasant as could be.

"'How do you do?' says he. 'And I hope Dando doesn't trouble you by repeating his old tricks now, does he?'

"And I said: 'Oh, no, sir, thank you!' And the best that I could do the tears would come into my eyes at the thought that Dando would have to hunt pretty sharp to find anything like food to steal in my poor rooms now.

"'I'm glad Dando is on his good behavior,' says the young man, then, 'and I'm glad I happened to meet you, too, because I think you will be good enough to help me out of an unpleasant dilemma. I have just bought a mutton chop and some other things to carry home, and now a friend has invited me to go out of town with him, and I don't know what to do with the articles I bought. Would you do me the favor of taking them off my hands?'

"I knew just as well as could be that that was a made-up story, which he thought of because he wouldn't seem to offer me charity, and I blessed him in my heart for his generous thoughtfulness. He ran off into a shop, then, and in a minute out he came, looking so pleased, and bright, and smiling, and gave a market basket into my hand. I tried to thank him, but he wouldn't hear a word.

"'It is I that have to thank you for taking the things off my hands,' he insisted, and hurried away, lest I should thank him in spite of all he said.

"When I got home, I found two great loaves of bread in the basket, a mutton chop, a slice of steak, a pound of tea, besides fruit—apples, and figs, and oranges—such as I had not tasted for many a day. It seemed as if this supply had come to me like the manna with which God fed the Israelites in the wilderness, and after that I kept on more than ever calling the good young man my young gentleman, and finding companionship in my loneliness whenever I saw him pass.

"When spring came, things didn't get any better with me, but rather worse. My sight was growing dimmer, and my fingers so trembly that I couldn't set the stitches so nice as they ought to have been, and I kept getting coarser work and poorer pay; so that, instead of laying up money, it was all I could do to get along, and the prospect of coming to the 'Home' was as far away as ever. It seemed, someway, as if this was my land of promise, and I—a poor, weak, old Israelite—working and trying to get a footing here, but without much hope of ever entering into the wished-for rest.

"One night it was later than usual when I took my work home, hurrying as fast as I could for fear the shop would be shut up, and I wanted the pay for my work very much; but I was too late, and had to go back as I went, feeling downcast a little, but trying to keep my spirits up with a verse I remembered:—

> "'God is the refuge of his saints,
> When storms of sharp distress invade;
> Ere we can offer our complaints,
> Behold Him present with His aid!'

"When I came opposite the 'Home,' which I had taken in my way, I stopped a minute to look up at the windows, and some one walked quickly by me, whom on looking after him, I knew to be my young gentleman. A minute or so afterward a rough-looking man, with the villain in his face as plain as day, followed him; and it came over me in a minute that he meant some mischief to the good young man. I kept on after the two, not knowing what else to do; my old bones aching, you may be sure, with the tramp they led me, for they were quick walkers both of them. At last the good young man stopped at a street corner to speak to some one, and the other stopped to look into a shop window, but all the time keeping an eye on my young gentleman. Then I felt as if the time had come for me to give my warning, if it was ever to be given. So I walked up to the bad-looking man, and put out my hand, as if I was a beggar asking alms; and he cursed me, and told me to get out of the way, which I was only too glad to do, being in a hurry to reach my young gentleman, who was just turning away from the friend he was talking with. When I came up to him, I put out my hand just as I did to the other; but, instead of asking alms, I said:—

"'Don't look around now, sir, but there's a man following you that I fear means to do you harm.'

"'I think you and I are old friends, are we

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not?' said the young man, in that pleasant voice I had minded before.

"'You are very good to say so, and it's a good friend you have been to me. I took on to be a beggar-woman so that the man behind there might not think strange of my speaking to you, and I do hope, sir, you will have a care of yourself.'

"'Thank you, my good woman, for your friendly warning. I will certainly be on my guard; but, just to keep up appearances, you know, the beggar must have her penny.'

"I said I didn't want to take anything from him; but he put some money in my hand, and I went on my way down another street, by which I could reach home easily, though loth to lose sight of the young man, for I felt as much troubled by his danger as if he belonged to me in some way, instead of being so much a stranger that I did not even know his name. I couldn't sleep much that night for thinking of him, and the next morning, when I sat down to my sewing, I looked out of the window so often, hoping to see him pass, that my work did not get on at all.

"By and by there comes a carriage with a gentleman, and lady, and a dog inside; and there was my young gentleman getting out of the carriage, and helping out the lady, and Dando frisking at his heels. The lady looked for all the world, with her pleasant face and laughing blue eyes like the young man, and both of them looked as good and handsome as possible. I was in such a tremble that I could hardly get to the door to let them in, but I did somehow, and the young woman put her arms right around my neck, and kissed me, as if she had known me all her life.

"'You dear, darling old lady, who saved my brother's life!' she said, crying and crying, and what could I do but cry for company, until the young man, he says:—

"'Now, you silly women, this isn't cheerful in the least. Laughing is better than crying, any day, isn't it, Dando?' And Dando nodded his head, and looked as knowing as if he really thought it was.

"'I'm glad you got off safe, sir,' I said. 'I have been worrying about you ever since last night.'

"'That is because you have such a kind, motherly heart,' says the young man; 'and if it hadn't been for your having such a heart, I fear I should have fared badly last night. Nelly and I couldn't go away without coming to tell you about it, and to thank you for your friendliness. You see, I had drawn quite a large sum from the bank yesterday, and had it about me last night. It was, in fact, all that Nelly and I have in the world. That villain, whom you saw following me, must have found out about the money somehow, though I'm sure I don't know how. After you had left me, I met a policeman smoking a cigar, and asked him to give me a light. While we both stopped for that, I contrived to let him know that there was some one behind me—the man was nowhere in sight then, however—who might be worth looking after. Then I went on as if I suspected nothing, but all the time keeping on my guard against a sudden attack. At last, in an illy-lighted street pretty well toward the upper end of the city, the man sprang upon me, but I threw him off, and at the same moment the policeman pounced upon him, and the villiain was carried off to the station house.'

"'And so, you dear, it was your warning that saved Charley!' says Nelly, hugging me again.

"'Yes,' says her brother, 'Nelly and I owe you better thanks than can be put into words. Now, we want to know how you are getting along. You can make believe that we are your little girl and boy, and tell us just as freely as if we were.'

"Then, somehow, without meaning to be drawn into telling about it, they coaxed it all out of me. How poor I was, and how distrustful about being able to take care of myself in the years to come, and how much I wished to save up money enough to admit me to the 'Old Ladies' Home.' The young man asked me then:—

"'Do you think you would be happy at the "Home?"'

"And I says: 'Oh, yes! Happier there than anywhere else.'

"And he says: 'Well, we will see what can be done. If Nelly and I were going to stay in P——, you should come and live with us, but we are going West to live. We should have started this morning, but for what happened last night.'

"Well, the end of it all was that the good young man paid the money for my coming here, and furnished this room for me all as nice as if I were a queen, instead of only a poor old woman. And there's never a Thanksgiving, nor a Christmas, nor a New Year but some token comes to me from my young gentleman and his dear sister. God bless them and reward them for it all!"

To this prayer of the dear old lady my heart gave a silent amen. As she gave the story to me, I have given it to you. May its influence, if influence it have, be in the interest of charity and kindliness of heart!

To know more of ourselves, and to know meanwhile no more of God, makes our present anguish and desolation.

By relying on our own resources, we acquire mental strength; but when we lean on others for support, we are like an invalid who, having accustomed himself to a crutch, finds it difficult to walk without one.

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WORK DEPARTMENT.

CHEST PRESERVER.

Materials.—One ounce and a quarter of soft white and a few skeins of dark red knitting wool.

Our model measures twelve inches in length and breadth. The pointed form of the under part is made by decreasing in the middle, so that the pattern runs aslant.

Cast on 101 stitches. Knit forwards and backwards, the first row plain, the second purled; then begin to increase at the beginning and end of every second row.

The pattern is knitted as follows:—

Raise the first stitch of each row, then follow two stitches, which must appear purled on each side of the stomacher, in each row. The increase takes place between the third and fourth stitches on both sides. The fourth stitch

Fig. 1.



begins the pattern by working alternately two plain and two purled stitches, and which are reversed after every second row, and so form a little square. The middle three stitches must, however, always appear plain on the right side; and in every second row, the increasing row, there must be a decrease on both sides of the middle stitch—on the right side by knitting together two stitches, and on the left side by raising, knitting off, and drawing over, so that the number of stitches remains the same.

When sixty-two pattern rows are worked in this manner, make the increase in the next eight rows on both, and decrease one stitch at the beginning and end of each row, knitting the two outer stitches together, and cast off the two or three in the middle; then crochet two red rows all round the stomacher; the first entirely in double stitch, the second, alternately, two double and a scallop, always passing over with the latter one stitch of the preceding row.

The scallops consist of four chain and one double in the first of the four chain.

The two bands in the model are twenty-five inches long, and are worked with red wool crosswise in the common tricot stitch, four

Fig. 2.

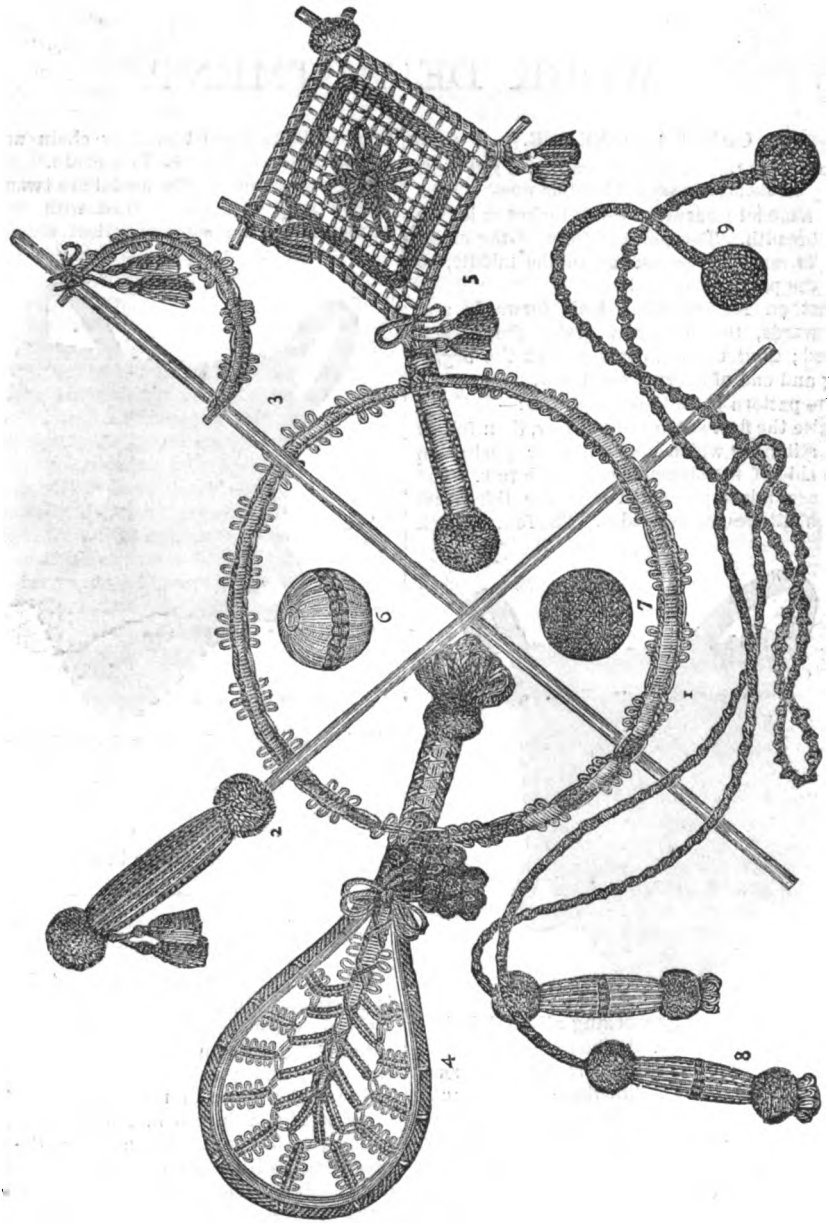


stitches broad, and with a loop (buttonhole) at the end, formed of chain and double stitch. The strap is likewise in chain and double; over it, at the corresponding place, sew the bands upon the back of the stomacher, and place the buttons as shown in the design.

BATTLEDORES, SKIPPING-ROPES, BALLS, ETC.

Fig. 1. This hoop, for playing at La Grace, is thirty-eight inches in circumference, and is worked over with twine and red worsted cord (see Fig. *a*). Begin by boring a small hole in the cane, and passing through it a piece of string and a piece of red worsted cord, each sixty to eighty inches in length, so that the ends are all equal. Then work the knots according to illustration, leaving small purls at the edge. When you have done 7 double knots with string, take up the red cord, and work 3 double knots without purls, after which take up the string again, and repeat this till the whole hoop is covered and the ends carefully fastened off. Fig. *b* shows part of the hoop worked over with red cord only, as follows: Bore holes in the cane at intervals of an inch and a half, pass the red worsted cord through 1 of these holes, work 4 double knots, and then make each end of the cord into a flat knot (see illustration), pass the cords through another hole in the cane, and repeat till the hoop is finished. Fig. *c* shows a crochet cover-

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ing for the hoop, which is worked as follows: Make a chain in red wool the length required to go round the hoop, and work on this a row of open treble stitches, and then on each side a row of chain stitch loops. Fasten this to the hoop in the following manner: Take a length of string and cross it over the hoop, at the same time fastening in the treble stitches of the cover, and sew the ends together. The sticks used for the game of La Grace may also be ornamented in the same way as the hoops.

Fig. 3 consists of a cane thirty inches long: about two inches from one end, and again five inches below this, make a hole through the cane and fasten into these holes a thinner piece of cane about nine inches long to form a handle. Work over this handle with twine and red worsted cord, according to Fig. *a*, and tie a cord with 2 tassels to the end of the stick. Fig. 2 is wound round at the end with wadding, and then covered with ribbed crochet in gray twine, over which single threads of red worsted

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Fig. *a*.—Detail of Hoop.

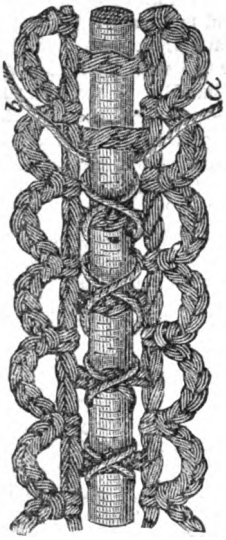


Fig. *c*.—Crochet Cover for Hoop.

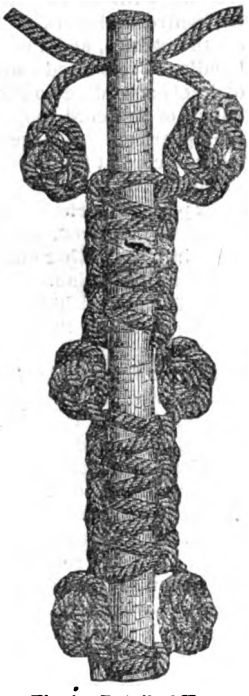


Fig. *b*.—Detail of Hoop.

cord are passed at regular intervals, and a red worsted ball at each end of the handle, 2 tassels being added at the head of the stick.

Figs. 6 and 7. These balls consist of 8 pieces of red leather of equal size, firmly sewn together, and stuffed with horsehair and tow. In order to hide the joins at the top and bottom of the ball, put a small round piece of leather over these points, and fasten on the top and bottom a brass ring. Fig. 6 is worked over with gray twine. Join these rings by passing, with a rug needle, the gray twine through one of the knots on the ring, across the ball, to the opposite ring. Repeat this 16 times, alternately following with the twine the seam between the 2 sections of the ball, and passing it along the middle of the section. Wind the twine about 20 times round the middle of the ball, and then work over the twine with red cord, as seen in illustration. Fig. 7 is covered with a network of twine, worked according to illustration, beginning with a brass ring on which are netted 16 stitches. Fasten this ring on the top of the ball, and work 10 rows according to the illustration. Then begin at the other side of the ball with another ring, and work the second half to correspond with the first. Draw the two halves of the net together with string, and overcast the edges together round the middle of the ball.

Fig. 4. In order to make a battledore of this description, take a cane thirty-five inches in length, and a thick worsted cord of the same length. Pierce a hole at the middle of the cane, and 5 more holes at each side of the middle hole, at intervals of an inch and a half. Make holes also at half an inch, at three and at six inches at each end of the cane. Bend the cane to the shape seen in the illustration, and tie the ends together, passing a strong string through the holes and winding it round. Then put the red worsted cord round the outside of the cane, fastening it to the handle by twine crossed over it, and tie it round the bow by strings passed over the cord and through the holes bored in the cane. These strings are forty inches long, and are used for working the centre of the battledore. Begin with the middle strings, and fastening another forty inches long of twine to that already attached to the cord, work 10 knots with purls, as in Fig. *a*. Repeat this with all the strings drawn through the holes of the cane, observing to make the last 2 rows of knots on each side shorter than the first 3, working only 8 knots in the 4th row from the centre, and 6 in the 5th row. Then separate the 4 strings forming the knots, and taking 2 strings from adjacent rows. Work a second set of knots without purls. Work 7 knots on each side of the cane, and taking the 8 ends of string together work over the 6 inner strings with the 2 outer strings 5 knots. Work 9 knots on the next 2 sets of strings, and bringing them to the centre, work again 5 knots over the inner strings. Repeat this, diminishing the number of knots in the

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side lines till all the strings are worked into the centre, and work 20 knots with purls over all the strings, and fasten them firmly to the handle. Cross a red cord over the centre line of knots according to illustration, and make a bunch of red cord loops and woollen balls at the upper end. A large red woollen tuft with loops of cord at the lower end of the handle.

Fig. 5. Take 2 pieces of cane 8 inches long, and 2 pieces 13 inches long, and making grooves about an inch from the ends of the canes, fit them into each other and tie them together, as seen in illustration. Bore holes in the long ends of cane which form the handle, and pass a string through the holes at each end, tie it together and wind the string round. Then work over the handle with twine according to Fig. *a*, without purls, and sew a large red worsted ball at the end. Make a square of netting, 13 stitches each way, with gray thread on a half-inch mesh, and fasten it to the cane frame with red cord. Then work the pattern with red wool, and ornament it with cords and tassels from illustration.

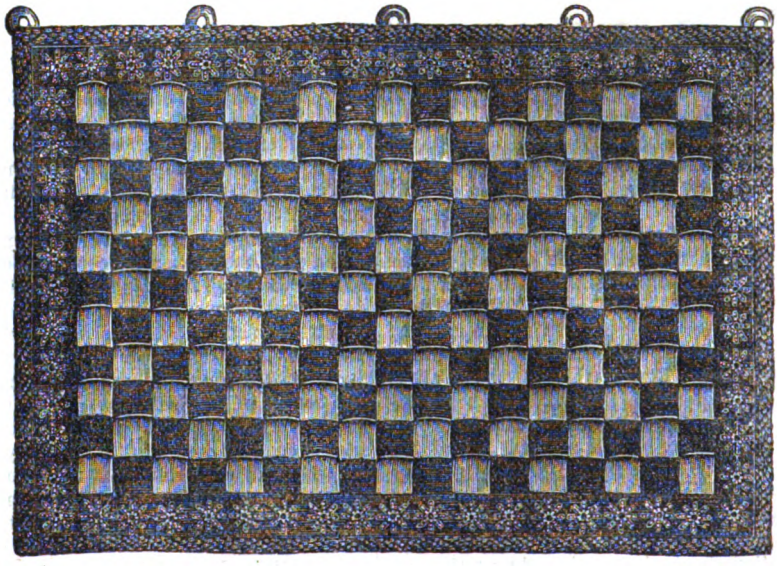
Fig. 8. Take a rope about eighty inches long and fasten at eight inches from one end of it 2 red cords wound up in balls. Let one of these lie on each side of the rope, and taking that on the left hand pass it across the rope, then place the right hand cord over the left hand cord, underneath the rope, and through the loop, and draw both cords tight. Repeat this the whole length of the rope, leaving 8 inches uncovered at the other end. Make the handles by covering a tube of card-board with wadding and red Cashmere, winding rows of twine lengthways over it, and working over the middle with red wool. Slip these handles on to the ends of the rope, adding a woollen ball at each end, unravel the cord, and sew the single strings into loops fastened to the woollen ball, observing not to fasten the handle, but leave it free.

Fig. 9. This skipping-rope is made of 2 thin ropes laid side by side, with a ball at each end where they are tied together. These balls consist of a round piece of calico, gathered up and filled with horsehair, after which they are covered with red Cashmere and a network of twine. The double rope is then worked over with red worsted cord, according to Fig. *a*, without purls; but a string of small red worsted tufts, threaded on gray twine at intervals of about an inch, is worked in with the knots, 5 knots being made between the balls along the whole length of the rope.

OILCLOTH COVER.

Materials.—Gray and brown oilcloth, brown and crystal beads, black cotton, thick white cord, four small black circles.

This cover is meant to be hung on the wall above the toilet-table, so as to preserve the paper hangings. Our pattern is made of silver, gray, and brown oilcloth, plaited in a chess-board pattern. The ornament which



forms the border consists of stars of brown and crystal beads fastened on a circle of gray oilcloth. The cover is edged all round with a thick bead cord. The cover is twenty-seven inches wide and nineteen inches high. It can, of course, be made larger or smaller for table-covers, mats, etc. Cut two pieces of brown oilcloth of the above-mentioned size; one of them is to be the lining. Round the other piece mark a line at a distance of about an inch and a half from the edge. Then make slits an

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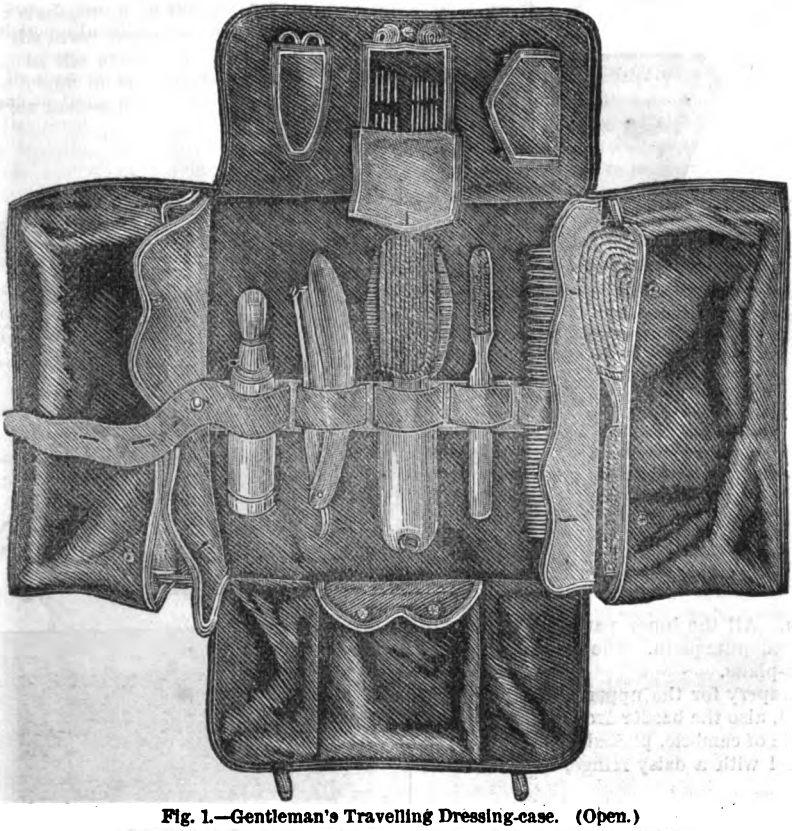


Fig. 1.—Gentleman's Travelling Dressing-case. (Open.)

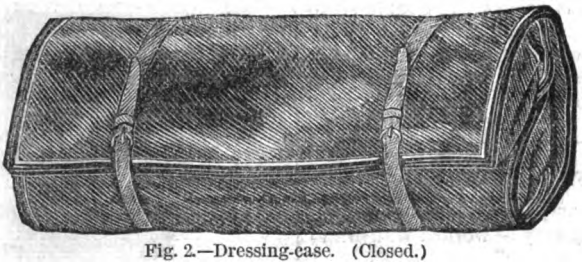


Fig. 2.—Dressing-case. (Closed.)

inch and a quarter long at intervals of an inch and a quarter on the sides of the piece of ivory cloth on the marked line, as seen on illustration; then cut the oilcloth into strips the long way, at intervals of an inch and a quarter; the border, however, must not be cut through. Then prepare seventeen strips of gray ivory cloth, each an inch and a quarter wide and sixteen and a quarter inches long, and plait them into the brown piece, as can be seen on illustration. At both ends, where the gray squares touch the border, the end of the gray strip must be drawn through the opening, and pasted down on the wrong side. The cover is then lined and ornamented with bead-cord. Lastly, ornament the brown border from pattern in beads and leather.

GENTLEMAN'S TRAVELLING DRESSING CASE.

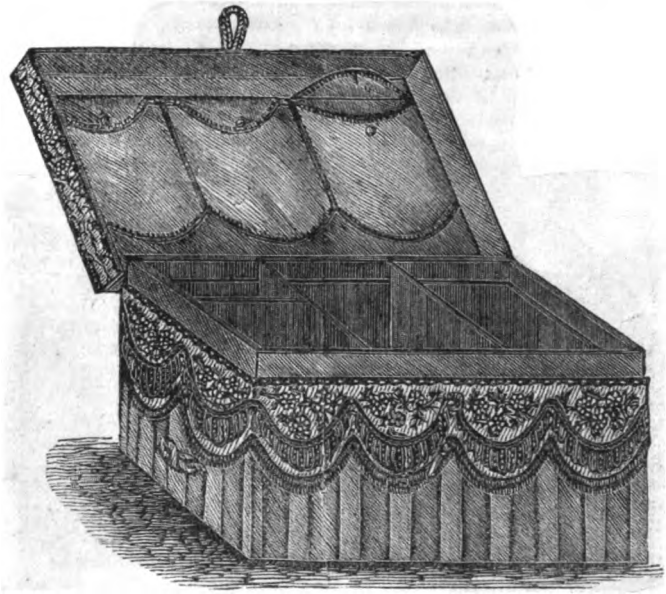
(OPEN AND SHUT.)

THIS dressing case is made of very thin kid, lined through with flannel, upon which is sewed pockets, and a band to hold all the necessary articles, as seen in Fig. 1. Fig. 2 shows it rolled up to place in trunk.

BONNET OR CLOTHES-BASKET.

A COMMON willow basket is the foundation, the inside of which is covered with plain glazed lining. The partitions are of card-board, covered with cambric, and the pockets at the top of the basket are of the same, also covered and finished with flaps, which are fastened with

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a button. All the inner parts of the basket are covered quite plain. The outside is covered with box-plaits.

The drapery for the upper trimming is embroidered, also the border around the lid. An oval made of cambric, plaited on, is finished in our model with a daisy fringe, as is also the drapery.

White muslin over colored cambric makes a pretty cover for this basket. A double strap and small peg led through the draping to the outside are to be twisted over with red tape or ribbon, and the peg to be attached to a piece of cord the same color.

INFANT'S BIB.

THE foundation may be of *piqué* or cambric, and the embroidery may be worked with white



cotton, or with black or red ingrain silk or cotton. Any of the edge trimmings given in these



pages will serve to ornament the frill, which goes round the bib.

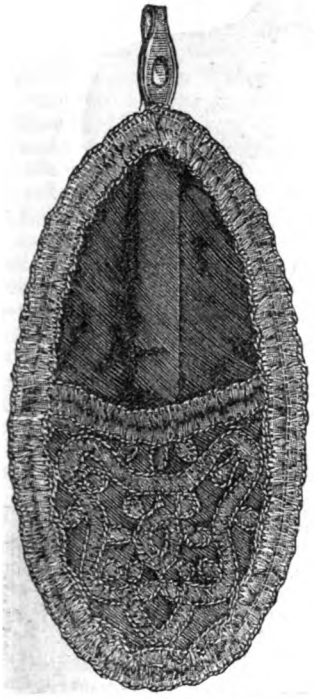
BALL-HOLDER: BUTTONHOLE EMBROIDERY.

Materials.—White merino or muslin de laine, coarse white sewing-silk, colored silk for lining, one steel band-hook.

THIS useful holder for a ball of wool or cotton can be attached to the waistband by a hook put on for the purpose. The embroidery is traced out on white merino, and the outlines all buttonholed round somewhat wide with coarse white silk, cutting away the stuff at all

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the spaces between, so that the embroidery looks transparent on the foundation of colored silk, the lower part also of the same silk being sewn to the above. The lower silk is of a piece eight inches wide and thirteen and a quarter inches long, which, at the lower end

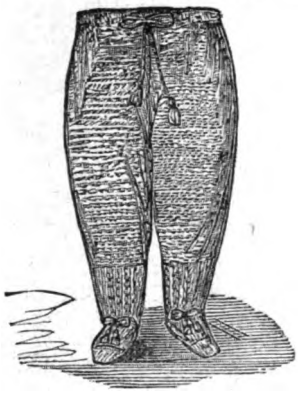


of the embroidered holder half, is made a little pointed, and also at the upper end. The stuff of this holder half standing over is to be sewn down in the middle as a quill plait. A white merino stripe, an inch and a quarter wide and fifty-two inches long, buttonholed on both sides in small curves, and then gathered along the middle, makes the frill-like edge all round the holder.

KNITTED OVERALLS FOR A BABY.

It is worn under the pelisse and frock, being tied round the waist, and will be found a great preservative against cold, as it keeps the feet and legs, and, indeed, the whole body, warm; and young children, not being able to take any exercise, are very apt to become chilled when taken out in winter time, although the weather may be bright and fine. The materials required are three ounces of white and half an ounce of scarlet single Berlin wool; a pair of rather long bone or ivory needles, No. 8; and another pair, which need not be so long (No. 10), both measured by the Bell gauge.

Commence at the top of the back, by casting on with the white wool 7 stitches. *1st row.* 7 plain. *2d.* Knit the 7 stitches plain, and cast on 7 more. *3d.* 14 plain. *4th.* Knit the 14 stitches plain, and cast on 7 more. *5th.* 21 plain. *6th.* Knit the 21 stitches plain, and cast on 7 more. Proceed in this manner, casting on 7 stitches at the end of every alternate row (always at the same end), till in the 13th there will be 49 stitches. *14th.* Knit these 49 back plain, and cast on 35 more, which will



make 84 stitches on the needle. With these knit 28 ribs or 56 rows plain, backwards and forwards, without increase or diminution (a rib is two rows, and may be counted by the raised ridges or purl rows that appear on each side of the work;) then increase a stitch at the beginning and end of every alternate row by knitting twice (once as usual, and again from the back) in the 2d stitch of the row, and in the one before the last, for 12 rows or 6 ribs; this will give you 96 stitches. In the following 34 rows or 17 ribs decrease at each end of every alternate row by knitting the 2d and 3d and the 2 stitches before the last together; this will leave 62 stitches; then knit 8 rows plain, without increase or diminution, after which 25 rows, in ribs of 2 plain, 2 purl, reversing the stitches in the alternate rows so as to keep the rib. The first 9 of these 25 rows are without decrease; then decrease in the same manner as before, at each end of every alternate row for 8 rows, and afterwards every row for 6 rows, which will bring you to 42 stitches; knit 2 more rows without decrease, which completes the leg. Then work a row of holes, slip 1, * over, knit 2 together, repeat from *; purl the row back again.

Change to No. 10 needles, and for the scarlet shoe and white stocking, purl 27 stitches, still with white, taking off the remaining 15 on a piece of wool tied together. For the white stockings, knit 12 plain, turn and purl 12; repeat these short rows alternately, till 12 are done, and cast off on the wrong side. Now take the scarlet wool and purl the 15 stitches left on the needle; with another (a smaller one is more convenient) pick up 10 stitches along the side of the stocking just worked,

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purl them also with the scarlet, and cast on 10 additional stitches, which will make 35 on the needle.

Now work for the side of foot and sole as follows: 1*st* and 2*d row*. Slip 1, rest plain. 3*d*. Slip 1, knit 2 together (at toe), rest plain. 4*th*. Plain. 5*th*. Like 3d. 6*th*. Plain. 7*th*. Like 3d. 8*th*. Plain. 9*th*. Like 3d. 10*th*. Plain. 11*th*. Slip 1, knit 2 together, rest plain to the last 3 stitches, which knit 2 together, 1 plain, for the heel 12*th* Plain. 13*th* Like 11th. 14*th*. Like 12th. 15*th*. Slip 1, knit 2 together, plain, till only 5 are left, knit 2 together twice, 1 plain. 16*th*. Plain. 17*th*. Like 11th. Cast off from heel to toe, and, without breaking off the thread, take up to 10 stitches along the sloped side of the toe (which, with the loop left from the casting off, will make 11) for a gusset, and knit them to the top. Then knit back 9, knit 2 together. For 2d row of gusset, knit 2 together, 8 plain. Repeat these 2 rows alternately, each time diminishing the number

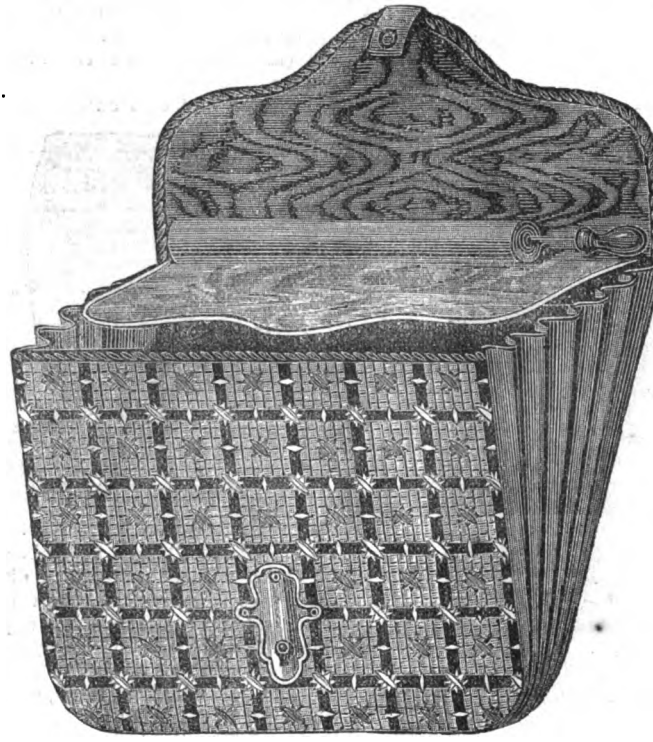


Fig. 1.—Cigarette Case. (Page 89.)

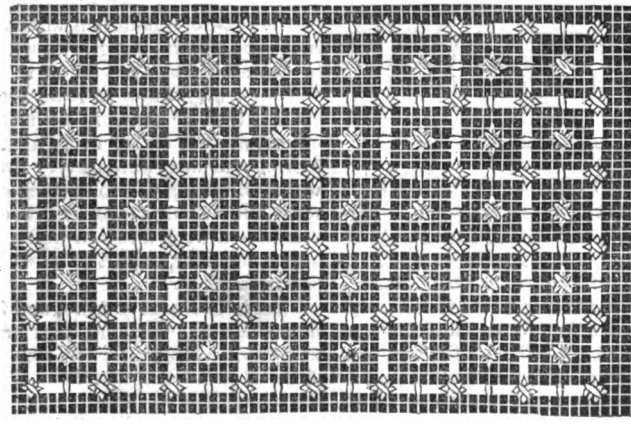


Fig. 2.—Embroidery for Cigarette Case. (Page 89.)

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of plain stitches, until there are only 2 stitches left on the needle, which knit together and fasten off. All the diminutions must be made at the same end of the gusset—that furthest from the toe. Now join the scarlet to the 10 stitches that were cast on in the 1st row of the foot, pick the 10 stitches up and knit 9 of them, then insert the other end of the left-hand needle into the 1st of the white stitches, taking up the part of the cast-off row that looks purled, next the front of the stocking, and knit it and the last stitch together. *2d row.* Slip 1, 9 plain. *3d.* * 9 plain, pick up, as before, the next stitch of the white stocking, and knit it with the last stitch. *4th.* Slip 1, 9 plain; repeat these 2 rows till all the white stitches are worked up. Then, in continuation of the last row, pick up and purl 10 stitches along the other side of the stocking and the 15 that were tied together, making 35 again on the needle. Knit to the top again plain, then repeat from the first row of the foot and sole, and add a second gusset worked like the first. This completes the left half of the overalls. As the plain knitting is the same on both sides, the other half may be knitted precisely the same; but before doing the row of holes at the ankle, care must be taken to face them, so that the straight edge of the two backs should come together when joined, and that the shoe and stocking may be knitted on the right side of the work, as it will be when finished. Sew the overalls together on the wrong side, commencing at the top; then the leg and shoe, in doing which join the sloped side of the gusset, and lay the two flat sides to the plain piece over the toe, which forms a nice square toe. When the whole is put together, do a row of double crochet round the top with the white wool, then, with the scarlet, a round of * 2 treble, 2 ch., missing 2 of the foundation, and repeat from *. For the last round, 4 treble in each space of 2 ch., also with scarlet. Run a plait of scarlet and white wool about a yard and three-quarters in length, with small tassels at the ends, through the holes to tie round the waist in front, and a similar plait five-eighths long, also with tassels, through the row of holes at the ankles, tied in a small bow in front. Any other shoe that the worker prefers, or is accustomed to knit, may be substituted for the one given above.

CASE FOR CIGARETTES.

(*See Engravings, Opposite Page.*)

THIS case is made of Java canvas, embroidered from Fig. 2. The squares marked black are worked with brown silk soutache, fastened down with double cross-stitches of light green silk. The double stitches in the centre of the squares are worked with dark green silk, the single stitches with red. The case is lined with green *moire* silk; it is fitted up with a roll of paper for cigarettes, and fastens with a gilt clasp.

BRUSH CASE.

A PLACE may easily be found for this case in the hall, close to the hat and cloak stand. The



frame is of dark, carved wood, with a place left for the embroidery in a medallion shape. In the model is a monogram in gold cord, worked on green velvet.

BRIDE'S BOUQUET.



TRIMMED with point lace around the edge.

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Receipts, Etc.

THE LINEN-CLOSET.

ONE of the chief advantages connected with living in roomy houses lies in the facility with which arrangements may be made for keeping each article required for household purposes in a separate place. People who enjoy this comfort are enabled to effect the very considerable, albeit indirect, economy which results from the careful storing of goods. Most housekeepers are sensible of the profit which attends buying certain articles of consumption in large quantities, and make such purchases accordingly, but comparatively few take into consideration an equally profitable outlay in the purchase and preservation of household linen. Yet both articles yield a corresponding profit, provided they be judiciously selected and economically used.

The first requisite is a closet, or press, in which to store linen. With a little management, most houses, even the least considerately planned, may be made to afford the desired space. If it should happen that any choice in the matter exists, a linen-closet should be contrived against a wall in connection with a chimney where a fire is daily burning. Any apartment of which the wall is built against the flues of a kitchen fire is the best for the desired purpose. The gentle warmth which the bricks retain is the best means of preserving linen from mildew, so troublesome to prevent in damp situations. The worst place for a linen-closet is, for the same reason, against an outside wall, especially if the wall be exposed to a south-westerly aspect, or shaded by trees. In most modern villas there are some small rooms of a nondescript kind that may be advantageously employed as linen-closets. All that is usually needed is to partition off the desired space by means of doors, and to fit in shelves. The shelves should not be too deep, as things that are out of sight are apt to be forgotten, in which case one may be just as well without them. If the dimensions of the closet should be in excess of the quantity of linen to be stowed away, china and glass may be put aside in the same place. No articles, however, liable to decay, should be put in the linen-closet. All clean linen not in use should be kept in the linen-closet, including blankets, counterpanes, and, if there be sufficient room, family body-linen not in wear. At the end of summer, a good manager puts away her best white quilts, muslin curtains, thick blankets, and the light cotton and linen garments of her children. These she carefully puts aside on their respective shelves, and at the same time gives out more seasonable coverings and garments. Previously to putting aside such articles, necessary repairs should be made; or, if there be not time at the moment to undertake the work, a description of the intended alterations should be written on slips of paper attached to each parcel of goods.

No linen or muslin articles should be placed in the linen-closet, if they be likely to remain there any length of time, without the starch having been previously removed, and the things "rough dried." The airing of sheets and counterpanes especially should be thorough, and, if possible, they should be put away straight from the fire. It is owing to the imperfect manner in which such work is usually performed that mildew so constantly affects linen.

It is very difficult to remove mildew when it has taken firm hold of linen. The following compound is sometimes found successful: Take equal parts of soft soap and powdered starch, and half the quantity of table-salt, add as much lemon-juice as will convert the ingredients into a thick paste, cover the spots with the mixture, and leave the linen exposed in the open air till the mildew is removed. As a preventive of mildew after damp weather, the linen-closet should be occasionally opened, and free air suffered to circulate in it through an open window. The contents of the closet should also be aired before a good fire, or in the sun.

Next to mildew, moth is the most troublesome matter to deal with connected with the preservation of woollen stores. Numberless remedies are recommended for the prevention of moth in woollens and furs. Spices of all kinds—pepper, camphor, turpentine, and of late, paraffine—have been amongst the most often-tried remedies. Each and all may occasionally have proved successful, inasmuch as moths particularly dislike strong odors of any kind, and rarely attack scented materials in preference to those which are devoid of smell. The only true preventative of moth, however, lies in the use of *alum*. The keeper of some large and valuable woollen and fur stores lately informed the writer that no means are equally efficacious in preventing the attack of moth as the application of finely-powdered alum to all articles which do not admit of being saturated, and by soaking those articles which do not suffer by immersion in a solution of alum and water. With regard to the treatment of furs, it is not sufficient to dust the powdered alum on the surface; it should be well worked in at the roots of the hair, the portion nearest the skin being the part which moths begin first to devour.

Colored woollen materials require the same kind of treatment. There is one exception in favor of red cloth. It is not within the experience of the gentleman mentioned that moths destroy red-dyed woollens. This probably arises from the circumstance that alum is used in the process of dyeing red. All shades of gray, on the contrary, are particularly enticing to moths, and require especial care to preserve. White woollens and blankets may be safely left, even in exposed places, if, after having been washed, they are dipped in a solution of alum and water.

The time at which people generally examine their stores of woollens is not the most favorable for the purpose. Supposing, for instance, that such articles are put aside in the spring, they should be left untouched till October. By that time moths are no longer about, and there is no danger of any secreting themselves in the materials. By October, if any eggs have been deposited, the maggots will fall out on the materials being beaten. Airing blankets and furs in the summer sunshine is liable to be attended with greater damage than the act is intended to prevent, owing to the prevalence of moths in all places at that season.

It is almost unnecessary to mention that in a well-arranged linen-closet every article should be kept in its appointed place. When articles are put away from the wash, those of the past week's washing should be placed at the bottom of the pile to which they belong, and not laid on the top. By this means the same articles are kept in wear in turn, and thereby even a limited stock may be made to last longer without extensive renewal, than when only two or three things are in constant use. Articles that are reserved for use on special occasions should be kept apart from the rest. Inside the door of the linen-closet, or press, should be pasted a list of all the linen kept in the closet. If the family be large, and the beds numerous, the order in which the sheets should be changed should be noted in a separate list. It is hardly possible for the head of a

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family to bear all these details in mind without such assistance, and the comfort of her household depends largely on the amount of regularity that is observed in such matters.

We will continue this subject in our next number.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Roast Wild Ducks.—Inside the duck put an onion with a little pepper and salt and a spoonful of red wine. If the fire be good they will cook in twenty minutes; garnish with raspings of bread, and serve with onion sauce. They should not be overdone.

The Gravy.—Take the necks and gizzards, a spoonful of port wine, half an anchovy, a blade or two of mace, a slice of an end of a lemon, an onion, and a little pepper; add a pint of water, and boil to half a pint; strain through a sieve on to a spoonful of browning made of burnt sugar, and pour over the ducks.

Rice Soup.—Take four carrots, four turnips, six leeks, six onions, and a little root of parsley. Cut them up into pieces of the shape and size of dice, and fry them in butter. When well cooked, add the requisite quantity of water for the soup. Now put in with them four ounces of rice—more if required—boil them all for one hour and a half, until the rice and the other ingredients are sufficiently cooked, and then add salt and coarse pepper for seasoning. Before sending up this dish to table care must be taken that there is not too much butter in the soup.

To Boil a Ham.—Soak over night, if long hung; put it in cold water, and let it simmer for six or eight hours, according to weight; a quarter of an hour for every pound is usual. If done before the time for serving, cover it with a clean cloth, doubled, and keep the dish hot over boiling water. Take off the skin carefully, and strew over the ham raspings. Garnish with carrot and lemon, and fix round the knuckle a fringe of white paper.

Mock Vegetable Soup.—Grate a pound of sliced potatoes into pulp, and put them in a saucepan with six quarts of water. Add also a quart of dried peas, three onions, six ounces of rice, and two pounds of beef cut in slices. Boil them together until the soup is reduced to five quarts, and strain it through a colander. Now beat the peas into pulp, and add to the strained broth, with three heads of celery cut into slices. Simmer the soup again until the celery is tender, and season with salt and pepper, catchup, or soy.

To Boil a Tongue.—If dry, it will take four hours slow boiling, after soaking: a tongue out of pickle from two hours and a half to three hours, according to size. When done, skin and garnish with lemon and flowers in vegetables, or real flowers, barberries, etc. Meat or savory jelly, very transparent, in small pieces, makes a pretty garnish for cold tongue, etc.

Carrot Soup.—Put any bones that may be at hand into some of the liquor in which meat has been boiled. Add also some onions and turnips, salt and pepper. Let them simmer for two hours, then strain the liquor into a clean saucepan containing a number of carrots cut in slices, and again boil it until the carrots are reduced to pulp. The broth should then be strained through a coarse sieve, and again boiled until the liquid becomes as thick as pea soup.

Rice with Onions.—Cut the onions into pieces the size and shape of dice, using only the bulbs for that purpose, the other parts of the onion not being suitable. Then put them in a pan with a little butter, and let them remain on the fire until brown. Then pour in sufficient water to make the required quantity of soup, and season with salt and fine pepper. Afterwards put into the saucepan four ounces of rice—or more if required—and boil them together for an hour and a half.

Potato Puddings.—1. Mix together twelve ounces of boiled mashed potatoes, one ounce of suet, one ounce (a sixteenth of a pint) of milk, and one ounce of cheese. The suet and cheese to be melted, or chopped as fine as possible. Add as much hot water as will convert the whole into a tolerably stiff mass; then bake it for a short time in an earthen dish, either in front of the fire or in an oven. 2. Twelve ounces of mashed potatoes, one ounce of milk, and one ounce of suet, with salt. Mix and bake as before. 3. Twelve ounces of mashed potatoes, one ounce of suet, one ounce of red herring chopped fine or bruised in a mortar. Mix and bake. 4. Twelve ounces of mashed potatoes, one ounce of suet, and one ounce of hung beef grated or chopped fine. Mix and bake.

Roast Beef (Sirloin or Ribs).—With a good clear fire, give a quarter of an hour to the pound; but a joint of beef of ten pounds will take about two hours and a half; twenty pounds, three hours and three-quarters. Hang the joint a good distance from the fire at first, and bring it gradually closer, when hot through, to prevent its being scorched while yet raw. Baste very frequently, with clarified dripping at first, as there will not be sufficient fat when first put down; dredge with flour a quarter of an hour before taking up, to make it look frothed.

To Roast Pigeons.—Scald some parsley, chop it with the livers, mix them with a piece of fresh butter, season with pepper and salt; put a portion inside each pigeon; cover the breast with a slice of bacon fat: roast them; serve with parsley and butter in the dish.

CAKES MADE WITH INDIAN CORN-MEAL.

Indian Pound Cake.—Make into a paste three-quarters of a pound of meal, a quarter of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, eight eggs, and a grated nutmeg.

Indian Cake.—Add to a pint of sour milk a tablespoonful of sugar, the same quantity of butter, one egg, sufficient meal to thicken it, and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda.

Ginger Cake.—Mix in a quart of sour milk the same quantity of meal, and a pint of flour; add a gill of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda, and some salt and ginger.

Hoe Cake.—Mix together three tablespoonfuls of cream in a teacupful of buttermilk, and sweeten it with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Then add gradually sufficient meal to render it a little thicker than batter, and flavor it with salt and spice to suit the palate.

Johnny Cake.—Make a batter of the consistence employed for pancakes, of the following materials: A quart of milk, a teacupful of wheat flour, a sufficient quantity of Indian meal, three eggs, and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Pour the batter into a tin pan well buttered inside, bake it in a hot oven, and eat it warm with milk or butter.

Corn-meal Cake.—Mix together a pint of meal, a teacupful of sour cream, and the same quantity of fresh milk, half a cupful of molasses, one egg, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt, and as much cinnamon, nutmeg, or other spice as may be required to flavor the cake.

Batter Cakes.—Add a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and a little salt to a pint of sour milk. Stir in it sufficient meal to make it into a thick batter, and cook it like pancakes in a frying-pan.

Another way to make Batter Cakes.—Mix tho-

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roughly a quart of meal in the same quantity of boiling water, and two raw eggs previously well beaten up. Then season the batter with salt, and cook it as above directed.

A Cheap Way to Make Batter Cakes.—Make a batter of equal parts of meal and boiling water, add a little salt, and allow it to become nearly cold. Then mix some yeast with it, and when it has risen sufficiently, cook it in the usual way.

Corn Muffins.—Mix together a quart of buttermilk, a few eggs, some flour, and enough meal to form a paste. Then add a tablespoonful of melted butter, and some salt. Then bake it in a well-buttered pan.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Render Boots and Shoes Waterproof.—To make boots proof against snow and wet, take one part mutton suet and twice that quantity of beeswax, melted together; apply to the leather at night, and wipe the boots with a flannel next morning. When the composition is first applied, the leather will not polish as well as usual when blacked, yet they will be susceptible of a brilliant polish after the blacking has been applied a few times. The following composition not only renders the leather capable of resisting wet, but also makes it more pliable, softer, and more durable. Dissolve half an ounce of Burgundy pitch in half a pint of drying oil mixed with half an ounce of turpentine. To use this fluid, the boots should be made slightly warm before the fire, and then painted over with the composition by means of a soft brush. Then allow them to dry, and paint them over again with the liquid. The boots should then be placed in a warm and dry place until perfectly dry. Another composition of a similar kind is made by dissolving an ounce of powdered resin in a quarter of a pint of linseed oil made hot over the fire in a pipkin. Then add two ounces of mutton suet, from the kidney, chopped up small, and simmer until the materials are well mixed. This composition is applied like the last, but does not require a second application.

Pickle for Tongues.—Water and porter, each one quart; saltpetre, four ounces; bay salt, two pounds; common salt, two pounds. Simmer together and skim, and pour it hot over the tongues, which have been rubbed four days with sugar, salt, and saltpetre. The tongues, having lain in the pickle for eight days, will be fit for use.

To Remove the Taste of Turnips from Milk.—When cows are fed on turnips, their milk is apt to taste of that vegetable. This may be prevented by putting a small quantity of saltpetre into the pail into which the cow is milked.

To Restore Fading Flowers.—Should the flowers be much withered, and beyond the efficacy of cold water readily to restore, plunge their stalks about an inch deep into scalding water, and by the time the water becomes cold the flowers will be restored and fresh. Cut off the ends of the stalks which have been softened by the scalding water, and restore the flowers to the vases in cold water.

Acidulated Drops.—Grate a little lemon-peel, and put it into a saucepan with some pounded loaf sugar. Add a sufficient quantity of orange juice, together with two Seville oranges, to give the necessary flavor. This mixture should dry over the fire till of a proper consistence, when it should be dropped off the point of a knife on sheets of clean white paper.

Mutton Hams.—The mutton for the purpose should be very fat. Mix two ounces of raw sugar with one ounce of common salt and half a tablespoonful of saltpetre. Rub the mutton ham with this mixture, and place in a pan; beat it, and turn it twice a day for three successive days, at each time throwing away the brine which exudes from the meat; then wipe it, and rub it again with the mixture as before. On the morrow, beat and turn and wipe it as before, and repeat this for ten days, taking care on leaving it after each salting to have that side uppermost which was undermost before. Let it then be smoked ten days.

The Best Use of Dripping.—Dripping, when clarified, by pouring it when melted into water, can be used for common pastry, but it is inferior to lard or butter for that purpose.

CONTRIBUTED.

MILWAUKEE, *October* 23, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I notice in your November number some person asks you respecting the removal of warts. Please allow me to give you my simple and sure cure, which we have used thirty years in our family, and never known to fail, not hurting in the least: Take the thick or top part of a red common carrot, cut out the inside or core, and fill up the hole with common table salt; the moisture of the carrot will dissolve the salt; now apply the solution with the finger two or three times a day.

T. P. COLLINGBOURNE.

Apple Paste.—Scald some apples until they become soft, and let them drain. Pass the pulp through a sieve, and let it boil down over a gentle fire, taking care to stir it continually to prevent it burning. Then remove the pan from the fire, and mix syrup with it, containing as many pounds of sugar as there are pounds of fruit. Simmer the whole over a gentle fire, and make it into shape in moulds, and dry the paste in a warm place. ELLEN.

Flaxseed Syrup for Cough.—Simmer two tablespoonfuls of flaxseed in a pint of water until it is reduced to half: then add the same quantity of strong vinegar or lemon-juice, together with three pounds of brown sugar. Let it remain over a rather slow fire for two hours, and skim it frequently.

MRS. C.

Drying Figs.—Make a syrup of six pounds of sugar, put in a peck of figs; boil till clear, pour on a little syrup; while drying, add figs to the syrup till it is all gone. When dry, pack away in a jar a layer of figs and a layer of sugar.

Jelly.—To one package of gelatine add three half pints of boiling water and three half pints of cold water; let it remain until the gelatine is dissolved, then add one pound of sugar, half a pint of wine, two lemons, the whites of two eggs beaten to a froth, add a stick of cinnamon; let the whole boil well fifteen minutes, and then strain off to cool.

Drop Cakes.—To four eggs a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda or saleratus; dropped in spoonfuls in the spider.

Sweetmeat Pudding.—Take the yelks of twenty eggs, one pound of sugar, one of butter; beat them well together, then cover your baking pan with a nice paste, and cover the bottom with sweetmeats of any kind; then pour on the pudding, add spices to your taste, and then bake. WAYNESBORO.

To Preserve Lemons.—Place some dry fine sand at the bottom of an earthen jar, and arrange a layer of lemons on it, stalk downwards, taking care that the lemons are not allowed to touch. Then cover them with more sand to the depth of two or three inches, with more lemons on them. Continue to do this until the jar is filled, and place it in a cold and dry place. In this way lemons may be kept for a whole year. Oranges may also be preserved in the same manner. S.

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Editors' Table.

TO AMERICAN SCIENCE.

Now, Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen.—ST. PAUL.

THOU hast harnessed the lightning,
And saddled the sea;
Now bridle the winds—
In service for thee.
Then read, on the rainbow,
What beauty is worth,
While using its colors
To fertilize earth.

We walk in God's sunshine,
Where life and love breathe;
But darkness, death, silence,
Lay caverned beneath,
Till lanterns of Science
Were lit under ground,
Where Nature's great storehouse,
For man's work, was found!

God's steps through the ocean
What eye can discern?
The trained soul of Science
His pathways must learn.
Do fires in the centre
Hot rivers roll forth,
Lest frosts from Pole Circles
Should desolate earth?

Search humbly the heaven,
Our world nearest God;
The blue vault His temple,
His footstool earth's sod!
He made all, He gave all—
Heaven, earth, sun, and sea—
To men, for their duties;
And open for thee.

O Science, be loyal!
No "substance" save FAITH,
Of all that men hope for,
Can help them in death.
Bow down to the Highest;
Hold fast the true thought;
And on thy white banner
Write: "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

INVENTION AND INTUITION.

THE efforts of that small band of women who assume to represent their sex in claiming the right of suffrage have so persistently ignored the great and radical differences between the sexes that it is especially necessary to recall them. One would think that the mere statement of their doctrines put forward by the agitators would be sufficient to show their unfitness for the dangerous boon they ask: but by dint of dwelling upon one or two half truths, and keeping everything else out of sight, they have made a certain impression; and now is the time for every woman who believes the mission of her sex to be in a sphere apart from politics to speak out, to give a reason for the faith that is in her, and to make our State Legislatures and our Congress understand that these complainers represent a very small fraction of American women.

We have dwelt upon the moral and mental differences between the sexes so often that we now only make a suggestion. The very papers which contain accounts of the noisy and quarrelsome suffrage conventions contain also, side by side with them, the record of those marvellous achievements whose sum is material progress. Year by year the mechanical inventions and appliances by which the world is to be subdued take up a larger and a larger place in our thoughts. The discoveries of science bear fruit to the service of man. We need not go over the list so often cited, but we remark how many of these wonderful appliances are adapted for the comfort and convenience of women. The sewing machine, the washing machine, the cooking stove, the thousand appliances for making Home a paradise of ease—how forlorn would a woman be deprived of these!

Yet, in the making of these, she has had no share. The earth has been made fruitful, subdued, and embellished by man alone. The ground is tilled by men. The cities are built by men. Nor is there the slightest indication, either in Nature or in Revelation, that the work was intended for woman. Allow me here to repeat what I said in the preface to "Woman's Record" some twenty years ago:—

Men, even good men, hold the doctrine of woman's inferiority because St. Paul says she was created "for man." Truly, she was made for man, but not in the sense in which this text has heretofore been interpreted. She was made to refine his human affections, and elevate his moral feelings. Endowed with superior beauty of person and a corresponding delicacy of mind, her soul was to help him where he was deficient—namely, in his spiritual nature. She was made a help meet for him in Paradise; and that he there needed her help shows that he was not perfect while standing alone. She must have been nearer perfection than he in those qualities which were to help him. She had not his strength of body or capacity of understanding to grasp the things of earth; she could not help him in his task of subduing the world; she must therefore have been above him in her intuitive knowledge of heavenly things, and the help he needed from her was for the inner man.

This, then, is the doctrine of the Bible, that when banished from Eden, *man* was ordained to be the worker, inventor, and maker of things from earth; the provider and protector for the household; the lawgiver and defender of social, moral, and political rights, the sustainer of moral and religious duties: *woman* was the preserver of life, the first teacher of manhood, the guardian of home, honor, and happiness; the comforter, the inspirer, and the exemplar of whatsoever things are lovely, pure, and of good report.

We women have a world of our own, in which we reign supreme. It is the Kingdom of Home. To teach, to console, to elevate, to train in all goodness and nobleness, to concentrate around ourselves the purest and most intense joys known to humanity—is not this enough? Man works on brute matter, woman on human nature. Who can say that hers is not the loftier sphere? Let her leave the government of the community to those who have done so wonderfully for her and for themselves, and content herself with that moral power whose effects endure to eternity.

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HINTS ON LANGUAGE—NO. 7.

SOME FASHIONABLE ERRORS.

THERE are certain erroneous expressions, very common in colloquial speech, and often appearing in print, which cannot be called vulgarisms, because they are used by well-bred people; nor yet can they be deemed evidences of ignorance, since those who employ them usually know better, and will at once, on correction, admit that the expressions are indefensible in logic. In spite of correction and logic, however, the expressions continue to be used; and if they could be kept out of books, we need not be so fastidious as to object to them. But as the speech of good society is sure to get into print, it is as well to note these little defects, which offend the critical sense, and should not be allowed to corrupt the language.

The expression, to "promise faithfully," is often used with a meaning quite different from that which the words properly bear. When, for example, the elegant Mrs. Delacreme musters her gay forces at the picnic ground, and misses an expected recruit, she may be heard to say, "That troublesome Mr. Jones is always disappointing me. He is not here yet, and he promised me faithfully that he would come early." Now it is clear that this is just what the disappointing Jones did not do. He promised positively, earnestly, solemnly, no doubt, but, alas! not *faithfully*.

"*In case.*"—The same excellent lady, with the prudence which distinguishes her, said to her daughters before starting, "You may as well put the umbrellas and waterproofs in the carriage, girls, in case it should rain." Of course, we know, and she knows, that she wished to have those useful articles brought in any case. No doubt, there is here what grammarians call an ellipsis. The lady desires that the things should be brought "*to be ready* in case it should rain." But if this long phrase seems too formal, why not say briefly, and in good English, "for fear it may rain?"

"*Directly.*"—But Mr. Jones arrives at last, in a great hurry, and makes his excuses in fashionably bad English. He had just returned from the city; the train was late, but he started for the ground directly it arrived. Instead of *directly*, Mr. Jones, be so good as to say *as soon as*. If you question our correction, substitute for *directly* some other adverb of like meaning—*instantly* or *forthwith*, for example—and you will see that it will not do.

"*Like.*"—Then the precise Mr. Smith, who is assisting the young ladies in their duties among the baskets, puts in a word, and an unlucky one, too: "You know what the French say, Jones: 'He who excuses himself, accuses himself.' If you want to be punctual, come by the first train, like I do." Jones, who is college-bred, feels a slight internal shudder at the closing words. He knows that Smith should have said either *like me*, or *as I do*. But, after all, Smith's grammar is no worse than Jones's, though the latter has perhaps more writers and speakers of good repute to keep him in countenance.

"*Fully.*"—The Hon. Mr. Delacreme enjoys the "outing," and the freedom from business and politics, as much as the youngest. "This is a pleasant place for an excursion," he remarks. "I like it fully better than Riverside." People do not commonly correct one another's errors of speech in polite society, but this rule does not apply between Mr. Delacreme and his old bachelor friend, Mr. Brown, who is nothing if not critical. "That's not English, Delacreme," remarks Mr. Brown. "So you told me before," replies Mr. Delacreme, quite ready for the contest, "but I am better prepared for you now—fully better, if you will allow me to say so. I found the very expression in Brougham's work on Demosthenes, the other day." "Oh, Brougham!" retorts Brown, in a tone in which admiration and depreciation are oddly combined; "don't quote Brougham. He was a great orator, if you like, but a very slovenly writer. What do you mean by *fully*?" "We say, or at least the poets say, *full well*," replies Mr. Delacreme, "and that is good English. Why cannot we say fully better?" "In the first place," returns the critic, "we don't say *fully well*; and then *full well* means *quite well*, or *very well*; but we cannot say *quite better*, or *very better*." Mr. Delacreme ponders for a while, and then, as chess-players say, surrenders. "I believe you are right, Brown," he admits, "and I won't say it again." Ten minutes later he is heard to assure the charming Miss Azure that, in his opinion, the last idyls of Tennyson are fully better than the first; so hard is it, even for the polished and particular Delacremes, to free themselves from accustomed faults of speech. N.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SCOTT.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, in an address delivered on the occasion of the "Scott Centenary," thus adverts to some of the most admirable traits of the illustrious poet and novelist:—

SCOTT'S PURITY.

"I heard Thackeray thank Heaven for the purity of Dickens. I thanked Heaven for the purity of a greater than Dickens—Thackeray himself. We may all thank Heaven for the purity of one still greater than either—Sir Walter Scott. I say still greater morally, as well as in power as an artist, because in Thackeray there is cynicism, and cynicism, which is not good in the great writer, becomes very bad in the little reader. Impure novels have brought, and are bringing, much misery on the world. Scott's purity is not that of cloistered innocence and inexperience. It is the manly purity of one who had seen the world, mingled with men of the world, known evil as well as good; but who, being a true gentleman, abhorred filth, and teaches us to abhor it too."

HIS HUMANITY.

"He knew that a novelist had no right even to introduce the terrible, except for the purpose of exhibiting human heroism, developing character, awakening emotions, which, when awakened, dignify and save from harm. It is want of genius and of knowledge of their craft that drives novelists to outrage humanity with horrors. Miss Austen can interest and even excite you as much with the little domestic adventures of Emma as some of her rivals can with a whole Newgate calendar of guilt and gore."

HIS CHIVALRY.

"Let the writer of fiction give us humanity in all its phases, the comic as well as the tragic, the ridiculous as well as the sublime; but let not him lower the standard of character or the aim of life. Shakspeare does not. We delight in his Falstaffs and his clowns as well as in his Hamlets and Othellos; but he never familiarizes us with what is base and mean. The noble and chivalrous always holds its place as the aim of true humanity in his ideal world. Scott, like Shakspeare, wherever the thread of his fiction may lead him, always keeps before himself and us the highest ideal which he knew—the ideal of a gentleman. If any one says these are narrow bounds wherein to confine fiction, I answer there has been room enough within them for the highest tragedy, the deepest pathos, the broadest humor, the widest range of character, the most moving incident that the world has ever enjoyed. There has been room within them for all the kings of pure and healthy fiction—for Homer, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Molière, Scott."

WHAT TO TEACH.

THAT Mr. Disraeli should make a speech, and a good one, too, about "Plain Sewing," may seem rather odd and surprising. But from a man of

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genius, anything is to be expected. It seems that at a late distribution of prizes among the pupils of a school near his residence, Mr. Disraeli took the opportunity of remarking that at the Great Exhibition which was held in London last year, there was a display of plain sewing from all parts of the world, and he was at first somewhat perplexed at finding that all the prizes had been awarded to Irishwomen. On inquiring into the cause of this phenomenon, he learned that the Irish Government had recognized the importance of plain sewing, and had made it one of the branches required to be taught in the national schools. The result was that Irishwomen were becoming proficient in this useful art, to the great benefit and comfort of their households. He thought it very desirable that this branch of instruction should be introduced into the schools of England, where, he said, there was much inconvenience and discomfort among the working classes, owing to the deficiency of the women in this accomplishment.

Mr. Disraeli stopped here, but we fancy that he had the further object, in what he said, of giving his countrymen, and his countrywomen also, a quiet hint on the purposes of education. The object of teaching plain sewing is to make the pupil useful at home and in after life. If this is the principal purpose of education, it is clear that schools and colleges should be chiefly devoted to those branches of learning which will tend to this result, and that other branches, which are designed chiefly for display, or which are only useful to one pupil in a thousand, should have a secondary place. If, for example, Latin and algebra, French and music, are the branches of instruction which will best qualify young men and young women to be useful at home and efficient in their future duties, then, of course, those are the subjects which should be chiefly taught; but if there are other branches of more value in these respects, our systems of instruction should be modified accordingly. Something like this, we dare say, was what Mr. Disraeli meant by his little disquisition on plain sewing. If not, it can only be said that his speech will bear this inference, and "he builded better than he knew."

LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.

THE immense sale of chromo-lithographs in this country was a convincing proof that only the high prices of pictures deterred the public from buying them. The taste for painting and the desire to possess beautiful portraits and landscapes is, perhaps, more general than appreciation of any other fine art. For one that enjoys a fine poem or a great musical composition, there are three who take pleasure in a scene of indoor life or of natural loveliness, which requires no effort to admire it, but, hung against the wall before them, recalls them, whenever they lift their eyes, to a sense of the beautiful. There is every reason to hope that people will not stop here, but that the taste for fine pictures will extend itself to the exquisite portraits before us. They are "photo-lithographs," *cut in stone* by one of our Philadelphia artists. Each has a motto or sentence to express the mood of religious emotion. One is a woman's head, with eyes cast down and hands clasped on the breast—the motto, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." The other, more beautiful still, is a man's head and the upper part of his figure. His eyes are raised to heaven; his hands are clasped over the crucifix; his look is of intense adoration. The motto is, "O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer!" The artist is Miss C. A. Drinker, a pupil of Mr. Van der Wielen's school, which we have so often mentioned. She drew these exquisite figures on the stone—a feat rare enough to deserve special commemoration. Her studio is at No. 524 Walnut Street, and she takes pupils. We are not surprised at her success and at the universal praise bestowed upon her admirable works. We hope that they will bring her the substantial reward which talent and devotion to art should always command.

The engraver of these portraits is Mr. Wm. Schaus, of 749 Broadway, New York, a prominent importer of pictures and engravings. At his store and from the artist the lithographs can be purchased.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITRESS.

"WHAT strikes us most in the LADY'S BOOK is its constant freshness of interest. Instead of being one of the oldest of our magazines (is it not the very oldest?), one might suppose that it had only begun last year, with a staff of the youngest and liveliest among our good writers. I have no doubt that many of your contributors are young as well as lively; but I am inclined to attribute the excellence of the magazine in this respect to the fact that the hearts of the conductors are in their work. To be heartily engaged in a good work, which we know to be prospering under our hands, is the best of mental rejuvenators. It must be a great satisfaction to Mr. Godey and yourself, and to all others who have been connected with the LADY'S BOOK, to know that it has been, and still is, a source of such great and widespread good. For forty years it has been engaged in diffusing information of the most useful kind through the homes of our people, and at the same time inculcating sentiments tending to purity, refinement, and the elevation of our domestic and national life.

"When I think of the effect which your periodical must have produced on the minds of such a vast number of readers in all parts of our country, for nearly half a century, I cannot but consider it a great power in the land. It is not too much to say that at least a million of households are happier, healthier, and wiser than they would have been if the LADY'S BOOK had not been read by some of their members, or by their parents or instructors. The consciousness of this must be a cheerer and incentive to the editors, as well as a reward; and I cannot think it surprising that with this assurance to animate them, they are able to keep the pages of the magazine aglow with the cheerfulness of perpetual youth."

NOTES AND NOTICES.

WOMEN AT CORNELL.—Mr. Gage, a trustee of Cornell University, has lately presented the institution with a large sum of money for the establishment of a department for the education of young women. It is proposed to erect the necessary buildings on a piece of land, twenty or thirty acres in extent, adjacent to the present college. The two sexes will meet only at lectures, so that the new department will be almost a distinct college. There will, indeed, be only a slight innovation on the present system, as ladies residing in the town and the wives of professors attend many of the lectures at present. It appears, however, that some time must elapse before the idea can be realized, as the new buildings must be completed, professors secured, and many other arrangements made to prepare the college for the reception of ladies.

RUSSIAN LIBERALITY.—Russia, like Brazil, is so fortunate as to have an emperor of enlightened min l and humane sentiments. An imperial order has lately been issued in Russia, by which "in view of the great usefulness of the Sisters of Mercy in hospitals," women are to be allowed to act as surgeons, to vaccinate, and to be employed as chemists. They are to have every facility and assistance in all educational establishments. They are further to be admitted as "signal-women" in the telegraph department; they may be employed as accountants, and may be placed in other situations of trust.

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EXPLORATIONS IN PALESTINE.—The systematic survey of Palestine, which was commenced thirty years ago by our distinguished countryman, Doctor Edward Robinson, is about to be taken up and continued by our American society, of which the Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, of New York, is president. The society will carry on its explorations chiefly in the lands "beyond Jordan," where many ancient cities are still standing in good preservation. The wonderful discovery of the Moabite stone, with its inscription giving such a striking confirmation of the Bible narrative, shows what interesting results may be expected from the efforts of this society.

THE VALUE OF TEETH.—Novelists and poets are fond of comparing the teeth of their heroines to pearls. A practical writer on health goes beyond them, however, and affirms that "every tooth is worth a diamond." Who, indeed, would be so foolish as to give a good set of teeth (*real*, dear reader!) for the finest set of diamonds that ever existed? And yet, while our diamonds, if we have any, are guarded with the greatest care, our teeth, as the same writer justly complains, are too often treated with utter disregard, as though they were the most valueless things in the world. Of all misuse of the teeth, none is worse than that of employing them to pull, break, or wrench metals or other hard substances. Young people especially should be warned against a practice which may cost them many days or weeks of pain, and the loss of what they should prize beyond pearls or diamonds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Gold for Gold"—"Turned Out for Rent"—"Self Conquest"—"Shadows on the Hill"—"Ned Ramsay's Holiday"—"Faith"—"Calm"—"The Last Ride"—"The Wager of St. Clair"—"The Lily's Love" and "Elva."

The following are declined: "Wanted—a Lame Wife"—"Theology"—"The Violet"—"Essay on Autumn"—"The Violet Cross" and "The Miller's Daughter."

"The Last of the Old Year" and "Christmas Eve" received after our December number had been issued.

"Polly's Offer." No letter, no stamps.

"Ella D. V." will please call at office of LADY'S BOOK. Wrote to her once, and she never called at post-office for letter.

"Summer Days." The author sent no stamps. When will authors learn to attend to these matters?

"Only Waiting." No letter, no stamps.

MSS. are only exempt from letter postage when both ends are left open.

"The Cloud on the Betrothal." The writer sent no stamps.

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE.

BRAIN FEVER.

THIS disease is one of the most alarming and fatal affections that physicians have to deal with. It usually comes on with headache, intense and deep-seated, which sometimes seems to occupy the whole head; sometimes some particular part of it, as the forehead, side, or base, and occasionally shoots from one point to another. It is usually constant, but many times paroxysmal, coming and going, and being more severe at one moment than another. There is usually a chill, more or less marked. The back aches, the feet are cold, the bowels constipated, but not always; the skin is hot, and not much disposed to moisture; the pulse is rapid and hard, and sometimes irregular; and the pupils of the eyes contracted, not infrequently to the size of a pin's head. There is an intolerance of light and noise, loss of appetite and vomiting; the eyes are suffused, and have an excited look, and often there is squinting; the face is either flushed or pale; the temporal arteries throb; there is wakefulness, restlessness, uneven respiration and sighing; a tottering gait, if the patient attempts to walk; ringing in the ears, and sometimes convulsions. After a certain length of time, delirium sets in, usually coming on at night, or it may be present, to a greater or less extent, from the beginning. There is incoherency, uneasiness, and slight shudderings. The patient wants to get up, and must be held in bed, or he will do so. He now tugs patiently away, endeavoring to arise, never getting weary or angry, for hours at a time, and finally, if he should be allowed to do so, he gets up on the floor, totters feebly around, gazes indifferently about him, and seems to have no object in the world for wanting to get out of bed. Light is not painful to him now, and his headache is usually gone; the pupils no longer remain contracted, but become much larger in size than is natural; the sight and hearing become impaired; liquids lie in the mouth without being swallowed, or are allowed to run out of it: the delirium yields gradually into drowsiness, attended often with twitching of the tendons and picking at the bed-clothes; and the pulse, instead of being frequent, as at first, is slow and measured, and the respiration uneven, and interrupted with deep sighs. Convulsions are not infrequent, and the urine sometimes dribbles away without the consciousness of the patient. As the disease progresses in its course, the drowsiness grows deeper and deeper, until a complete state of insensibility ensues. The patient lies upon his back, lifeless and immovable. The pulse becomes very fast and weak; the respiration grows more irregular and sobbing; the skin becomes cold, and covered with a clammy perspiration; the features grow sunken and haggard, the sphincter muscles of the body relax, and the patient dies in a state of profound insensibility.

This is the usual mode of attack and course of the disease, but it does not always follow these rules. Sometimes it is ushered in with convulsions, which leaves the patient in a stupor, from which he only arouses when pinched or sharply spoken to, and immediately falls back again. In other cases, this drowsiness or stupor is the prominent symptom from the commencement; and still at other times delirium is the first symptom, which gradually increases as the disease advances, or is furious from the onset. In some rare instances the disease has been known to commence with a sudden loss of speech, but this form is not at all common.

The *course* of the disease is very uncertain. When it comes on with violent delirium or stupor, it may terminate fatally within the first twenty-four hours. It more usually lasts, however, from one to three weeks, if treatment is not successful in relieving it.

The *causes* are blows or falls upon the head; exposure of the head, unprotected, to the rays of the sun, or to artificial heat; violent mental excitement, hard study, etc. It always is more common in men than in women, but women are not by any means exempt from it. It occasionally supervenes upon scarlet fever or small pox, and sometimes from disease or trouble of any kind in the ear.

The treatment is what physicians term "strictly antiphlogistic"—that is, opposing inflammation, for the disease in itself is an inflammation of the mem-

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branes which cover the brain, and protect it from the skull. No individual, without the experience or practice of a physician, should undertake to treat the case without the aid of one. It is a dangerous disease, and what is to be done for the good of the patient, must be done in the beginning, before the inflammation gets too much under headway. When the symptoms begin to make their appearance, give an active cathartic, make cold applications to the head, soak the feet in warm water, and apply mustard poultices, and send for a physician. This is the best thing that can be done, and the quicker it is done, the better.

Literary Notices.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

WAS SHE ENGAGED? By "Jonquil." A tolerably well written but rather tiresome American novel. The plot possesses no especial interest, and the characters are sketchy.

From J. M. STODDART & Co., Philadelphia:—

CLOTILDE; *or, The Secret of Three Generations.* From the French of Alexandre de Pontmartin. By Kate C. Barton. The title of this story in its original form was "Recollections of a Notary," a title which, though not savoring quite so strongly of sensation as the one adopted in its stead, we think it would have been well to have retained. The translator is evidently a novice in her art, but the story itself is a pleasing one, sensational to a certain degree, but unexceptionable in its moral tone—something which cannot always be said with truth of French novels.

From WILLIAM B. EVANS & Co., Philadelphia:—

HILA DART. *A Born Romp.* By Mary E. Mumford. This is the liveliest, the most natural, and the most entertaining of juvenile stories that has made its appearance since the publication of Miss Alcott's "Old-Fashioned Girl." It should meet with hearty appreciation at the hands of the public.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

FANCHON THE CRICKET; *or,* "*La Petite Fadette.*" By George Sand. This is a new edition of a French novel which forms the basis of the popular drama of the same name.

MONSIEUR ANTOINE. By George Sand.

From ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

THE HIDDEN POWER. By Miss Bunnett. A story of school life, and of the influence for good and evil which every child may exercise. It is well and simply written.

A ROUGH BOY'S STORY. By Mrs. Margaret Hosmer. This excellent little book is the story of a bad boy, a regular street-corner rowdy, such as we see in our great cities, who was gradually won over to decency and religion. The narrative is really interesting, simply told, and effective. Mrs. Hosmer is one of our best writers of juveniles.

THE KING'S PINEAPPLE. By E. R. This is a story based on history, of a famous pineapple that was grown by John Rose, Charles the Second's gardener, and of the great temptation that beset a little child on account of it. It is thoroughly well written.

THE HALF CROWN AND HIS PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. Robert Hall.

From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Assisted by I. Minis Hays, M. D. *October*, 1871.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, and J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS COMMUNE IN 1871; *with a Full Account of the Bombardment, Capture, and Burning of the City.* By W. Pembroke Fetridge, Editor of "Harper's Guide-Book to Europe and the East," etc. The author of this work remained in Paris from March 6th until after the capture of the city by government troops, completed May 29th, 1871. He has taken the mass of contradictory reports, emenating from all sources, of the events of that period, and has diligently examined and carefully sifted them, with a view to making the present history as correct and reliable as possible. The author is probably biased in his work by a strong prejudice against the Commune, which gives, perhaps, some slight coloring to his statements and conclusions. But the book is an exceedingly interesting one, and gives, we believe, on the whole, a tolerably fair account of those terrible events which so recently transpired in the city which claimed to be the very centre of the civilized world. There are numerous portraits, copied from photographs, of prominent members of the Commune; also a map of Paris, which will aid the reader in obtaining an accurate knowledge of events.

THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST. *From the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great.* By Philip Smith, B. A., author of "History of the World." This history includes Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. An intimate acquaintance with the early history of these countries is essential to all who wish to be well versed in classic literature. In the preparation of this book an effort has been made to produce a manual both for the use of the student and the general reader. The volume is liberally illustrated with engravings.

HISTORY OF LOUIS PHILIPPE, *King of the French.* By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The French Revolution," etc. The history of a life so varied in its character as that of Louis Philippe cannot fail to be interesting. And now, that there is an effort to re-establish his dynasty upon the throne of France, every one who has watched the progress of the recent French revolution will be desirous of making themselves familiar with the features of this monarch's life in order to judge of the rights of the legitimists, and their probabilities of success.

NAST'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC *for* 1872. This little pamphlet contains, besides the calendar and other matters usually found in almanacs, numerous comic illustrations and humorous sketches and poetry.

THE PREY OF THE GODS. *A Novel.* By Florence Marryatt (Mrs. Ross Church).

JOSHUA MARVEL. By B. L. Farjeon, author of "Grif."

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

JOURNAL OF RESEARCHES *into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited During the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle round the World.* By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., author of "Origin of Species," etc. This is a new edition of a work which first appeared nearly thirty years since, a work in which will be discovered many facts and theories which have since developed themselves in the active brain of Mr. Darwin into a theory concerning the origin of species, for the advancing and maintenance of which he has now a world-wide celebrity. The volume is an interesting one, and will repay the scientist for a careful perusal.

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POEMS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Collected and Arranged by the Author. This beautiful volume of poems is embellished by a fine steel portrait of Bryant as a frontispiece, while the body of the work is enriched by numerous excellent wood engravings. Arranged by the author himself, we must regard this collection of his poems as the one which Bryant considers as the best, and by the means of which he desires to be remembered in the future. The printers and binders have done their part creditably; and in its clear print, tinted and hot-pressed paper, gilt edges, and handsome appearance generally, the volume is a fitting shrine for the productions of America's best-beloved poet.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. With illustrations by George Cruikshank, John Leech, and H. K. Browne. This month two volumes of the "Handy Volume" edition of Charles Dickens's works reach us; one containing "Old Curiosity Shop" and "American Notes," and the other "Our Mutual Friend."

THE DIAMOND ON THE HEARTH. *A Novel.* By Marion James, author of "Ethel," etc. An insipid English story, not positively badly written, but with a transparent plot and stale incidents; not such a book as we should expect to be reprinted by such an enterprising firm of publishers.

MORTON HOUSE. *A Novel.* By the author of "Valerie Aylmer." With illustrations.

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From J. B. FORD & Co., New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

MY WIFE AND I; *or, Harry Henderson's History.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Of all the excellent books which Mrs. Stowe has written, she never produced a better one than this. It is, perhaps, a little unequal in its character. Some portions, during the middle and latter part, seem to drag a little, and relax in a degree their hold upon the interest of the reader. But the book, taken as a whole, is an admirable one. Perhaps no better idea of this story can be given the reader than by copying the concluding paragraph of the author's first chapter. She says: "In pursuing a story simply and mainly of love and marriage, I am reminded of the saying of a respectable serving-man of European experiences, who, speaking of his position in a noble family, said it was not so much the wages that made it an object, as '*the things it enabled a gentleman to pick up!*' So in our modern days, as we have been observing, it is not so much the story as the things it gives the author a chance to say. The history of a young American man's progress toward matrimony of course brings him among the most stirring and exciting topics of the day, where all that relates to the joint interests of men and women has been thrown into the arena as an open question; and in relating our own experiences, we shall take occasion to keep up with the spirit of this discussing age in all these matters."

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From G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

MORNING GLORIES, *and Other Stories.* By L. M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," etc. A collection of pretty little fairy stories by an authoress who is *par excellence* the juvenile writer of America. The book is beautifully illustrated.

MOTHER GOOSE SET TO MUSIC. Besides the music which appropriately matches Mother Goose's rhymes, this book is filled with the most exquisite engravings, which, together with its elegant binding, bring the volume up to a standard of excellence which entitles it to a place among the choice books which grace the centre-table or fill the library.

HOUSES NOT MADE WITH HANDS. By Mamma Geegee. And a few remarks on a subject greatly discussed already. By J. E. G. A pleasantly written and prettily illustrated book for children, inculcating moral and religious lessons.

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From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

BENDING WILLOW; *A Tale of Missionary Life in the Northwest.* By Jane Gay Fuller. During a long sojourn among the Indian tribes of the Northwest, the Chippewas and Ojibways, the authoress has gathered a stock of traditions, tales, and fancies, which well illustrates the poetical side of Indian character. These elements are combined with the adventures of a missionary family who had taken up their dwelling with the natives and built a church there, and form an interesting narrative, valuable as the repository of a lore fast vanishing from among us.

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From SHELDON & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

OVERLAND. *A Novel.* By J. W. de Forest, author of "Kate Beaumont," etc. An interesting and exciting story. Perhaps of not the highest order of literary merit, but pleasing in style, and full of incident and sensation.

LADY JUDITH; *A Tale of Two Continents.* By Justin McCarthy, author of "My Enemy's Daughter." "Lady Judith," a story which has dragged its slow length along through the *Galaxy* for a year or two past, is at length finished. This is a story which, for dreariness in plot and incident, and dulness in style, has seldom been excelled. Its characters are caricatures copied from the stage, rather than from real life. Its hero and heroine have as much reality about them as lay figures. In fine, Mr. McCarthy, who may possess certain merits as a journalist and essayist, succeeds in the *rôle* of novelists about as well as people generally do who undertake something entirely out of their line.

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From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Phila.:—

HOWARD'S BOOK OF DRAWING-ROOM THEATRICALS. Edited by Clarence J. Howard, author of "Howard's Book of Conundrums." There are so few plays suited for private theatricals—being either too long, or requiring too many performers; too much scenery, or too elaborate costumes, the present volume has been prepared with the special intent to obviate the objections just named. Its contents consist of short and amusing plays, all of them in one act and one scene, accompanied by practical instructions for their preparation and management.

BARBER'S AMERICAN BOOK OF READY-MADE SPEECHES. By Joseph Barber. This volume contains original examples of humorous and serious speeches, presentation speeches, festival speeches, political speeches, dinner speeches, etc., with appropriate replies to each, together with toasts and sentiments for public and private entertainments.

HOW TO WRITE A COMPOSITION. By S. A. Frost, author of "Frost's Dialogues for Young Folks," etc. This book contains original skeleton compositions on a great variety of subjects, with directions for dividing each into its appropriate heads, and for arranging the divisions in their natural order. The book will prove a valuable assistant in the school room.

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From THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York:—

THE SEYMOURS. By the author of "The Climb-

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ers," etc. An absorbing and well-written story, depicting the evils of intemperance.

From LORING, Boston, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

VICTORY DEANE. *A Novel.* By Cecil Griffith. This is an attractive story of English life, romantic in its plot, yet not improbable. The characters are well drawn, and the plot worked out with considerable ability.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

JANUARY, 1872.

THE YEAR 1872.—We commence this year full of hope that our anticipations of a renewal of old friendships and the formation of new ones will be realized. It will be from no fault of ours in the neglect of our duty if we are disappointed. We have made our salutation so many New Years to the public, with hopes that have in the end been fulfilled, that we have no fear of the result

The principal steel plate in this number is entitled "The Secret." Who can tell it? From the pleasure exhibited on the countenance of the listener some happy event is about to take place.

Our steel title-page is a tableau picture. The centre medallion represents a party of gentlemen watching the clock that will tell them another year has closed its door upon them. The figure at the right represents the old year; while the young child at the top represents the new. On the left is seen Youth, with that brightness of spirit which the young are noted for, congratulating the new year. The lower medallions exhibit a reception, and the pleasures attending the advent of the new year.

The handsome plate of parlor ornaments in the front of the Book is a feature that has never been introduced in such a variety of colors before. A description of it will be found in the fashion department.

Mrs. Lolipop's Party—an outline sketch, the first of a series that we intend publishing this year—is a finished design. The artist has admirably succeeded in delineating the character of the family in their caucus as to "who shall be invited."

A New Year's Call. Another well-executed picture. How many such calls unfortunately occur on that day! Just when we are putting on our new suit to make a call of pleasure on our friends, we are compelled to receive one that is not appreciated.

The fashion plate we boast of as being the handsomest we have ever published. In beauty of form and feature, correctness of engraving, grouping, and coloring, it has never had its equal in this country, and will bear comparison with the best of the French plates.

We need go no further in praising our plates and engravings. Our readers judge for themselves. We have been the gainers heretofore, and hope to still continue so.

The great array of brilliant writers in this number is a sample of what we have in store for them in the literary line.

J. Starr Holloway, our musical editor, opens the year with a fine piece of music of his own composition.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for December, as usual, contains a great variety of reading and other matters of interest to the ladies. The fashion plates are good, and the popularity as well as the excellence of the magazine increases with each successive number.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

THE NEW YEAR.—"We take no note of time but from its loss." The years come and go, and we mark their commencement and their termination, the one following hard upon the other. Whether we have been immersed in cares and duties, or whether we have experienced vivid pleasures, or whether the time has passed so quietly that we have taken but little notice of its flight, we have yet gone once more through the round of months, and again the New Year comes up to claim its place in the coming history of the days that are to be.

In the short interval that comes between Christmas and the New Year we have an opportunity of reviewing the past and anticipating the future. We pause, and look backwards and forwards. We look before and after, and pine for what is not.

Perhaps this is so, or perhaps we rejoice in the attainment of some object we have desired. There are a few people—we wish there were many—who can say that they have reached the summit of their ambition. It was our chance to meet with one of these fortunate people the other day, and she said: "I am very happy; I have everything I wish for." It does one good to hear now and then of a person whose utmost wish has been gratified. We trust that among our readers there are some to whom the Old Year has been thus bountiful. There are no doubt others who will have to say of the passing time,

"He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New Year will take them away."

Let us hope that in such cases as these the New Year will not only take away, but will give also; will give abundantly, so that it shall be remembered more for its gifts than for what it has taken.

Let us all turn to it with anticipations of better things in the time that is to come. We hope that the new leaf which is to be turned over will make a wonderful difference in the style of the chapter that is about to be written. Of course we are sure that in many instances it will not, but the present is a season of looking forward with hope and confidence, and we would not spoil pleasant anticipations by any gloomy forebodings. For our readers, and for all those who are dear to them, we wish a Happy New Year in the fullest and best sense of the phrase.

THE commencement of the year always brings us letters similar to the one we now publish. We are obliged to the gentleman who sent it: but when will people find out that an agent cannot sell as cheap as a publisher. And, besides, we have no agents soliciting subscribers, and have not had any for the last thirty years. This fellow appears only to have swindled each subscriber out of twenty-five cents—a rather petit larceny affair, as they are not likely to pay the balance at the end of the first quarter.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

L. A. GODEY, ESQ.—DEAR SIR: There has been a man travelling in this county offering your magazine at $1 50 per year. Believing him to be an impostor, I have taken the liberty to advise you. His method has been to demand twenty-five cents on subscribing, the balance at the end of the first quarter: and I think his success has been very gratifying to himself.

Very truly yours, G. W. B.

OUR excellent old friend, Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., wants to see a newspaper published for the express use of criminals. He argues that crimes are too much made the staple topic in daily newspapers to render them fit for use in jails as reformatory institutions, while the religious press is too apt to be irritating and offensive, instead of inculcating the principles of pure morality.

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HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY *for* 1872.—The January number is now ready, containing a large amount of new and beautiful music. This is the *tenth year* of our popular periodical, which is now firmly established as the leading musical periodical of the day, as it is the *only one* printed from engraved plates on sheet music paper, exactly as sheet music is printed. In every number for 1872 will be given one brilliant salon piece, worth 50 to 75 cents; one or two easy pieces, polkas, waltzes, etc.; two vocal pieces, songs, duets, quartettes, etc., with an occasional sacred song or chorus, and occasional duets for piano and flute or violin, opera arrangements, quadrilles, etc. The songs are by such composers as Balfe, Franz Abt, Glover, Virginia Gabriel, Wrighton, Coralie Bell, and other well-known writers, while the piano pieces are by Sydney Smith, Brinley Richards, Ketterer, Egghard, Coote, Carl Faust, Strauss, and others equally popular. Original copyright gems by American composers will continue to be a leading feature. We intend that the new year shall be the best in every particular yet known for our popular *Monthly*, and the January number is submitted as a sample of what the succeeding numbers will be. Every piece is new, and all are beautiful.

The terms are $1 per year in advance, with a liberal premium to every subscriber. Books, music, etc., are included in the list of premiums, which may be had by inclosing stamp to the publisher. For $4.50 we send the *Monthly* for 1872, and Hunter's celebrated Piano Instructor, or Concone's Vocal Exercises, the best voice book ever published, and used in all the conservatories in Europe and America. For $6 we send sheet music to the full amount, and the *Monthly* for the entire year free. For $8 we send the *Monthly*, and a handsomely bound volume of new sheet music, songs, polkas, fantaisies, variations, etc., containing from $10 to $12 worth of music in a $2.50 binding; a splendid offer. Postage on this premium, 64 cents. For other premiums, see our Prospectus and Premium List for 1872, which may be had by inclosing stamp as below. Where no premium is desired, we will send two copies for $7, or five copies for $15. GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK and the *Musical Monthly* for 1872 will be sent for $6, without any premium. Single copies, 40 cents. Address all orders to J. Starr Holloway, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

THE *London Spectator* reviews elaborately Marion Harland's "Manual of Housewifery," published by Scribner & Co., and revels in its rich and toothsome receipts for American cookery.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, which confesses to have passed its forty-first birthday, comes with fashions lighter, more airy, and graceful than ever. The work departments are so full, and directions so minute, that any one with ordinary taste can construct a toilet both becoming and economical. Its contents, by way of literary matter, is of the highest order, and for this reason it may truly be classed among the best ladies' magazines in America. It is the *beau ideal* of a ladies' magazine, free from *outre* caricatures of fashion so often seen in other books of the kind, and one that should grace the table of every lady desirous of an acquaintance with the most *recherche* (though not the most gaudy) styles of dress for which Philadelphia ladies are so justly celebrated.—*Chronicle*, Warrenton, Mo.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR 1872.—See the second page of cover. Besides the announcement contained in that advertisement, we will state that we have many other new things on hand. We have a fine collection of stories that will be published during the year.

THE GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.—This is just the time to subscribe for this admirable weekly, celebrated for its able editorials, its fine selection of stories, and its articles upon the farm and garden. In these two departments it is authority. The price is only $2.50 a year in advance. And at the end of the year we shall expect the thanks of the subscriber for having called his attention to this most excellent weekly. Address P. R. Freas, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

MESSRS. EDITORS: After an absence from Philadelphia I was quite pleased to look over some late numbers of your valuable periodical. It is no waste of words to say *valuable*, for I have found in journeying about that the LADY'S BOOK is a treasure to the vast regions that form our great republic. GODEY accompanies civilization, and aids the ever-growing new cities to outward embellishment and mental culture. There is no magazine or journal which produces such choice fashion-plates, and these are so managed that they can be taken out of the book without at all injuring the literary matter. It may be said of this journal with exact truth, that no page through its long years of existence contains aught but what tends to moral and religious thought. Frequent extracts from our classic writers raise the tone of the reader beyond mere amusement. The good housewife finds receipts and counsel, and the Editors' Table never fails to communicate intelligence and thoughts of the most important character. In short, to women, the LADY'S BOOK is the most pleasing and most useful of our American miscellanies.

Yours, etc. Y.

IN reference to our street Arabs, fifteen of whom have been arrested for various crimes, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* remarks:—

"In Baltimore they manage these things differently, and society there has conceived the idea that the neglected Arabs of their streets have souls to be saved, and lives that may be made useful and beautiful, as certainly as have the savages of Congo or the Sandwich Islands."

A matter we have always contended for: that we have plenty of heathens here upon whom mission money may be spent to more advantage than sending it abroad.

GODEY.—For forty-two years of its life it has been steadily growing in popular esteem. Words in commendation of it are really superfluous. In every city, town, village, and hamlet and neighborhood, it has its subscribers, and finds its admiring friends and ardent supporters in the ladies of America. It deserves its reputation, and has no superior. Fashion plates, patterns, steel engraving, poetry, stories, household receipts, and every department of interest is well and judiciously represented.—*New Era*, Hopkinsville, Ky.

To accommodate our subscribers, we will club with Arthur's Home Magazine and Children's Hour at the following prices:—

The receipt of $4.00 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine for one year.

The receipt of $3.50 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Children's Hour one year.

Five Dollars will pay for Godey's Lady's Book, Home Magazine, and Children's Hour one year.

Arthur's Home Magazine is the best $2 magazine published. The Children's Hour is the best juvenile magazine.

For Six Dollars we will send the Lady's Book one year, and pay for Holloway's Musical Monthly one year, to be sent to the person remitting us the money.

WHEN we receive money for a club we pay that money over, and there our responsibility ceases. If a number is not received, write to the publisher of the missing magazine.

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THE VEGETABLE AND FLOWER GARDEN.

ALTHOUGH in many parts of the United States winter, with its ice and snow, will reign supreme for several months, yet in the sunny South preparations are already making for the sowing of seeds and planting of early crops, such as Peas, Potatoes, Onion Sets, Lettuce, Radish, etc., and in the preparation of hot-beds for sowing Eggplant, Tomato, Early Cabbage, Lettuce, and other varieties.

For the Flower Garden, even in the Middle States, many varieties of flower seeds can now be sown in the greenhouse, hot-bed, or in boxes at a sunny window in the house. The most desirable for the purpose are Sweet Alyssum, Phlox Drummondii, Petunias, Salvia, Thunbergia, Stocks, Vinca, Verbena, and many others, that flower during the entire season, and are truly indispensable in a Flower Garden.

For directions for the sowing of seeds, preparation of soil and hot-beds, with descriptive lists of the best varieties of vegetable and flower seeds, grass seeds, plants, bulbs, flowering shrubs, roses, evergreens, rustic work, implements, books, and every requisite for the Garden, refer to DREER'S *Garden Calendar for* 1872, beautifully illustrated, which will be mailed to all applicants upon receipt of a postage stamp.

Address

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist*,
714 *Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.*

HANDSOME NOTICE.—The following is taken from the *Free Press*, published at Bridgeton, Nova Scotia:—

"The Edinburgh reviews and magazines are not so able and luminous as they were in their early career. When Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Brougham, Sydney Smith, Prof. Wilson, Lockhart, and others were living contemporaries, they imparted to literature an interest and a value which powerfully operated upon the aggregate mind of the whole civilized world. At that period those choice spirits—nurslings of Genius—were in the freshness and vigor of their intellectual energies, and threw a flood of light upon all the scientific, literary, and philosophical departments of human investigation and inquiry. Astronomers say that some of the fixed stars are gradually lessening in magnitude and diminishing in lustre, and that some of them have wholly disappeared from the stellar firmament. In like manner, the reviews and magazines referred to are less luminous, and less highly held in popular appreciation, than they were fifty years ago. But GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, not so brilliant in its first appearance, and less pretentious in its claims than they, instead of exhibiting symptoms of dwindling in its merits and popularity, displays increasing excellencies, and takes a stronger hold upon the public mind every year. Its object is to enlighten the mind, improve the taste, and elevate the domestic and social condition of WOMAN; and it may be regarded as a success in the line of improvement to which it is devoted."

"THE last device of the inventive Yankee mind is an ephemeral instrument pleonastically called the 'sugar-whistle that whistles,' and purchasable for the inconsiderable sum of one cent. Confectioners who sell this kind of whistle aver that it develops in children a taste for music, the tone produced from it being naturally sweet."

How old things turn up as new! We remember the sugar-whistle, and investing in the same sixty years ago.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—We need hardly say that its features in every respect are fully up to the requirements of the age. The literary matter is fresh and full of interest, and, with the numerous and reliable fashion illustrations, invariably wins over the fair sex in its favor, who pronounce it superior to any other magazine published. As the end of the year is approaching, the present time affords a favorable opportunity for getting up clubs, to engage in which GODEY offers favorable inducements.—*Herald and Prototype*, London, Can.

NEW SHEET MUSIC.—Just published, Entre Nous Waltz, easy and pretty, 20 cents. Wyoming March, by Mack, one of the sprightliest little marches in print, 25. Ringlet Waltz, very pretty, 30. Winter Green Polka Mazourka, 20. Magnolia Schottische, one of Ohm's best pieces, 30. Kriss Kringle March, with appropriate picture title, 50. Snowflakes, by Brinley Richards, beautifully illustrated, 50. Holiday Hours, bagatelle, introducing Glover's exquisite melody of Under the Mistletoe, illustrated, 40. Snow Castles, fantaisie by Ascher, 20. Robin Rough, excellent transcription of this fine melody arranged by B. S. Barrett, 75. Echoes from the Mississippi, brilliant new set of waltzes, with Introduction and Grand Finale, by Charles W. Ohm, 13 pages and colored cover, $1. True Love, brilliant new nocturne, by Jungmann, 50.

New Songs and Ballads.—Oh, Would I Were a Girl Again! beautiful soprano song by Nillson, 30. Oh, Pity me, Lady! or Father's a Drunkard, but I'm Not to Blame, 30. Come In and Shut the Door, by Callcott, 35. New editions of the favorite Scotch songs, Bonnie Doon, Blue Bells of Scotland, Campbell's are Coming, The Ingleside, Roy's Wife, Rose of Allandale, 20 cents each, or the six for $1. Come Sit Thee Down, 30. Consider the Lilies, soprano solo by Topliff, 40. Ruth and Naomi, exquisite vocal duet, 40.

New music constantly receiving and publishing. Teachers supplied at the usual discount. Packages of music will be made up when requested, and sent for examination. Address all orders to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than $1 nor more than $50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for $1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding $20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of $20 and up to $30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than $30 and up to $40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over $40 and up to $50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

"IN a speech before the Iowa Methodist Convention the other day, Rev. Mr. Skinner asked, 'What must the Almighty think to see an immortal soul playing croquet?'"

We cannot answer the conundrum, but we know that all sensible people think that the Rev. Skinner is a fanatical fool.

CLUBS! CLUBS!—It is time now to commence to make up your clubs. All the terms at which copies will be furnished can be found on the second page of the cover. The difference between the club price of the LADY'S BOOK and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for that small difference you get about one-third more reading and engravings, and far more expensive engravings, than a lower-priced magazine can afford to give. Ladies, you will find very little trouble in getting up a club. We see no reason why we should not have ten or twelve subscribers in every post-office town in the United States; and but for the fact that there are so many borrowers, we no doubt would have that number.

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JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

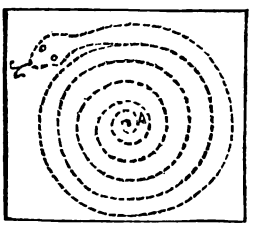
HOUSEHOLD AMUSEMENTS.

HOW TO MAKE A FEW IMPROMPTU TOYS.

THERE are a number of toys which can be made in the moments of relaxation in the midst of the family circle, which cost nothing, and which are highly amusing to children, more so, indeed, than bought ones, since there is with these the additional pleasure and excitement of watching the process of making. With some of those which we are about to describe we have ourselves often kept a circle of children in a state of great merriment, and we do not doubt but that some of our readers may do the same.

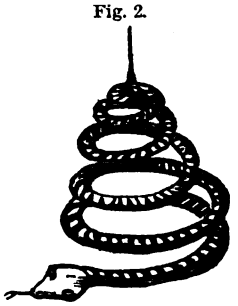
The Animated Serpent.—Take a card (a plain one is best), and cut out the form of a serpent, as shown by the dotted line in Fig. 1. Make a hole at A, and pass through it a string, by which to suspend the serpent from the mantel-shelf, or to hold it in the hand. The weight of the card will cause the head

Fig. 1.



to fall some inches below the point to which the thread is attached at the tail, and when the serpent is hung or held in a slight current of air, such as that before the fire, it will begin to revolve, as though alive, with greater or less rapidity, accordiue to the strength of the current. This toy never falls to give

Fig. 2.



delight to children; and it may be made to more closely resemble a natural snake by striping or spotting the body with green and black, as indicated in Fig. 2, and by adding two glass beads as eyes.

The Head which Rolls its Eyes and Wags its Tongue.—Double a piece of not too stiff writing paper, and draw on one side a head—that of a dog or a frog is good, so is a grotesque human head; the eyes and mouth should be of a somewhat exaggerated size; the former must be cut completely out, and a slit made across the latter (see Fig. 3). Upon the other half of the paper make two dots to correspond with the eyes, and for the tongue cut through the paper, as shown by the dotted line in Fig. 4. The tongue thus made is thrust through the mouth slit, and by slightly moving the back paper the tongue may be made to roll and wag, and the eyes to roll about so as to produce a variety of ludicrous expressions.

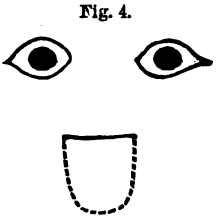
The Boy in the Coffeepot.—On a plain piece of stiff paper draw a coffeepot of the common upright shape, but without a lid, and cut a slit across the top; then take a strip of paper, of the same width as the slit, except at one end, where it must be wide enough to allow of cutting what will at once be the lid of the coffeepot and the "muffin" cap of the boy, and upon this draw the face and cap, and cut out the latter. Put the lower end of the strip through the slit, and draw it tightly down behind. Nothing will now be seen but the coffeepot with its lid on, and it is in this

Fig. 3.



state that the toy should first be given to children; then, by slowly pushing the strip upwards with the

Fig. 4.



finger, the boy will be made to emerge from the coffeepot, to the great amusement of the little ones.

COMICAL PORTRAITS.

A capital evening game may be made by the assistance of a collection of any of the newspapers which furnish portraits of celebrities of a uniform size. Cut out all the portraits, and leave a handsome margin. Paste them separately on cards, and press them till dry. Afterwards color them according to fancy. They must be pressed till dry again A dish or pile of books is sufficient weight. Now proceed to cut them in three pieces, across the face, dividing them all at the same places. Number them on the backs, so that each portrait can be reunited at will. By moving a piece at a time, the widow's cap of a lady may surmount the head and beard of an officer, a judge's wig or a pair of moustaches adorn a lovely girl, etc.

A similar game may be made by any one who can draw a little. Copy or trace a number of heads of all kinds, grave and grotesque; color them; cut out the eyes, noses, and mouths. Then draw on fresh paper a number of featureless faces, coloring the flesh, hair, and eyes like those from whence you have taken the features. Thin card is best. Put the eyes in one bag, the noses in another, and the mouths in a third. Deal them to the party, and let each make up the faces to fancy, placing the features in the blank countenances. Each face should be quite as large as a sheet of note paper, each eye about an inch long.

This game is one of a class which amuses from the incongruities produced, and, appealing to the taste for caricature so general among young folks, never fails to excite considerable laughter.

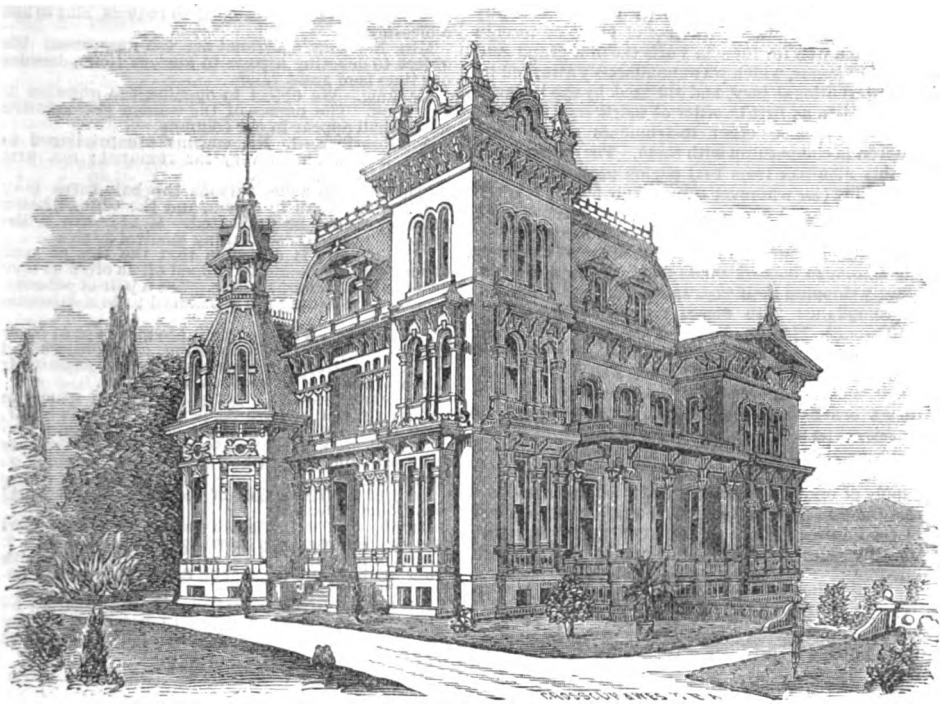
SUBAQUEOUS EXHALATION.

Pour a little clear water into a small glass tumbler, and put one or two small pieces of phosphoret of lime into it. For a short time flashes of fire will dart from the surface of the water, and terminate in ringlets of smoke, which will ascend in regular succession

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SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, *Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

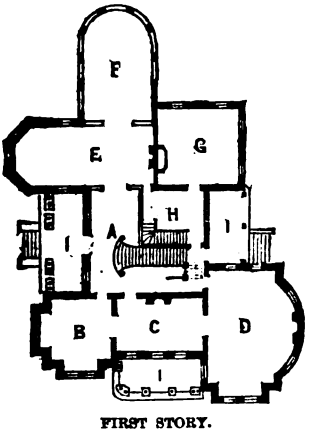


THE suburban residence above is in the Italian style, with Mansard roof and octagonal corner tower. It will have a grand effect if built in the spirit of the design. It contains a very complete set of apartments, large and commodious, and would make an admirable riverside residence, with ample grounds sloping gradually forward. Terrace walls and fine finish of lawn are requisite; smooth and well-kept walks, and well-graded and closely-shaved slopes, are necessary to carry out and give full effect to the design. It has a character of rich and grand effect: nothing grotesque will be in harmony; everything must be in the highest type of refinement. Vases with plants edging the walks, and the shrubbery must be grouped on the lawn in the best manner to carry out the desired effect. Wildness, or untidy accessories, must be guarded against in order that everything should harmonize. It can be built in many localities for $25,000. It is intended to be built of brick, with the designs in wood, the whole to be painted and sanded, in imitation of a warm colored sandstone.

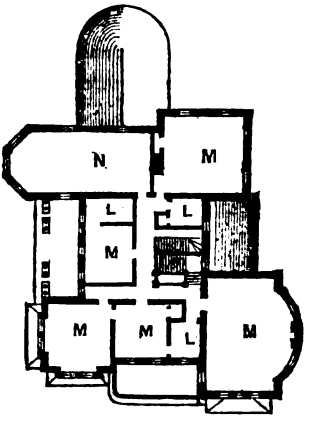
Persons desiring the services of an architect in the furnishing of plans, specifications, elevations, and sections, can have them furnished by us for two and a half per cent. upon the above stated price, or five per cent. should we superintend its construction. We will here state that any alteration desired can be made to suit the locality, means, or family wants.

First Story.—A hall, 10 feet wide; B reception-room, 14 by 14 feet; C sitting-room, 14 by 21 feet; D drawing-room, 20 by 30 feet; E dining-room, 15 by 32 feet; F conservatory, 16 by 25 feet; G kitchen, 16 by 20 feet; H servant's hall, 12 by 16 feet.

Second Story.—L bath and dressing-room; M chambers; N billiard-room.



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

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HIGH ART AMERICAN EXPORTS.—The London World's Fair of 1862, and, still later and more pronouncedly, the Paris Exposition of 1867, incontestably proved the immense superiority of the Steinway pianos over all others, whether of home or foreign make, and won for them in Paris the first grand gold medal of honor, which was unanimously awarded by the international jury, and affirmed by the imperial commission, as first in order of merit over upwards of four hundred other instruments which were entered in competition with them. The export trade of this firm has from that period gone on steadily increasing (for wherever one of their pianos is heard a fresh demand arises) until it has reached such extensive proportions that this branch alone exceeds the entire manufacture of two or three of the leading European makers combined. The firm are constantly shipping their instruments in large numbers, in compliance with direct orders, to Berlin, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Dresden, Munich, Nice, and other art centres, as well as to Buenos Ayres, Peru, Montevideo, Lima, Central Asia, and India. The latest honor conferred on Steinway's pianos is a direct order from Her Majesty, the Empress of Russia—who will pass the winter at Kiew, in Southern Russia, where the Winter Palace is being entirely refurnished under her directions—for the immediate supply of one of their highly finished and most perfect Concert Grands, to be placed in the music-room of the Palace, and one of their new patent uprights for Her Majesty's personal use in her private boudoir.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. W. B. R.—Sent pattern October 20th.
Mrs. H. N. L.—Sent silk dress by express 20th.
Mrs. C. J. L.—Sent pattern 20th.
Mrs. G. T.—Sent pattern 20th.
H. Y. H.—Sent gold watch and chain by express 20th.
Mrs. S. F.—Sent bonnet by express 20th.
F. C., Jr.—Sent pattern 20th.
Misses McL. and Y.—Sent pattern 20th.
Mrs. E. V. H.—Sent shell flowers by express 20th.
Miss A. F. McC.—Sent pattern 30th.
Mrs. L. S.—Sent pattern 30th.
Miss E. J. H.—Sent pattern November 1st.
A. P. T.—Sent pattern 1st.
Mrs. J. W. K.—Sent edging and trimming 1st.
Mrs. A. M. R.—Sent ribbon 4th.
Mrs. S. W.—Sent trimming 6th.
Miss O.—Sent flowers 7th.
Mrs. W.—Sent corsets 7th.
J. S.—Sent instruments by express 8th.
Mrs. H. B.—Sent jewelry 8th.
Mrs. M. B.—Sent goods by express 10th.
Mrs. J. B. H.—Sent hat and patterns 10th.
Mrs. C. J. L.—Sent pattern 13th.

Mertie.—Too much difference in the ages.

A Subscriber. An Old Subscriber.—Will those asking questions please adopt either initials or something else? There is no signification in either of these, and in most instances they are not and never have been subscribers.

Annella.—We cannot say that it is improper, but we think it very foolish and not a desirable practice.

M. E. O.—Please do not send your receipts written on the back of your letter; always write on separate paper.

Cicero.—Send a stamp for reply, and we will give you the real name of the lady.

An Unmarried One.—Healths and speeches at wedding breakfasts have gone out of fashion. If a minister is present, it is usual to request him to ask a blessing.

Miss E.—Your questions are too numerous. We object to devoting a page to answer them, besides our time is of great value.

Madame.—We object to opening the question in our Book. The names of the women you mention never shall appear in our columns.

A Subscriber.—1. No, cousins are privileged to kiss. 2. No, unless very far removed; not first cousins. 3. No. 4. $30.

Brunette.—In some persons the hair turns gray much sooner than in others, and the change, being natural, cannot be prevented. If ill-health is the cause, the remedy is in taking medical advice.

Pet Bird.—It is desirable that the tips of your canary's claws should be clipped off as often as they become inconveniently long. Use a pair of scissors.

Fan.—The folding fan is believed to be a Japanese invention.

Indigestion.—Veal and pork are more apt to cause indigestion than beef or mutton, also lobsters and crabs. Be careful in your diet; your complaint is the forerunner of more serious maladies.

Housekeeper.—The best situations in which to hang your pictures are those where there is a fair, good light, neither too great heat nor damp, and where the pictures are not exposed to dust or splashes from soap and water when any cleaning is going on in the room.

Henriette.—The writer of the "Caudle Lectures" was Douglas Jerrold.

Carrie.—1. The brilliant colors of mother-of-pearl are, we believe, only developed by polishing. 2. There is no universal receipt for removing stains from leather; the treatment depends upon the nature of the stain.

Eliza B.—The discoloration may be removed by bleaching, the method being to expose the ivory under glass to the sun's rays, turning it as often as may be needful.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of its transactions; and whether the person sending the order, is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Evening dress of white silk, made with one skirt, trimmed with a deep ruffle of China crape, headed by a row of point applique lace, and a narrow ruffle of crape, finished by a ruche of light green crape. The overskirt, of China crape, trimmed to

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correspond. Low square corsage, trimmed with pointed bretelles of lace and a ruche. Puffed sleeves; coiffure of curls.

Fig. 2.—Dinner dress of two shades, lilac faille silk: the underskirt is of a darker shade. The upper skirt is cut in points, looped high at the sides, with bows of the darker shade. Corsage cut with basques, pointed in front; white silk vest. The neck is cut square, with a Marie Antoinette ruffle around it, and the wrists of sleeves, which are tight. Roman gold necklace and earrings.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of two shades of brown silk; the lower skirt trimmed with a ruffle and two bands of the lighter color. Polonaise, trimmed with the lighter shade of silk, with the revers of the lighter shade. Hat of brown velvet, with feathers.

Fig. 4.—Dress of dark green silk poplin, trimmed with a fold of the same. Black velvet polonaise, trimmed with fringe and passementerie. Green velvet bonnet, trimmed with black lace and feathers. Faille strings, edged with lace.

Fig. 5.—Evening dress of white tarlatane, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle, bound with pink silk, headed with puffs put on in scallops, edged with Valenciennes lace, and roses and ribbon bows. Upper skirt trimmed with lace and silk, with bands coming down from the waist, finished with roses and foliage. Low corsage, with bertha of lace fastened by flowers. Hair arranged in plaits, with flowers above the Pompadour roll.

Fig. 6.—Dress for girl; crimson merino, trimmed with two rows of fur. Gray sacque, trimmed with fur. White felt hat, with crimson feather. Muff of fur, to match trimming on cloak and dress.

DESIGN FOR A BAY WINDOW.

(*See Splendid Embellishment in Front of Book.*)

We call the attention of our readers to this beautiful design, illustrative of the tasteful manner in which the Messrs. Walraven, Chestnut Street, furnish a bay window. Lace curtains, and a Lambrequin of crimson satin, edged with gold color, surmounted by a gilt cornice, are the principal decorations. The beauty of the recess is enhanced by a hanging basket, containing a bouquet of flowers, with a fern case below it.

To strangers visiting our city, a stroll through the magnificent establishment of these gentlemen would amply repay them. An endless variety of lace curtains are here displayed. Among them are some beautiful sets intended as hangings for a bridal chamber, with figures of Cupids, and other designs emblematical of that happy occasion; others with full length figures of women carrying baskets of fruit and flowers; others again decorated with bouquets and various designs in flower-work. The patterns on these curtains are so correct as to amaze the visitor. There is a peculiar richness about them that enraptures. Passing further on, you come to a portion of the curtain department devoted especially to brocatelles, satins, silk terry, embroidered satin curtains, Turkish cloth, and tapestries. You will be shown a magnificent mode color, very perfect in its shade, and an article that cannot be procured in any other establishment; hung in connection with a handsome blue, it presents a very rich appearance. In this department are also displayed gilt cornices, richly mounted, metallic cornices, rosewood and gilt, in every variety of design.

Their stock of furniture coverings will be found to be very extensive, comprising brocatelle, satin damasks, mohair plushes, brocades, striped and plain reps, damask lastings, etc. But the grandest of all is an article of Gobelin tapestry for chairs, valued at $500 the single chair. It is executed with the needle, requiring months for the execution of a single design.

In the window shade department will be found a great variety of shades in colors of buff, stone, ashes of rose, pearl and rose, both plain and gold bordered.

The trimming department creates surprise at the immense stock of fringes and other trimmings. From the facilities at the command of this firm, they are enabled to match whatever goods are purchased with the exact colors and combination of color required.

The taste displayed by this house in their importations for the furnishing department is widely known. The finest residences in the United States have been furnished by them, and in a manner that has always given satisfaction.

Parties residing at a distance, sending their orders by mail, or through the hands of merchants visiting Philadelphia, need have no fear but that they will be filled with as much regard to economy in purchase and style as if they were selected by themselves.

The prices for the goods mentioned above will be found moderate. A large reduction has been made this season in lace and Nottingham curtains.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of deep green serge, made with polonaise, with jacket bodice in the back; the skirt is trimmed with three plaitings, headed by narrow folds; the polonaise with fringe and narrow passementerie. Green felt hat, trimmed with velvet and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Walking suit of black brilliante, made with two skirts, each trimmed with a plaiting of the material, headed by a band of velvet. Plain corsage; open sleeves; sash ends, looping the skirt in the back, trimmed to correspond with dress. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with black feather and pink roses.

Fig. 3.—Suit of gray *castellan delaine*, made with a round skirt, trimmed at regular intervals with groups of four plaits, caught together at the top with a bow and gimp ornament. Tunic to match, without plaits on the hip, and forming a point at the back with four plaits. Three straps, terminating with bows, bar these plaits, and hold them in position; the bodice of the tunic fastening the entire length with straps. Sleeves trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of gray silk, trimmed with lace and flowers.

Fig. 4.—Suit of brown silk poplin; the lower skirt trimmed with a plaited ruffle, the edge cut in points, headed by a plaiting of the material; upper skirt trimmed with fringe and a plaiting. Basque waist, with vest front and open sleeves, trimmed to correspond with upper skirt. Brown felt hat, trimmed with velvet, flowers, and lace.

Fig. 5.—House dress of blue silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with velvet bands; the upper one trimmed to correspond with a plaiting of silk on the edge. Plain corsage; open sleeves; the corsage trimmed with a plaiting of silk and velvet.

Fig. 6.—Dress of heavy corded purple silk, made with one skirt and polonaise; the skirt is trimmed with rings of velvet, headed by a band of velvet and bows; the polonaise is plaited in the back, trimmed with black lace; a black lace sash being fastened on the waist in the back, brought forward, and then back again, terminating in two ends. Purple velvet hat, trimmed with lace and feathers.

Fig. 7.—Hat of blue velvet, puffed, trimmed with a

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band of fur and ends in the back, and a small plume at one side.

Fig. 8.—Baby's cap of white silk, embroidered with white, and trimmed with narrow ribbon.

Fig. 9.—Hat of gray felt, trimmed with gray and blue velvet ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 10.—Hat of dark green velvet, trimmed with lace tabs in the back; ribbon, jet ornament, and feather at the side.

Fig. 11.—Hat of black velvet, trimmed with feathers, lace, and ribbon.

Fig. 12.—Hat of brown velvet, trimmed with a plaiting of velvet, with aigrette and small plume at one side.

Fig. 13.—Hat of purple velvet, trimmed with ribbon and a feather at the side, which is turned up.

Fig. 14.—Morning slipper of black velvet, trimmed with satin leaves and bow.

Fig. 15.—Chinese slipper for fancy costumes, made of red leather, embroidered with gold thread. A bow of ribbon on toe.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Plain brown and striped silk costume. Although of one color, and that a wood brown, there are three different shades in this costume. A light brown for the costume, and stripes of two darker shades for the trimmings. The round skirt is of plain brown silk, and is trimmed with three gathered flounces cut on the cross. The tunic has a small round tablier in front, and is deep and full at the back, being left open midway to the waist. It is trimmed with a frill at the edge, and with gathered ruches above. The bodice with round basque and ruffled sleeves correspond in style. Bows of plain brown silk decorate the tunic, sleeves, and waist.

Fig. 2.—Wrapper of brown silk, trimmed with brown and black striped silk up the front, finished with bows of ribbon. Open sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 3.—Walking jacket of heavy black *gros grain* silk, lined and wadded, and trimmed with narrow pipings of velvet.

Fig. 4.—Dress for boy of dark blue serge, made as a blouse, buttoned down the front, trimmed with a plaiting and velvet; small basques are set on the belt.

Fig. 5.—Ladies' drawers, finished at the edge with tucks, insertion, and edging.

Fig. 6.—Opera sack of white cloth, trimmed with a bias band of pink velvet; it is open at the sides and on the top of sleeves, and fastened across with pink silk cord. Rolling collar and inner vest of pink velvet.

Fig. 7.—Quilted bodice. This bodice is of gray satin, wadded and lined with gray silk. The back and fronts are first quilted separately, then stitched together, and the edges bound with satin. It is trimmed with gray fur, and fastened with buttons and loops. It can be worn under a cloak or in the house.

Fig. 8.—Travelling hood for a lady, made of black velvet, and trimmed with passementerie or fur as fancy may dictate.

Fig. 9.—Infants' shirt of fine linen lawn, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 10.—Kilt skirt for boy of three years old, made of dark blue silk poplin.

Fig. 11.—Infants' cap, made of white Cashmere, trimmed with bands, worked with a small point; the edge is finished with a ruche.

Figs. 12 and 13.—Redingote for a boy of four. The material may be either cloth, poplin, or fine tweed. The front is double-breasted, and opens with revers, and a high waistcoat is worn beneath. The back fits the figure, and the skirt is kilt-plaited into a band.

Figs. 14 and 15.—School dress for girl from six to eight years old, made of blue and black striped poplin, with plain skirt; full bodice, and sleeves with a wristband. Plain blue poplin overskirt. Sash and band of striped poplin.

Fig. 16.—Flannel dressing jacket. Flannel jacket, with simulated revers; strips of the same, button-holed stitched, in festoons at the edge; braided pockets; coat-shaped sleeves and cuffs to correspond.

Fig. 17.—Dress for little boy of crimson poplin; the front of black velvet, and an edge around the bottom, headed by a braiding pattern.

Fig. 18.—Drawers for infant, made of white muslin, and trimmed with narrow embroidery.

Fig. 19.—Boy's suit of dark green cloth, trimmed with a band of black martin fur; high boots, edged with fur on top; fur cap.

Fig. 20.—Girl's dress of navy blue cloth, trimmed with folds of silk, headed by a band of fur; jacket bodice, trimmed with fur. Blue velvet hat, trimmed with fur and small plume.

Fig. 21.—Costume for little girl of Astrakhan cloth, trimmed with a band of otter fur. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with a band of fur.

Fig. 22.—Ladies' costume. Dress of black poplin; the lower skirt trimmed with a plaiting and two bands of Astrakhan fur. The cloak of heavy cloth, trimmed with a band of black martin fur; martin collar and muff. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with fur and small plumes.

Fig. 23.—Morning cap for lady of white muslin, edged with lace, and pink ribbon going around it, with bow in front and back.

Fig. 24.—Tournure for a lady, made of three plaited ruffles of hair cloth.

Fig. 25.—Coiffure arranged in puffs in front, and crimped in the back; the front puffs are ornamented with jet balls.

Fig. 26.—Ladies' muslin skirt, trimmed with two ruffles, headed by narrow bands of tucks.

HOUSE JACKETS, LINGERIE, ETC.

(*See Engravings, Page* 26.)

Figs. 1 and 2.—Collar and sleeve of Valenciennes lace and black velvet, finished with a rosette at the throat.

Fig. 3.—House jacket of black Cashmere, braided with white, and trimmed with fringe; sleeves can be added if desired.

Figs. 4 and 5.—Sleeve and collar of thin muslin and point Duchesse lace.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Collar and sleeves of linen, edged with embroidery; black necktie, embroidered with colors.

Figs. 8 and 9.—Collar and sleeve of muslin and lace; the collar is arranged to wear with an open dress.

Fig. 10.—White net fichu. This pretty fichu is composed of white net, Valenciennes lace, and insertion; the lower part is shaped and edged with lace, and arranged in a plaited fan at each corner, and ornamented with colored ribbon bows.

Fig. 11.—Velvet house jacket. This jacket without sleeves is of black velvet, braided with gold cord and gold braid. It is lined with black silk, and fastens in front with a loop and button.

HEADDRESSES.

(*See Engravings, Page* 27.)

Fig. 1.—Evening coiffure; the hair arranged in crimped waves in the back, curls falling over it, and fastened by a pearl ornament at each side and three rows of pearls. Puffs in front and pearl ornament.

Fig. 2.—Bow for side of hair of blue velvet, with pearl buckle and spray in it.

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Fig. 3.—Hair arranged in puffs, with long curls in back, and plait across the front, pink roses at one side.

Fig. 4.—Bow for hair of mauve velvet, with pink rose and spray in it.

Fig. 5.—Hair crimped in front and arranged with long curls falling down in the back; flowers in front and falling over and twined in with the curls in back.

Fig. 6.—Bow for side of head of scarlet velvet and black lace.

Fig. 7.—Hair arranged in puffs in front and in the back, the natural hair being crimped and falling below the puffs. Half wreath of white flowers and green leaves.

WINTER CLOAKS.

(*See Engravings, Page* 28.)

Fig. 1.—Basquine of black velvet, cut to fit the figure loosely, trimmed with lace and satin plaitings. Open sleeves, lined with satin, and trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 2.—Cloak of heavy navy blue cloth, cut with plaits in the back, and trimmed with a fold of velvet, scalloped on one edge, a row of fringe and narrow velvet heading it. Three fancy ornaments trim the back, also the sleeve, which is open.

Fig. 3.—Basquine of black cloth, cut in squares at the back, and trimmed with fancy gimp, which also extends up the back. Open sleeves, cut in squares on the edge.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

As furs are worn more this month and next than any of the winter months, agreeably to our promise of last month, we will give a few hints about them.

Fur cloaks are the most comfortable garments for midwinter. Seal skin, as spoken of last month, will be the most worn this year. Astrakhan are next in favor; persons who have sacques of other fur wear them, although they are not considered *de rigueur*. Cloaks, dresses, hats, and gloves are all trimmed with fur: sable, of course, ranks first, and is truly elegant for the purpose of trimming; black marten and fox skins are preferred to mink; chinchilla is pretty for velvet. Muffs are worn with the cloak to match; if the latter is made and trimmed with fur, the muff is of the same material as the cloak, edged with fur. Boas for the neck are long, and are more worn than collars, which are rarely seen; they are of sea otter, wonderfully soft and fine, and very rare, a quality which, of course, makes it more desirable. Russian sable and mink, the old favorites, are seen, and by many are the only furs which would be worn. Alaska sable are much lower in price, and less handsome. Sealskin and Astrakhan are among the dark furs. Ermine sets are used for full dress, and for children; for the latter the white coney fur is much less expensive and very pretty. It comes in sacques and muffs, and is especially pretty for the little ones. For larger girls, for school and general wear, we see the long used and tried Siberian squirrel, which will stand almost any amount of wear and abuse; the latter, children's furs always getting, unless great care in looking after them is done by some of the elder members of the family. For the opera or evening parties, we have seen a cloak which will be invaluable for the delicate or chilly; it is of white fur, richly fringed, and quilted warmly. The sleeves are large and open, and the whole slips over the ball dress in the most charming way, without crushing its firmness or injuring the trimming. Another of white Cashmere, braided in gold and silver wheat, and edged with white fox fur, was lined throughout with white coney fur.

As parties are now at their height, a few hints on evening toilettes will not be amiss. For evening dresses, silks of the palest hues are used; china crapes, tulle illusion, crape, and thin white goods. Overskirts are frequently made of tulle or thin white muslin, elaborately trimmed with lace over colored silks; in fact, they are more used than an overskirt to match the underskirt, as it makes a more dressy looking toilet for evening wear. High basques, with Pompadour squares, or heart-shaped necks, and half long sleeves, are made up in silk and China crape for dinner and evening dresses, low corsages being most generally adopted for thin dresses. Overskirts, when of crape, are of the exact shade of the dress, trimmed with fringe, made on the skirt like the old-fashioned crape shawls. Demi-trains, half a yard longer than walking skirts, are made by our best French modistes, but many imported dresses lie on the floor at least three-quarters of a yard.

We will notice a few evening dresses that lately came under our notice. A light green silk dress, trimmed with three flounces, simply hemmed at the edge. Tunic of a darker shade, ornamented with rows of black lace, with Valenciennes lace beneath. At the side there falls a sash of wide *gros grain* ribbon of the darker shade; between the panniers there are loops of similar ribbon, mixed with black and white lace. Bodice of the darkest color, open in front; sleeves to the elbow. A silver gray *faille* dress; tunic forming a train of China crape, embroidered with gay colors. The tunic is bordered with a rich fringe of the same color; it is looped up in the back, and ornamented all the way down with loops of ribbon arranged one above the other. The bodice is made with basques, and trimmed with folds of the crape richly embroidered. The sleeves, neither very wide nor very narrow, are lined with Valenciennes lace. A very pretty and simple costume was of mauve silk, trimmed with flounces of white muslin, edged with Valenciennes lace, and trimmed with ruches of muslin, edged with the same; the tunic and pannier of white muslin, with quillings and bows of mauve silk, with fringed sash of the same. Low square corsage, trimmed to correspond. A very beautiful wedding dress we had the pleasure of inspecting, was of plain heavy white silk, the front breadth covered with small flounces, edged with narrow blonde lace, a trained overskirt forming a court train three yards long, with revers at the side edged with lace; a bouquet and sprays of orange-buds and blossoms was placed on the back of the postillion basque, another was on the front of the corsage, a third formed a coronet over the veil, while smaller sprays trimmed the sleeves and caught up the veil at intervals. An exquisite bridal veil needs comment, of misty tulle, falling back from the head *en train;* the hem was concealed by snowy clusters of lily of the valley, alternating with white lilac in tiny sprays. The wreath was orange blossoms, with long pendants and tendrils floating gracefully over the shoulders and brow of the destined bride, helping to hide the glad face, as "love transfigures life." A lovely tulle overdress appropriate for a bridemaid, is white, with rose petals scattered all over the dress, and the sides draped with roses and foliage.

In coiffures the chatelaine braids are gradually yielding to the large loose twist, surrounded by a broad plait. This forms a species of coronet, visible in front, over which, if becoming, the hair is drawn. If the hair is worn in the Pompadour style, and the brow is high, little fluffy curls fastened beneath the

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roll will add a great deal of softness to the expression and contour to the face. Few faces are classical enough to admit of the hair being strained back, as is the fashion now. Bows for the hair are two lengthwise bows of *faille* ribbon, black or colored, the bows close against each other, with two short ends hanging behind. The ribbon is an inch and a half wide. A tiny comb underneath, to fasten them on the hair, or else an elastic cord is passed beneath the coil. This double bow is placed just back of the Pompadour roll, and directly on top of the head.

The newest bow for the throat is the Pompadour, made of folds of the palest blue *faille*, showing inner facings of rose color; this is to be worn with a black silk dress.

New veils are of clear net, not dotted as hitherto, with an applique edge, or sometimes with a frill of lace. The shape is plain over the face, hanging below the chin, and tied behind with streamers.

New cravat bows are of satin, of any and every color, edged with fur. As before stated, Russian fancies are decidedly in favor this winter, and fur is used in many ways.

When sashes for general wear are just being willingly relinquished, a perverse effort is being made to restore them, or something similar in the way of scarf drapery. These are not simple ribbon bows and ends, worn at the back of the belt, but something more complicated. There is, first, a belt of four folds; then a width of silk is cut in two—lengthwise ribbon is not wide enough—a bow is tied at the back of the folded belt, the ends are caught together again low down on the tournure, and a long streamer is then made to fall on each side of the figure, not behind. This unique arrangement may be graceful with long trained dresses, but we do not admire it worn with polonaise and short skirts.

The most important feature of stylish costumes is the mantle. As the season advances, the preference for sleeveless wraps increases. The styles are double round capes, or as a loose, sleeveless sacque, that falls low in the back, with an elbow cape above it, open and trimmed up the entire back. These are made of cloth, velvet, Cashmere, and, in fact, any goods desired, for an overskirt of medium length usually accompanies these mantles. These mantles are the novelties of the season; they are trimmed with elaborate braiding, embroidery, or fur; if with the two former, the edge is finished by a fringe or lace.

Any lady who can embroider handsomely can make a very elegant costume for herself at very little expense. Braiding is within the reach of all, for since sewing machines do the latter so beautifully, there are but few persons but what feel they can devote the short time required to ornament a suit. These costumes are generally worn with a silk underskirt of the same color, and form a useful costume for the promenade. A tiny muff is made of the material, with a row of fur on each side.

The Watteau wrapper is the fashionable morning dress. It is a simple Gabrielle, with a double box-plait behind, sewed closely to the waist, while a belt from beneath the plait holds the sides and front in position. Cashmere, merino, and fine empress cloth are the fabrics for dressy wrappers, solid colors being preferred to stripes or figures. Braiding in close patterns to resemble embroidery is the fashionable trimming. The front breadths, the sleeves, a collar, and pockets are often covered with braiding.

We notice that the demand for colored corsets increases every winter, the prejudice against them giving way gradually as it did to Balmoral skirts. Bright, warm looking scarlet and gray merino are the colors most worn. These are beautifully made up in the comfortable glove-fitting shape, are prettily stitched with white floss, and furnished with the new "unbreakable busks." These busks are of strong yet flexible metal, with a double covering of gutta percha, which so closely enwraps the metal that the corsets, if desired, may be washed without danger of being stained by rust from the metal. Colored satin corsets—black, blue, and cherry—trimmed with white lace and embroidery, are shown for masquerading costumes. White satin corsets, filled with bones, and beautifully wrought with white, are for brides.

Sleeveless zouave jackets, like those worn a couple of years since, are made for the house, and for wearing beneath wraps instead of Sontags. They are made of black, scarlet, or blue Cashmere, with fanciful braiding and ball or tassel fringe, and will enliven breakfast costumes. Bright and warm jackets for the house are made of flannel cloth of two or three red shades—scarlet, cherry, or crimson—braided with white worsted curled braid in Gothic patterns, and fringed or scalloped. White flannel cloth is braided with blue or scarlet, blue with white, and black with white or blue. The collar, cuffs, and a breast pocket are pointed in Gothic fashion.

Costumes for children present nothing very new. There are, however, some modifications of shape and some new trimmings. For a little girl ten years old a pretty dress of brown merino is trimmed with braiding and with flutings. The trimming simulates a small apron in front. From each side of the apron flutings and stripes of braiding are put on about half way up the skirt. The bodice is made a new shape; the braided bretelles fall over the upper part of the arms, so as to form little sleeves, and they help to fasten braided barettes, edged with flutings, on the back and front. A high muslin or Cashmere chemisette and sleeves complete this pretty little *toilette*. Another very pretty dress for a little girl is of bright plaid taffeta, trimmed with satin and black velvet. The skirt and bodice are cut in one piece. The skirt is gored in the Gabrielle shape; the trimming, put on to simulate a second skirt, is composed of three rows of scallops of black velvet, with a fan-shaped plaiting of satin between each scallop; the velvet is edged with narrow plaid fringe. Low bodice and short sleeves, with a high under waist of black velvet. An evening dress for a young girl of thirteen is of blue silk, trimmed with fine spikes of black velvet of progressive heights, the middle one the longest, placed upon the front part of the skirt. These spikes are fastened at the top by rosettes of blue ribbon with black centres. The skirt is long behind, and looped up into a moderate puff in the upper part. There are three velvet peaks upon the bodice, and white blonde around the top.

For a little boy a costume of a particularly good style is of brown cloth, trimmed with brown silk rep, and with small silk balls. The trowsers are short but ample; they are trimmed with bands of silk rep, finished off each with one of the balls just mentioned. A pretty belt of undyed leather, studded with steel, fastens them at the top. The blouse shirt, which takes the place of the waistcoat, is of white flannel, with collar and front band worked with black silk. The jacket is bordered with silk rep, and has for buttons balls similar to those on the trowsers. It is open with revers; the sleeves also have revers, and are trimmed in the same style. Another little costume is of dark blue Cashmere, trimmed with large jet buttons and with braiding. The braiding pattern is placed on each side of the trowsers, which are short and wide. The waistcoat is entirely covered with braiding. The little jacket, in the Spanish style, is also richly braided.

FASHION.

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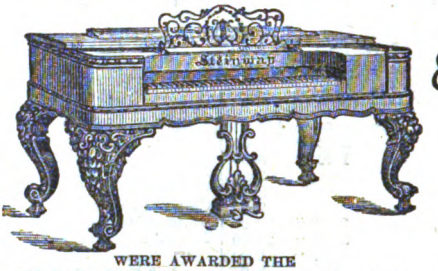
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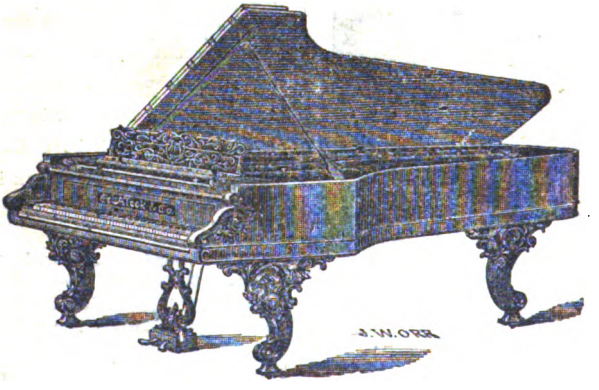
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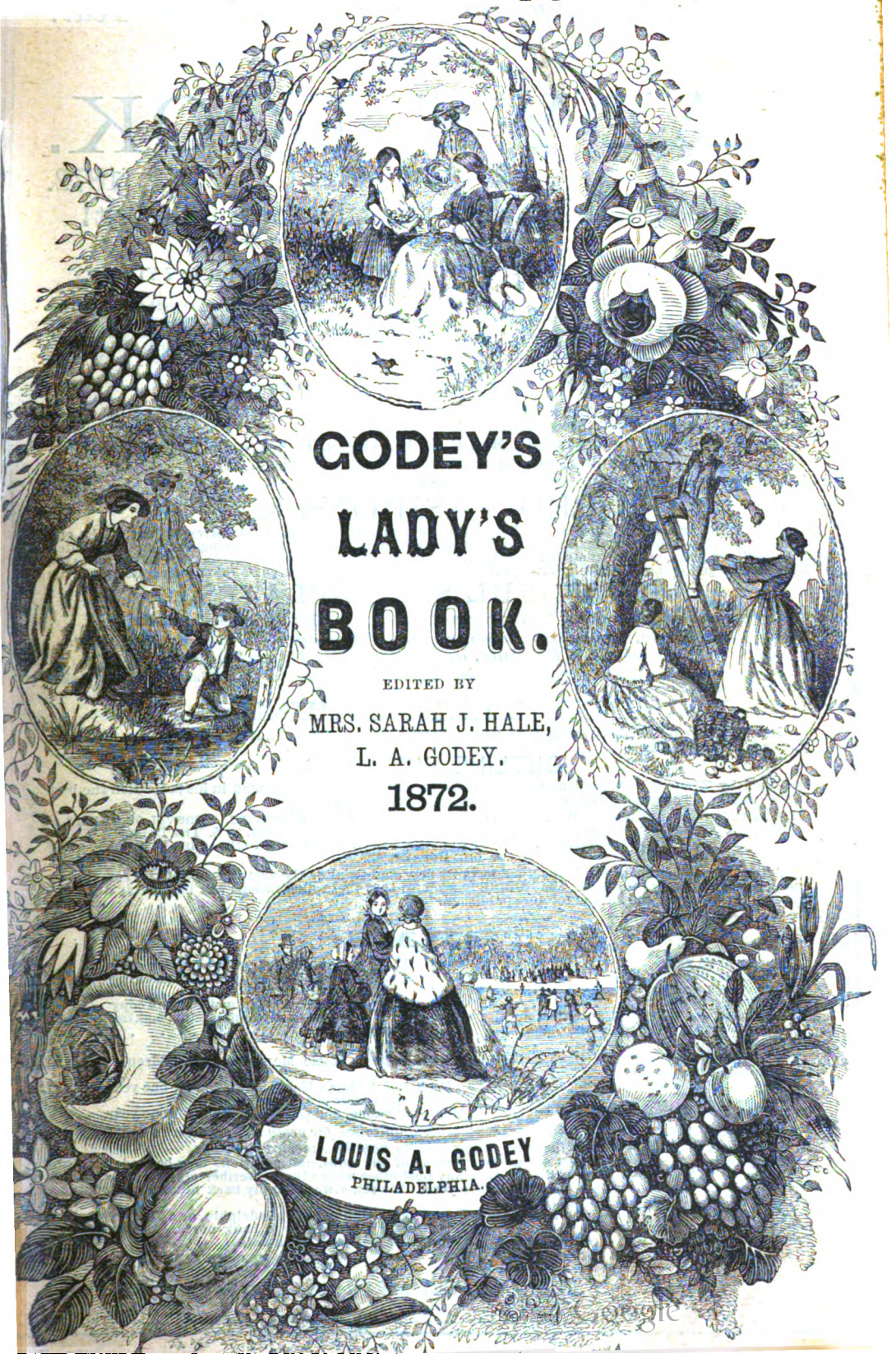
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FASHIONABLE COSTUMES.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)





FIG. 8.

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Fig. 4.



Fig. 5

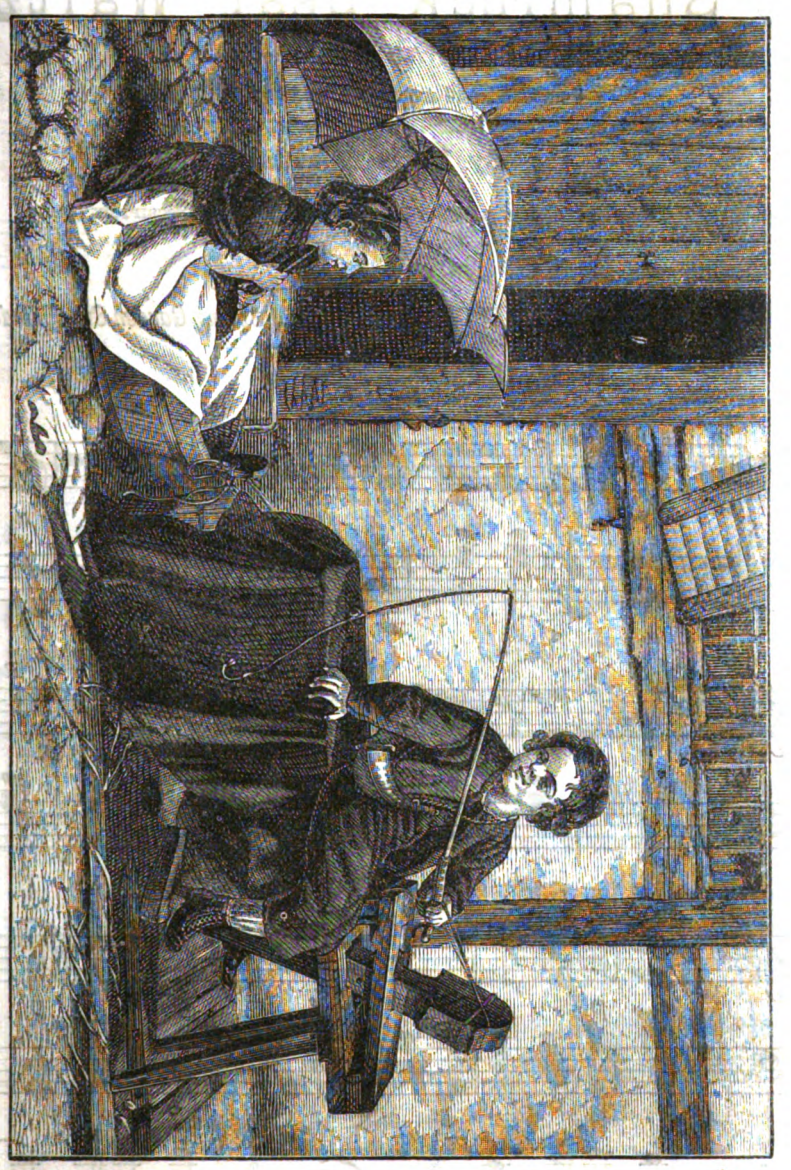


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

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A SLEIGH RIDE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

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To Miss Nellie Harry.
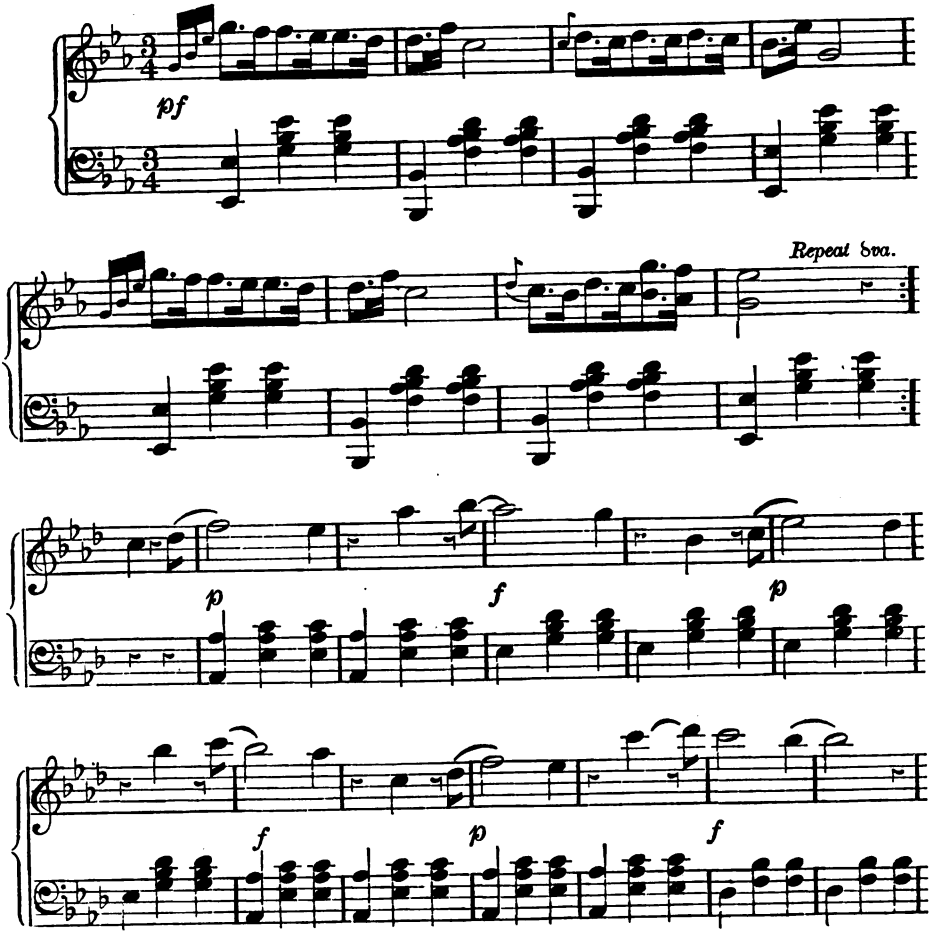
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Composed and arranged for the PIANO-FORTE
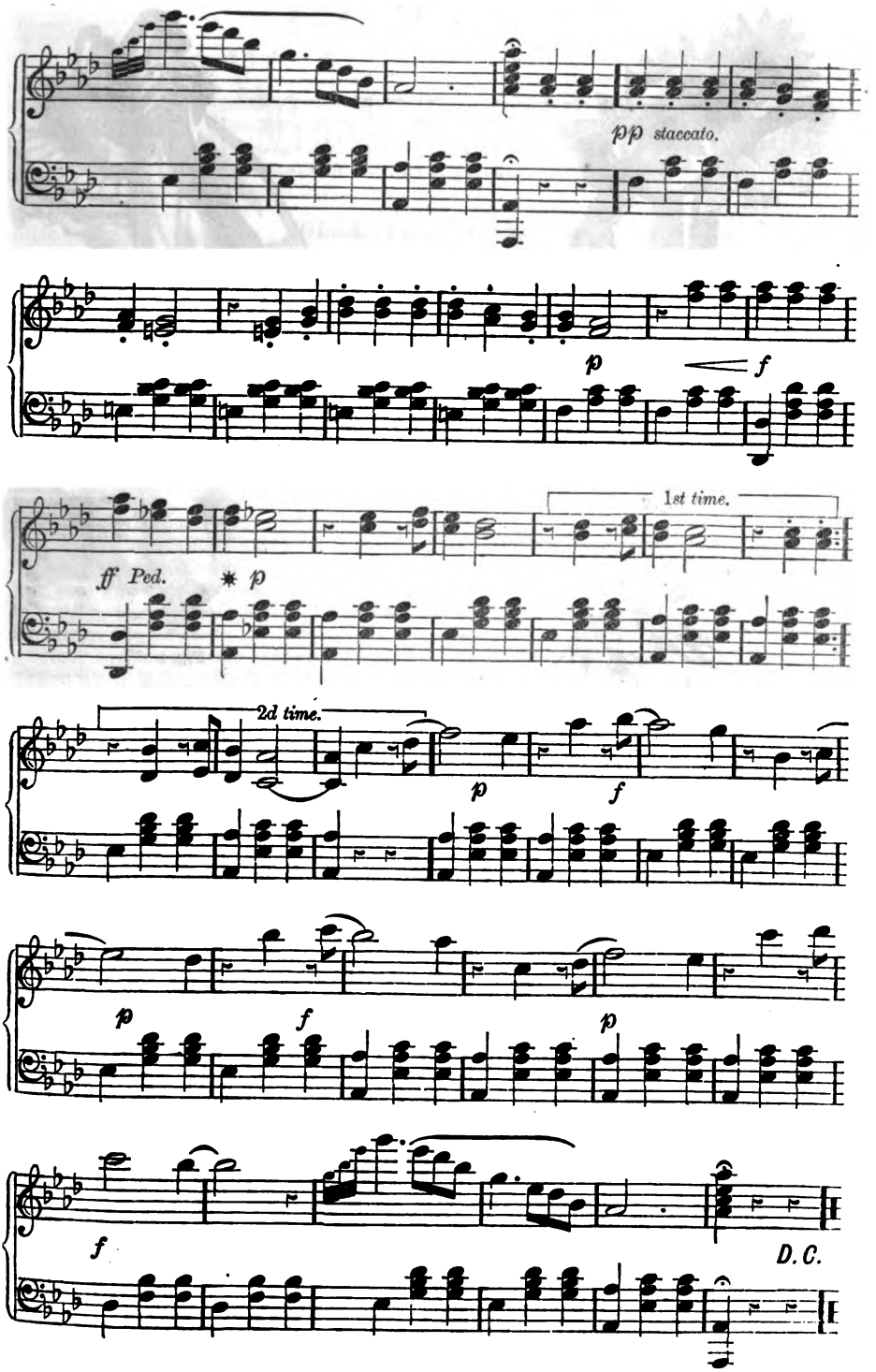
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BONNETS.

(*See Description, Fashion Department.*)

Fig. 1.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 4.



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GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIV.—NO. 500.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1872.

ABIGAIL'S WAITING.

A FAMILY CHRONICLE FOUNDED UPON, AND BUILT WITH, FACTS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

"I WASN'T surprised when I heard you had taken to story-writing," said Aunt Anne, unfolding the unfinished stocking I could have been sure was twin to that I had left her at work upon, twenty years before. "It runs in the family, you know."

"No?" I returned, interested on the instant. "From whom is the gift inherited?"

"That is more than I can tell you, if you mean where the faculty started in the beginning. But I can trace it back four generations, at least. There was your own grandmother on your mother's side, for instance. I've heard men like Doctor Speece and John Randolph say she was the best classical scholar of her sex and day they ever talked with, and she was forever busy with her pen. It wasn't so customary for people to print their writings in those times, but her letters and poems were *beautiful!* And she'd tell such stories to us in the winter evenings as would make us cry and laugh together. She was a genius, and a delightful singer, and very lovely in person and disposition. Then there was my first cousin, Thomas Willard. He was an editor, and would have been famous, only he died young. My Will—but you read his one book and the magazine articles that made such a noise. I have everything he ever printed, in the big oak chest up stairs, along with the family Bible and my husband's wedding coat. The last article was a camp letter that came out in a Richmond paper. We had just read it the day we heard from Gettysburg."

I did not look at her, but I heard the regular click of her needles as I turned my face aside and gazed out of the window, over the line of winter-gray hills to the northeastern horizon—the quarter whence the news had come that broke the father's heart, and caused the mother to take up the touching lament—"These two things have come upon me in one day—loss of children and widowhood!" I knew what Will Moore had been to those he left in the homestead, when he buttoned the gray coat over a swelling heart, and gave a rakish slouch to the military cap, lest the light should sparkle upon the water that stood in his eyes. I could see the evergreens in the family graveyard at the foot of the garden, from where I sat; knew under which the father's white head was pillowed, just two months after they "heard from Gettysburg." There was a space on either side of him for another grave. That on the right was to be filled by his wife; that on the left was meant for one who would never be laid there. Ah, well! the earth covered the boy as kindly and securely in the far northern battle-ground, the sun shone as brightly, the grass was as green. What mattered the separation of the kindred dust so long as the spirits of father and son roamed the heavenly fields in company?

My eyes returned to the figure at the fireside—a comely old lady in a widow's dress, with eyes that saw too far, in these latter days, to be always mournful, and lips whose law was always that of kindness.

"But, Aunt Anne," I said, "you have mentioned but three in whom this scribbling propensity was developed. Were any other members of our family given to the same indulgence?"

"There have been clergymen by the score. I suppose they hardly come under the head of authors. And plenty of lawyers. You would call them makers of fiction, wouldn't you?" with a smile at the guileless satire. "But have you never heard of your great-aunt-in-law, Mrs. Abigail Carter, wife of Colonel Frank Carter, who fought in the Revolution? He lived and died on this plantation; indeed, he built this part of the house just before he married the first time, for Abigail was his sec-

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ond wife. There is no portrait of the first, but *hers* is the fourth on the right-hand side as you go into the parlor from this room."

"I have noticed it. It is the lady in brown brocade and cherry breast-knot. Her hair is dressed in close curls on the temples, and she has a sampler in her hand."

"Something that looks like a sampler, but it isn't. It was a piece of her own work that the Colonel insisted upon her holding while the painting was made. I heard all about it while I was on a visit here in 1828 or '9. She was quite an old lady then, and her hair was like silver, but she wore it in the same way, and her hands were as elegant in shape. Her eyes were lively, and her voice sweet and clear as a bell. Her step-daughters were here, too, with their children; they fairly worshipped her. And her husband! It was beautiful to see his pride in and love for her. One doesn't often meet such old married lovers. But she was very lovely, and such excellent company for everybody that she couldn't but be a favorite. I heard the story then, as I said—in whispers and bits, as it were—but I had almost forgotten it until four or five years ago, my Will took it into his head on a rainy day to overhaul a trunk full of letters and papers that was in the garret when I came here to live, after the death of Colonel and Mrs. Carter. My husband was the Colonel's nephew. At the very bottom he found a book bound in leather, stamped in gilt letters on the cover with the name "ABIGAIL CARTER," and nearly filled with her writing. The paper was yellow, with brown spots all over it, as old manuscripts will be, no matter how dry they are kept, but Will never rested until he had made it all out. He read it aloud to his father and myself, after he had been through it once; and when we told him that it was certainly true, just as she had set it down (and my husband said the listening to it was like hearing his aunt speak), Will was as excited as if he had opened a gold mine. Down he sat—it was in his college vacation—and began to copy it out, word for word. I know he intended to have it printed sometime—maybe to work it up into a book—but the war came. It is with the rest of his papers."

She knit away industriously, and I stared into the fire, trying to frame into fitting words the request I did not quite dare to prefer. Presently she resumed:—

"I've often thought of you, dear, since he left us, and wondered if you wouldn't like to read the story. It being true, and about your own kinspeople, it seemed to me likely you'd be interested in it. And I am loth to let it die out of everybody's mind, as it will, if it does not pass out of the keeping of my generation. There is but a handful of us left."

Thus it happened that I read, and carefully compared with the faded original, the heart-history of Abigail Gordon, who married Francis Carter, copied out in clerkly characters by the hand of her descendant—the hand that would never hold pen again.

May 13th, 1802.

"Please get me a new scrap-book," I said to Colonel Carter, when he asked me what he should bring me from Richmond, whither business called him last week. "My old one is full."

He laughed at my moderate desire, likening it to Beauty's request for a rose, when her sisters begged for jewels and fine clothes; but he brought me, upon his return, besides an elegant brown brocade silk, this volume, so gay in its gilded binding, so fresh with its unturned leaves, it is almost a pity to defile it with ink, to use it as I did the bulky book stitched together and covered by myself. Yet there is fitness in the contrast. Times have changed with me as well as books. My shabby, home-made diary was the best I could afford. I have been thinking while sitting here, gazing at the two lying side by side, whether I would, if I could, strike out from my memory so much of my life as is recorded in those two hundred and fifty foolscap pages; put myself back where I stood this day fourteen years ago, and take from that point what seemed then the one easy step to this, as I expected and hoped at that date to do. It is well that GOD does not leave the decision of these knotty questions to us, for the flesh is very weak, human sight very short. HE must have had some gracious purpose in turning me back upon the very edge of the Promised Land, with the smell of the goodly spices, lilies, and tender grapes in my nostrils; the sight of the sweet fields just before me; the sound of fountains, and south wind, and singing-birds in my eager ears, and causing me to wander so long in a dry and bitter desert. But the pilgrimage was a sharp trial.

"You should write it all out, mother," said Frances to me, last night.

She is never tired of catechizing me about my past life; looks upon prosy, practical me as a heroine of romance. Whereas, the truth is, that, but for the happy ending of my probation, my experience is by no means remarkable. It saddens me to think to how few, whose night of weeping has endured longer than did mine, the day ever breaks this side of Jordan. Perhaps they will enjoy the eternal sunlight more for having groped so long in the darkness.

This is a delicious day. My table is drawn up to the open window, about which the white jessamine climbs and flowers luxuriantly. The vine reared from the tiny root I wrapped in moss, and packed in one corner of Frank's knapsack the night of our parting! I thought it strange then that he asked for it, I so hoped he would come back to me in a day or two. It

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was as if he had a presentiment of what was before us. The air is laden with the perfume that hung about another window, where I sat and sewed on that long-ago mid-May day, when, chancing to raise my eyes, I beheld, close to me, outside the casement, a dusty soldier, his hat in his hand, waiting patiently my notice. He was one of a company of Virginia troops just arrived in our village, and had been quartered upon us. I was startled by his appearance, and not appeased when he made known his errand. I foresaw that the entertainment of a stranger would entail more care upon me than suited my taste. Mother was not well that spring, and while it pleased me to play the lady of the house in such matters as giving general orders to the well-trained servants, and sitting at the head of the table, and carrying a jingling bunch of keys fast to a silver chain at my girdle, I did not relish practical housewifery; detested confinement and regular hours. Moreover, to be frank, I was half Tory at heart, a lesson learned secretly from my delicate little mother, whom my father—a sturdy Whig—had transplanted to the then wild Northern Carolinas, like a white English rose, twenty years before. She never took root in the foreign soil, clung to old-world customs and prejudices, and regarded herself as an exile. She "had high notions," said our plainer neighbors, for our house, although not large, was better furnished than theirs; there was more state in our domestic arrangements; and I had a governess, instead of going to school. This last appendage to our household was condemned as shameless extravagance by these good people, and my parents were too independent of their opinion to explain that she was a reduced gentlewoman—my mother's cousin, in fact—who had no other home. We lived upon the outskirts of the village. My father was a planter, and I was eighteen years old when Frank Carter, then a private in the American army, was received as our guest; cordially by my father from the beginning, by my mother and myself because we could not help ourselves. I mention this because it seems so marvellous now, especially when I recollect how soon I learned to love him. I never called the feeling by any other name after the first week he spent with us. Before a fortnight had gone by, I knew that he loved me. I own that this was hasty, that my mother had reason on her side when she held up her hands and cried out vehemently against our betrothment as indecorous and imprudent. But those were not the times for useless and ceremonious delays. Frank might be ordered away at any moment, and we not look upon one another's faces again for months—perhaps never meet more in this world. Love grows and ripens fast under the spell of such thoughts. Then, we had been together daily, almost hourly, and however others might carp and criticise, we two had no doubt that we were following the lead of destiny in vowing to be true to one another so long as we both should live. All this while I knew my Frank only as a private soldier, fighting on foot in the ranks of the Continental army, and dependent, for aught I could say to the contrary, upon the scanty pay doled out to the patriots when there chanced to be any money in the national treasury. By and by, after he had had a formal business talk with father, mother told me a different story. I was going to marry into one of the best families in Virginia. Frank was descended from good old English stock, and he would be rich in time.

"That is, if the rebellion should succeed, which is very doubtful," added mother, trying to conceal her satisfaction at my prospects under a show of defiant loyalty to king and country.

For all that, I think she hoped that the Colonies would make good their assertion of independence. She loved her husband, and she loved me, and she was fast learning to love Frank. Who did not that knew him? There was no more popular man in his regiment, which was chiefly made up of gentlemen and gentlemen's sons. By the time he had been a week in our village, every dog and child knew and would follow him for a word or caress. Blessed is he whom dumb animals and babies love!

Did I know how highly-favored I was among women? I doubt it. True, I said to myself that I was perfectly happy. I remember the queer, giddy rush of rapture that overwhelmed me, once in a while, when I went to church, or walked the village streets with my noble soldier-lover, and saw how the gaze of all lingered upon his tall, erect figure and handsome, bronzed face, and the eyes that were so merry, yet could be so tender; how I wondered, dizzily, if it were not too good to be true, that he had really chosen me out of the whole world, and would make me his wife before long; that, happen what might, I was henceforth to be nearest and dearest to him of all living things. I believed, too, that nothing this side of heaven could be more entrancing than the moonlight evenings we enjoyed in company, sittting upon the steps of the south porch—the one overrun most thickly with the white jessamine that grew, like a wild creeper, all along the front of the house. It was never out of bloom that summer, and I cannot recall a night without a moon. There must have been, of course, for Frank was with us two months, and I shall never forget how the new moon looked the night he went away. Still, as I was saying, I was too ignorant of life and life's changes to understand that mine was an unusual lot. It was only what I had expected all through my undisciplined, dreaming girlhood. I had been on the look-out for the fairy prince ever since I was allowed to put up my curls with a new,

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real tortoise-shell comb, and that he had appeared was not to be wondered at, however I might rejoice in it.

Many a girl's love—genuine, lasting love—is mixed with the alloy of vanity, and coquetry, and ungenerous triumph over those less fortunate than herself, although, Heaven knows, often more worthy. I am afraid I was not a better woman for this great happiness. It is certain that I was selfish in my enjoyment of it. I hope I had too much sense and taste to give myself unbecoming airs, in virtue of my new riches; but inwardly I thanked—not the Giver of every good and perfect gift—but my own charms—my bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and ready tongue; my superiority in education and refinement to those about me—that I was not as other girls of eighteen were. I need not wrinkle my smooth forehead, or muddy my complexion, by anxieties about my future. My fortune had been laid at my feet, instead of my going forth to seek it. I was but a child, after all, an only and a spoiled child at that. The furnace-fires of the Father's wise love, not His wrath, purge our best affections from such unsightly and hurtful dross.

Two months, then—eight swift weeks—sixty-one golden, fragrant days—had sped by, and with no boding of sorrow or evil upon my young heart, I stood in the south porch, at sunset of a July day, watching for Frank's return from the afternoon drill. Mother had a headache; Cousin Abigail was at a neighbor's, helping nurse a sick child; and father was away from home. Frank and I were to be left to ourselves at supper-time; and I had ordered the cream-waffles, and fried chicken, of which he was particularly fond, with coffee, fresh pound cake, and strawberry preserves, and dressed myself in white muslin, with jessamine stars in my hair, to do honor to his little feast. I felt fresh and joyous, although I had been hard at work all day upon a cartridge-box cover intended as a surprise for Frank. I had embroidered the canvas sides without exciting his suspicions, leaving him to suppose that they were for a work-bag. Every stitch was set to the music of my happy heart-beats; every leaf and tint had its association with loving thoughts of him. I had worked him into it, all over, although other eyes could only see two nosegays of roses, lilies, clove pinks, and the like, bordered with a wreath of white jessamine—*our* flower from the instant he saw me, for the first time, framed by its branches, at the south window. I had coaxed the village saddler to cut out the morocco pieces for the ends and flap, and to stitch the buckles on the straps, also to lend me an awl to puncture the holes for my needle. The rest I did myself, and many a sore prick my fingers received in the task. But it was finished, and very handsome it was, and how pleased my darling would be when I should rip away the tattered covers from the wooden frame he had used ever since his enlistment, and slip on the new one! said I to myself, with all manner of other sweet and pleasant things, idly noticing, the while, the bank of dun-colored cloud lying in wait on the tree-tops for the sinking sun; the shining rim that a few moments later showed where he had been swallowed up; the glittering dust in the public road, raised by a horseman going toward the country and by a drove of cows coming into the village, and humming a little love-song Frank had taught me. At last I saw him walking up the lane, faster than usual, because he was late, I supposed. Just before he reached me, I stepped down into the path to meet him, and as I did so, I caught a glimpse of a pale young moon in the west.

"O Frank!" I cried, in pretended distress, "I have seen the new moon over my left shoulder. He did not say a word, only took me in his arms, there in the broad daylight, and out of doors, in sight of everybody who might be passing, and kissed me again and again. I was frightened and angry, until I looked in his face and saw that he was pale as death, and his dear eyes full of tears. Then I begged him to tell me "all."

He kept back nothing. The regiment was to march in an hour, and there would be a battle on the morrow, with superior numbers, too. If victorious, he would come back to me in a few days. If not, it might be a weary while before we met again. I did not scream or faint. I even urged him to eat his supper, while I packed his knapsack—for was he not my promised husband?—and filled with my own hands the new cartridge-box I had prepared. We said, "Good-by!" on the door-step, the jessamine streamers brushing our heads, as he stooped to lay his cheek to mine for the last time, and the faint, young moon looking sorrowfully at us as she entered the lead-colored cloud in the horizon.

"If all goes well with us, you will hear from me very soon," he said. "If not, dear, trust in GOD! He will never forsake or disappoint you, and He lives forever!"

I did not take in the full meaning of the words when they were spoken. I hope to tell through all eternity how much they signified to me in the many days of darkness to which this farewell was but the gentle twilight.

The battle did take place—a desperate one, in which the patriots were driven back many miles from their original position, with great loss. The victors poured into our little village, flooding it with a racketing, riotous rabble, foraging and pillaging, without let or stay, for a whole day, until their officers could restore discipline. Our able-bodied men were all absent with the army, where my father would also have been, but for the lameness left by a violent attack of rheumatism. August, September, October, and November dragged wretch-

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edly by, and there was neither message nor letter from Frank—only a report brought in by an escaped scout to the effect that he had been seen to fall among the first that went down before the British fire, a rumor that every day made more likely. In December my father died suddenly from rheumatism of the heart, leaving us almost penniless. The executor told me this before that fearfully stormy February day, when I watched beside my mother's death-bed. She had never held up her head after her husband's funeral. I could feel and say even then, "The will of the Lord be done!" for she had not guessed how near the wolf was to the door, and she was utterly unfit to struggle with poverty. The plantation was heavily mortgaged, and there were no servants to work it, our best "hands" having been enticed or driven away by the enemy. The war had made all other kinds of property worthless. There was no use puzzling over the manner in which the sum was worked. The total was plain to sight, and it was "Ruin." Beggary or hard work—these were the alternatives set before my timid, terrified cousin-governess and myself. We could ply neither trade with any hope of success in the war-swept region in which we were. The winter was very severe. Between the frost and the royal troops, hardly enough remained by spring to keep a field-mouse alive. I sold everything that anybody would buy, gave away what I could not sell, and, slipping through the red-coat lines, made my way, slowly and arduously, with my one companion, northward. My mother's sister lived in Philadelphia, and I had a shadowy idea that she would find me work.

In Richmond my cousin sickened and lay ill so long that when she died I had to apply to the town poormaster for means to bury her. The thought came to me, as I stood by the narrow pit into which they were lowering the unpainted pine coffin, what my mother would have felt and said had she been told that one of her kindred—a Gordon in blood and name—who had formed a part of her own household, would fill a pauper's grave. But I was past being hurt by this or any other stroke to my pride. I was thankful—I could never be glad again, so I believed—that my cousin—dear, patient, unworldly sufferer!—had got rid of this wearisome thing men call existence, and I wished, with a sort of leaden, dull heartache I ought to have got used to by this time, that I could be buried up with her, end my journey and my cares there. I did not weep over the humble mound covering my last earthly friend. Nor did I pray that the affliction might make me more fit to rejoin those who had gone before me to the land where none say, "I am sick," where sorrow and crying are exchanged for crowns and psalms.

I only kept saying over and over to myself, in a stupid way: "'This life which is a continual death,' 'a continual death,' 'a continual death!'"

Had I not found it so? First, my Frank gave up his breath in that bloody fight; then, both my parents were taken; and, now, the kinswoman whose namesake and pet I was. All within one year! It was a July sun that beat sickeningly upon my head as I turned from the grave to answer the questions of a curious or conscientious man who had directed the sexton's movements.

"Must make an entry of the burial, you see," he said, producing a well-thumbed book from his pocket. "'Abigail Gordon, spinster,' you say?" writing it down. "No use asking her age. Spinsters never rise twenty-five. From North Carolina, I understand? That's all I want."

The colored sexton shouldered his spade and pickaxe, wound up the cord used in letting down the coffin, and went off whistling in one direction, the other man in another. I trudged back from the Potter's Field to my miserable lodgings; paid my bill with the last valuable I had—my father's watch—and, rather than trespass upon the grudged charity of my late hosts, set out to inquire, from door to door, for a situation as nursery-governess, seamstress, chambermaid, scullion—anything by which I could keep myself from vagrancy and starvation. I could not expect any but an humble position, dressed as I was in my threadbare mourning, and confessing with my first utterance to each person I accosted that I was a stranger in the city, without references or credentials. Yet if I had hoped at all, I should have aspired to something a degree better than the post of maid-of-all-work in the family of a man who kept a low grocery and liquor store, and lived in the same building. But I had a room to myself, and I stayed a month. My mistress was a coarse, raw-boned slattern, and a virago as well; the children were ungovernable; the place a hell by night with the fights and swearing below, and uncomfortable as dirt and ill-temper could make it by day. I had no other hole in which to hide, and my sensibilities were benumbed, so I did not mind all this so much as I did the familiarity of the master of the premises, when he, one day, in a drunken fit, offered to kiss me. I broke away from him unaided, his wife being absent at the time, flew up to my garret-chamber, made my clothes into a bundle, ran down stairs and out at the front door, and never saw him or his house again. It was a humiliation, yet it did me thus much good. It proved that I could feel and act upon that emotion.

My next venture was as seamstress—the helper of an overworked mantua-maker, whose customers were all from the lower walks of life, most of them negroes. She was kind to me, and I smothered my disgust and labored, early

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and late, for eighteen months in the low-ceiled hut—it was scarcely more—breathing bad air winter and summer, for the place was never clean, until my employer married her second husband, and had no further use for my services. She was going to give up work, she said, and I fancy she thought me too good-looking to be a safe inmate of her new home. She made me a little present in money on her wedding-day, and when I put it with the scanty earnings I had hoarded up, I cried for joy at discovering that it would just take me to Philadelphia. I had not written to my aunt except just after my mother's death to announce that event. I sent a letter before me, now, to ask for employment, and followed by the cheapest conveyances I could procure. It cost me some trouble and much perplexity to find my mother's sister. I had not expected that she would be so great a lady and live in so grand a house. Her husband was an army-contractor, and, famishing though the soldiers were said to be, the business must have been a profitable one, for everything in his style of living was on a very liberal scale—except my wages. My aunt would not hear of my attempting to earn my living.

"It would be a lasting disgrace to the family," she said. "My poor sister would not rest in her grave if I were to allow it. She, who thought so much of the Gordon name that she married her cousin, we used to say because she didn't think any other family in the land was fit to mate with hers! No, my sweet niece! my house must be your home until you leave it for one of your own. If you must have some nominal duties in order that you may feel independent, you may play at teaching my cherubs, look after their clothes, and so forth, and be happy as your mother's daughter ought to be."

Then she embraced me. The plain English of all this was that I was to live ten years under that roof, a drudge, who was thanked superfluously with words, and paid for excessive and wearing labors with her board, lodging, and the cast-off clothes of her taskmistress. I slept in the room with two of the "cherubs;" washed and dressed all four, and made and mended their clothes; heard their lessons; took them out to walk, and bore, without the right of complaint, all their humors and petty tyranny; dressed my young lady-cousins for parties, and balls, and dinners; and, lest time should go heavily while I sat up for their return, nearly every night, had set tasks of embroidery of various kinds.

"Active employment is beneficial for the mind and body," my aunt would say, when she allotted each new burden, and I thought, but never spoke, of the Israelites in Egypt.

I was thirty years old when one who was a true gentleman, with birth, breeding, and wealth to support his claim to the title, sought my acquaintance; contrived to improve it by escorting me home from church, and meeting me when I was walking with the children—finally offered to marry me. He was a childless widower of forty, with no near relatives except a married sister. I had heard of people being haunted by the shades of the loved and departed, but the night succeeding this proposal, I learned for myself what such visitations were. I had watched out the small hours, being in an agony of indecision. My life was so mean and barren nowadays, had been so overloaded with sorrow in those that were past, that any change seemed welcome. I told myself that Mr. Seabrook merited my affection, as he had won my esteem; that the lot he offered me was like release from a hateful prison-house; that, since youth and its dreams had gone forever, it behooved me to make provision for old age and possible ill health. And how could this be done so surely as by accepting the hand of this kind and honorable gentleman? His was the only offer I had had in twelve years. It was not likely that the opportunity would be repeated shortly, if ever. I had told him I never meant to marry, and he had entreated me to think the matter over for one day more. No doubt my hesitation must have seemed odd enough to him, for he knew what my circumstances were. I had fallen asleep about four o'clock—a restless, unrefreshing slumber, when I thought that I opened my eyes upon Frank Carter standing at my bedside. He had a spray of white jessamine in his hand, and laid it on my pillow. It was wet with dew, and smelled just as that did at home on the moonlight nights, when we sat together, hand in hand, on the doorstep.

"O Abby!" he said, in tender reproach, "can't you wait for me a little longer? just a little longer?"

I could feel his kiss upon my lips, and still smell the jessamine, when I awoke myself with my sobbing. I told Mr. Seabrook all about it the next day.

"He has been in his grave twelve years," said I, "but his image is as fresh in my heart as if we had parted yesterday. It would be a sin for me to marry any other man while this is so."

"You are right," he answered. "But few women are so faithful. I doubt if men ever are. I will not press you further, but I can never be less than your friend."

He kissed my hand at that and went away, and I cried heartily because I could not love him as he deserved to be loved. He sent his sister to see me, and to her, under Heaven, I owe the happiness of my after life. It was through her influence that I obtained the place of assistant in a large and popular boarding school for young ladies, much to my aunt's displeasure. She never visited or spoke to me after this glaring instance of disobedience and

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ingratitude. My new life was very pleasant, and my duties light, in comparison with the burden I had carried so long. I taught the primary classes in English, and instructed the larger girls in fine needlework, embroidery, and painting upon velvet, and heartily enjoyed their society and my occupation.

One October day there appeared in my sewing class two new faces, fine frank ones, too, belonging to sisters, nine and eleven years old. They clung together, and looked so abashed by the formidable array of strangers, that I pitied them, and instead of speaking to them across the room, went up close to their seat, and laid my hand encouragingly upon the shoulder of the elder, as I asked what were their names.

"Frances and Maria Carr," so I interpreted the shy whisper, twice repeated at my request, and thus it went down in my class-book.

If I had made any mistake in the surname, nobody corrected it, and I soon ceased to use it, as I became better acquainted with the girls. They were from Virginia, and the discovery that this was so did not lessen the liking that I had conceived for them from the first. They returned my partiality in abundant measures, and we were on affectionate terms before they had been my pupils a month. When I found out that they were motherless, and had no visiting places in Philadelphia, I invited them to run into my room whenever they felt like it; let them talk as freely as their warm hearts prompted, of home and neighborhood gossip and "papa." About the middle of December, Frances was confined to her bed by a cold, and the principal permitted me to remove her to my chamber, where I might nurse her and give her as much of my company as my school-duties allowed. The dear child was charmed with the arrangement, and so grateful for the little I could do for her, that the charge was a pleasure, not a care; to me.

We were all three together on the 23d of December, sitting around my cheerful fire, Frances in an easy chair, Maria and I busy with our needles. "Papa" had almost promised to pay his daughters a flying visit during the holidays, and each had prepared a present for him. Maria's was a buckskin tobacco pouch, worked with silk and beads; Frances had half finished a pair of braces, when she was taken sick, and I had gone on with them, much to her delight.

"Where did you learn so many beautiful stitches, Miss Gordon?" she inquired, watching the pattern as it grew under my hand. "How many do you know in all?"

"About a dozen, I believe," I replied, "And my teacher was my governess, an English lady."

"That is funny!" prattled on the child. "The handsomest piece of tapestry I ever saw until I came here was worked by an English lady. So Aunt Margaret—papa's sister—told me. She made it into a work-bag for me, but charged me to take great care of it, and not to let papa see it, for it would make him feel badly maybe. He loved the lady very dearly, but she died, or ran away, or something else dreadful. It almost killed him, Aunt Margaret said, but after awhile he got over it and married mamma, who had been just like a sister to him always. 'Ria,' won't you please get the bag out of my trunk? There are some stitches I want to know the names of."

I was counting the stitches on the last row of my work, and did not take my eyes from it until Maria laid upon my knee the very cover I had embroidered for Frank's cartridge box! I must have behaved like one demented, for when I found my senses and right words, I was kissing the embroidery as if it had been alive and conscious. Frances looked scared, and little Maria had begun to cry. It was this, I believe, that brought me to. * * * *

I can't write down all that happened in the next few days, but this is not because I have forgotten one of the events which crowded thick and fast upon me. Colonel Carter came on Christmas Day, and when introduced to his daughter's teacher and nurse, recognized me at once. I had not anticipated this. Still less had I dared hope that his love would revive with all the fervor of youthful passion when he found that I was alive and single. He had sought me in vain when military engagements suffered him to re-visit my old home. With infinite trouble he had traced me to Richmond, then to the Potters' Field, having learned accidentally that a woman named Gordon had been buried there in July. Inquiry of the official who had jested over my poor cousin's newly-made grave, led to an examination of his book. There he read, "Abigail Gordon, Spinster. Aged 20. Birthplace, North Carolina." Col. Carter erected a headstone above the neglected grave, and had the weeds cut down. I was grateful that it was thus honored, even by mistake. Then he went home, to mourn for me in bitterness of soul, as I had for him. A year later he married an orphan cousin who had lived with his mother from her babyhood, and of whom she was extremely fond. Not even the knowledge of this could disturb the full peace of my soul in the thought that he was given back to my yearning heart. I felt sure, although he did not say it in so many words, that he was all the time waiting for me in spirit.

We were married on New Year's Day. Frank would not lose sight of me again. We brought our children home with us.

Will Moore's copy broke off here, for there was a lapse of several months between this and the next entry. Evidently Mistress Abigail Carter found happiness and wedlock unfavorable to the habit of journalizing. On

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"Oct. 9th" there was a memorandum in a bolder hand.

"*This morning, at half-past six o'clock, our boy,* HENRY GORDON CARTER, *was born. He is a fine child. Weight, ten pounds. The mother is glad, and doing well. Bless the Lord, O my soul!*"

The births of three other children were recorded by the same hand within the next six years, and when the youngest was four summers old, the mother resumed the pen. Homely chronicles, but pleasant, of plantation life, were set down in her genial style; comic and deep sayings of "the children;" bits of moralizing; criticisms of books she was reading, usually "with Frank;" and as time went on, graver thoughts upon life and the beyond she felt she was nearing; aspirations after purer and higher things than the fleeting joys of earth; until within three leaves of the end of the book, a record was set in the middle of the page.

"*May 15th*, 1830. *My beloved husband passed before me into the visible presence of the Lord this day at sunset. I must wait yet a little while until my change come. Even so, Father, for so it seems good in Thy sight!*"

"You wouldn't believe," said dear Aunt Anne, as I softly shut the book, and fell into a reverie, hearkening to the drip of the February rain and the shrill sigh of the night wind, "that the white jessamine she talks so much about is alive still—or another that has come up from the old root—and that it blooms every summer!"

"Oh, yes!" I answered, dreamily, my thoughts still roaming back through the twilight vistas I had been traversing all the evening, "I do believe it. I could believe, too, that it will never die."

ELVA.

BY ANNA E. C. ADAMS.

VEILED are Elva's lovely eyes;
How quietly the maiden lies;
How sweetly on her tranquil breast
Her snowy hands enfolded rest!

How calm her pencill'd brow—how meek!
How pure her ringlet shaded cheek!
Not whiter winter's fleecy flake.
When will the lovely one awake?

Alas, her eyes will not unclose!
We cannot break her deep repose,
For Elva's cheek is cold as clay,
Her gentle breath has pass'd away.

Oh, make her grave in shaded spot,
Where winter's rudest breath comes not;
Where bloom the earliest flowers of spring,
And birds her requiem may sing.

To be always contented—consider that you will never in this life be free from annoyances, and that you may as well bear them patiently as fret about them.

MANAGEMENT *vs.* MONEY;

OR, HOW WE FURNISHED OUR HOUSES.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

ANNIE DUNCAN and I were schoolmates, and have been all our lives together. Her father was wealthy, while my own dear papa is a genteel poor man. She has been used all her life to having the best of everything, while mamma and I have had all manner of shifts to make, to keep up a decent, respectable-looking house and table, and tasteful adornments for our persons. Nevertheless, we *did* keep up, and I believe that the very necessity for exertion and management has benefitted me more than all the accomplishments secured at our fashionable school by my dear mother's unselfish sacrifices.

When my old silk would grow dull and frayed, and the trimming faded, I would rip it all to pieces, turn it, press it, get fresh trimming and binding, and come out fresh and new; while Annie, knowing no necessity for economizing, gave no thought to her soiled dresses, but purchased new ones.

These little things are great aids in forming character. Necessity is the mother of all effort, and my dear Annie often exclaimed in wonder at the metamorphosis produced in my attire by a little time and skill, and the outlay of, perhaps, a dollar or two.

Two years ago Annie's father died, and his family were astounded to find that his debts would swallow up all, save only the old homestead. For awhile it was thought that this, too, must go, but the creditors were kind, and the homeplace was saved.

One year ago Annie and I were married on the same day to our hearts' chosen ones. Both our husbands are clerks, with salaries about equal. We have boarded a year and saved all we could, for Annie is sacrificing enough, as to dress. Besides, she was very well provided for, having such good things during her father's life. And now that her mourning is over, with my past experience in "that line," and the aid of a dressmaker occasionally, she manages to make very little expense as to dressing.

Now our husbands have taken houses next door to each other, for our sakes, for we are as great friends as ever; and we expect to be, for the next week or two, busier than bees, furnishing our little nests, cosey and pretty as they can be. We have both decided to do our own work, with the aid of a chore-girl, sending the washing out. And the great question is, "What shall I buy?"

My motto is, "Expediency and Taste." Annie says she will have "the best, or none." Mr. Duncan says she is to do exactly as she likes with the means they possess, and my dear Frederick gives me the same privilege. He says that home is the "woman's kingdom,"

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where she always ought to reign queen, and that every good husband ought to obey her in her little arrangements, and make as pleasant and obedient a subject as possible. He says that annoyances and griefs *will* sometimes enter, but that so long as she feels that the homage is given her which is due to every good wife and mother, all other annoyances will dwindle into insignificance. So we are to do as we please about our house-furnishing. And as our ideas of the matter are so different, we have each agreed to go alone and select the things, saying nothing to each other or to our husbands on the subject till it is all done. This will be hard to do. It will necessitate a whole week's separation, but we are to drop notes to each other in the evening, and chat upon any other than the interdicted subject. At the end of the week, we are to visit each other with our items, bills, etc., and compare notes.

THE RESULT.

Well, the long week is over. Yet I have been so entirely occupied and interested that it has not seemed long. I think work is the best time-killer in the world—I mean, of course, work which we are interested in. Any *forced* work is like that of the poor horses in a tread-mill or a street-car. But I forget. We have been so busy that our evening notes had positively nothing in them. The one absorbing topic was tabooed. So we had little more to say than "DEAR ANNIE: I get along very well, indeed; only am too weary to have anything to write. Had no interruption in my labors. Dear Fred wanted me to go to the concert last evening, but I declined; thought it would be so much nicer when we could go together—all of us. Your loving KATE."

Well, that is as much as was written at any time through the week. The grand visits of inspection have taken place, and I give the result. For my own share, I will copy my diary for the week.

MEMORANDA.

Monday.—As I am to do my own work, I shall be obliged to make the back parlor my sitting-room through the day. There is a nice closet in it, where I can store my workboxes and sewing, so I can keep it tidy and still do my sewing there. As I am not sure how my money will hold out, I will get the *necessary* things first, and not commence on too expensive a plan. There is a nice little range in the kitchen, and a Latrobe in the dining-room. I will furnish these two first, and to-day.

P. M. I went to a good furnishing store and got a complete set for the kitchen for thirty dollars. It has a painted floor, so I shall not have to get oilcloth. For my dining-room I got a nice matting for the summer. Next winter it must have a carpet of oak and green. My neat little sideboard, dining-table, chairs, crockery ware, and all, cost me seventy-five dollars. I have plenty of linen, which my dear mamma gave me. I had the men arrange everything in order, so that is my *first* day's work.

Tuesday.—I got a *good* three-ply carpet for both parlors and hall alike. It is green, with a small gold leaf, and I think is very pretty. The sixty yards cost one hundred and twenty dollars. A neat set of parlor furniture—walnut and green—cost me one hundred dollars; hat stand, fifteen dollars; stair carpet to match the other, fifteen dollars; a neat mirror, fifteen dollars; and one extra table, very nice, twenty-five dollars. I paid the men to come and put down the carpets, ten dollars; they will be through to-morrow. So much for to-day. I like my things very much, now that I have them here alone, away from their gorgeous surroundings. They looked rather poor there in comparison, but here they look good, fresh, and tasteful.

Wednesday.—To-day I remain at the house, superintending matters, and have bought nothing more. All the carpets are down, the furniture arranged, the mirror hung, and it really looks very nice, but rather blank and bare yet, as there are no ornaments of any description. Well, the necessary articles first; after that, the beautiful, if I can afford it, or as much of it as I can afford.

Thursday.—Furnished my bedrooms. I selected a pretty wool carpet, the best ingrain, for both rooms, as they can be thrown together. I chose a lavender and scarlet, with a small, neat, arabesque design. I think it very tasteful. Cost of fifty yards, at a dollar and a quarter per yard, sixty-two dollars and fifty cents. I got a pretty walnut set for the front room for a hundred dollars; and for the other, a neat oak set at fifty-five dollars. My chamber ware cost seven and three dollars, making ten dollars. Making and putting down the carpets will be ten dollars more. Adding my purchases up, I find that I have spent six hundred and forty-two dollars and fifty cents. Throw off the seven dollars and a half for contingencies, it makes an even six hundred and fifty dollars. As I had just seven hundred and fifty dollars with which to furnish my little house, I shall have one hundred dollars left for the beautifying. I long ago thought *that* over, but to-morrow will tell.

Friday.—Well, the dear house looks like "home" already. I can hardly keep it to myself any longer. But Fred says he won't come till I am through, and that "we must not move in before Monday;" that "it is bad luck to move on Friday or Saturday," and a dozen other teazing things, so I will spend my other hundred for ornaments.

3 P. M. I bought two large chromos—"Whittier's Birthplace," and the "Crown of New England." These were fifteen dollars each,

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and the frames for both ten dollars more, which makes forty dollars. Then two of Rogers's Statuettes, at fifteen dollars each—thirty dollars. I chose "Coming to the Parson," and the "Foundling." All this was easily decided, but the other thirty dollars, what *should* I do with it? I wanted the "Yo-Semite Valley," which, with the frame, is thirty-one dollars and a half. I wanted very much Rogers's large group of the "Council of War," which would cost twenty-five dollars. But, owing to the arrangement of my rooms, two smaller chromos would look better than either of the above. So, after looking and studying the matter well, I bought "Sunset in California," after Bierstadt; and "Correggio's Magdalen," which, framed, would just take the thirty dollars.

Now, I am through *my* task, and am entirely satisfied. It is wonderful how much more satisfying these things are after one gets them home. Every thing is beautiful only by comparison, and my "Sunset" picture is as beautiful here in my cosey parlor as the large "Yo-Semite Valley" was in the art store. And my "Coming to the Parson" makes a finer show in my room than the larger groups did where so many were standing around. On the whole, I think my money well laid out. I only hope Fred would think so, too. I know he will *say* he is satisfied, but I can tell if there is a doubt in his mind. In the morning I shall bring over my vases and china ornaments. That will give the needful home-look, and I think we shall enjoy it here *so* much!

Saturday Night. We have called upon each other, and, oh! my dear Annie, she hasn't her house *half* full. She got her kitchen and back bed-room things first, so as to be sure and have some way to live for awhile. Then she bought an elegant parlor carpet, cost for the rooms and hall two hundred and fifty dollars. Her parlor set was two hundred dollars. So there was four hundred and fifty dollars, and the one hundred dollars which she had set apart for ornaments made it five hundred and fifty dollars. For this one hundred dollars she got a single painting; she wouldn't have a chromo, she said. Her back chamber and kitchen furniture took the other two hundred, so she hasn't a cent for front chamber, dining-room, stair carpet, hatstand, or anything.

Mr. Duncan says he is satisfied, but Fred says he wagers that John wishes that his wife had been brought up to understand expediency. His last words to me were:—

"How glad I am that my darling hadn't a wealthy father! You have done more with seven hundred and fifty dollars than any other little woman in the city could have done. Why, Katy, dear, it's a perfect little Paradise!"

May it always prove a Paradise to us!

THE LAST RIDE.

BY C. S.

Upon the rest of the forest road
Breaks the tramp of a hurrying steed;
Of one who needs not spur or goad
To race in her rider's need,
And of one who has borne that precious load
Full oft at her greatest speed.

But the flecks of foam fall faster now
On the wet and glossy hide,
And the leaves are stained with the crimson flow
That drops from her wounded side;
And her rider feels, as he sways to and fro,
He will soon have no mare to ride.

And his heart is sad, as a flash of thought
Steals over his manly breast,
That his life is lost if he now is caught,
And he dare not stop to rest;
Yet even that seems too dearly bought,
With the loss of his dearest and best.

Yet onward yet and on she flies,
Till the foe are far behind;
And naught is heard but the woodbird's cries,
And the whur of the autumn wind;
But the film of death is over her eyes—
She is fast becoming blind.

And a mournful sob is in her breath,
As she speeds untiring on;
And step by step from the giant death
Has the vital spirit gone,
And as fast as the life drain slackeneth
Is the giant coming on.

But though the gray of her shining skin
Is turning an ashy hue,
Though round the spot where the ball went in
Is a circle of ghastly blue;
To her master the heart that beats within
Is still firmly, bravely true.

But though heart is willing, yet flesh is weak,
With even the true and tried,
And life has drained from the fatal leak
That oozed from her shapely side;
And he stands by her corse, and he cannot speak—
He has taken his last, last ride.

SUE AND I.

BY MABEL.

Pale Luna shed a silvery sheen,
The air was faint with odorous balm,
A cloudlet's shadow o'er the green
But added to the peaceful calm
Of the summer's eve, when Sue and I
First quaffed our draughts of ecstasy.

Her hair in golden ripples played
Across a brow of Parian hue,
As hand in hand we idly stayed
O'er flowers fresh tinted with the dew;
And lips, that shamed the coral's hue,
Were pressed to mine, my charming Sue!

The world has older grown since then,
And fallen leaves and winter's gloom
Have drifted o'er that lonely glen;
But time has added to the bloom
Of her fair cheek, and I now sigh
To think it is no longer Sue and I.

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MAGGIE'S VALENTINES.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"WHAT are you smiling about, Maggie? You look as blushingly happy as if you were reading your first love-letter."

Maggie Chilton smiled again, while a pretty blush upon her fair, round cheek deepened in its crimson tint, as she answered:—

"It is St. Valentine's Day, papa."

"Oh, ho! So your letter is a Valentine? My guess was not such a bad one, then."

"I thought," said Mrs. Chilton, roguishly, "that Valentines were entirely confined now to the nursery and kitchen."

Maggie laughed pleasantly, and held up for view what she had kept carefully concealed in her hand. It was a small breastpin—a knot of ribbon of gold, with a small forget-me-not in the centre, formed of turquoise, with a tiny brilliant in the heart. It was not a very expensive gift, but it was tasteful and *unique*.

"How very pretty!" said Mrs. Chilton. "Small, but so beautifully finished. Where did it come from, Maggie?"

"Now, mamma, who ever heard of St. Valentine sending his post-office address?"

"I'll tell you who didn't send it," said Mr. Chilton. "His initials are W. M."

Maggie gathered up her pin and verses, and fled from the room, blushing like a rose, and quite forgetting she had not finished her breakfast.

"My dear," said the old gentleman to his wife, as their only child thus deserted them, "I think Mr. Wilfred Mansfield will present himself in person this evening to try to take Maggie away from us. He asked my permission yesterday to tell her he loved her."

"Well," sighed the old lady, "you would not have Maggie live all alone when we are gone?"

"No. There is not a man living, either, to whom I would so willingly trust her happiness. I believe Wilfred to be a good man, one upright in all his dealings, temperate, honorable, and trustworthy. He is not a wealthy man, but he is in a good business, and, he tells me, makes an income sufficient to give Maggie all the comfort she has here. She has never had luxuries, so she will not miss them. You know, my dear, that what I have saved will scarcely keep you from want if I am taken away. I don't seem to have the money-making faculty."

Mrs. Chilton smiled. Before her mental vision rose orphan nephews started in business, orphaned nieces furnished with *trousseaus*, a vagabond brother saved time after time from ruin, an old clerk living on a little pension, a disabled washerwoman coming for her weekly rent and fuel, little ragged beggars clothed, hungry ones fed, small charities where the left hand knew not where the right hand gave. She crossed the room and pressed her lips upon the face that goodness had made beautiful in her eyes for forty long years.

"Your wife and child can never be poor," she said, lovingly. "The bread you have cast upon the waters will come back. Even Wilfred Mansfield owes his first start in business to your influence and money."

"He has paid me back all I loaned him."

"Very true. But you did loan it when he had an opportunity to purchase his present business that, but for you, he must have let pass by him."

"Tut! tut! Let him make Maggie happy, and he will owe me nothing. Half-past nine! What do you mean, Mrs. Chilton, by keeping me from the store till this time of day?"

Perhaps Maggie Chilton guessed at the news which formed the subject of conversation between her parents on St. Valentine's Day. She had carried her gift from the patron saint of lovers to her own room, and read the verses there in a murmuring tone, dwelling upon the fond words with lingering emphasis. She was not a beauty, she was not an heiress. Her accomplishments were summed up by a limited knowledge of the piano-forte and the gift of singing ballads in a sweet but not very powerful voice. Her education had been carefully superintended by her father, and she was thoroughly grounded in her own language, a fair German scholar, and well read for her eighteen years. But you might look in many homes before you would find a neater housekeeper, a daintier seamstress, or a more lovable little home maiden than Maggie Chilton. Her pretty little figure was always neatly dressed, though Maggie had never owned more than one silk dress at a time in her life. She had soft, brown hair; large, blue eyes; a nice, fair complexion; and, with no pretensions to positive beauty, was as pretty and winsome a maiden as ever was coveted by a loving heart to brighten a home. Wilfred Mansfield, though ten years the senior of Maggie, had never seen a face that was so lovely in his eyes; and with his whole, honest, loyal heart he loved her, hoping for no greater happiness than to win her from her own home, to make sunshine in the one he purposed buying. He had saved enough from his business expenses to buy a small house and furnish it, and there he hoped to see Maggie preside, his own loved and honored wife.

At the same hour when Maggie was for once neglecting her household duties, to dream over her Valentine, Wilfred Mansfield was returning from a business errand to his own store. He was thinking of the momentous question he meant to ask a few hours later, and his cheek burned and heart thrilled as he thought of his answer. His ladylove was no coquette. Modest and maidenly, with no boldness of manner or speech, she had yet all unconsci-

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ously betrayed in her soft, blue eyes and pretty blushes how pleasant the society of Wilfred had become to her, and though no coxcomb he felt that his wooing would have as fair a chance of success as he hoped for. He knew Maggie would have but a small dowry if any, for Mr. Chilton made no secret of the fact that his savings were very small. Maggie was the youngest of nine children, and the only one living to gladden her parents' hearts. One after another, at different ages, and often after long and expensive illness, her brothers and sisters had been taken away before she had ever known their love, for her parents had buried the eighth child before Maggie was born. She had been literally the child of their old age, and Wilfred Mansfield deeply appreciated the honor paid to his own worth in his old friend's cordial approval of his suit.

He was full of happy, hopeful thoughts, when a sudden revulsion of feeling was caused by an alarm of fire and the sight of men running in the direction of Mr. Chilton's store. He hastened his own footsteps to find his worst fears realized. The store was wrapped in flames, and a horror-stricken whisper was circulating that the old gentleman was still in the building. He had been active in helping to remove some portion of the stock, but had imprudently gone back to seek a box in the inner office after the flames had become so fierce as to threaten to cut him off. How could the crowd know that that box contained the bonds that would keep his wife from beggary? They only saw the danger of the attempt, not the motive that prompted it. Wilfred no sooner realized the situation than he endeavored to find some means to enter the store by the rear door. Others had also thought of this, and when he reached the street in the rear, he found Mr. Chilton had been rescued, alive, but frightfully if not fatally injured. He knew too well the loving hearts at home to venture to send there the burned, maimed husband and father without warning; so bidding the men who carried him follow, he sped through the streets to carry the tidings. What was the fire, the loss of property, even beggary, compared to this calamity? Even in the midst of his horror and pain, he was glad that the words already spoken to Mr. Chilton gave him the right to offer comfort and assistance to Mrs. Chilton and Maggie.

The scenes that followed might have tried even stouter hearts than those of the two loving women who bore them so bravely. They had no time to more than realize the dreadful news before they were obliged to give active service to the sufferer. The surgeons made a long examination, and longer yet were the ministrations for relief. The wife in the room, the daughter outside, were kept busy for hours, to prepare cooling lotions, linen bandages, and other means of assistance for the half-conscious but keenly-suffering old man, whose life was the most precious boon they asked of Heaven.

The injuries, terrible as they were, proved to have as yet so slightly affected the vital powers, that, although the surgeons gave but little hope of recovery, they all declared there was no immediate danger of death. Weeks followed, where time, sleep, everything was cheerfully sacrificed to try to ease the sufferings of the invalid. Night after night Wilfred Mansfield watched by the bedside of the man he had hoped to call father, nursing him with all the gentleness of a woman, and giving him the benefit of his young, strong arms for the constant changes of position he fancied would ease his pain. He had become so frantic with suffering that opiates were given in quantities that would have been frightful under ordinary circumstances, and lotions were applied almost hourly to the terrible burns. But there came a night when all pain ceased, and sleep came to the tired eyelids. The doctor called late upon the weary nurses, and gave Wilfred the directions for the night. Privately he said to him:—

"The chance for life is one in a thousand. If he wakes, conscious, give him this medicine at once, and repeat it every half-hour till I come in the morning. He may never wake."

There was but little sleep excepting in the sick-room. Mrs. Chilton, yielding to Maggie's earnest wishes, lay down, dressed, to try to rest, and Maggie—pale, weary Maggie—watched beside her. They had been kept ignorant of the crisis approaching, but they knew the danger of death had been great from the first hour.

It was early dawn when Wilfred Mansfield came softly to call them. Mr. Chilton lay gasping, dying, and they stood beside him while Wilfred hastened for the doctor. But before he returned, all was over.

In the distress and agitation, nobody saw how white and rigid the face of the young man had become. Friends thought he was overfatigued by his many nights of watching, and even the physicians spoke admiringly of his devotion and the strength of constitution that could endure such a strain of care and wakefulness.

He was the only one to save Mrs. Chilton and Maggie the trying duty of superintending funeral arrangements, and later the details of winding up the business affairs thrown into disastrous confusion by the fire. No thoughtful act was omitted; every jar to the sensitive hearts that watchful care could avert, was spared them, and they were relieved from the pressure of immediate want by the information that a thousand dollars had been rescued from the business. Nobody but Wilfred Mansfield could have told where that was found. The lawyers in vain tried to save a dollar, though they found no debts. The fire had destroyed everything, even the few bonds Mr. Chilton

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had given his life to try to save. But from the hour when Wilfred Mansfield called her to her dying father's side, Maggie knew that he was changed. He was kind, thoughtful, and attentive, but he was never loving. The words of comfort he offered were spoken with averted face and a choked voice, and when she longed to lay her head upon his breast and sob out her grief, he went hastily away from her. It was no better the next day, or the next. Others might be blind to the change; her mother found him even more devoted than before, but she knew he was her lover no longer, and all the delicate pride of her maidenhood came to aid her in bearing this new and cruel blow unmoved. She loved him still, but she was not the woman who could force her love upon him, demand the devotion he saw fit to withdraw, or ask for that final avowal of love which her mother had warned her was impending.

The funeral over, and the first days of grief passing away, the widow and orphan looked the future in the face. A thousand dollars would not support them for a lifetime; in a few months, even with close economy, they would have to begin to work, and they wisely concluded it was better to do so at once than to wait until driven to it by positive necessity.

"We must move into a smaller house," said Maggie, "and I think our best plan is to open a milliner's store. I can make bonnets and trim hats, and you can keep house."

"We need not move, dear. The house is mine."

"I thought papa rented it."

"So he did, but last night Mr. Harris told me he had, as our lawyer, received the deeds of the house, made out in my name, and paid for to the last cent. I think your father must have intended it for a surprise on my birthday, the 27th of February."

But Wilfred Mansfield was again the only man who knew that Mr. Chilton had never seen the deeds of his wife's house.

"Can we have the front altered to a store?" said practical Maggie.

"I should think so. It is easy to ascertain that fact."

It was found not only practicable, but desirable as increasing the value of the property, and in a few weeks, quite early enough for some of the spring trade to fall to her share, Maggie started in business as a milliner.

She had thought the offer of marriage yet might come, but her last hope was dispelled by a note written to her mother by Wilfred Mansfield. He informed them that he had disposed of his business, and was about to accept a situation in Chicago, the nature of which he did not state. He bade them farewell, with assurances of warmest friendship; that was all. Gentle Mrs. Chilton but rarely had a hard thought for any one, still more rarely spoke a bitter word, but she said:—

"I suppose he thought your father was a richer man."

Maggie could not answer. The loving, loyal heart could not yet admit the entire unworthiness of its idol. She could find no excuse for what seemed heartless desertion, so she silently accepted her mother's comment, and Wilfred Mansfield was mentioned no more between them.

Never was a milliner's store conducted more tastefully or with more industry than the one opened by Maggie Chilton. The little maiden worked early and late; bonnets of exquisite finish, hats in the most approved fashion, adorned her window; yet, although she had a fair share of custom, her expenses would exceed her sales. She was inexperienced in wholesale prices, in the proper selection of her goods, in the care necessary to prevent a ruinous overstock of old-fashioned goods, in the knack of re-shaping and altering to more fashionable styles. The little details of business that can only be learned by experience were all mysteries to her, and when winter came, she found the thousand dollars had melted down to three hundred, in spite of the economy and industry she and her mother had carefully exercised.

It was useless to think of a new business. Teaching would separate them, and Maggie was not fitted for a teacher. The exercise she commanded now did not keep off a weakness of the chest, occasioned by the necessary sewing, and the doctor had told her that teaching would kill her in a few years. Besides, what little experience of the details of business she had gained, was in the milliner's trade, and it was surely wasting time to learn something new. So the store was still kept open, and the weary struggle for a living maintained.

St. Valentine's Day, so full of bitter memories, rose clear and bright, and the postman tossed a snowy envelope upon the counter. It was directed to Miss Margaret Chilton, and had a city stamp.

"An order or a bill," she said, opening it.

Inside, a sheet of creamy white paper was folded round a bank note for five hundred dollars, and two words only were written upon it —"Yours, St. Valentine."

Maggie thought of a tiny forget-me-not in her small box of treasures, and tossing note and envelope into her mother's lap, ran up stairs in an agony of tears.

It would make my story too long to picture Maggie Chilton's life in the five years that followed the death of her father. Every year the mysterious valentine containing a bank note came to help the widow and her child in their struggle with the world, but when the fifth February came round, Maggie was all alone. Mrs. Chilton had joined her husband in the better land, and the poor child was alone in the world.

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Valentine's Day came. Maggie was seated in her sitting-room, lonely and depressed. Her health was failing with care and overwork, and the grief for her mother's death was yet fresh in her heart. Her servant brought her a letter, but upon opening it, no missive signed St. Valentine greeted her, but a long letter, and at the end, the name of the writer, Wilfred Mansfield. The letter told her strange news. She learned that Wilfred had never ceased to love her, but that the agony of bitter self-reproach had kept him from her side. On the night when Mr. Chilton was left for the last time in his care, overcome by his long watching and the stillness of the room, he had fallen asleep. When he awakened, dawn was in the room, and the patient was awake, and looked at him with conscious eyes. He hastened for the important medicine, but it was too late. Before he again reached the bedside, Mr. Chilton was unable to swallow, and again unconscious. Had he not slept, perhaps that precious life might have been spared. He had endured the remorse of a murderer, and dared not speak of love to the child of the man whose death was perhaps upon his soul. He had made what atonement was in his power. The money he had hoped to invest in his own home had purchased Mrs. Chilton's house, and he had been living on a salary one-half of which was sent on St. Valentine's Day to Maggie.

"I am not a rich man now, Maggie," he wrote, "but I have a salary offered me here that will give us a home and comfort. I love you better than my life. Shall I return to my dreary exile, or will you forgive me. I am waiting at your door for my answer. Say 'I forgive you,' and I will hear you.

"WILFRED."

"Wilfred," she cried aloud, "come to me! I forgive you!"

There was no rapturous meeting. Very slowly and gravely he entered, and took her in his arms.

"Can you, indeed, forgive me, Maggie?"

"What have I to forgive? What caused your fatigue but care of our loved one? devotion to my mother and myself? We were to blame to let you watch all night after working all day. You must not feel again as you write here, Wilfred."

"I have just come from the doctor's," he replied, "and I told him all. He says there was no real hope. At best, the medicine could only have stimulated life for a few hours, perhaps one day. Maggie, are you, indeed, my own at last?"

"All your own, if you will have me."

So, very quietly, on St. Valentine's Day, there was a wedding in the little sitting-room. The millinery was taken from the store, and Wilfred opened his old business again, while Maggie's health and happiness returned in the deep content of her husband's love.

ON THE CHOICE OF COLORS.

AN upholsterer should be very choice in the colors of stuffs he adopts for different varieties of wood. It is a mistake to cushion a mahogany chair with scarlet. That color is too bright, and the mahogany beside it loses brilliancy, and becomes like walnut wood. Many people, however, who love the color crimson, insist upon putting it with mahogany. In these cases, to counteract the glaring effect of the assortment, it is well to put a black or a green braid on the border, where the cloth and the wood come in contact; or if not this, then an edging of yellow silk, or, better still, of gold lace with gilt nails. Those who desire to paper their rooms anew will do well to remember that on red, crimson, and amaranth-colored grounds, *black* looks *green*. In the same way, black upon green loses all its lustre, and *vice versâ*. Orange upon red hurts the eyesight; violet upon blue looks washed out; blue upon green looks spinach color by candle light; and gray, as we have already said, when sorted with green, very often comes out pink. It having become a custom now-a-days to print advertisements for dead walls in all the colors of the rainbow, we may tell those speculators who are anxious that their puffs should be seen as far off as possible that the rule to follow is, that in all cases the color of the letters should be *complemental* to the ground on which they are printed. Black on a white ground, violet on yellow, red on green, blue on orange, will strike the eye at once. A word now to gardeners. Nothing is less brilliant than flowerbeds in which the only colors to be seen are blue and white; nothing is more gaudily ugly than a garden stocked with a profusion of yellow and little else. It is very unsatisfactory also to find flowers of the same color, but of different shades, placed near each other; and all these errors of taste should be avoided. In order that a garden may be showy and attractive, blue flowers should be placed near to dark yellow or orange; violet next to yellow; and red dahlias, roses, pinks, and geraniums should be surrounded with verdure and white. Ladies, of all persons, are most bound to use taste in their selection of colors, and we must do French women, in particular, the justice to own that they usually dress to perfection. Women, of late years, have made progress in the science or art of the toilet. But still some grievous mistakes are at times committed; and it would be well if young ladies who study drawing would at times consult their masters on the delicate subject of blending colors. Let fair-haired beauties abstain from pink, a color which makes them pale. Let dark-haired maidens take that color, and remember also that no hue suits *them* so well as saffron. No color is so well suited to chestnut hair as lapis-lazuli blue.

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SELF-CONQUEST.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

"A man to be a man
Must rule the empire of himself;
In it must be supreme."

THE greatest of all heroes is the man who has conquered himself. The world's imperial Alexanders and Cæsars are not comparable to him for a moment. Though their fame has been heralded in history, and embalmed in song, whom did they conquer? If it be replied that they conquered their enemies, offensively or defensively considered, the next question to be determined is, was the contest an equal one? To this, in most cases, it must be answered, No! They triumphed over the weak by the power of might. Exceptions to this truth there are, but the teaching of all history is that this world's conquerors mastered their foes by superior force. Hence the glory of their triumph is greatly diminished by the inequality of the engagements in which they were won.

But whom does the moral hero conquer? Himself is our emphatic answer. Does he gain the mastery over "a foeman worthy of his steel?" We shall see. Himself is his enemy, and his moral nature the battlefield. A giant foe is found in his appetites—an enemy that slew the man who slew thousands on his way to a crown and kingdom, Alexander the Great—but the moral hero conquers his appetites. "I keep my body under subjection," was the declaration of that prince of conquerors, Paul the Apostle, in comparison of whom the intemperate, self-slain Macedonian monarch reaches the point of nothing. Anger and lust have slain hecatombs of imperial victims. History abounds in instances of those who took cities, and conquered empires, and yet who were immolated on the altar of their own evil passions. But the moral hero masters this enemy—an enemy that has smitten to the dust the very flower of genius and talent in every department of life—therefore is he the greater conqueror. The declaration of the wise man has the affirmation of all reason: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

The annals of all time teach that ambition for power is no inconsiderable foe; and yet that which slew the mighty Cæsar—"for Cæsar was ambitious"—has been slain by many a self-conqueror. Look at the former with "a senate at his heels," and then survey the noble proportions of that man's character who preferred "affliction with the people of God" to the throne and princely treasures of Egypt; and then say, reader, who was the greater hero?

Public opinion has been in time past, and sometimes is now, no small enemy to the moral hero; and yet even this has been dared and mastered by him. Compare Pilate, judicially satisfied concerning the innocence of the saviour, and yet, for fear of man, delivering him up to an ignominious death, with the Hebrew worthies, who, rather than wrong a good conscience, dared to say to the proud monarch upon his throne, "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter;" and say on which side lay the true heroism? To dare to do right in the face of stern difficulty requires the loftiest moral courage—a courage nobler by far than that which has often won the fame and achieved the sceptres of the world's mightiest chieftains. To be afraid to do wrong argues the loftiest style of courage. Incorruptible in integrity and firm as granite in devotion to moral principle, life itself to such a spirit would not be conceived as worth having on dishonorable terms. Daring alike to smile on virtue and to frown on vice, where may his parallel be found among the great names of martial history?

In deciding the superior heroism of these two chevaliers the next question to be settled is, was there just cause for war? Here, as before, exceptional cases may be granted; and yet we may answer, touching the general rule, emphatically in the negative. The enlargement of empire and the acquisition of treasure, in connection with an insatiable ambition for present distinction and future enrolment upon the page of history, were in the main the motives which led an Alexander, or a Cæsar, or a Napoleon to the field of battle. Can this be denied? If it cannot, had they just cause for war? A thousand times, No! If they had no just cause for war, what were they but assassins and plunderers on a tremendous scale? Well has it been said in fitting sarcasm by the poet:—

"One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the uplifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame."

Thus, by a very easy process of logic, we reach the conclusion that no real glory attaches to the names of those who have achieved empire by wading through the blood of their fellows. All who have fought against the right deserve only the execrations of mankind; and when history is rightly written, as it may be when the world reaches its highest Christian civilization, such characters will be held up as the marplots of their day and the murderers of their race.

But how is it with the self-conqueror? Has he just cause for war with himself? Most undoubtedly he has. Constituted of a moral sense, reason, judgment, and will as to his nobler nature, and endowed with appetites, emotions, and passions as to his lower, the former, of necessity, must rule the latter. Their subordination to the law of his reason and judgment is as necessary to his happiness as

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is that of the subject to the ruler in order to good government. The sensual or emotional nature must thus yield to the mastery of the intellect and moral sense, because a rational enjoyment of life and its blessings is impossible without it. All men have the right to be happy; but unless self is conquered, happiness is impossible, therefore the right to be happy involves the necessity and duty of self-conquest. Hence the moral hero has just cause for war with himself. It is the price of his happiness. He "conquers a peace" by conquering himself.

The cost of these two species of war is another item for our consideration in making up a true verdict. What did the triumph of the great warriors of history cost? Who can answer that question? How much treasure and blood? How many millions did they slay to secure to their names and deeds the eulogy of history and the immortality of song? Alas! that there should be a solitary niche in human annals, or any place in the noble creations of poetic genius for such crime-stained spirits! Human figures have many wonderful combinations by which to express quantity and number; but it has none that approach the infinite sufficiently to tell the cost of unnecessary, cruel war to our race!

But how different and much more glorious are the triumphs of self-conquest! They cost neither blood nor treasure. No ruined cities, nor wasted countries, nor desolate homes, nor crushed hearts follow in their track. An able writer says, that "a rational conquest is more honorable to a rational intelligence than a brutal one. It is a victory that does nobody any harm; no lives and treasures are sacrificed to it."

Considering, then, the character of the enemy conquered, the just reason for the conflict, or the nature of the victory achieved, the moral is incomparably superior to the military hero. Bringing to the issue a brave will, heroic action, and a reliable trust in God, such a spirit is without a peer in the annals of martial heroism. Upon that battlefield on which self is slain, he wins what mere historic chieftain never won—a good conscience, an honest fame in the world, and life everlasting after death!

BOOKS.—The continued multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints inquiry. To him that hath moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or, what little they have to add to the common stock of learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labor of separation; and he that hath been often deceived by the promise of a title, at lasts grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious.—*Johnson.*

JOCELYN'S TRIALS.

BY O. D.

FAINTLY on the fitful midnight breeze, down the slopes of the little village of Cette, came the tolling of the distant bell of St. Isidore. It penetrated the room of a sick man; to the ears of the restless watcher, who noiselessly paced the narrow balcony in front of the window; bringing to her tired senses a vision of dark cloisters, and white-hooded faces, and hurrying feet, and anon the murmur of matins for the new-born day.

In the east, cloud-enveloped, blazed the morning star, looking like some holy priestess standing within the temple's veil. With low, monotonous cadence, like the sobbing of a child whose little griefs are remembered in sleep, rolled the dark waters of the bay.

The sound of the bell died away with the breeze. The girl, wearily sighing, took again her position by the bed of the invalid. The night lamp shone full on her face, a face whose beauty grew on you. With neither regular features nor brilliancy of complexion, there was that in Jocelyn Day's face—in the peace passing understanding speaking from the calm, restful eyes; the kind, resolute mouth—a patient sympathy and strength a child, a bird, a saint would have understood.

Though full of fears without, her sighs were only an accompanying sympathy; all was quietness within. She knew in whom she trusted, that He was able to make all rough places plain, all that was dark light.

Presently her father murmured her name, starting up deliriously. She soothed him as a mother her child, and, when he again slumbered, took from her pocket a little account-book. Thirteen months before she had brought the remnant of their fortune and her helpless parent from the raw atmosphere of Carlisle to the south of France. He craved the sight of the sea, and now they were at Cette. The expensive whims of an unreasoning invalid, with the unavoidable outlay for travelling expenses and medical attendance, had, notwithstanding the strictest economy, exhausted their means, and now but eighty francs stood between them and pauperism; of it thirty were due in a few days for their lodgings, and as much was owed the confectioner.

Jocelyn's trinkets had long been pawned and sold; all save one, a simple but costly pearl cross fastened around the shapely throat. At his tea of plain jelly and waffles her father had complained that she clung to this paltry gift of one who had forgotten her, and he must starve. Had he forgotten her? The friend of her childhood and womanhood, whose love seemed part of her very being. She recalled his earnest, fervid tones on the night of their parting, as, clasping the chain, he had said:—

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"Should I hear of your parting with this, then will I know that our troth is broken."

She pressed the souvenir to her lips. Innumerable sacrifices passed before her. The home and protecting love pressed upon her; the denial of books, of music, of flowers—all that could render life beautiful; no hours for retirement, little sleep, less food, menial offices—all that she might follow the waning star of one who had broken her mother's heart, and squandered her mother's fortune; in whom not even her all-abounding love and pity could hide a cold, peevish selfishness. This cross seemed the only connecting link between all she would have had her life and what it was. Must it be broken? There was no one to whom she could apply for temporary relief. She recalled with a sense of loathing the odious M. Chalot, who had plied her with his assiduities. He had a villa and drove a span, had taken her father to ride, and, for his sake, she had borne his fulsome flatteries. No, never could she go to him. The cross must go.

The thread of her father's life drew out finer, and, on a sultry June morning, snapped. Enough remained, from the sale of the cross, to defray the simple burial. Then all Jocelyn's thoughts were to get back, back to her idol, to the surging tides, the sweeping winds of her northern home. Back to familiar faces, away from the endless chatter of French tongues, the endless round of French gayety. But seven hundred miles stretched between her and the home of her youth, and she had not half the amount of fare. She must seek employment.

From a fruitless search she was returning at dusk on a sultry evening, when a cheery "Ou vas tu" from across the street stayed her steps. It came from the lips of the broad, smiling face of a woman standing in a doorway. It was Rosette, her French maid in the time of riotous plenty in the long ago. Jocelyn's fingers had decked her trim figure for her marriage with big, good-natured, French Andre, the butler. It all came back to her now, and as the girl, springing across the way, grasped her hand in both of hers, she burst into tears.

"O Rosette, I am so miserable; father, mother, home, friends, all gone; a stranger in a strange land!"

"Non, non! M'selle, que votre coeur ne se trouble point. My heart is ready to burst with the joy I have to see you. You will come in my house and see my babes; one bears your name." And with a medley of French and English in her earnestness, Rosette drew the tired Jocelyn into the cool, low, best room, and bathed the flushed face and trembling hands.

Then, when refreshed and rested, an easy-chair was drawn to the porch door. Through the vine leaves the pale moon rained a shower of mosaics on the white floor. Andre, who was head gardener to a florist, came home with a boquet of rare, sweet flowers. His greeting was as heartfelt, though less noisy than that of his wife.

"Miss Jocelyn would stay, would make them *tres bien!* Nay, she must. He would fasten her in the house."

Then he went in to drink his late tea, and, for the second time that day, Jocelyn wept, this time quiet, thankful tears falling on the fragrant flowers in her lap. He had not laid on her more than she could bear; here was a respite.

So weeks passed. Jocelyn would not be altogether a burden on her humble friends. Some work as a copyist—at a mere pittance, to be sure—was obtained, but she craved some employment as the best panacea for the grief tugging at her heart; grief not altogether at the loss of a parent who had never been a very good parent, but grief, too, at the fear that one had forgotten her whose presence at her side would have rendered the hardest lot a Utopia of ease, the most direful suffering an exhalation of joy. His love had rendered the past a Beulah-like land of Elysian fields, of trees, and fountains, and flowers; of perfumed atmosphere, of radiant light. A land where crystal waters murmured sweetest lullabys, and lotus-like fruits induced the most delicious languor. All this and more this love had been to this girl's hungry, thirsty heart; its loss enveloped the future in deeper than Cimmerian darkness. Say not this was idolatry, unbefitting a Christian. Christianity gives us more love, deeper sympathies, more heartfelt devotion. We need not love the Creator less because we love the creature more. Perfectly unselfish, love proves always a crucible from which our characters issue purified, strengthened, reformed. Assuming Goethe's representative man, "Wilhelm Meister," to be a correct standard, how many who read these pages must date their first step upward, their first holy thoughts, the first breaking up of all that was grovelling and vile in their natures, to the time when the floodgates of love in the human heart were for the first time lifted to pour a deluge of sweet, intoxicating waters over before bitter lives! No, the stream does not always meet an under return current, but it has nevertheless been let out, if not to enrich our own lives, it will those of others.

The cool autumn came. Jocelyn remembered how the brisk wind came down the slopes of her native land, laden with the fragrance of falling leaves. How she and her brothers, whose graves the same trees rained leaves upon now, had shouted, and romped, and gathered nuts in November days agone.

She had earned enough to pay a moderate board and something over, enough, added to what she had, to pay her passage to Carlisle. All that affection, bordering on veneration, could suggest was done to detain her; but

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when naught availed, at the last moment, as the train moved off, a purse was thrown through the window into her lap by Andre. While she called after him, he was lost in the sea of heads and cabs surrounding the station. Seven hours later the guard startled her, opening the door with:—

"Descende, m'selle, maintenant."

"Why! an accident?"

"Only a tressle of the bridge across the Lorne had given away. It was but two hundred yards to Dijon; there a transfer would be ready in forty minutes."

"No, she would not trouble him with her little basket."

Waiting until the crowd had surged past, she slowly followed; pausing a moment on the little foot bridge, listlessly gazing around at the dismantled vineyards, the sombre sky, the sullen stream. A quick step sounded on the loose planks, a gentleman humming "Somnambula." In a moment all was changed to Jocelyn. A gleam of light shot in the sad eyes; the cheeks blanched, then flushed; while a quivering smile transformed the whole face. If, when sad and distressed, it was passing fair, now 'twas beautiful. Such an adoring, happy smile. You knew at once that she was looking into the face of her head, her chief.

Then you would have turned to look at him, and, at the first glance, even if like ourselves you had intensely admired our heroine, you would have pronounced him altogether a proper person. Tall, well-formed, a trifle stout perhaps, but every limb in perfect symmetry, eyes of a deep starry blue, dark lashes contrasting with the almost sunny hue of the clustering locks; a tawny Adonis, whose silken moustache did not hide the well-shaped, irresolute-looking mouth. Jocelyn almost sprang to his side, one glad thought uppermost, "He is seeking me on his way south. I knew he would not, could not, prove untrue."

She did not notice that he did not move, an expression of blank astonishment on his face.

"God! Jocelyn, you here alone?"

"No, not alone now, Fred," joyously. "O Fred!" a sound of breaking down in the voice, "I am so glad! It has been such a miserable time"—

"Yes, yes," nervously, "I know; you have lost your father, but your husband, Jocelyn; you are married, surely?"

"Married! It is I who do not understand; who need explanation. I have not heard from you for a year. You know best the cause of your silence." But the yearning of the poor desolate heart for sympathy overcame the sense of coolness and abruptness. She went on with gentle trustfulness: "I never doubted you, Fred. Of course, something happened to detain the letters. I knew all must come out right." A groan was her only interruption, with averted face and clenched teeth. The little gloved hands were laid caressingly on his arm. Don't trouble, Fred; we have met at last; I am too happy to think of my trials. But what made you ask if I was married?"

"O Jocelyn! curse me! spurn me! I am a dog! a brute! How can I tell you? I am married myself!"

The hands were quickly withdrawn. A little shiver ran over the girl's frame; then she commenced walking to the other end of the bridge with the slow, uncertain step of one bewildered. He followed, abjectly, all the light gone from the laughing eyes. They stepped into the road.

"Will you let me explain?" moodily.

No answer from the stunned, automatic figure at his side. He went on in a self-deprecating tone, growing vehement:—

"It is all through that Chalot. He kept writing to the Beads about you. You grew more gracious. He was always with you; now at Lyons, now at Cette. At last you were to be married; you had given him a betrothal present, a cross—my cross, I felt it must be. Mart Bead would know it. He was going to Marseilles on business for the firm. I got him to make a flying visit to Chalot, who was at Lausanne. Yes, it was *the* cross; a ruby at the head. What could I think?"

She said, brokenly, here: "My father was dying. I had not money for bread. I was obliged to sell it. He must have seen, recognized, and bought it; but then, such haste; it has only been six months ago."

"Yes, I know I was precipitate, but I was wretched, desperate. Mart's cousin Mabel came on from Essex. She was marvellously beautiful, and loved and sympathized with me so. We are on our bridal tour. She is only a child; can never fill the place you filled, but she is very fond of me. O Jocelyn, don't look that way, so stony and quiet! You are lost to me, but all that your brothers would do for you were they living, I will do, and more, if you will let me. Indeed, I am a man more sinned against than sinning."

"C'est allez, c'est allez," with a mute gesture, and the glorious eyes met his, so full of unutterable woe, that he was mute.

They were in the little crowded station by this time. A tiny figure, the girlish face surrounded by a wealth of golden ringlets, sprang to his side, exclaiming:—

"You have been gone so long, Fred, and you have not brought my book after all. Could you not find it?"

"I forgot all about it, my child. I met"—he turned, but Jocelyn, after glancing at the rare, brilliant face; the simple, elegant travelling dress; and then at her own coarse black, remembered her travel-stained, sorrowful face, and, unable to bear the contrast, had withdrawn to the now ready car, and their paths forever diverged.

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Crossing the channel, she fell in with an old schoolmate, Frances Grayson, dashing, wealthy, good-hearted. Gifted with but little tact, she made a wise blunder, such as we see now and then redeeming the want of delicate perceptions, and gathered enough of Jocelyn's history to throw her giddy head into a study, but only for a moment.

"I have it, Jocie! My bear of an American cousin, Morris Merrick, was to see us a fortnight since, on his way to Calcutta, and mentioned the fact that his stepmother wished so much to obtain an English governess for her three little children. You have no family ties, you say, and you would like Aunt Merrick immensely. Now, my Highland princess, don't refuse; my heart is quite set on it. It is a chance out of a thousand; so rich, so generous. The tale visitors tell of their palace-like home, their happy life, has almost made me wish Morris was not my cousin; I'd set my cap, but then I love Charley too much. You remember Charley, my boy lover; I shall never forget how grandly you bore the blame of the note found dangling from your window. There, I'm out of breath, and you only sit there opening those solemn eyes wider and wider. Say, Jocie, shall I write? My lily of the Annunciation; now don't look so shocked. They are grand flowers, pure and holy-looking, and so are you. Now, tell me, will you go?"

"I have no money, Frank; at least, not enough to start to a foreign land."

"Nonsense! I'll advance it. You can soon repay the paltry sum."

Two years later, the maple trees swept in red and russet showers past the open window of an elegant sitting-room. Without, a boy and girl brought sweet, frost-bitten chrysanthemums to a pale-faced child, with dreamy, violet eyes, sitting on the window-ledge. Within, sat two women; one on a piano-stool, her back to the instrument, her lustrous eyes speaking a peace, flowing as a river, a gentle smile hovering about the sweet, flexible mouth; below her, on a cushion, clasping her hands, is one whose life you read at the first glance; one of those gentle, yielding, trusting creatures, who never grow old; never know anything about the wear and tear of life, God mercifully hedging them in with friends who take all responsibilities off their incompetent shoulders. You, who have had to hold your own sometimes against discouraging odds, have often met with just such people; who have never known a care, never borne a burden, who are generally meek and charitable, and look up at you in pretty surprise when your tough, independent *will* asserts itself in a striking manner. Let us hope while you pity, you do not altogether condemn these vessels made out of finer, more fragile, clay than you. The stronger of these two women saw much to love in the weaker—her outgushing affection, her bright, pretty ways, her want of affectation or hauteur, her unfailing politeness; forgets that she is childish, selfish; nay, I doubt if she has ever thought about it, for it is our single-minded Jocelyn, and she, content with throwing her whole soul into whatever her hand finds to do, spends few moments in idle criticism, and this smooth-browed woman has been more than kind to our destitute orphan. Gratitude with Jocelyn is no passing sentiment; it is cultivated and cherished as a jewel on her brow. As the little woman laments for the fortieth time that her wilful stepson, Morris, will lead such a savage life—not but what she is well cared for by her children's guardian, but then Morris seemed a part of his father—and when by her the dead seemed less far off, and Jocelyn planned in her mind that when he came, as was expected in a month's time, she would try to amuse the awkward lout, as she pictured him, and make him content with his home; then thought with horror of his bizarre ways, and loud guffaws. The silence that had fallen was broken by a romping boy springing in with:—

"Charlotte is coming, mamma, and I am *so* sorry."

"Why, Eddy! And yet you say she looks like Madalena, in the Zernetz gallery."

"So she does, mamma, but then she is not Madalena, for she was good and gentle, and Charlotte gets angry and talks cross talk."

The mother only smiled at the boy's earnestness, but Jocelyn drew him to her side, saying:—

"My Eddy, if Charlotte has a high temper, do you think your showing her that you dislike her very much, and do not wish her here, will make her feel in a very good humor. When one complains of ill-treatment, we are very apt to think it not undeserved. As face answers to face in glass, our appreciation of people is repaid. Now run and be the first to welcome Charlotte, and see if you do not get a smile and kiss."

As he left the room, Mrs. Merrick said:—

"You know, Jocelyn, I have explained that Charlotte Ranch was left at seven a ward of my husband's, and since his death Morris has managed her meagre fortune, which was barely sufficient to pay the extravagant school bills of the fashionable school her father requested her to be placed at. Her education is now finished, and as her means are exhausted, she must come here. She has rather high notions, but I shall see that she treats you with the consideration due my friend and *protegé*," with a funny little attempt to look with patronizing fondness on the superbly-formed woman at her side.

They waited for her at the early tea ten minutes, then she swept in—tall, graceful, "a daughter of the gods." A pearl-gray moire set off the sea-shell pink and white face, with

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well-shaped chin and nose; a desire to fascinate wreathed in smiles a mouth that might be haughty; wavy masses of auburn hair were swept becomingly back from the low brow; her eyes now dark, now light, always beautiful; and voice as musical as the tinkling of frost in November sunshine. Such a revelation of loveliness! Jocelyn felt that she could sit and gaze at that face forever. Her own mourning robes and those of Mrs. Merrick and the children made the really plain though elegant toilet of the new comer appear brilliant; wherever she moved or sat, a radiance seemed to float. That all this brightness and sweetness was not real, a stormy look betrayed when a spaniel tore her lace handkerchief; for in little things, like rents, and falls, and broken dishes, you discover all a woman's inner life.

We have met women, lauded for generosity in charitable and pleasurable projects, scold and fret, "get crossed," for a whole day, over a ten-cent dish falling from little hands. "Who so ruleth his tongue is stronger than he that taketh a city."

Little Evelyn Merrick, always a delicate child, seemed to droop for several days after Charlotte's arrival. From the symptoms, Jocelyn feared the smallpox, that had been raging in the village below, had reached "Mons Terrence," and seized on the sweetest flower. When this fear was confirmed by the physician, she, by entreaties, threats, and promises, prevailed on Mrs. Merrick to allow her to remove the child to a disconnected wing of the house, and, with old "Aunt Bathsheba," a colored servant, who had been a victim to the disease, nurse her through her illness.

For three weeks she kept almost unremitting vigils, never knowing the comfort of being warm in the chill, fall weather. The crisis of the disease was almost past, when, worn out, she fell asleep as day showed gray in the east; the little, bound hands held in her own, her profile looking pinched and weary against the dark cushions of her chair.

She awoke with a start, to find a gentleman, of tall, slender form, standing by the lowered window, looking at one of the vials of medicine. He was so near he must have heard her move, but did not raise his eyes under her scrutiny, which discovered a face of singular attractiveness. Dignity and truth seemed stamped upon the high, thoughtful brow; his nose slightly aquiline, and finely-formed, sensitive mouth, eyebrows arched and delicate as a woman's, though perfect in themselves, were all eclipsed when at last his eyes met hers. His were large, gray, penetrating; but so full of gentleness, and depth, and inquiry, that involuntarily, as if answering a question, she said:—

"I am sorry I slept. Is the child worse?" for she thought it must be another doctor who had been summoned.

With an amused smile, the intruder said: "No, my child, you are in need of more attention than she. But you do not ask who I am?"

"A doctor?"

"Not a practising physician, though not unacquainted with the science. I am little Evelyn's brother Morris."

An expression of blank astonishment took possession of Jocelyn's face.

Another look of inquiry, to which she felt obliged to reply.

"I—I"—stammering and confused, the pale cheek growing flushed, "I thought—I imagined Mr. Merrick was very young." The man before her was at least thirty-five.

Almost a laugh this time.

"You are not afraid of the disease?"

"No. You are Miss Jocelyn Day? Well, go lie down now, and at ten I shall take you to drive."

Though the words framed a command rather than a request, the rich, emotional cadence of the tone threw a gentle courtesy around them hard to resist. And with a slight inclination of the regal head, the tired girl passed through the door held open, noticing, with a woman's eyes, the extreme elegance in the costume of her janitor, and glancing in her dressing-glass a little ruefully at her haggard face, dishevelled hair, and rumpled collar.

At ten Bathsheba could not rouse her from her heavy, exhausted slumber. It was a week ere she again entered the sick-room, trembling from the exertion, wan and spiritless.

It was to be a gala day. Evelyn and she were to sit on either side the cheerful fire, the first the former had been allowed. The door was to be left open, and Charlotte to play some of her brilliant operas. Afterwards Morris read touching little selections that Evelyn could understand. Once when the child dozed, he said, in his grave, winning voice:—

"Do you not think it was very inconsiderate in you to have undertaken this task? You are far from robust. Weeks or months of languishing might have been the result, if not death."

"That would have been a blissful exchange. But death ever flees the eager grasp," her splendid eyes dimming.

His were instantly withdrawn. Then, in a moment:—

"I cannot but censure my mother in part. A telegram to the city would have brought an experienced nurse in six hours."

"But an hireling might have been neglectful, and she is so precious to me. It was only as a great boon I obtained the favor of Mrs. Merrick."

"I fear the cold and loss of sleep have given your constitution a shock for which nature will be revenged; however, we will hope for the best."

After this he did not come often enough to break, by familiarity, the attractiveness of his

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visits; but flowers, and fruits, and nourishing wines were hourly remembrances of his care, and when he did chance in for an hour, Jocelyn felt that nothing escaped his quick observation, for he was not a man to pride himself on unheeding little trifles. She was sure he passed judgment upon every thing in the room, from the rosette on her trim slipper to the trimming on her dainty apron and the ribbon tying the lace curtains back. She found her wishes anticipated, her lightest word remembered; and this thought and care for others seemed the rule of his life, as she discovered when, all fear of contagion removed, the mother's face, bright with gratitude and love, was added to the little group, and now and then Charlotte, all grace and beauty, swept in and out. A delicious sense of security and protection seemed the immediate effect of his presence. Though he never seemed to pass an unemployed moment, he was never too busy to attend to the most trifling request that would add to the comfort or enjoyment of those around him. A man of deep research, of profound thought, he yet seemed to remember that the projects of other people's lives were of equal importance to them, and with the humility that is the crowning virtue of a Christian, he was willing to assist in bearing every burden seemingly too heavy for weaker shoulders.

The recipient of unceasing care and watchfulness, such as she had never dreamed could shield her life, hydra-headed, our heroine saw with affright a power arise from the ashes in her heart. "Oh, not this cup, my Father, not this!" she moaned, poor, wounded dove, and the eyes of holy saints must have looked pityingly on her. But he must not dream it. She must cease to meet those penetrating eyes. Already she had met the gaze of Charlotte fixed on her full of scornful meaning.

She petitioned for the school-room again. Evelyn—her pure, sweet face almost unmarked, thanks to Jocelyn's care—could come for an hour a day, while Eddy and Rose were able to stand the confinement with herself.

Christmas was but two days off when, in answer to a tap at the door, she stood talking to the second master of her heart.

"It will be a comfort to me." He looked weary and worn, and she thought with a reproachful sadness of how much comfort he was to others. So, without giving time for reflection, she said, hastily: "Yes, I will go. I love the sight of the water. It is my foster-mother."

Three hours later on their left the river dashed against the palisades, those walls of eternal masonry, while mountains and hills brought back her childhood's home; but she had no clinging regrets. This was the land of her adoption, and better had been the new friends than the old. She knew Morris had noticed her avoidance, almost coldness, and did him the justice to suppose it pained his benevolent heart. She feared he would ask the cause, but he had evidently not proposed this ride as a pretext for harrassing her with reproaches, but to give her a pleasure as well as himself.

There is probably no river in the world whose banks in the same extent present such a combination of beauty of scenery and historical grandeur as can be seen in a drive along the level eastern shore of the Hudson. Morris was thoroughly an American; and while, with the tact which distinguished him, he spared Jocelyn's English predilections, his noble face glowed as with enthusiastic gesture he pointed out the scenes of our struggles upon the classic ground over which their light "cutter" glided.

This campaign field, now robed in spotless white, was consecrated by the bivouac fires of the master-spirits of '76. There, amid the mounds below the ruins of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, gleamed the white monument of the noble Pole. To the northwest, crowning the summit of Mount Independence, rose the grim, gray walls of Putnam, the pyre from which ascended beacon lights in the hands of disinterested patriotism.

His spirit was infectious. Jocelyn caught herself listening breathlessly, as with master-strokes he drew word-pictures of the struggles of those rugged sons of freedom, and neither noticed that the air had been gradually growing denser, until they were blinded with a sudden fall of snow.

An expression of dismay broke from her lips, of vexation from his. They had driven much further than he had intended, lured by the hard-beaten road and still atmosphere. Now a wind had risen to face them, and, before they had retraced their steps half a mile, tears from the cold were coursing down Jocelyn's pale face.

"There is no help for it. I have a small estate here; an old Scotchman and his wife take care of the house. We must stay there until the storm is over. I will take the responsibility of the step."

She could only feebly assent.

In a few moments she was being lifted out up a flight of steps into the simple "keeping-room" of an old-fashioned stone mansion. There, before a log fire, a little body, with kindly wrinkled face, chafed the numbed hands and face, brought a draught of old wine, and after awhile ushered in "the master," who, with grave deference, asked whether she would rather take her tea in her bed-room, or did she feel rested enough to make his in the back parlor. It was quite warm there now, and more cheerful than this blank place.

"It would be so pleasant to do something for him just this once," she pleaded, with the stern inward monitor. "To-morrow she would go back into her shell."

And such a parlor! So full of home com-

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forts, so free from the spink, span, varnishy look of shoddy palaces. A life-size portrait of Morris's father done by the New England soldier-artist, West; gems from Rubens, Claude, etc., in old-fashioned settings. The carpet and curtains, bright and well-preserved; the polished walls reflecting the gleam of glowing anthracite; capacious sofas, and wide, low, restful-looking chairs drawn comfortably up to the little table, with its snowy cloth, upon which rested the tea-set and candle-holders of heavy, burnished silver.

The storm still raged without, piling up fleecy drifts against the window panes. Morris sat in one of the high-backed chairs, a look of great content on his face as he watched Jocelyn busy over the tea and crisp toast.

Later, having been examining some rare old volumes together, he turned to her, saying, abruptly: "This was my boyhood's home. My young stepmother thought it gloomy after my father's death, and had 'Mons Terrence' built; but there are memories in my heart connected with it which can never be washed away by the waves of oblivion; and if the immaculate she whom I have looked for for so many years of wanderings be at all the woman I think she will, we will end our lives here."

"You have sought, then; you no longer seek; you have found?" trying to still the throbbing of her heart, for a spasm crossed it here. She pictured Charlotte's rare beauty filling all the quiet house with perfume, and light, and music; remembered the additional defference with which he always treated her; his compliance with all her variable moods; how patiently he had seemed to strive to raise her out of herself.

"Yes." He had left his chair, and was standing before her in all his strength and dignity, an undercurrent of strong passion vibrating through the even tones. "Yes, I *have* found her, and found her so much holier, so much more consistent, conscientious, unselfish than I ever dreamed being beside my sainted mother could be, that, God forgive me! had she been less a Christian, my mad devotion must have offended her. O Jocelyn—pure, stainless, lily—say I have not frightened you by my vehemence! As I live, I had not meant to tell you this in my own house. You turn your face away. Have you meant to teach me by your coolness that this great boon is not for me? Speak! only tell me it is my wife sitting here in her rightful place, and I will go away."

His agitation had the effect of calming her. Now she was the stronger of the two. She folded both her hands over his, resting on the arm of her chair, and, bowing her head upon them, said, in her low, soft, sweet voice:—

"God is very good to us both. You have surprised me very much, and I am not strong. Will you please leave me now?"

"Yes, my"— He went to the door, then came back. "Will you kiss me once?" with such humble entreaty.

The face lifted to his was wet with tears, and very, very white.

"My darling—I never called another woman darling—you shall never be sorry for what you have done." He kissed her a long, fervent kiss, his first lover's kiss, this man who had been in all lands, but who had felt he must see and know a woman in a home light before he placed life's happiness in her keeping. Then he left her, shielding her face with her hands, as if to protect herself from the too great glory of this weight of happiness.

Too restless to sleep, she rose at the early dawn. The storm had spent itself. She sat in the deep, recess window of her room, watching the first faint streak of light grow in the east, one star disappearing after another in the gray sky. The fleecy clouds changing into opal, and amber, and purple, and burning gold, until the sun sprang up flaming above the snow-clad hills. It was her life. First, the night—death, poverty, desertion. Andre and Frances Grayson were the streaks of dawn. The home, and love, and plenty she had found at Mrs. Merrick's the rosy clouds. The love of this great, good man the dazzling sun.

"'Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord, and Thou hast heard my voice!'" And a face radiant with joy, and love, and peace almost startled the canny Scotchwoman, when, an hour later, she entered to replenish the fire. "Would the beautiful lady come down to breakfast?"

"Yes," her voice joyous with the burden of a great blessing. "I have been up a long time, and will do justice to your skill."

Morris met her at the foot of the stairs, and led her into the keeping-room. "Old Benny and his wife are accustomed to my having prayers when I am here in the morning. We will not disappoint them, my Jocelyn."

In dark hours that followed this bright dream, Jocelyn thought she could not have borne the weight of anguish had it not been for the memory of this prayer. It brought a common cross, a common hope, a common heaven so near. As water is purest at its fountain-head, where it gushes clear and sparkling from the rock, so his prayer, welling up from a heart devoted to Christ and His kingdom, seemed to baptize her with its own energy, and unity, and love. It was refuge, strength, armor, comfort.

The drive to "Mons Terrence" was tedious through almost impassable drifts.

As Jocelyn took her seat beside Mrs. Merrick at the late dinner, the latter bent over, kissing the pure brow of the orphan, with a low, "My daughter!" It was the seal of her approval.

Involuntarily Jocelyn glanced at Charlotte. Yes, she had heard. A look of incredulous

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consternation gleamed from her bright eyes. "Why should she care, unless"—and Jocelyn smiled here at herself. She was like a school-girl in imagining that every one worshipped her idol.

The two days that followed were so full of bliss that her heart seemed to ache with joy, but inexorable fate, even then, stood without her chamber-door. The day after Christmas he seized her in his arms. Evelyn brought her a digitalis for analysis. It was not perfect, and she passed through the shadowy library on her way to the conservatory for another. As she returned, a sob startled her, and in the recess of the heavy-mullioned windows she, in astonishment, beheld Charlotte Ranch sobbing stormily. She hesitated but a moment. Charlotte must know she was in the room. Approaching her gently, she said:—

"Dear Miss Charlotte, have you received bad news? Can I do any thing for you?"

The girl looked up with swollen, distorted visage, glanced angrily for a moment, then said:—

"Do any thing for me! Yes, you could, but you do every thing against me. When he would say something tender to me, there you are with your unfathomable eyes; your sweet, low voice. Ah! I saw how it would be from the first. You hypocrite! You do not love him, you know you do not. The Graysons told a friend of mine last year how you idolized some chicken-hearted scoundrel. You do not forget so easily. Go mourn over your broken idol, but leave me in peace to worship mine." Then, seeing the contempt and surprise on her listener's face, she changed her tactics. Seizing her dress as she moved away, she continued, plaintively: "O Jocelyn, I have loved him all my life! From the day he carried me from my dead father's bedside, he has been my thought by day, my dream by night. To win him, I preserved and enhanced my beauty, poured over distasteful accomplishments, curbed my ungovernable temper. I knew not until yesterday that I was penniless. I have been raised with all these luxurious habits. I can never go out as you have done, and win a heart and home among strangers. No one would trust their children to my fiery temper for a week. O Jocelyn, be merciful, be merciful! If you were not here, he would love me. He has confessed it, but says he is bound to you." She could not face those pure eyes as she dyed her soul with this lie, but looked absently out the window. She was almost frightened by the proud, indignant, ringing tones that demanded:—

"Look me in the face and tell me that Morris Merrick said that."

The case was desperate. It was her last hope. Summoning up a hard, sullen look, she turned fiercely:—

"Well, there! I say it. He would release himself if he could honorably."

Naught broke the silence for five minutes but the spatter of the rain against the thick glass. Then Jocelyn said, in slow, heart-broken tones:—

"What do you want me to do?"

"I knew you would not, if you knew it, accept a divided heart. I received a letter yesterday from one of the undergraduates of our school. She mentioned the fact that their teacher of rhetoric had resigned from ill-health. Say you will go, will drop no hint to Morris of your determination, and I can easily get you the vacancy."

"Let it be so, and the sooner the better," and she left the room, her face looking ashy and aged.

It was the day of a birthday *fête* to Madame V——, the popular principal of "La Eugenia Institute." In one of the airy reserves a group of brilliant faces surrounded a lady attired with plain severity; the brown, glossy braids brought over the tiny ears in sweet, Madonna fashion; the face stamped with the dignity and grace of one purified by suffering. If you had met her but once, you would not fail to recognize her. The girls are urging some request, to which she smilingly shakes her head. They will not take her refusal. A stately brunette brings in a lustrous white silk, another gloves, another pearls and flowers. They are going to see their pet teacher arrayed as becomes her face and form.

"Now, queeny!" and a laughing-eyed miss throws over the graceful shoulders a rich green lace mantle. Then they lead her to the long mirror. Queen, indeed! The soft eyes light up, and a tiny blush suffuses the clear, pale cheek. She was but twenty-five, and would have been more than human if she had failed to appreciate her exceeding great lovelliness, that, in the two years that have passed since we left her at the library-door at "Mons Terrence," has been expanding day by day. All the afternoon she moved in the crowded parlors, the fairest of all that bevy of fair faces. Now, she had escaped her tormentors, the school-girls, and leant over the balcony, inhaling the incense arising from an urn of lilies—flowers, in their purity and humility, she seemed to resemble.

Thus Morris found her. He was coming to see about placing Rose at the institute, had left the carriage at the gate to enjoy the walk through the lovely grounds, when, passing the side entrance, the vision burst upon him, for vision it seemed. Jocelyn, and yet so much more beautiful, too beautiful, it seemed, for earth. He feared to move lest she might vanish, she looked so ethereal. But just then she turned her head, and, meeting his gaze, uttered a faint cry of joy, and as he sprang over the

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low railing, the white hands fluttered up, then she fell heavily. Passionate kisses rained upon brow and lips, and a strong voice, broken by sobs, recalled her to consciousness.

It was so blessed to be sheltered in those strong arms. She knew he was all her own; he would never have kissed her had he been another woman's husband. She moved only to nestle closer to his breast, and murmur, softly: "My love! my love!"

"Oh, my darling! open your eyes. Let me read in their truthful depths that you are still my darling."

Footsteps approached; she rose trembling, and would have left his side; but he did not once relax his hold.

"I shall never lose sight of you again, Jocelyn."

It was Madame V—— who drew near, her face full of polite curiosity. "Ah, M. Merrick! I am most happy to see you again."

"Madame V——, for two years in Europe and America I have sought this young lady at my side, my *fiancée*. I do not intend again to lose sight of her for an instant. My carriage is at the gate. Will you accompany us first to the court-house at C——, then to Doctor Grattan's? Nay, Jocelyn, 'tis useless to object. I suppose you are a teacher here, but I have a prior claim on you, and we have both suffered enough. I am a man more passionate than you can dream. My wife you must and shall be ere the sun sets.

All her French love of romance was aroused in Madame V——. "Oui, certainment. Non, m'selle, you love M. Merrick. He is most honorable, so noble, so distinguished. You will return, and we will have une tres belle affaire."

The girls had gathered around now. It formed a most striking *tableaux vivant*. Jocelyn, in her elegant attire, startled, panting; Morris, his face full of quiet determination; the girls' eyes full of mischievous delight. Then madame suggested:—

"Send Professor Langston for the license and Doctor Grattan; that will be much more comme il faut."

So it was arranged, and in two hours Jocelyn was a bride. No more weary heartaches borne all alone, no more sighings for the rest of home, no more longings for love and protection. It seemed like a charming panorama, and she thought it would surely pass and leave her in the depths again. The day was passing out the west when they reached "Mons Terrence," twenty-four hours later.

"And Charlotte?" she said, as the horses dashed around the sweep of the avenue.

"Is married; and, if you want me to stay a good man, never mention her. I suspected at once that it was through her machinations you had fled."

The mother folded her in her arms first, then Rose, and Eddy, and Evelyn. But Morris only spared her to them long enough to feast their eyes on her enhanced beauty, then they drove by moonlight to the home of her husband's boyhood. As the wrinkled hands of good Hannah robed her for her rest, she echoed the sentiment of her heart, as, with the familiarity of an old servant, she cried:—

"And, indeed, my bonny lady, my guid mon often says, 'All 's weil that ends weil.'"

WATCHING.

BY C. S. N.

Within the darkened casement
I watch the cheerful street,
And list in bitter sadness
The sound of hurrying feet.

The sombre twilight falling
Veils all the sunset sky—
I watch with eyes untiring,
As I watched in days gone by.

I try to think I 'm waiting
For one that still may come,
And make the fire burn brightly
For his evening welcome home.

Amid the flitting shadows
I try to think I see
The form so dear—and gladly
My poor heart cries, "'Tis he!"

I know it makes me sadder,
But when the day is o'er
I know that I shall watch again
For the step that comes no more.

'Tis little the earth has for me
Of good, or sweet, or fair—
A grave on a lonely hillside,
And a lock of soft gray hair.

I welcome a daughter's kisses,
I smile on a laughing boy—
But shadow is stronger than sunshine,
And sorrow is deeper than joy.

TO HARRY GLASSIE.

(*Aged Three Weeks.*)

BY EMMA NASH.

When thou open'st thine eyes of softest blue,
Methinks two stars are twinkling bright and new;
When thou smil'st with thy lips so rosy red,
Methinks the angels on their sweets have fed;
Whilst gazing on thy dimpled cheek and chin,
Methinks the God of love doth lurk therein!
Sweet little flower, but just sprung to life,
Untainted by the earth's unhallowed strife,
Long may thy tendrils twine around thy mother's heart,
For thou art of her very life an untold part;
And as each day new charms revealing,
May'st thou forever cause the feeling
Of joy that o'er fond hearts are stealing,
Whilst gazing on thee, angel fair,
Lying in gentle slumbers there!

If the philosopher be happy, it is because he is the man from whom Fortune can take the least.—*Rousseau.*

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GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XXII.

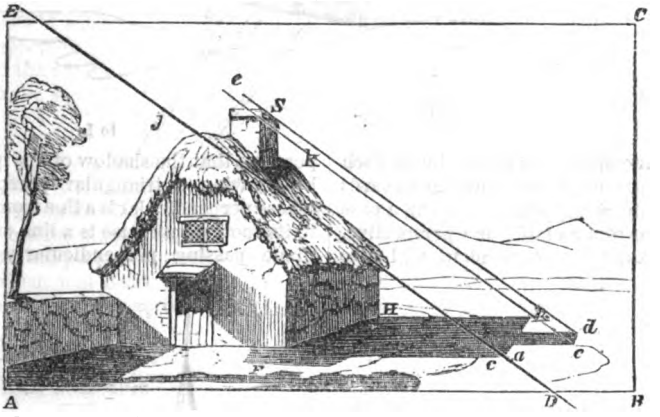
PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (*Continued.*)

In architectural and other subjects, where a ground-plan and elevation are prepared for the purposes of the perspective drawing, the easiest way of drawing the shadows on the latter sometimes is to draw them first on the plan and elevation, and then put the points and lines of the shadows into perspective, by the rules already given, in the same manner as though they were points and lines of the objects themselves. For this purpose, no further rules are necessary, except that the place of the luminary as regards the plan, and its height as regards the elevation must be given or assumed; this will determine the direction of the rays, and thence the geometrical forms of the shadows in plan and elevation, by which means their perspective forms will be easily obtained on the picture.

But in many drawings no plan nor elevation has been necessary; for which reason rules are required by which perspective shadows may be found without them. As a safe guide to the true understanding of these, the learner must keep clearly in mind that the rays of light, on the direction of which the forms of shadows largely depend, are subject to all the perspective laws of parallelism, convergence, etc., which appertain to straight lines in general, and therefore that the shadows themselves are governed by the same laws. The principal circumstances influencing the form of a shadow are the form of the original object, the position of the luminary with respect to it, the nature of the luminary, and the direction of the shadow-plane. The following rule will be found to be of general application to these varying premises:—

Let it be required to project on the plane of delineation A B C E, Fig. 30, the perspective shadow of the cottage drawn thereon; the direction of the sun's rays being supposed to be parallel with that plane, and the sun's height denoted by the line E D, making the angle of inclination of his rays equal to E D A. From both ends of the base of the cottage on the side in shade, or furthest from the luminary, draw lines F *c*, H *k* on the ground or shadow-plane in the direction of the sun's rays, that is, parallel with A B by the supposition. Through the upper corners J and K of the cottage, draw lines J *c*, K *k* parallel with E D, intersecting the two first lines respectively at the points *c* and *k*. These points are the shadows of the points J and K, and, by connecting them together by a line, a figure *c k* H F is completed, which is the perspective shadow of the house.

Fig. 30.



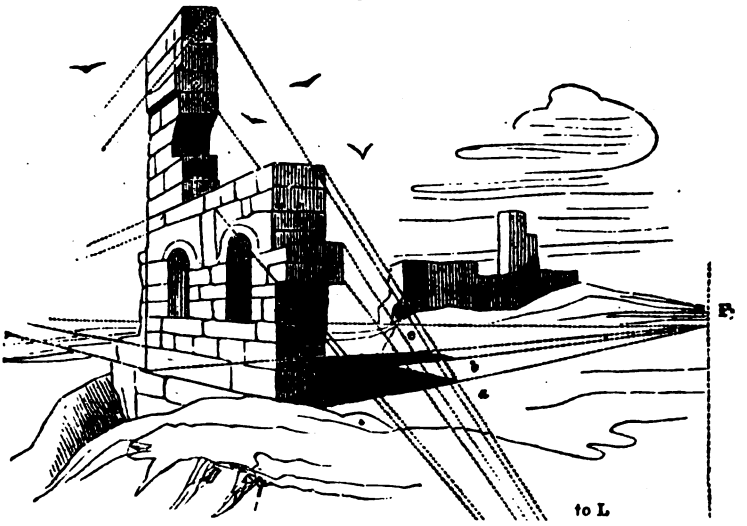
From the base of the chimney draw two similar inclined lines intersecting *c k*, *a'*, *a* and *b*, and from these intersections draw *a c*, *b d* parallel to A B. Draw *e c*, S *d* through the points *e* S of the chimney parallel to E D, and join *c* to *d*, which completes the shadow of the chimney. The shadows of the wall, tree, etc., are found in the same manner.

Suppose now that the luminary, instead of being behind, is somehow *in front* of the picture, which will cause the shadows to be thrown *from* the spectator; its place (in this example not within the picture) being given. In such case its position must be inverted, that is, placed as far below the horizontal line as its true position is above that line, and equidistant on the other side of the object (L, Fig. 31). Draw F *a*, F *b*, etc., from the foot of the luminary, as in the last example, and draw the rays from the inverted position through the upper corners of the object. Their intersections at *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., with the lines on the shadow-plane will give the shadows of those corners, by joining which the shadow is completed.

In Fig. 30 the position of the luminary was such that the rays were *parallel* with the picture; but in Fig. 31 their direction with respect to the picture-plane was *oblique;* which is the reason why, in the former case, the lines on

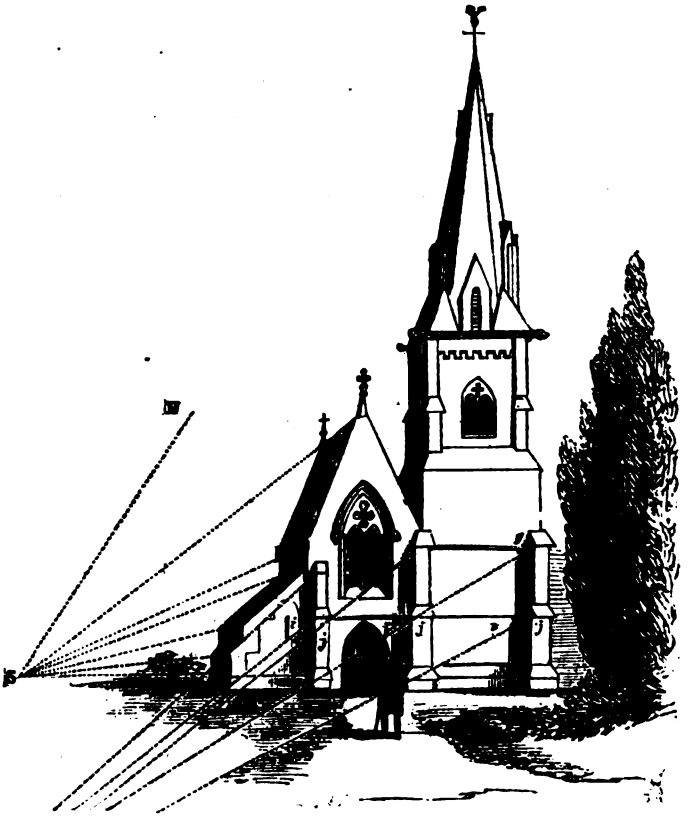
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Fig. 31.



the ground-plane are drawn parallel with each other, while in the latter they converge towards the foot of the luminary—the one being a case of parallel, the other of oblique perspective. From these examples, the student will also perceive that the shadow of any point is found by drawing a triangular perspective plane, whose perpendicular is a line from the luminary to its foot, whose base is a line on the shadow-plane passing perpendicularly beneath the

Fig. 32.



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given point from the foot of the luminary, and whose hypothenuse is a line from the luminary through the given point intersecting the base-line at the shadow of that point. A clear conception of this will give an insight into the whole principle of shadow-drawing; for, by obtaining perspective views of this imaginary triangular plane, as applied to the various prominent points of objects, we easily obtain, at the places where its hypothenuse meets its base, the perspective shadows of those points which denote the outline of the entire shadow.

Having found the shadow thrown by any one plane on another, it is easy to find those of others parallel with it thrown upon the same plane. It was stated (Fig. 28) that rays of light, and therefore the lines of shadows, are subject to perspective laws; hence parallel shadow-lines have a common vanishing-point in oblique perspective, and often in parallel perspective. In the adjoining view of a church (Fig. 32), given the shadow of one of the buttresses, to find those of the other buttresses on the parallel shadow-planes of the end of the church. Let S be the point of sight on the horizontal line, and S II the inclination of the upper line of the given shadow, passing through S. Draw *g h*, intersecting S II at V, which will be the vanishing-point of all lines parallel with *g h*, and which will determine the situations *i* of the shadows of the various points *j* of the buttresses.

I AM DREAMING.

BY LENA WARD.

I am dreaming, ever dreaming, of the pleasant scenes of yore,
Of the gay and gladsome voices that shall greet my ear no more,
Of the kind and loving welcome that my coming used to greet,
And the bright and sunny faces that I never more shall meet.

I am dreaming, ever dreaming, of the many pleasant ways
That we spent the sunny hours of the long, long summer days,
Ere the golden chain of friendship link by link was rent in twain,
And the loving friends were scattered, never more to meet again.

Yes, I'm dreaming, ever dreaming, of the joys forever fled,
Wondering why those happy hours on time's wing so quickly sped;
Wondering why I'm left so lonely, weeping o'er their silent grave,
Thinking, dreaming, longing, for to plunge 'neath Lethe's wave.

ANGER.—Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.—*Clarendon.*

THE IRREPARABLE MISTAKE.

BY INO CHURCHILL.

To be sure, twenty thousand inhabitants do not make a very large city, particularly if the area is circumscribed by a sound on the south, a river on the east, and two very unaccommodating towns on the north and west insisting on the dividing lines being drawn so sharply and distinctly for fear of encroachment, that the city dogs scarce dare bark with their heads countryward lest the sound thereof should overreach prescribed limits. But cities so compactly built, that the dwellers therein must needs stand elbow to elbow, whether on or off duty, really have a show of great and crowding business, which appearance in itself, after a time, brings to it what at first it only seemed to possess.

At any rate, whether the bustle attracted the business, or the business created the activity, there certainly was no twenty thousand people any where more hurried and occupied than were these same circumscribed citizens of W———. And instead of seeking more room to breathe and turn themselves in the open country, they constantly offered inducements for the establishment of manufactories, hardly understanding, meanwhile, where the employees of such factories could find a foothold or procure a tenement.

Amid the rush of the business tide into this little circling whirlpool, great lumbersome logs, uncouth as yet, to be subjected to city shaping, were tumbled; and smooth planks, prepared for any form or impress, sailed placidly down; and insignificant country straws followed heedlessly along, and lodged perhaps across some paths unused to plebeian hedging. For as fate or fortune would have it, just on the corner of the beautiful avenue where the more wealthy citizens resided, and leading to the principal business street, was a small, square-shaped building, sufficiently provocative of displeasure in itself to the admirers of elaborate and fanciful architecture, with its four matter-of-fact walls, its one chimney exactly in the centre of the roof, and its glaring windows unshaded by blind or shutter. But the worst of the matter was, it could not be purchased by the richest man's money, or be removed by his power, and there it stood, an actual and daily offence.

Hitherto it had been occupied as offices by young lawyers, who, though young in the profession, had yet knowledge enough of it to keep from quarrelling among themselves. The owner of the building had died and left it as a legacy to some relatives in the country, and for a few weeks it had been occupied, it was presumed, by the legatees; for old-fashioned, odd-looking goods had been brought to the door by a cart drawn by an ox-team, and new curtains—the upper half figured paper, the lower plain

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bleached muslin—had been hung at every window. The upper rooms seemed to be occupied by the family, and soon the whole secret was out. Those two girls—very pretty to look at, but exceedingly countryfied—were milliners, and had strung their front windows full of gay ribbons, the color of their own garden hollyhocks and daffodils, no doubt, and artificial flowers, not French or German certainly, or anything but American, forsooth!

The girls, meanwhile, were unconscious of the offence they were giving. It was only an experiment, their removal to the city. They had a half-invalid mother on their hands for support, and an inefficient, indolent father. Trade in the country was dull. Providence had seemed to mark out the way, and to provide a place, and, after some consideration, they followed what seemed to them His evident direction. When one's desires and inclinations point in a certain direction, it is easy to attribute the leading to a higher power, but if conscientious promptings conflict with the wishes, then comes the test of character.

After all, it was with some trembling and misgivings that the sign was suspended over the newly-painted door, and the goods arranged for inspection. But Miss Sarah Horton, though but twenty-two, had acquired some knowledge of the ways of the world as developed in the country, and human nature, not to speak of feminine vanity, is about the same in its essence wherever you find it. She knew she must assume a confidence in herself that she was far from feeling, that she might inspire the trust of her customers, and that she must exhibit a hopeful spirit while with her family, that they might not become despondent, and drag her down with prophecies of failure.

Lizzie, her sister, was younger, and more clinging in her nature. At least, it seemed that she had little self-reliance, and Sarah feared she inherited somewhat her father's nature. Then she chided herself for the fear, as Lizzie was earnestly helpful in carrying out every plan she projected to exactness in its every detail, though she had no genius for the planning. Such natures are often, perhaps justly, counted secondary in importance, though I wonder sometimes how these great inventions and projects would work themselves out, if it were not for just such patient, untiring hands to take up the original and brilliant idea, divest it of its superfluities, and render it practical and useful. Inventive genius often wears itself out in the planning, and, like the overstrained string of the lute, snaps at the tension; but the practically trained ear can take up the vibrations, and work out from the prelude notes what should have been the finale as accurately perhaps, if not as thrillingly, as could the originator.

"I shall take great interest in our first customer," said Lizzie, as she gave the finishing touches to the room, and removed the shading curtains.

"What kind of interest, sister?" asked Sarah, from her position behind the counter.

"Oh! pecuniary interest, to be sure," laughed Lizzie. "This is your business, I suppose? I shall consider your fortune made or lost by the first purchaser's liberality or parsimony."

"Hush!" cautioned Sarah, as the door opened, and a middle-aged gentleman entered, planted his gold-headed cane firmly on the floor, gave two or three puffs that sounded like grunts, as though recovering his breath after the laborious exercise of stepping from the carriage to the door.

"Can I show you anything, sir?" asked Sarah, with quiet politeness, her cheek flushing a little as she caught sight of Lizzie's merry, teazing face.

"No, no, not to-day!" he said, in a short, quick way. "I am only looking around a little. I think to remove my manufactory to this place, but, first, I must possess myself of its resources and capabilities."

"You will hardly find what you seek in a millinery store, sir?"

"You are young, madam, but you must have heard that straws indicate the tidal motion. If I were a doctor now, I should not place my hand on your head or shoulder to decide whether you were strong and vigorous, but I should lay one finger on the pulse that throbs beneath that dimple in your wrist."

Sarah colored, and pulled down her sleeve a little.

"Don't mind an old man, my child," continued the stranger, smiling. "I was only going to say that if I find these shops, where trinkets and finery are kept for sale, healthy and flourishing, I can conclude as to the demand for staple commodities. Food and fuel people must have. An outlay for frippery shows a surplus of means; besides, woman rules the trade, and if I find these shops well patronized, I shall decide to come."

"Excuse me, sir, but it seems to me you are acting on a new theory?"

"Not at all, not at all!" said the stranger, putting down his cane emphatically. "If there were no women in the world, how many velvets, silks, ribbons, carpets, and Cashmeres, or other costly fabrics would be imported, or even manufactured? Or teas, coffees, spices, or fruits cultivated? Ah, madam! I tell you the diamond might lie in its river bed forever, and pearls roll themselves for naught into consolidated dewdrops, but for the fairer sex. Yes, I tell you my own immense carriage manufactory, with its constantly increasing orders, would stop at once and forever if woman ceased to exist. I tell you, madam, man alone would be little better than a boor. The simplest food, the plainest garb, and the freest

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mode of locomotion would be all he would aspire to."

"I think, sir," said Lizzie, timidly, "if you will allow my opinion, that man is an intelligent being, and intellectual culture leads to refinement, and refinement of mind and feeling will show itself in outward decorations as an expression of and ministration to the inherent love of the beautiful; and labor, not idleness, brings peace and happiness, and even before woman was fashioned, I think Adam took delight in dressing and keeping the garden."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man, really amused. "Have it so, my little maid, if you will, but from my observation of the world and the things in it, I find that woman's tastes and wants act as spurs to commerce and trade. Now, madam," turning to Sarah, "have you any objection to telling me how much you have made the past month?"

"I am but a new comer myself, sir. This is my opening day, and you are my first customer, if such I can call you."

"Oh, ho! That 's it, is it?"

"And, sir," said Lizzie, gaining boldness, "our first purchaser was to decide to us whether the fickle goddess was to be propitious or otherwise. You are a kind, good gentleman, you will not go without"—

"Lizzie!" said Sarah, reprovingly. And Lizzie hung her head, somewhat abashed.

But the gentleman had already decided on taking the most expensive looking hat in the store, which he desired to have put up for him, saying, as he handed Sarah the price:—

"I don't know of a lady's head that I can put it on, but I purchase it that I may bring luck to you."

The girls both thanked him, and soon they had almost forgotten him in the excitement of waiting on the customers who now began to throng the little store. As the weeks went on, trade increased, and the girls began to feel a pardonable pride in their success. At first they only kept low-priced goods, and their customers were mostly the wives and daughters of mechanics and laborers. They had thought this well. Their object was to gain a livelihood, and this they were doing, with scarce time for any society with all this work upon their hands. But Sarah was growing discontented. She longed for companionship outside of her own home circle. In the country town where they had lived they were well known and beloved as friends by those who traded with them, and she missed the pleasant chats about familiar things, and the merry evenings of their leisure weeks. She felt hemmed in and encompassed by an atmosphere that was deleterious, if not positively poisonous, to free and healthy respiration. Labor, somehow, seemed to be thought degrading, and she felt lowered in her own estimation that she must perform it, and that, too, to gain her daily bread. But perhaps labor, if not the need for it, might be exalted, and gradually she began to make a change in the style and texture of the goods she offered for sale. Colors were less glaring, combinations were more artistic, and accorded better with the requirements of refined taste. It must be confessed, her fingers were more skilful than ever before in fashioning the dainty bonnets. She did not particularly love the beautiful for its own sake, but she had taken a hint from the dress of the ladies who daily rolled by in luxurious ease.

The effect after a time was perceptible. A higher—that is, a wealthier—class of patrons were attracted to the little store, and Sarah tasked her powers of pleasing to the utmost to secure approbation for her work. In this she succeeded, as far as business was concerned, but utterly failed in point of society. Those above her in social position cared as little for her as does the soaring eagle for the ambitious fledgling just trying its fluttering wings. But the fledgling, she knew, in its steadiest flight could never cope with the king of birds, because of its limited capacity. But she, by nature, education, and useful acquirements, was equal with those who soared so loftily above her. She might lack in superficial accomplishments, but it was not the ornamental feathers on the eagle's wing that sustained him in his high altitude and rapid flight, but the strong, sinewy tendons that stretched themselves like nerves from his body.

These girls were country-bred, and had attended regularly on divine service when the day of rest returned, until Sarah felt that social distinctions were carried into the very house of God. She finally withdrew herself from the precincts of the unpretending chapel, showing, alas! by the act, or the feeling that prompted it, that her own thoughts were grovelling, and could not raise themselves above the forms of clay to the Fashioner thereof. Mere potter's vessels many of them were, she felt, and though they might be cleansed within, for the Master's use, outwardly they were rough and uncomely. Little of the fine porcelain and dainty polished ware lent the glitter or transparency of its own excellence to the unpretending service. Guilty of the very thing she condemned others for exhibiting, Sarah Horton's mind became so embittered that she could not understand the prescribed fitness of things, or recognize the beauty of simplicity through which the less refined could look up, almost with the naked eye of faith, to God the Giver, while those educated more to symbolism needed the more powerful glass to aid their vision, or the elegant vehicles of eloquence and rhetoric to convey their thoughts to the sublimity and glory that surrounds the Throne.

Into the elegant and aristocratic structure hard by she was too proud to go, though she

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felt she could appreciate as well as the fashionably-dressed congregation the beauty of the high-toned service. She did not consider, that though there may be a tendency in the lowly to familiarize the thought of the Supreme, and in the rich and exalted to deem Him far above all intimate and close communion with the work of His own hands, that He is ever the same in his transcendant radiance, however the medium through which mortals gaze may distort or refract the light which ever surrounds Him. Or, that the water of life is the same whether taken from the simple glass by the eager, unpolished lips, or received from golden vessels into the delicate and sensitively constructed organization. At any rate, one must be feverishly athirst ever to be refreshed.

In this Sarah Horton made the mistake that turned from its true, legitimate source the current of her after life; while Lizzie, sweet, unsuspecting soul, went in the quiet path, receiving consolation and companionship from and with those who sought her as a friend. Sarah turned from all her sister's mates, not rudely, or perceptibly, to simple Lizzie. Their mother's state of health was sufficient excuse for one remaining at home, and Sarah did this, insisting that Lizzie should enjoy the privilege she herself ignored.

It had been a matter of some doubt to the sisters whether their removal to the city had been wise, or at all, as they hoped, Heaven-directed. Their father's indolent habits had led him to mingle with the loungers about the saloons, and his none too strict morals were becoming palpably relaxed, if not really dissolute.

About this time the sisters were waited upon by a party of gentlemen, owners of the palatial residences on the aristocratic avenue that swept itself past the little unpretending store, and up the acclivity whose summit was the very apex of the beauty and glory of the place. The gentlemen had chosen their time well, after the business of the day, and with a suave and urbane manner strove to convince Miss Horton that the locality of her store was ill selected; she was really out of the business part of the city.

"My dear child," said one, patronizingly, "I speak as to a daughter. Trade is steadily working in the other direction. There is a store awaiting your acceptance at a moderate rent in the very heart of the city. Will you be kind enough to consider the matter?"

Sarah's pride took fire. "Is it for my advantage alone that you propose this removal, sir?"

"Well, yes—no—that is, it is my wish, and the gentlemen with me agree that it is extremely desirable that this corner be rid of—that is to say, it would be better for the improvement of the city that none but handsome residences find place on this avenue," replied the gentleman, a little disconcerted that his motive in seeking Miss Horton should have been made so evident to her, even through all the polish of his address.

"But, sir, should I accede to your wish, the place would remain, and you would be subject to as great, if not worse, annoyance."

"Not necessarily, madam," said another gentleman. "We are prepared to buy your lease, or purchase the property, if you are its owners."

"My sister and myself are the owners, sir. We prefer to remain where we are, by your grace," said Sarah, haughtily.

"How is it?" asked another of the party, turning to Lizzie, who had remained a silent though interested listener. "Do you desire to remain here and render yourself obnoxious to the dwellers on the street? We are men of standing and influence. A few words from us might materially lessen your trade, and render it afterward difficult to dispose of your property to advantage."

"Do you threaten weak women, sir?" asked Sarah, her eyes flashing. But the gentleman did not turn toward her; he was awaiting Lizzie's answer.

"I am sure you would not do that, sir," Lizzie replied, timidly. "We have a right to one little nook in the world, and the humble sparrow should be allowed to build her nest under the eaves of the great house, undisturbed. I am sorry to be in any one's way, but we cannot sell our property but by mutual consent, and I think with sister, that were it turned to money, it would soon be gone," she continued, sadly, thinking of her father's disposition to spend all they could supply him with. "You will not think ill of us, I am sure, but will give us time to consider," begged Lizzie, as the gentlemen, with dissatisfied air, arose to go.

This seemed reasonable, and they left with a hope that the younger sister would influence the other to accept their liberal offer.

"You offered them false hope, Lizzie," said Sarah. "I will never give it up for their proud sakes; they shall not ride over us. They would grind us down, as though the touch of the hoof were any more gentle because it is golden shod."

Ere Lizzie had time to reply, the sound of many feet approaching the door filled them with sudden dread of impending evil, and kept them both silent. The mother, too, had come feebly down stairs with a presentiment that her presence would be needed. It was evil, as they thought, that betided them. The husband and father was brought in, a lifeless and mutilated burden! In a state of partial intoxication, he had undertaken to cross the street in front of the prancing steeds that but a few moments before had left his own door, and before the spirited animals could be checked, he had fallen under their feet.

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"Literally trampled under their horses' feet!" Sarah's morbid feelings whispered, as the hurried explanations were made. This sudden and awful calamity should have been a warning to her unhealthy state of feeling. She had looked on her father's course with shame for him, that he could thus forfeit his claims on noble manhood; for herself, that she should have been his child; and even in the awfulness of the event that removed him, there was a positive though unacknowledged sense of relief. He was carried back to his native town and laid beneath the green sod of the quiet churchyard. The family returned again to the city, with a something in their hearts crowding out what used to be there. Lizzie and her mother grieved most truly, but in Sarah's heart the grave was shallow; not that she was devoid of natural affection, but when *self* occupies the mind, and actuates the purpose, there is room for little else.

The sisters were not sought again by the gentlemen who had urged their removal from the store, except to express their extreme and deep regret that they had been the unfortunate means of bringing grief to the family. They felt that Miss Horton would hardly now accord them what they wished. The gentleman who had pushed the matter most urgently had sold his residence adjoining the store, and removed himself to more congenial quarters, and the new owner was soon to occupy his possessions near them. The sisters watched for his arrival with much interest and some curiosity.

"There is our first customer," said Lizzie, in a loud whisper from behind the door of the working-room, to Sarah, who had advanced at the sound of the opening door.

"Here still, young lady! I trust you are grateful enough to remember me, as my first purchase must have brought you luck," said the gentleman, after puffing awhile to regain his breath. Lizzie wondered to herself how he could do much business with such a troublesome breathing apparatus. "I came in to tell you I am your neighbor now; moving into the house just up the street, and if my housekeeper or her maids need any finery, I shall tell them where to come."

Sarah flushed hotly. Indeed, where were his wife and daughters to make their purchases? Some more pretentious store, no doubt, would receive their patronage. But the visitor did not seem to notice her displeasure, except, perhaps, to wonder at it, while he admired the color that enlivened her face, for he looked at her after a moment long and searchingly, smiled to himself, and after a little conversation left; as he did so, handing her his card—"Samuel Gould" was engraved upon it.

Was *he* the wealthy Mr. Gould she had heard so frequently spoken of, whose coming would be such an acquisition to the place? who counted his wealth by hundreds of thousands, that daily augmented itself by the enormous business it prompted and sustained? Her face flushed all over, and her white throat reddened as she recalled the look he bent on her as he left her presence. He was a widower, she had heard, and without family, suppose— She dared not go further; there was not a shadow of foundation for her hypothesis. But, after all, trust a woman to read an admiring look aright.

Mr. Gould made himself so neighborly that Lizzie set him down as a perfect bore, never dreaming of the secret of his visits. One evening he came in after business hours, and she, hearing his voice, rushed up stairs to avoid his society, and was asleep long before Sarah sought to share her couch.

"Dear me! has he gone?" she asked of her sister in the morning, "or has he taken board here? Or does he want to turn poor little us out of house and home, because of his piles of gold dust?"

"Out of youth, and heart, and conscience, rather," said Sarah, bitterly.

"The old heathen!" said Lizzie, savagely, twining her arms around her sister's neck. "What did he say to you?"

"He wants to marry me."

Lizzie threw up her hands in horror, then laughed the first merry peal that had sounded through the house since their father's death. She checked herself guiltily as she saw Sarah's grave face, mistaking the cause.

"And what did you tell him, sister?"

"That he might," replied Sarah, laconically.

"Oh, sister, you jest but to tease me."

"It is the truth."

"Sarah, how can you give your youth in its freshness, your fair beauty, to that puffing old porpoise?" demanded Lizzie, angrily. "He is more than twenty years older than you are, and wrinkled, and 't'wont be long before he is decrepid."

Sarah shuddered, but replied: "Love is a great enchanter, Lizzie. It can make the repulsive beautiful."

"You don't love him! You cannot! You shall not! And marriage without love is unholy, criminal! Oh, sister!" And the excited girl burst into tears.

Sarah had made up her mind; there was no turning her. It was her fate, she argued; she had been placed in the current when its eddies were only pleasingly bewildering; she had been carried on to where they were tantalizingly unsatisfying; she *would* go now into the vortex! There must be happiness in culmination. There were riot and joy, the clap of white hands, the shout of the syren, ever in her mind, connected with the rush and whirl of the waters toward the Maelstrom of the extreme North Sea. And yielding to the same infatuation that leads the mariner on, in that treacherous ocean she went. Forgetful of the

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victims who had gone before, trying how near she could come to the fearfully encompassing power, and not be heart and soul engulphed. She meant to keep heart and soul free, while she gave herself. Vain argument! Delusive sophistry! A compromise with Truth is ever a dangerous experiment.

And this girl, willing to barter all that a woman prizes in herself, for a purse of gold, that it should prove itself the power to her of elevation above the degrading plain she dwelt on, exchanged the little obnoxious abode so diffusive of offensive odors to sensitive olfactories, for the mansion overlooking its insignificance.

She had secured her position. No one dare debar the *entrée* of first society to Mr. Gould's wife, and for a time she fairly reveled in her wealth. No equipage was more glittering; no cushions and robes more suggestive of ease and comfort; no table groaned under a greater weight of solid plate and cut glass, or presented more tempting viands to epicurean tastes than hers. She filled her library and tables with elegant literature; her music-room with costly instruments, and the glorious conceptions of the great composers. Her pictures were gems of art, her statuettes almost breathing with life.

A few giddy whirls in the round of pleasure; a few trips hither and thither for a glimpse of our country's lavish beauty of scenery with his young wife, and Mr. Gould longed to settle down to quiet enjoyment. A reasonable wish in one who had lived through the pleasures of his youth, and wanted a rest now and a comfort, secured to him in his own home.

If Sarah had done herself wrong in accepting him, he had done himself no less in marrying her. I do not say that love and happiness are impossible where there exists such disparity of age; on the contrary, I have seen instances of the most devoted and endearing tenderness from the one, and the most clinging and reverent affection from the other, but they are rare as the genial admixture of the old wine with the new.

If Mrs. Gould had possessed a true love for the beautiful, she might have enjoyed the luxury of her home surroundings for its sake. She might have forgotten her own heart longings sometimes in a revel with the poets, or in a study of the artists. But poets, alas! portrayed in vivid figures happiness that she had not attained, and artists and sculptors pictured or evolved realities that mocked her. And so to satisfy her cravings for something, she scarce acknowledged what, she filled her house with company, the brilliant and the gay; gave and attended parties, and mingled freely with those who, in her comparative poverty, swept by her humble home, never heeding the envious spirit that followed them, or realized how by contrast they made her lot unendurable. Now that she had been raised to their social level, she understood somewhat their feeling, or their want of feeling, in the matter. It *did* occur to her that there must be hills and valleys to make agreeable diversity in the natural world, and it were absurd for the vales to mourn their insignificance because the hills towered above them. Had they not both their uses? The mountains to stand as barricades against the pestilential winds that might otherwise sweep over the country and devastate the land; the valleys and plains to yield their products and verdure for the use and pleasure of man. And the great national calamities and mercantile disasters that come, break first upon the rich with sudden and overwhelming power, before the spreading tide, or overland ripple, encompasses the poor. And these great changes and crises that act as levellers, she knew brought woe as their effect, because they produced stagnation. And she began to doubt, moreover, if in the social any more than in the natural world, the mountain peaks nearest the sun were any the warmer for such proximity.

Her feelings grew more and more contradictory, and while insisting on the rights and heretofore unseen privileges of the poor, she could not but enter into the feeling of those who felt annoyance at the little building so offensively situated on the corner of the beautiful street. No mountain would want an unsightly stone to jolt over in its graceful slope to the valley, and what vale would be presumptuous enough to roll one hither; or, insist on its remaining, if it had accidentally lodged there? So she set to work for its removal. Mr. Gould remonstrated.

"It did not matter particularly now," he said. "All would come in good time. For himself, he liked the old landmarks. They were links between the past and the future, and indicators in their way of the grand march of civilization. He doubted if he should not be sorry when they all succumbed to the spirit of improvement so rife in its manifestations. There was a sad thought in the putting of these old time objects with their memories away."

Sarah looked at her husband in surprise; she had not sought to understand his inner nature. If she had cherished the wish to yield him her loyal affections, the vein of fine feeling then exhibited on the surface would have been worked down to its hidden quarry. But she turned away with a light, half-scornful laugh, and lost her opportunity of redeeming herself to the demands of her soul's truth and purity.

Lizzie, meantime, lamenting her sister's marriage and removal from her home, had gone bravely on, keeping up the business that had fallen rather weightily into her hands. She was not good at starting or devising, but she was pertinacious in the following, after the start was made. She had secured a saleswo-

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man, doing herself the part that required patience and taste, and the anniversary of her sister's marriage found her prosperous as she could wish. She loved her work, too, and the independent feeling it brought. She would not herself or permit her mother to accept the home Sarah's husband offered them. She was not aware of her sister's annoyance about the matter, until she came one day, as the gentlemen had two years before, and desired Lizzie to give up the store and return to the country if she would not dwell in her own mansion.

"But, Sarah, I do not think mother would enjoy all the grandeur and ceremony of your house, neither could she, I fear, bear well the journey to our own home. She has grown much more feeble of late."

"Why not give up your work then, and take care of her; though I am sure I do not see the change in her that you speak of?"

"Oh! she brightens up under any excitement, even at the coming of her rich daughter."

"Nonsense, Lizzie! I confess I am ashamed of this little seven by nine rookery, and that my mother and sister dwell in it; besides, it is a disgrace to the street."

Lizzie laughed good-naturedly. "Are you chief member of the committee of grand people, who would rob the poor of their rights, and trample upon them, now that your steeds are shod with gold?"

Sarah colored angrily at the echo of her own words. "Do listen to reason, Lizzie."

"I do, Sarah. Reason is the very reason that prompts me to continue my business. I do not wish to disturb the little nest egg in the bank, lest I may need it for a rainy day."

"Nest egg, Lizzie!" repeated Mrs. Gould, contemptuously. "One would know you were country-bred by your vulgar similes."

"Yes, I am, and proud of it, too, and all the money of the rich cannot buy my portion of this little despised house. Independence of feeling is my rightful heritage; how much honest country breeding has to do with it I will not say," replied Lizzie, rather more spiritedly than she was wont to speak.

"But labor is degrading," urged Mrs. Gould, determined to gain her point. "You are thought nothing of in the higher circles while this necessity for drudging clings to you."

"That is it, Sarah, the necessity, not the labor. Your husband does as much in his way as any one, but, as there is no need for it, he is exalted. Indeed, he has scarce a right to hold a field a poorer man might occupy to advantage; and if it were not for men who must work for their daily bread, what would become of his great manufactory? Springs and wheels won't make themselves. Besides, Sarah, I am getting really proud of the place I occupy. I am necessary to the city, and I think so much of myself that I care very little how small an amount of admiration is bestowed upon me."

Mrs. Gould gave up the matter in despair. Lizzie, she decided, was obstinate and wilful. Lizzie had unconsciously pointed a new thorn in the mantle of her sister's discontent. It would, indeed, be better and more dignified if her husband were free from all plebeian harassment of business, or any contact whatever with the dingy blacksmith and the hard-working mechanic, and she gave him no peace until he had disposed of his interest in the business. He fully admitted her argument that there was no real necessity for mental more than physical labor, with his wealth at command, but he had some benevolent doubts as to the expediency of a change of proprietorship in the immense business just at the approach of winter. A longer or shorter cessation of the works would be inevitable, and it might bring serious inconvenience, if not actual discomfort, to the employees. But he loved his young wife, and indulged her as he would a spoiled child, yielding his own mature judgment to her exactions.

Five years passed, and five more laid themselves wearily upon the dusty shelf of time, and Mrs. Gould had long ago exhausted every source of pleasure open to her. Sweets palled upon her tongue before she tasted them, and beauties wearied her eye at a superficial glance. The self-sealed fountain in her heart had never gushed forth again into its former limpid, healthful flow; indeed, the waters had become stagnant from long inaction, and were diffusing a deadly miasma throughout her moral being. If children had come to her, she might have given to their father the love of which the husband was defrauded, before she had awakened fully to the bitterness of the thought that now continually forced itself upon her, that for gold she had sold herself to the abject slavery which her soul abhorred. The clank of the chain has a torturing sound, though it may hold the true ring of gold, and truth is a faithful monitor and a clear reflector underneath the most plausible self-deception.

Idleness, not labor, brings degradation in its reaction; and though our strong purposes are ofttimes our divinities, before which we adoring bow, and burn and wave the incense of our lives, even that, methinks, were better than to have no purposes at all above the softening unto down of our nightly couch, and the noiseless tiring of our carriage wheels.

Before she reached the age of forty, Sarah Gould had lived through the novelty of every attainable pleasure, and she turned sickened away from every trivial amusement, as she had once grown disgusted with daily toil; and yet she refused solid nutriment, as the taste, vitiated with sweets, turns awhile from humble but healthy aliment. As there existed no necessity for labor, there was no incentive to it. No quickened impulse of love toward her hus-

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band suggested pleasing surprises for him; no alert affection waited impatiently his coming; no little feminine occupation, trifling in itself, but fraught in every delicate thread with tender meaning, and woven in and out with a pleasing wish toward home, or personal decoration engaged her listless fingers; no innate desire for self-culture or spiritual ennoblement elicited more than a wearisome reading of the choice books of her library; and the dull days dragged themselves on to months and years, as the empty mill is twirled idly around, with no accumulation save the chance motes of dust blown thither and lodged in little furrows as shameful witnesses to a want of aim and fixedness of purpose.

She would willingly have died, if actual death were not a worse stagnation than this living torpor, and from it she should not plunge into something more fearful than chaos and the old night. Her life, her heart, her soul seemed to have lost the central poise; had become influenced by a base magnetism from the true controlling power and the higher legitimate end; and like the old comet, whose failure to return to sight at the calculated time divulged to astronomers the fact that in its eccentric orbit, between Jupiter and his lesser moon, it had become influenced from its centre, had lost its equilibrium, and been hurled into space, never to be known again, so she seemed to have been swayed by an ignoble passion, to careen at last into confused and darkened bewilderment.

Mrs. Horton had grown more and more feeble, making an easy transition from extreme debility to pulseless rest. Lizzie was keeping on in her appointed way alone. No need of protection now from snares laid for youth and personal beauty, for both were gone. She had not been sought in marriage by any to whom she could give her heart. She shudderingly said "No," when a man of wealth, but doubtful morality, pressed his suit, and kindly but decidedly shook her head, when a whole-hearted but poorly-educated young man offered her his heart. She was proud, this simple Lizzie, in her own way. She insisted there were distinctions drawn by mind and intellect, though she ignored the theory that the purse should necessarily give weight on either side. She had formed some pleasant and lasting friendships, and really enjoyed the life that to many would have been unbearably monotonous.

"Lizzie," said Mrs. Gould, one evening, "my husband says he has just invested for you quite a large sum of money, your savings from this business. With the large percentage it will bring, you need no longer keep yourself under the curse of labor."

"Did he say the *curse* of labor, Sarah, or is that supplemented by you?"

Sarah laughed. "Well, perhaps I may have added something to his words, but I know you think the love of money is my ruling passion, but you are the veriest miser I know of, hoarding up your treasure, and striving night and day to add to the precious store. Do give up your business, and marry into ease and respectability."

"Do you solemnly advise me to do this, Sarah, even if it were possible?"

Mrs. Gould colored and moved restlessly under Lizzie's steady, questioning gaze. It was the first doubt of her sister's happiness that Lizzie had ever put into word or look, but the consciousness that it had all along been understood embarrassed and annoyed the woman whose unsatisfied heart had already begun the dull thud of mute despair.

"I doubt if I could marry if I would, Sarah. I have lost my youth and what little beauty I possessed," said Lizzie, willing to relieve her sister's embarrassment.

"You have lost, it is true, your fairness of complexion and roundness of cheek, Lizzie, but there is now a charm about you that youth seldom boasts," replied Mrs. Gould, as she, utterly wearied with everything that for more than a moment engaged her attention, went abruptly out of the room.

Lizzie pondered long, with her head resting on her hand; then she looked in the glass to see what it was she had gained that would make up for the loss of her youth, but she could not decide whether it was the one or two gray hairs that betokened something of experience, or the hopeful gleam in her steady, undimmed eyes. She had borne the stigma of her sex lightly; indeed, she was too proud of her honest maidenhood to barter it as so much merchandise. But she was a woman, after all, with the natural instincts that the will can not subdue, and her disturbed mind sought relief in tears. She was vexed that she should have yielded to such weakness, for she was to spend the evening with her particular friend, little Mrs. White, whose bachelor brother even now was waiting to escort her thither.

With a flushed cheek and wet eyes she entered the room, and greeted him quietly, for he was no stranger whom she need fear, though unconsciously to herself she had gained entrance to a heart long closed.

"Are you ill or unhappy, my dear friend?" asked Mr. Randall, tenderly, as he seated himself beside her, and again took her hand.

"No, I am well, I thank you, and happy, but"—and feeling how little claim she had on any one for such tenderness of manner, she again burst into tears.

"I beg you will let me comfort you. I desire the privilege above all earthly things. I offer you no fluctuating, boyish heart when I say that I love you, but a man's secure affection. Will you be my wife, Lizzie, and give me the right I earnestly crave to lighten your every sorrow or vexation?"

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Lizzie was taken by surprise. His manner had never before been lover-like, and her heart had in no wise reached its tendrils toward him. She lifted her head and looked at him. He was a middle-aged man, small in stature; he had a stubbed growth of whiskers, now turned slightly gray, a low forehead, and a retreating chin; his redeeming feature was his tender eyes, almost womanly in their hazel depths as they now looked pleadingly into hers. He possessed a competence, not the result of his own efforts, but a legacy from an uncle, and, despite his personal disadvantages, he would be considered a desirable match for a much younger woman.

Lizzie hesitated. She was strongly tempted to place herself in the arms open to her, though her sinking pulses warned her. She turned her head away slightly, and Mr. Randall folded his arms over his breast, as he said:—

"Then you will not come, Lizzie?"

"Not now. Let me think, Mr. Randall. I thank you heartily, but you have taken me by surprise. You will give me time?"

"Till next week, Lizzie, and, now, shall we disappoint my sister and remain at home together?" he asked, half-playfully.

"Yes, if you please. I feel unfitted to meet any one to-night."

And that evening passed and the next in his society, and Lizzie tried to accustom herself to his near presence. The opportunity to change her mode of life had come; should she accept it? Perhaps, as Sarah said, she was laying by money for its own sake, growing the while selfish and miserly. Ought she not to expand herself, and extend her avenues for usefulness in the only way that seemed open to woman? She could not love this man, she felt, by the retreat of her heart when he approached her; but an unmarried woman was isolated, or, perhaps, at best, she might be the segment of a circle incomplete without her. How could she tell if this were the opening she herself could fill to entirety and perfection? Addition is not always unity, or unity, in a certain sense, completeness. She looked up suddenly to the picture on the wall, which Sarah in her school days had undertaken and thrown aside unfinished, and which she, with characteristic pertinacity, had endeavored to perfect. But work as she would, the lines and the shadings were incongruous, revealing unpleasant distinctness in parts that should have been softly merged into one triumphant whole.

She knew, 'tis true, that each cog and lever and spring might be perfected by different hands, as the parts of a machine in a great factory are made separately and await accurate adjustment each to the other part; but it would never do to place the slender watch spring into the heavy vehicle, or lay the great iron wheel over against the delicate machinery. And when Mr. Randall came again, she sadly, for his sake, said him nay, and went quietly, bravely, on in the path of her own choosing.

She felt that though in being true to herself she was travelling through the world alone, that somehow she was acting the part assigned to her, and she must steadily and persistently fill her place, else there might be a gap in the wall, a break in the ranks, through which the enveloping waters might rush, or the enemy steal in. She was being formed for her niche in the temple silently, with no lookers on. Perhaps it might never be known in the world what of self she had combatted or overcome, or how the days placed one upon the other, years through with tedious similarity, required a braver meeting than the excitement that attends even upon the worst calamities. But she shrank not, if in any way to her, her life seemed undergoing the slow, untiring chipping, or the quiet, ceaseless rasping, expecting somehow she should come out at last under their silent processes as the Master Chiseler would have her, like the capital of the column of the old Pantheon, perfected inside and out, the veins and lines of the most exquisite workmanship so hidden in the wall that not until the temple itself was in ruins were its most remarkable beauties ever seen.

A few months after her refusal of Mr. Randall, Mr. Gould came to her in person, and begged that for her sister's sake she would make her home in his house. He was so earnest in his request that she could not refuse. There seemed to be a vague uneasiness in his manner quite contrary to his usual self-complacent air, and Lizzie felt that he had suddenly grown old and weary of life. But she attributed it mostly to the want of exercise; he had been an active, stirring man all his life, and he missed more and more the pleasant excitement of business, though he was now hardly young enough to engage largely in it.

She had seen very little of Sarah for weeks, but she went now with Mr. Gould to her sister's room, quite unprepared for the change that had come over her, and a quick shiver of horror ran through her veins that Sarah was losing her reason gradually but surely. With all her sisterly affection fully aroused, she arranged her business matters as soon as might be, and devoted herself entirely to her new duty.

The physician manifested no particular alarm, but insisted that Mrs. Gould should receive no stimulants, and his words strengthened Lizzie's fear that she was verging toward insanity. Days and weeks passed, and Mrs. Gould alternated between the heights of extravagant spirits and the lowest depths of despondency, and in what was supposed to be insane fitfulness, she shunned Lizzie's society after locking her out of the room. Mr. Gould absented himself much from home, and seemed abstracted and gloomy, and the whole great house, with

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its grandeur, had a funereal aspect in its solemn and stately repose.

One day, just at evening, Lizzie was looking from her own room window, and she saw her sister walking in the garden. She had taken little exercise of late, and the anxious watcher felt that this was a good symptom. But soon she saw that her steps were unsteady, and finally she reeled and fell upon the ground. Lizzie hastened out in alarm, and in raising her, she saw a vial slip from the folds of her dress, and understood by the strong odor of brandy that had seemed to cling around her sister's person, the whole shameful secret. She reeled herself for a moment in horror and disgust, for the infatuation was worse almost than insanity itself.

The thought that flashed so suddenly into Lizzie's mind was, alas! the true conjecture. Mrs. Gould, to drown her wretchedness, and fill up the awful vacuum of the weary days, had given herself up to the dreadful habit, though she had felt the shame enough to conceal it. She had despised labor. Oh, the degradation that indolence had brought! Whether Mr. Gould was aware of the dreadful truth, Lizzie could not tell. Her work in the world was apparent now, and she assiduously set herself about it. To reclaim her sister should be the one great purpose of her life. This was no easy thing; the habit had taken strong hold, and nothing could be presented that acted as a motive for its relinquishment. Self-gratification and ease had been the pursuit of her early married life; now it was proving the bane of her maturer womanhood, and Lizzie, with all her pertinacity, almost gave up in despair.

Mr. Gould had returned from a long absence, but he seemed to take no notice of his wife's insensibility to his coming. He was unwontedly gloomy and morose, but after a day or two, he confided to Lizzie his troubles. He had staked the bulk of his fortune in a brilliant speculative bubble, merely for the want of some excitement, and the bubble had suddenly burst from its too great expansion, leaving scarce a drop as its deposit.

"I care little for myself," he said, bitterly, "but Sarah married me for my wealth, almost loathing me. How will she endure me in my poverty?"

There was a gleam of hope in all this, that Lizzie eagerly laid hold of.

"Have you lost all?" she asked, in a tone so almost joyful that it surprised him.

"All, except the sixty thousand I invested for my wife, in case anything should happen to me."

"Do you still love her enough to save her?"

"Heaven knows that I do, Lizzie," he replied, sadly, "but I fear the time is past."

"Not so, I believe," replied the hopeful sister, and they sat long together arranging their plans. It might have all been tried before, if Lizzie had thought of it, but circumstances had revealed to her the feasibility of the plan, and she followed it up with her practical judgment.

Mr. Gould did not seek his wife that night, but the next morning he greeted her with a voice made harsh by many embittering memories, in words no less merciless to their terrible meaning to the misguided woman.

"Sarah Gould, arouse yourself from your self-imposed stupor, for I, your husband, am to-day comparatively a beggar!"

The effect was more than he anticipated. The sudden announcement threw her into a succession of fainting fits, resulting at last in serious illness. When, after many weeks of mental and physical prostration, she awoke to consciousness, she was not in the palatial mansion that had been the scene of her social triumph and personal debasement. The room where she lay was much smaller than any in her great house, and she missed the dainty covering and the silken folds of the azure canopy that had draped her couch. The bed she occupied was plain and white, the walls of the room were covered with neat paper, and the few pictures that adorned it were almost stern in their chaste simplicity. She could see her husband in the room that opened into hers. His head was thrown back against the easy-chair, and he seemed to be listening with pleasure to the low, trilling music of the piano. The young girl who evoked the soothing strains, she saw was the orphaned niece left to his care, whom she would not have in her home. She was established now, it seemed, with them, wherever they were. She remembered that they were poor now. She wondered if this was the pauper home she had felt she must occupy when the dreary faintness came on. There was a pleasant peacefulness in the scene as she lay half-dreamily contemplating it; a quiet home-fulness in the subdued light and softened music that she had not experienced in many a long weary year. Her husband, too, had lost his plethoric countenance and disagreeable respiration, and looked a little pale and thin, though he seemed so much to enjoy the pleasure from which she was left out. Then with a long moan she fainted, but to return to a more vivid consciousness of her changed surroundings.

The awakening was terrible in the extreme to her tortured soul. Conscience in no wise softened the truth, and all her life passed in startling panorama before her. She was not now Sarah Horton, the ambitious milliner, endeavoring to lift her head above her own social level, nor yet the dashing Mrs. Gould, whose liveried, obsequious servants cringed to her favor, but a woman face to face with herself There was little agreeable to look upon. The part of the mirror that reflected but herself

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was hideous in its power to magnify defects, and love's quicksilver had failed in its adhesion to the small portion o'er which her husband stood. But, though her convictions were keen and terrible, they wrought no radical reform. A return to the old indolent life and poisonous atmosphere would have rekindled to renewed fierceness the devouring flame that had laid hold of her. But everything here was so strange and quiet and pure that insensibly she somewhat imbibed the influence before her full strength returned, and she was admitted to her position in the house. It was her home now, this small villa in a country town, with nothing inside or out to pamper her vanity; nothing in the plain villagers to excite envious feeling or a spirit of emulation. One servant performed the heavy duties of the house, while Lizzie attended to the cooking and arrangement of the rooms. This, Mrs. Gould found, was left to her supervision as her strength returned, and gradually Lizzie withdrew herself from the work altogether, leaving the weight of household matters to devolve upon the inert hands that had grown almost hopelessly listless. Her husband seemed to expect her to do her portion of the work, for many a day, when his niece had arranged the table for breakfast, and her own part of the labor was not apparent, he partook with seeming heartiness of simple bread and cold water. He did not reprove her in any way, but said the kindest things to her, and finally, as Lizzie prophesied, her former activity somewhat asserted itself, and she sought by careful attention to his wishes to gain his approbation.

Mr. Gould smiled to himself as he saw how brisk and comely a matron she had become, little knowing how the old habits clung to her, and how many a time she was almost overcome in a conflict with them, and would have surrendered to them but for the duties ever claiming her time, and crowding upon her cheated heart, keeping back the insatiable longing. Something of her old pride prompted her to accomplish what was so evidently expected of her, till her desire for employment grew as feverish as were her old time tastes for enervating luxury, and but for judicious restraint, she would have rendered labor the curse she had once considered it.

It had proved her salvation in so far as it had given a task to the fingers that toyed with destruction, a work to the mind that was undermining itself, a food to the heart that would fain have been satisfied with husks. She is now the pride of her husband's life, doing her work unmurmuringly, uninformed as yet that there is no pecuniary need for it. She looks a little more fondly than in the past on her husband's still upright form, and seems outwardly content, but no number of well-spent years can bridge for her the awful chasm in her life, or strew with springing flowers the desert that drearily stretches youthward. She sold herself to luxury, and its fruits were but golden apples filled with ashes; the glitter of its leaves fleeting as the emerald sheen.

Lizzie returned once again to the city to dispose of the little property she and her sister held there, and the green lawn that now smiles where the old-fashioned building once stood, tells no more of the anxieties and heart-burnings that once throbbed there, than does the old churchyard, for ages grass-grown reveal the outlines of the forms still resting 'neath it.

Lizzie continues under her sister's roof, and though the scope of her life is somewhat limited, she has proven the balance-wheel to a more extended influence, feeling that though this wheel in itself may be small, without it the most consummate piece of machinery would flounder into nothingness. And she walks quietly on in her calm way, like hundreds you see around you, whose hearts are so truly reflected to their moral being that they dare not by self-deception mar the fair proportions.

If true marriage is necessary to the full development of woman's heart and nature, so surely is a mercenary one dwarfing and stunting to her nobler powers, and leanness of heart and hunger of soul, like carrion birds, will follow in the wake.

I have seen the graceful vine that would have clung fondly to the towering oak, had one been near, trail itself lovingly over some barren spot, till the ungathered clusters bursting with their own ripeness enriched the soil, and caused it to bring forth buds of promise that eventually matured into fruits of usefulness.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

THERE is a well-known story of a Dutch boy who, when a small stream began to dribble through a little hole in the dyke, stopped it up with his finger till better means came, and so prevented the inundation, which else would soon have broken down the barriers and swept over the country in universal desolation and disaster. This was one of the small beginnings of things, so easy to arrest in the onset, so difficult, nay, so impossible, to overcome when once the barriers have been forced and the floods suffered to pour forth. And we are all able, like the Dutch lad, to stop up the primary hole through which the fatal drops are beginning to trickle, if only we pay attention to the warning, and take care to prevent the terrible end while we can. There are continual disputes going on among metaphysicians about the extent to which the doctrine of moral responsibility ought to be rightfully carried. Some say we are not able to do more than what we have the original power to do, which is true in its degree; that moral force is like muscular force;

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and to be required to resist temptation which is too strong for us is just as unwise as to be required to lift a weight which is too heavy for us. Others may resist the temptation easily enough, because they have the force wherewith to do so; just as a man can lift with one finger a weight which a child cannot stir with both hands. All this is quite legitimate reasoning up to a certain point, or rather, to speak more correctly, beyond a certain point. But it is in the beginning of things that we are relatively stronger than our temptation; and if we choose then to put our little finger into the hole, we can keep back the flood, which else, let to rage, will sweep away every inch of defence-work in the land.

Again, we are told of the irresistible force of a fixed idea; but is it impossible to prevent the idea from becoming fixed? Are we bound to fasten the moral vane first to one quarter only, so that it shall not be able to move to any other breath, nor be able to point to any other part of heaven? Yes, truly, the fixed idea is tyrannical, and dominates the soul without leaving one the hope or the power of shaking oneself free from it again; but it was by our own allowance that it became thus fixed, thus dominant—that it became like Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, sitting on our shoulders, and riding us to death. Before Sindbad had suffered the Old Man to take possession of his person, he was but a poor, weak, tottering dotard, whom a strong hand would have crushed; once installed, and he grew into power, from the thraldom of which no struggles could free the unhappy victim and slave. The struggles came too late. To have been of use they should have been undertaken before the Old Man had got his seat, and, while weak and tottering, a strong hand could have crushed him. So it is with the fixed idea, which, mounted and triumphant, rides one to the edge of the abyss, and spurs one over into the ruin which lies at the bottom. The small beginnings might have been conquered with a very little effort; the full-grown thought becomes at last imperative. Take love, the most imperative of all, more potent even than Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea—the fixed idea which may lead to ruin and despair, if temptation is given way to in the beginning, and no check is held in the soul. Grant even the theory of love at first sight, which, if rare, still does at times occur; but even in this case it was by no means impossible to subdue in the beginning what afterwards nor time, nor sorrow, nor death itself can root out of the yearning heart. It is at the best but a Jonah's gourd which springs up in a night, and, if so minded, we may choose that it shall wither away before the morning. If, on the other hand, we let it root, we might as well attempt to pluck up the everlasting hills as this love! No person in his senses breaks his or her heart for love at first sight; and every one can control the first beginnings of a passion greater, stronger than all the rest when once it has got head. In its infancy you can strangle it, if common sense, prudence, or virtue bids you do so; in its maturity it is Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, a fixed idea, a dominant passion, the inundation of the whole land by the breaking down of the protecting dykes, and there is no human power which can stop it. For good or ill it sweeps over the soul and occupies the life, and either makes the dead plain a living lake of sweet waters, or desolates the fertile fields with the bitter torrents wherewith no lovely thing can abide.

Hatreds follow the same rule; nay, even murder itself. If we once let a dislike root, we cannot control it. It grows and grows like a banyan tree, and strikes down supplementary branches, which also root and multiply themselves again and again as the parent stem has multiplied, till it covers all the ground where corn, and fruits, and flowers might have grown. But the banyan tree was once a seed which a little child could have ground to powder. The worst murder of modern times was due to the influence of a fixed idea. It is through suffering the small beginnings that the murderer ends his days on the scaffold, with hands dyed red in innocent blood. Which of us can say that we are safe from the like temptations, if, like him, we do not arrest those small beginnings? Not one of us. The "potentialities" of every crime lie latent in every human soul, and, but for the grace of God and resistance to temptation, he who lived a saint might have died a felon!

The small beginnings of pecuniary ruin, too, are likewise so easy to stop—the full tide of the flood so impossible to withstand! This little extravagance is unnecessary; you can do without it; you always have done without it; but, once indulged in, it must be continued, and not only continued, but companioned and supported by others of the same kind—as your new carriage demands an extra horse, and your extra horse necessitates extra hands, and so on. That speculation, if isolated, would not do you so much harm even if it failed, but it is linked to a chain of payments, of calls, and extra shares, of which you cannot forego the separate parts when you have once tackled with the whole. You are bound to go on, in the hope of recovering your losses or doubling your gains; and so you find yourself shipwrecked from the small beginning of listening to a sanguine city friend, who knew of a good thing, and offered you to go shares in his knowledge.

Worst of all the small beginnings easy to check, and impossible to subdue when suffered to come to maturity, are those habits of temper, of manners, of conduct, in which we indulge, at first with the idea perhaps that we can break them off when we will, to find, when too late, that the Old Man of the Sea is about

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the truest allegory ever framed. There is not one person now reading these words who is not conscious for his or her own part of the present tyranny of habits, one or more, which could once have been checked as easily as the Dutch boy stopped the deluge of waters. Now, not the hands of many strong men could hold back what the little finger of a lad would once have been sufficient to overcome. Lives have been wasted, families have been ruined, interests neglected, duties sacrificed, all for the arbitrary requirements of habit, all for the solace of selfisms which might have been subdued and brought under when the time was young. No man gets up one morning a full-blown drunkard, a confirmed gambler, an irredeemable scoundrel anyhow. He begins, then he goes on, and then he gets fixed and confirmed: at the end, if you will, he is immovable; but in the beginning he and his habits were plastic, and the latter were weak and might have been crushed like a newly-hatched crocodile, if only he would have set his heel on them. We may be sure that the small beginnings of all things have to be most carefully considered, and their growth guarded against if that growth would be an evil. In its commencement almost everything in life is manageable; as the flood let loose, there is scarce any fact connected with humanity that does not go beyond control. Debt, disease, evil passions and unwise ones, bad habits, vices, sinful thoughts, and ruinous practices, all are within one's own power to control in the beginning, if greater than the strength of armies in the end. But we walk wilfully, heedlessly, blindly on our way, and let the drops trickle through the rent, and take no notice of them. We do not look on to the time when the dyke shall have broken down and the waters have spread abroad. If we could see what was before us! Well, if we could, we would stop the small beginnings, just as Sindbad would have kicked over the Old Man of the Sea and refused him a mount across his shoulders, could he have foreseen the tyranny that was to follow.

A TRUE friend is distinguished in the crisis of hazard and necessity—when the gallantry of his aid may show the worth of his soul and the loyalty of his heart.—*Ennius.*

THE beauty of a religious life is one of its greatest recommendations. What does it profess? Peace to all mankind. It teaches us those arts which will contribute to our present comfort as well as our future happiness. Its greatest ornament is charity; it inculcates nothing but love and sympathy of affection; it breathes nothing but the purest spirit of delight; in short, it is a system perfectly calculated to benefit the heart, improve the mind, enlighten the understanding.

HUGH CAMPBELL.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

HE was of Scotch descent; you knew it by the face as well as the name. And there was that in his keen gray eyes and firmly set mouth that told you he had inherited the faults as well as the virtues of his ancestors. To strict and uncompromising integrity he added a stubbornness of spirit that made it impossible to convince him he was ever in the wrong; and in his love for truth, and hatred of "shams," he looked with abhorrence instead of pity upon the weaknesses of his fellowmen. This want of charity was the more conspicuous, insomuch as he was a follower of that divine Master who came to bring comfort, not only to the strong and helpful, but to the weak and sinful. "He that is without sin let him cast the first stone," was a text whose broad and full signification he had never understood.

But in spite of his intolerance of human frailty, Hugh Campbell was a good man; and, if once you reached the kernel of his nature, such tenderness welled up therefrom as convinced you he was neither harsh nor unfeeling. Grave and austere outwardly, he belonged to a class who are more likely to inspire fear than love; and when Daisy Burns—a shy, violet-eyed girl, scarcely eighteen—gave up her happiness into his keeping, it was a "nine days' wonder." That it was not a marriage of expediency, every one knew. Hugh Campbell was a poor man, comparatively speaking, and Daisy was the pet and heiress of an old uncle who had plenty of this world's goods.

This same uncle opposed the match at first. It didn't seem right that these two should be yoked together; the one so gentle and pliant, the other so harsh and unbending. But he was of Scotch descent as well as Hugh, though his prejudices had been softened somewhat by an intermixture of Irish and American blood, and he couldn't help admiring the young man of twenty-five who showed such rigid adherence to principle under any and every circumstance. It was this that, united to Daisy's entreaties, made him finally consent to the marriage; for it was a love match, pure and simple. No one doubted that who saw the two together. But there was danger, so the world said, that Daisy's individuality would be swallowed up in Hugh's, and that her faults would be punished by him with undue severity. And the world was right for once.

Daisy had a brother who, next to Hugh, was the object of her girlish adoration. He was gay and handsome, two years older than herself, and was heartily disliked by her uncle. He was not as steady as could be wished, and it was only Daisy's tears that had prevented the old man from turning him out of doors long ago.

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The feud between uncle and nephew was kept down, but not extinguished, by her presence, and she was no sooner married and gone than it broke out with unusual violence. It was in vain that Daisy, whose quaint little home was but a mile away, attempted to smoothe over the difficulty.

"The impudent rascal!" exclaimed her uncle. "You would be ashamed to plead his cause if you knew what he said to me. It is time that he began to sober down a little, and look at the world in a different light. There is no use of crying, Daisy. He must go to work. I won't support him any longer in his lazy, good-for-nothing way of life."

Daisy told the story to Hugh afterward.

"Your uncle is right," said he. "He has borne with Robert until patience has ceased to be a virtue."

"But, O Hugh, to turn him adrift now! I fear the worst."

"It will rouse him to action, if anything will."

"You don't understand him, neither does Uncle John," exclaimed she, pettishly. "Robert's nature isn't strong and self-reliant like yours, but sensitive and easily influenced, either for right or wrong."

"And it is this weakness and indecision of character that I deplore."

"So do I. But we are not all alike, and, in spite of his faults, Robert is kind, and lovable, and true-hearted. If dealt with tenderly, he will make a good man; if not, I fear for the consequences."

"Why, Daisy, dear, your uncle has shown him every kindness, and look at his ingratitude now!"

"You are mistaken, Hugh. My uncle never liked him from the first. He is the image of our mother—you know her story." Daisy flushed, but went on bravely, "She broke troth with Uncle John to marry father. He never forgave her; and though, when we were left orphans, he took us home, and sheltered and cared for us, it was more from a sense of duty than from any warmer feeling. But after awhile he grew to love me—I was more like grandmother than any one else, they say—and it was this resemblance that softened his heart and made him forget my parentage. It was different with Robert. His hair, his eyes, his very smile were reminders of the past, and the old aversion never died out, and the fickleness of our mother was visited upon his head in more ways than one."

"I never heard the story before," said Hugh, coldly, "and I find it hard to believe that your mother was so weak and treacherous."

"O Hugh!" and Daisy burst into tears.

"Isn't it the truth? But it is a painful subject; let us drop it. You are not at all like her, that is a comfort."

"And Robert?"

"Robert must take care of himself. Your uncle has done just as I should, had I been in his place. I do not like to interfere."

"But mightn't he come and stay with us, until—until"—questioned Daisy, in a timid, hesitating voice.

Hugh didn't wait for her to finish. He frowned and shook his head.

"No, no, Daisy, that won't do. I want you all to myself; and, even if I didn't, your brother and I wouldn't be likely to agree. Better leave things as they are."

"But Uncle John has forbidden him the house."

"Then where is he now?"

"At the Park Hotel," and she sighed softly.

"James Wallace boards there, too, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"He is the worst associate your brother could choose."

"I know it, but what am I to do?"

"Why, there is only one course left. If Robert won't follow your advice, keep away from him entirely."

"You don't mean it, Hugh? What! let my own brother drift right on into the whirlpool of ruin without making an effort to save him?"

"You have done what you could. If there is a spark of true manhood in him, it will shine forth now."

Poor Daisy! This lack of sympathy on the part of Hugh hurt her sorely. Robert was her only brother, and it seemed hard that she couldn't offer him the hospitality of her home. It needed all her influence to keep him in the right path, and here were they sundered almost as widely as if they had been strangers.

She saw him that evening. But nothing was said as to Hugh. Even from herself she tried to hide that he had acted ungenerously.

Robert was as bitter against his uncle as ever. "I can work," said he, "but not cringe. I would as soon accept help from a deadly enemy as from Uncle John. As to asking his forgiveness, I will never, never do that."

"But you were in the wrong, you acknowledge that yourself."

"I didn't deserve such abuse, though, if I was."

Daisy didn't care to argue the matter. She had come to find out what Robert was going to do. There was a clerkship vacant in the store where James Wallace worked, and he had already applied for the situation.

"If it were only somewhere else, I should like it better," said Daisy.

"Yes, I know why. You are prejudiced against Jim Wallace, but a better-hearted fellow never lived."

"But he drinks, and gambles, and is an infidel besides. O Robert, do be advised, and give up this intimacy!"

"Nonsense, Daisy! What if he isn't per-

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fect? Neither am I. We like each other; that is enough. I haven't such a host of friends that I can afford to lose this one," and he smiled a little bitterly.

She said no more; she knew it would be useless. But her heart ached when she looked into the future, and thought of the influence this man might exert over her brother's destiny.

Robert's application was successful. He was in a fair way now to earn his own living. His uncle watched his course approvingly. So did Hugh and Daisy. But Robert himself was dissatisfied. He had been used to spend money with a lavish hand. Restricted to his salary now, he was forced to practise the closest economy. Nor could he obtain credit. The rupture with his uncle was known, and people hadn't much faith in his honesty. He grew disgusted with himself and the world, and the discipline, instead of doing him good, only made him more reckless. It might have been otherwise, but James Wallace was constantly near to suggest how unjustly he had been treated, to encourage him in his rebellion against fate, and to sneer at every good impulse or kindly feeling that stirred his heart.

The effect of such association became apparent only too soon. His friends, who had hoped so much from the independent spirit he had shown and his energetic way of going to work, were disappointed and alarmed at the result. Report after report of his dissipation reached them, and there was danger that, if he didn't reform, he would lose his situation; for his employer had threatened to discharge him more than once, and was only prevented from doing so by Daisy's persuasions.

James Wallace met with no such lenient treatment. He was summarily dismissed, and Robert was furious when he heard of it. It was then the temptation came that nearly wrecked his life, both here and hereafter. The story is not a new one, but it is none the less sorrowful. From drinking and gambling he passed by swift but gradual steps to theft and burglary.

It happened thus. The store of Mr. Bayne was broken into one night, the safe burst open, a small sum of money and goods to the value of several hundred dollars taken, and neither Robert nor James Wallace anywhere to be found in the morning. Not only was their flight suspicious, but there were other circumstances connected with the event that proved their guilt conclusively.

John Burns and Hugh Campbell were shocked and indignant, Daisy heart-broken. They had no pity for the criminal; she would have given her life to insure his safety. It was the disgrace that stung them deepest; it was the guilty act that made her tremble. She would have sought her lost brother, and won him from his errors by love and kindness; they would not have listened, though he plead for mercy, but, stern, inexorable as justice itself, meted out his punishment, without a sign of human sympathy.

The police started at once in pursuit of the fugitives. Robert was overtaken, and brought back; James Wallace escaped. Uncle John and Hugh refused to see him, or even employ counsel in his behalf, or have anything to do with the matter whatever. But Daisy, in defiance of their commands, obtained a permit that opened to her the doors of his prison.

He was crouching in one corner of his cell, wild-eyed, haggard-faced, when she entered.

"O Robert! Robert!" she cried, falling on his neck in a passion of tears.

He undid her clasp, he held her back. "Don't touch me!" he faltered. "I am not fit."

But she clung the closer, whispering only: "Brother, dear brother!"

They wept together a little space, then, lifting up his head, he said, brokenly:—

"I was mad when I did it, mad with drink. The liquid poison tingled through all my veins. Jim Wallace knew it. He told me of the crime he had plotted; he tempted, and urged, and coaxed, and threatened me into being his accomplice."

"You knew nothing of it, then, until that night?" Daisy's voice trembled as she asked the question.

"Not a word. And I didn't more than half realize what I was doing until it was all over; and then such a chill of terror crept over me that, in spite of all Wallace could say, I fled. That it would look suspicious and get us into trouble I knew, but how was I to face my employer with such a weight of guilt on my soul? My looks would have betrayed everything."

"And he—your accomplice—did he act from impulse, too? Wasn't it all planned before?"

Robert's face darkened. "Of course, it was. Jim Wallace is a villain; I was his tool. His money paid for the liquor I drank. He pocketed the booty; I ran the risk."

"You were caught, he escaped—how was it?"

"Treachery. He betrayed me at the last moment to save himself. O Daisy! Daisy! had I listened to your warning, I would not be here now. Not only have I disgraced myself, but you as well."

Daisy seemed lost in thought. "Can nothing be done?" she cried, at last, despairingly. "Oh, that I could save you from the penalty of your crime!"

"Impossible; I am guilty. But I can not, I will not be branded as a felon," and his eyes glittered strangely.

"O Robert! you don't mean"—and Daisy searched his face, her own white and terror-stricken—"you don't mean that—that—God help me! it isn't possible"—

He said nothing. Sobbing and trembling, she clung to his breast. She begged and entreated, she wept and prayed; and finally

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wrung forth the reluctant promise that, whatever happened, he would meet it like a man, and not cowardly attempt to get rid of his life and his troubles together.

Then, looking at her watch, she found it was time to go. How hard it was to leave him alone in his desolate cell! She tried to smile and seem cheerful, but it was a vain attempt, and there was something pathetic in her whispered "Good-by!"

Robert saw it all. "Dear little Daisy!" said he, tenderly, "you have done me good. There wouldn't be so much wickedness in the world if there were more like you. Have no fear that I shall do anything rash. If I am tempted, I have but to think of your prayers, and they will save me."

Hugh was very angry when he learned what Daisy had done.

"You defy me, then?" questioned he. "You will not give up your brother, who has disgraced us all?"

"I cannot, I dare not.'

"But you must. He has sinned; let him pay the penalty."

"O Hugh, dear Hugh, be merciful! If I forsake him now, he will be lost, lost forever." There was agonizing entreaty in her voice and look.

"He *is* lost," was the cold and stern response. "His good name is gone; his soul is dyed with guilt."

"But even to him is the promise of salvation held out, if he will but repent."

"Ah, Daisy! his nature is a thoroughly bad one. There is no hope."

"How can you be so cruel?" cried she, indignantly, her cheek flashing, her eyes full of tears. "Listen!" and in a tremulous, agitated voice she told him all that had transpired in her interview with Robert; of his emotion, and self-abasement, and gratitude for her sympathy.

Hugh listened in silence. Only once he muttered under his breath, "Hypocrite! hypocrite!" He was not touched by the story; he could not believe there was any good left in Robert. He was a thief, according to his own confession. That sufficed for his condemnation, socially, morally, and eternally.

"Have you nothing to say?" and Daisy clasped her hands imploringly. "Oh, don't, don't look so hard and pitiless! Think of our common human nature; we are none of us free from error. The day may come when you, too, will need help and comfort."

"These entreaties are useless. My resolution is fixed, unalterable." There was an icy, metallic ring to his voice. "I would have spared you if I could, would have saved the honor of the family. But Robert, by his own act, has severed the ties of kindred, has covered us all with shame and disgrace. And what can he expect now from those whom he has so deeply wronged, from those to whom, though innocent, the stigma of his guilt attaches? I cannot think of it, cannot speak of it calmly. He *was* your brother; he is so no more. Hereafter, let him be to us as one dead."

Daisy shuddered as he spoke; her face was white, her eyes full of horror. "Do you mean it?" she whispered. "Am I never, never to see him any more?"

Her grief moved him at last. "Trust me, Daisy," he said, softly. "It is best. You are my wife. I cannot have your purity contaminated by such associations."

She answered not a word; slowly she tottered from the room. Husband or brother—which was it to be? Dare she disobey the one to succor the other? Both love and duty seemed to be drawing her each way. To her husband she owed obedience; to her brother sympathy in his hour of direst need. What was she to do? How was she to reconcile these conflicting claims? She could not decide; her heart was torn with agony. Whichever way she turned, she saw only wretchedness.

But she went to the prison no more, until the day before the trial. Then she broke away from the fetters that held her, and resolved to see and comfort Robert, whatever the cost. Letters from him had reached her, full of reproach and entreaty—letters that wrung her tender heart. And she had left them unanswered. But at last she could not resist the love, and pity, and compassion that impelled her forward to this last interview.

She went alone and secretly. What passed between the two neither ever divulged, but Daisy's prayers were at length answered, and Robert was truly repentant. He was no longer bitter and rebellious, but confessed himself willing to expiate his crime in whatever way the law required. And if God should spare his life until his imprisonment were ended, he resolved to devote it to a better purpose than heretofore.

Daisy was comforted. A weight seemed lifted from her heart, and she returned home, glad that she had gone, but trembling for the result. Hugh, with a face dark and stern, met her at the door.

"Daisy, where have you been?" said he. His voice was full of wrath.

"To the prison," she answered, almost mechanically.

"I expected it. You are willing to disgrace an honorable husband for the sake of a thief—a base, cowardly villain?,'

"Be careful, Hugh. You are speaking of my brother." Daisy's eyes flashed dangerously.

"I disown, I despise the relationship. If you do not, if you will not, you are no wife of mine."

"Hugh!"

"I speak truth. You have made your choice, Daisy; have defied my authority; have shown

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to all the world that you hold me lower than a thief, that you love and respect me less."

"You are mad to talk in this way," she stammered, hardly comprehending what he said. "You cannot mean it?"

"I do. I am not mad. You were when you went to that prison, when you gave up home and husband for a felon."

Daisy understood him at last. All the pride of her gentle nature was aroused.

"Do you mean that because I will not renounce my brother, you renounce me?"

"Yes. I will not share your heart with him. I have too much self-respect."

"Be it so, then. I will go to my uncle. I cannot forsake Robert in his hour of need." She was very pale, and trembled from head to foot with uncontrollable emotion.

He did not look at her; he feared, perchance, that if he did, it would shake his resolution. "Do as you please," was his bitter reply. "My decision, as I told you before, is unalterable."

They separated. Daisy went back to her uncle. He, too, disowned Robert, but loved and pitied her. It was in vain, though, that he remonstrated with her husband. Hugh was obstinate, and could not be convinced that he had treated her unjustly. Intolerant of human frailty, and peculiarly sensitive as to his personal honor, Robert had given him a blow that he found it impossible to forgive. It was this that deadened his pity; this that explained his cruelty. Strong and self-reliant himself, he could neither understand nor sympathize with weaker natures. That Daisy should cling to the man who had injured him so deeply, was an evidence, in his prejudiced eyes, that she was lacking in wifely affection. He almost considered her disregard of his wishes in this respect as a profanation of the marriage tie. Measuring her feelings by his own, he could not read the tender heart outraged by his conduct.

Robert was tried, convicted, and sentenced to three years imprisonment in the State penitentiary. His case excited considerable sympathy, not only from the treatment he had received at the hands of his uncle and of Hugh Campbell, but also because it was supposed that he was the tool of a more experienced criminal. A celebrated lawyer undertook his defense voluntarily. An acquittal, however, was impossible, under the circumstances, and all that could be done was to make his sentence the lightest allowed by law for the crime he had committed. It was afterward commuted by the Governor from three years imprisonment to two.

Months passed on. Hugh and Daisy were still unreconciled. Robert had served out his time, and gone forth from prison a changed man. The seed that Daisy had planted bore good fruit. Love at last proved his redemption. Even his uncle was finally compelled to believe in the sincerity of his repentance, and give him respect and esteem for the course he pursued. Upright and honorable in all his dealings, he succeeded in blotting out the past so far as it can be done in this world of ours. For men punish heavily the sins that are found out; all others they ignore.

There came a day at last when Hugh Campbell, prostrate on a bed of sickness, saw clearly the uncharitableness of which he had been guilty, and sent for the wife he had wronged. She needed no second bidding, for love had been pleading in her heart all these weary months, and the separation had made her even more wretched than him. But little was said as to the trouble that parted them. Hugh was by nature reticent; Daisy was willing to accept her happiness silently.

"Women have a keener spiritual insight than men," he told her later, when health and strength came back. "*We* are of the earth, earthy; *they* reach up to heaven, and draw from thence such love, and pity, and tenderness, as shame our coarser natures."

AT LAST.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

At last, dear love, we're standing side by side;
I lay my hand in yours to have and hold;
I am a weary, worn, and faded bride,
Your hair is silvered—you are growing old.

Oh, many, many years ago, dear love,
We stood together 'neath the orchard boughs,
And while the moon shone clear and cold above,
We spoke our love, and pledged our tender vows.

And I was faithful—but a word, a breath
Of cruel slander 'gainst me reached your ear;
And you believed it! Though I prayed for death,
God spared my life for many a dreary year.

I lived, and went my lonely, weary way,
And proved, at last, the slander false and vile;
But joy was blighted; when you sit to-day
And say you love me, I can scarcely smile.

Again I trust you—throughout all the years
I loved you, while you deemed me so untrue;
Now I am calmly happy, though my tears
Must fall with gladness, for my joys are few.

I love you still—nay, do not say "Forgive!"
Can we be unforgiving when we love?
Let us forget those years, and henceforth live
In peace, and thankfulness to God above.

Let us not idly mourn for pleasures past,
Although once parted by another's sin;
Since hand in hand, and heart to heart, at last
We walk; grieve not for joys that might have been.

By love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humor is resisted, the violence of our passions abated, the bitter cup of affliction sweetened, all the injuries of the world alleviated, and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the most thorny paths of life.—*Zimmermann.*

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WORK DEPARTMENT.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

CLOTHING FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT.

PINAFORES may be made in various ways. They may be merely a plain breadth of diaper, Holland, or fancy print, hollowed out a little for the neck, hemmed at the bottom, and sides, and round the neck, where a string is run in, like Fig. 1. Fig. 2 is a very pretty way of making a dress pinafore, and looks elegant over a silk frock. It consists of two breadths of fine book-muslin, sloped like Fig. 3. These are wide enough at the top to cover the front and back of the body, at the neck, respectively; each piece is trimmed all round with insertion lace, an inch or an inch and a half wide, and run on over some pretty, bright-colored satin ribbon; the two breadths are joined on the shoulders only, and hollowed out nicely at the neck, as shown in Fig. 2. In front, a band is put, and a satin ribbon run in

Fig. 1.

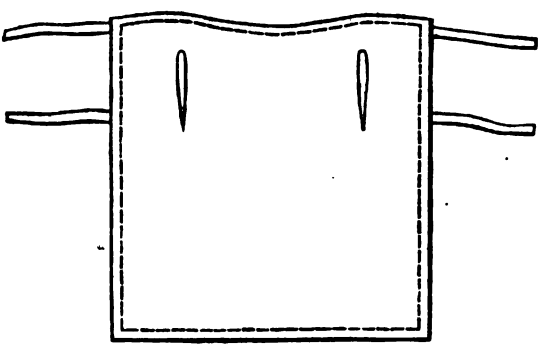


Fig. 4.



Fig. 2.

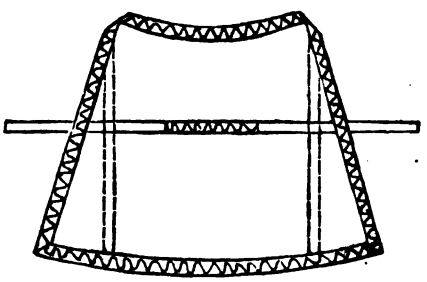


Fig. 5.



Fig. 7.

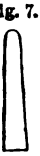


Fig. 8.



Fig. 6.

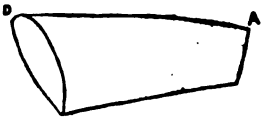


Fig. 3.

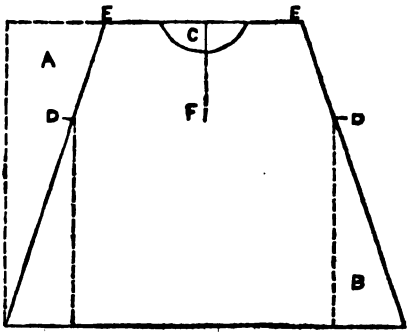
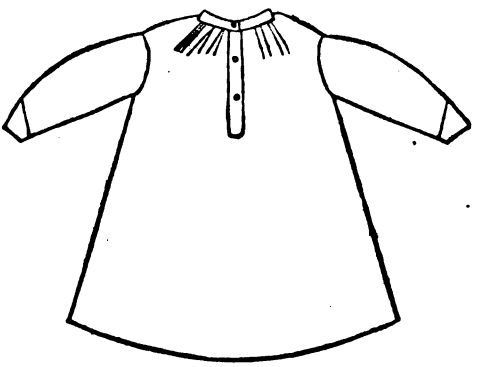


Fig. 9.



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it, which ties behind; and this, also, is shown in Fig. 2. Instead of ribbon, colored muslin can be run in under the lace, and has the merit of washing with it. The broad colored and white striped muslin can be cut up for this use.

A Frock Pinafore.—A useful and ladylike looking pinafore is one made like Fig. 4. It may be formed of brown Holland or of light-printed calico, and can be worn all day, in and out of doors, without any frock. For mothers who wish to be saving, we highly commend this article. It can be used from six or eight years old till the child is ten or twelve, if she is small for her age. It is easily made and easily washed, and is, therefore, most economical. When a cotton garment is no longer warm enough, this frock pinafore can be used in alpaca, colored or black. The real alpaca washes as well as cotton. Gray alpacas are very pretty. But the mixtures often sold under the name of alpaca must not be mistaken; they do not wash well. There is a steel-gray one, speckled black and white, which should be avoided. Real alpaca may be known by a certain stripy look, and unevenness of color, on close inspection, and the absence of all speckly or dotty-looking threads. Alpaca is glossy, but with the gloss of the hair. Spurious alpacas are either dull, or shine from a mixture of alpaca, but the cotton threads which cross it show in stringy white specks when examined quite close. Black alpaca may be used. French merino and linsey also wash well. Linsey is a little more inclined to shrink than merino. Serge washes well, but shrinks a little. All wool plaids wash well. Black and white small check ginghams, or small stripes, and plain, colored, speckled linens, are very suitable. Also those printed calicoes which have extremely narrow line stripes close together, and almost look like a plain color. Cut the back and front of the pinafore the shape of Fig. 3. If the material is not wide enough, back and front must both be gored; or, rather, what is sloped off the side, A, can be used to form the gore, B. Slope out the neck by the dotted line, C, sloping the front an inch lower than the back. Supposing the gores have been run and felled on, and the seams at the side run and felled as far as D D from the bottom, cut open the tops of the shoulders from E to E. Here, a shoulder-piece must be inserted: this is cut four times, two for each side, like Fig. 5. Pipe one of them, and stitch it from A to B, Fig. 5, into the shoulder at C to E, Fig. 3; stitch both sides of the shoulder to it, placing the broad end to where the sleeve will be, and the narrow end to the neck; turn to the wrong side, and hem a second shoulder-piece on the wrong side of the first, as a lining to it; hem it by the two sides A and B in Fig. 5, turning in a little first, and taking care that the stitches do not come through and show on the right side; hem the bottom; cut the sleeves in one by Fig. 6, folding the stuff from A to D (Fig. 6) on the cross. The top is to be as large round as the armhole is wanted, one side rounded, as shown in the diagram, and the other sufficient to slip over the child's hand. The rounded top of the sleeve is put in front of the body; a place is left open for the armhole, and may be slightly rounded; pipe it, and stitch the sleeve in. Set the wrist into a straight cuff. Cut down the front of the pinafore from C to F—that is, almost to the waist. Make a narrow hem one side; turn in the selvage on the other side, and put a piece of stuff, piped round, over it, like Fig. 7; tack this first, and then stitch it on; fell this over the narrow hem, and stitch it across at the waist. Next, put the neck into a band long enough to go round easily and button an inch over. The pinafore will require slightly fulling into this. When completed, this band should measure about half an inch wide. To trim it, if a print, frills of the same, hemmed, may be whipped on: they should measure an inch and a half wide when complete, or only an inch. If of woollen material, trim the frills over the stitches of the hem with narrow black or bright-colored woollen braid. Lace may be used instead of frills. Whipping is done by rolling the raw edge of the frill between thumb and finger till it is very fine, then sewing over it, not too closely together. Only a small piece can be rolled, sewn, or drawn up, at a time, rolling fresh as you go. If too much is left to draw up at once, the thread will break. The cotton must not be too fine for whipping or gathering. Some people roll all the frill to be whipped first, and then roll it again, piece by piece, as they go. This makes the neatest work. Whipping is sewn with fine cotton, and fine stitches, on to the inside of that which is to be trimmed on the wrong side. Every gather of the whipping ought to have a separate stitch to sew it on. The best plan for any one not acquainted with that kind of work is to take some already done as a pattern, and follow out these directions.

With the frock pinafore a belt and sash is worn, hooked behind. It is made like Fig. 8. The piece round the waist is one strip, cut down the selvage way, piped, and lined with a second strip, cut in the same way, and hemmed to it; it is furnished with a large button; the bows and ends are placed behind. The ends are trimmed with frills.

Fig. 9 shows the garment complete, without the sash or trimming. A frill is to be placed all round the piece down the centre of the body, which must be furnished with two buttons, besides the one at the neck; another frill stands upright round the throat. The cuffs have double frills—one at the upper edge of the band, turning up on the sleeve; the other at the lower edge, turning over the hand.

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EMBROIDERED WORK-BAG.

THIS work-bag is made of card-board, lined with gray silk, and covered outside with strips of embroidered ribbon and plaiting of black velvet. Cut out a piece of card-board fifteen inches long and eleven and a half broad, and cover it on one side with gray silk; then take two pieces of gray ribbon two and a half inches wide and eleven and a half inches long, and work on these with colored silk in satin stitch, given in illustrations Figs. 2 and 3. When the embroidery is finished, line the ribbon with stiff muslin. The velvet fulling in the middle is two inches wide, that on the sides four inches wide, and these are gathered up, and rounded off at the ends. Lay the work and the velvet over the outside of the card-board, covering the joins with colored silk cord. Now make a bag of grey silk twelve inches in depth, and fasten the lower edge into the card-board, a little full, draw up the top with cord. For the handles take two pieces of ribbon twelve and a half inches long, and one and a quarter wide, work a pattern on them, line them with thin card-board covered with silk, and stitch them on to the card-board. Lastly, sew a ruche of gray ribbon round the top and on the sides of the bag, and put a bow of ribbon at each end.

Fig. 1.

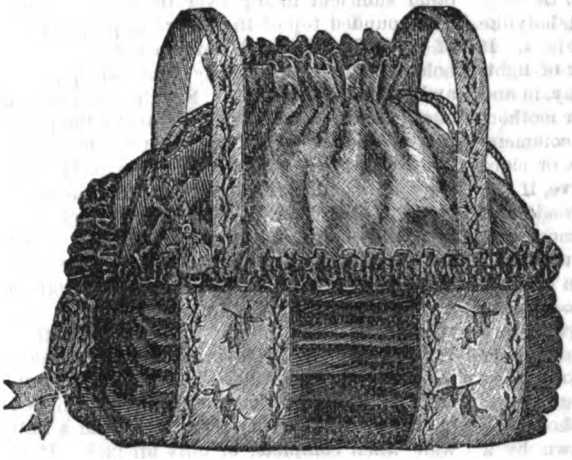


Fig. 2.

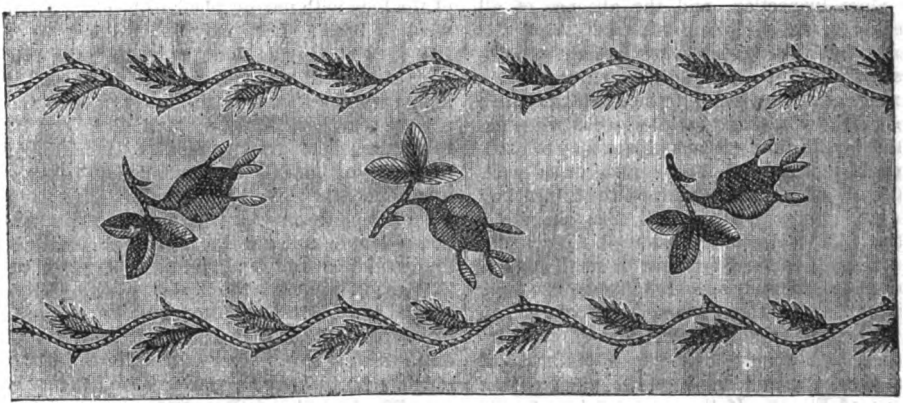
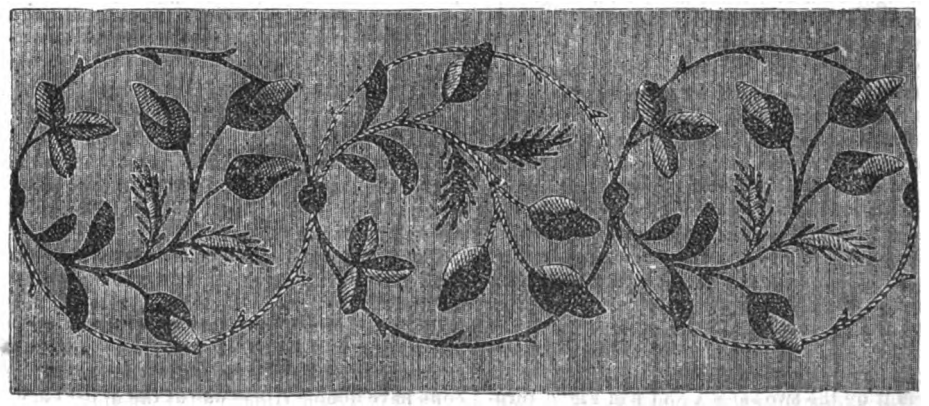
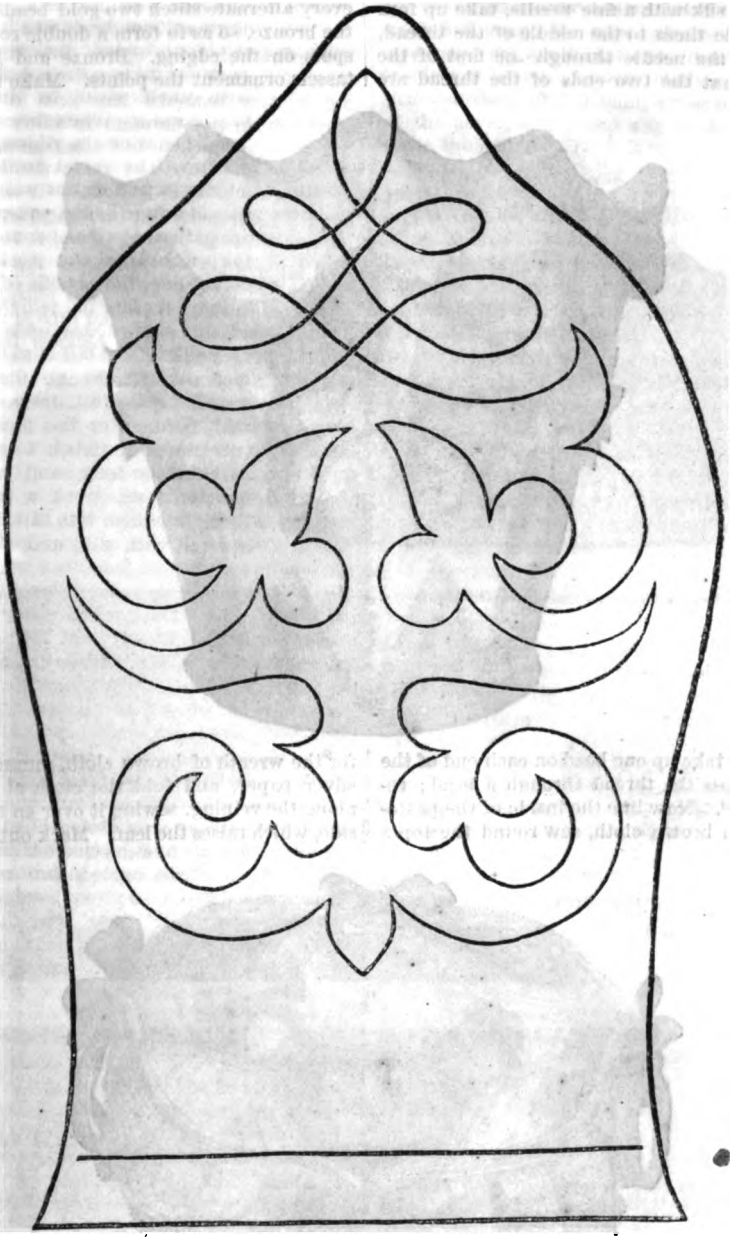


Fig. 3.



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GENTLEMAN'S SMOKING CAP.

A DIVISION for a smoking cap; six of these divisions are required to make the cap. To be made of black velvet, braided with gold braid, and finished by a silk tassel.

ORNAMENTAL FLOWER-POT COVER.

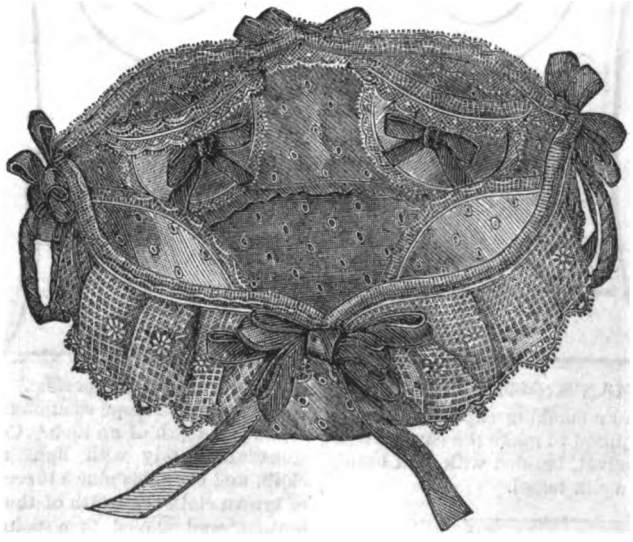
TAKE a sheet of card-board, and join it, so as to form a cover, as seen in illustration, six inches high, twenty-two inches wide at the top, and fourteen at the bottom. Divide it into eight parts, and slope each of them out at the top to the depth of an inch. Cover these divisions alternately with light and dark-gray cloth, and over this glue a three-cornered piece of brown cloth the width of the division at the bottom, and sloped to a point. Along the edges of these points, as well as between the pieces of dark and light-gray cloth, sew on a narrow border of bronze-colored beads, worked as follows: Thread both ends of a long piece

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of brown silk with a fine needle, take up four beads, slide them to the middle of the thread, and pass the needle through one first of the four, so that the two ends of the thread are



crossed; * take up one bead on each end of the thread, cross the thread through a bead; repeat from *. Now line the inside of the pasteboard with brown cloth, sew round the top a



Infant's Basket. (Page 182.)

thick white cotton cord, and cover it with beads, taking as many beads for each stitch as will serve to cover the cord, and putting in every alternate stitch two gold beads between the bronze, so as to form a double row of gold spots on the edging. Bronze and gold bead tassels ornament the points. Make the leaves for the wreath of brown cloth, gummed on to silver paper, and fold the cloth at the back along the veining, sewing it over on the wrong side, which raises the leaf. Mark out the veins on the right side with gold beads, and join on the wire stalk with gold beads. Sew the leaves, etc., on to the cover.

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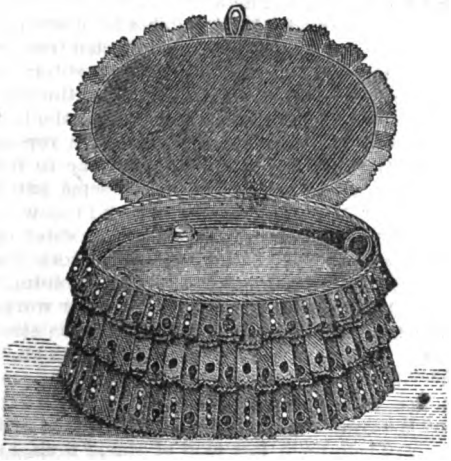
INFANT'S BASKET.

(*See Engraving, Page* 181.)

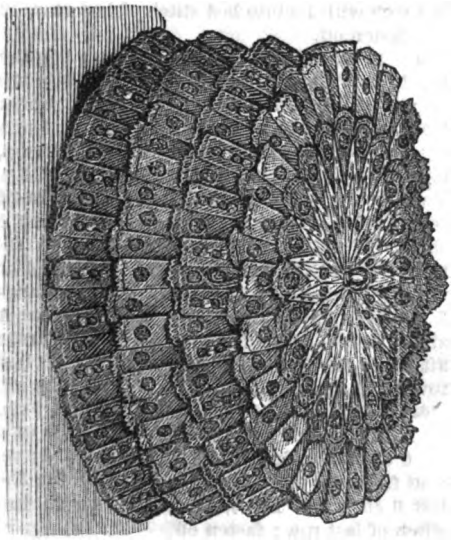
COVERED with white spotted muslin, and lined with rose-colored silk. The pockets are edged with lace, and trimmed with ribbon bows. A ruffle of embroidered muslin trims around the basket.

FOOTSTOOL WITH HOT-WATER BOTTLE.

TAKE a flat, round basket, with a lid, and cover it inside and outside with thick gray linen, line it with red quilted flannel, and sew a thick red worsted cord round the bottom.

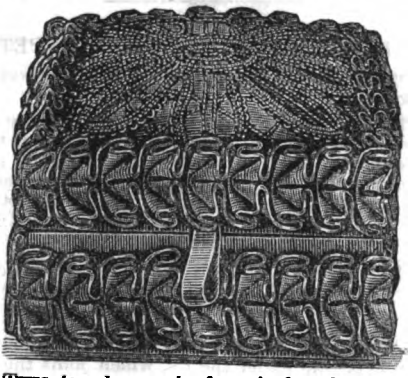


For the outside make a covering of cloth frills, scalloped at the bottom, and embroidered with silk, beads, and *appliqué* circles of black and



white velvet. Our model, as shown in Fig. 2, has three of these frills, the upper and under of scarlet, the middle one of white cloth. On the cover place a flat cushion, and sew a white cloth frill round the edge; above this frill lay a piece of red cloth, cut out in scallops, and inside this a star of white cloth, embroidered to match the frills. Fasten a ring in the centre of the cover, and a loop and button to fasten down the lid.

JEWEL CASE WITH PINCUSHION.



THIS jewel case is four inches long, four inches wide, and, with the cover, two inches deep. It is covered on the outside and inside with blue silk; the top of the cover is slightly quilted, and ornamented with a rosette of point-lace or crochet. The case is ornamented, moreover, with ruches of blue ribbon. The cover is joined on to the case with a blue ribbon. In front of the cover fasten a loop of ribbon, which forms the handle.

INFANT'S BOOT.

THIS boot is worked in crochet with white wool. Begin at the point of the foot. Make a foundation chain of 5 stitches, and work 5



double rows of open-work crochet in tricolor, always increasing one stitch at the beginning and at the end of every row. Continue to work on in double crochet stitch, always in-

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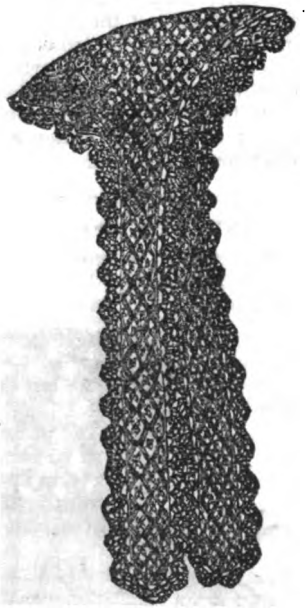
serting the needle into the back chain of every stitch, and increasing by working two stitches in the middle stitch of each row. Work 10 rows on both sides over 10 stitches only, and sew the sides together on the wrong side, for the heel. Work for the leg part 8 rounds of purl crochet. The sole is worked in treble stitches separately, and then sewn into the boot.

LADY'S MORNING CAP WITH LAPPETS.

Materials.—Crochet cotton No. 22, fine crochet hook.

Terms.—ch, chain; s, single crochet; pl, plain or double crochet; t, treble (or cotton once over the needle); "join"—this is to slip the needle out of the work, place it in the stitch directed in the pattern, and draw the last stitch made through it; p, picot or dot, formed by three or four ch stitches joined together; l, loop of 9 ch stitches.

MAKE a chain of 16 stitches, 1 s in 7th stitch, * 22 ch, 1 s in 13th stitch, 6 ch, 1 s in first stitch of the last 6 ch, 9 ch, 1 s in 1st stitch of 9 ch, 1 pl in the 13 ch stitch, putting the needle through the 13 ch stitch and the 1 s, which joins the 22 ch into the 13th ch stitch; repeat from * 3 more times, 22 ch, 1 s in 13th stitch, 5 ch; fasten off.



2d row. 1 pl in first stitch of last row, 12 ch, 1 pl in the centre stitch of the 1st loop of the 9 ch, * 6 ch, 1 pl in the 7th stitch of 13 ch, 6 ch, 1 s in the centre stitch of the first of the 3 loops of the last row, 11 ch, 1 s in the 3d loop; repeat from * till you come to the last l, work the 6 ch with 1 s into that, 13 ch, 1 s in last ch stitch of last row; fasten off.

3d. 25 ch., 1 t. in first stitch of last row, * 1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.; repeat from * till you have made 4 t. stitches; 4th, 9 ch., 1 s. in the 5th stitch of 9 ch., 5 ch., join to the 20th stitch of the 25 ch., 4 ch., 1 s. in the first stitch of 5 ch., 5 ch., 1 s. in first stitch, 9 ch., 1 s. in first stitch of 9 ch, 5 ch., 1 s. in first stitch of 5 ch., 9 ch., 1 s. in first stitch, 5 ch., 1 s. in first stitch, 1 pl. in the first picot of 5 ch., 4 ch., 1 s. in the last t. stitch. A. (this forms a star from A. to A., but, in working the others throughout the row, instead of joining the first 5 ch. to the 25th ch., join to the 3d of the last 6 treble stitches, which come after making 5 ch.), 1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.; B., 5 ch., 1 t. in same stitch as last t., * 1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.; repeat from * till you have made 6 t., miss 5, 1 t., * 1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.; repeat from * till you have made 4 treble stitches since missing 5 stitches; then work "star" as directed from A to A, remembering to join in to 3d t. stitch, as told before. When you have completed the star, and have worked the last s. stitch into the last t., work 1 ch., miss 1 t., 1 t. twice, then repeat from B. to the end of row till you come to the last 2 t., which are worked in the same stitch with 5 ch. between them, then work 1 ch., miss 1, 1 t. five times; work last t. into last stitch of last row; 16 ch., 1 s. in 11th stitch, work the remainder of the star like the others, "joining" into the 2d t. instead of the 3d t. After working the 1 pl. into the first picot of this star, work 4 ch, 1 s in the 7th stitch of the 16th ch, 6 ch; fasten off.

4th. Begin in the 14th stitch of the first 25 ch of last row, 6 ch, 1 s in the 3d loop of the first star; 13 ch, 1 s in last loop of star, * 6 ch, 1 s in centre stitch of 5 ch; 6 ch, 1 s in third loop of the next star; 11 ch, 1 s in 4th loop of star; repeat from * to the end of row, working the last 6 ch with 1 s into last stitch of last row, 12 ch; fasten off.

5th. 15 ch, 1 s in the 6th stitch, 5 ch, 1 t in the 1st stitch of the 25 ch of 3d row, 5 ch, 1 t in the same stitch as last t; * 1 ch, miss 1, 1 t; repeat from * till you have worked 6 t, miss 5, 1 t in 4th stitch of the 1st 6 ch of last row, * 1 ch, miss 1, 1 t; * repeat till you have worked 4 t. Then work star as directed from A to A in 3d row, joining to the 3d t stitch after the last 5 ch. 1 ch, miss 1, 1 t twice, then work as directed from B to B in 3d row, only instead of missing 5, the first time miss 6, and afterwards 5 stitches. Continue to repeat from A to A and B to B to the end of row. Work the first t after the last 5 ch into the last stitch of last row, 15 ch, 1 s in the 6th stitch, 5 ch; fasten off.

6th. Begin in the 1st stitch of last row, 9 ch, 1 s in first loop, * 6 ch, 1 s in centre stitch of 5 ch, 6 ch, 1 s in first l, 11 ch, 1 s in next l; repeat from * to end of row. After working the last 6 ch in the last l, work 9 ch, 1 s in last stitch of last row; fasten off.

7th. 11 ch, 1 s in the 6th stitch, 9 ch, 1 s in first stitch, 5 ch, 1 s in first stitch, 1 pl in first picot of 5 ch, 6 ch, 1 t in the first stitch of last

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row, * 1 ch, miss 1, 1 t, * twice; then work from B to B in 3d row to the end till you come to the last 3 t, the last of which must be worked in the last stitch of last row, 11 ch, 1 s in 6th stitch, 9 ch, 1 s in 1st stitch, 5 ch, 1 s in 1st stitch, 1 pl in first p, 6 ch; fasten off.

8th. Begin in first ch stitch of last row, 11 ch, 1 s in 1st l; then work from * to * in 6th row, work the last 11 ch into last stitch of last row; fasten off.

9th. Make a chain of 28 stitches, 1 s in 20th stitch, * 5 ch, 1 s in 1st stitch of 5 ch, 9 ch, 1 s in 1st stitch of 9 ch, 1 pl in 14th chain stitch, 22 ch, 1 s in 14th stitch; repeat from * till 18 of the half stars are made, then work 6 ch, 1 t in first stitch of the 8th row, * 1 ch, miss 1, 1 t, 17 * 3 times. Then work from B to B in 3d row to the end. When you have worked the last t in the last stitch of 8th row, make 15 ch, 1 s in 6th ch stitch, 5 ch, 1 s in 1st stitch of 5 ch, 9 ch, 1 s in 1st stitch, 1 pl in 6th ch stitch, 22 ch, 1 s in 14th stitch, and repeat from * to * in the beginning of this row till 18 half stars are worked, 6 ch; fasten off.

10th. Begin in the 16th stitch of last row, * 6 ch, 1 s in the 1st loop, 11 ch, 1 s in next l, 6 ch, 1 pl in 7th stitch of the 22 ch of last row; repeat from * till you have worked the 11 ch into the last of the 18 half stars, 6 ch, 1 s in centre stitch of 5 ch; repeat again from * to *, only working the last 6 ch in the 5 ch, instead of in the 7th stitch, till you come to the end of the full stars, and then work from * to * to end of the last 18 half stars, work last 6 ch in last stitch of last row, 12 ch; fasten off.

11th. Begin in first stitch of 28 ch of 9th row, and work from B to B in 3d row to the end, work last 5 ch with 1 t in last stitch; fasten off.

12th. 14 ch, 1 s in centre stitch of first 5 ch of 11th row, * 6 ch, 1 s in 1st loop, 11 ch, 1 s in next l, 6 ch, 1 s in centre stitch of 5 ch; repeat from * to end, work last 6 ch into the last 5 ch of 11th row, 11 ch; fasten off.

13th. Begin with 1 t in first stitch of last row, and work from B to B in 3d row, only missing the first 5 ch till the first star is made, and in that first star omit one of the loops of 9 ch and 1 of the picots of 5 ch, making only 3 l's and 3 p's, but all the rest work as before till you come to the last, and work that as the first with only 3 l's and 3 p's, then work 1 ch, miss 1, 1 t, 3 ch, 1 t in last stitch; fasten off.

14th. Begin in 1st stitch of last row, 11 ch., 1 s., in first l., * 6 ch., 1 s., in 5 ch., 6 ch., 1 s., in next l., 11 ch., 1 s., in next l.; repeat from * to the end, but make only 9 ch. instead of 11 ch., the last of all, and work in 1 s. in last t. of last row; fasten off.

15th. Begin in 9th stitch of last row, 5 ch., miss 1, 1 t., then work 1 ch., miss 1, 1 t., twice, * miss 5, 1 t. (1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.) 3 times, 9 ch., 1 s. in 5th stitch, 5 ch., join to 1st t. of this row, 4 ch., 1 s. in first of the 5 ch., 1 s. in 5th stitch of first 9 ch., 4 ch., 1 s. in last t. (1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.) twice, 5 ch., 1 t. in same stitch (1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.) 5 times; repeat from * till you have made 18 half stars, only after the first join to the 3d t. as in other rows. Then for the head of the cap work from B. to B. in 3d row, making 11 full stars, then work 18 half stars to the end of the lappet as those in the beginning of this row; work the last 4 ch. of the last half star into the last t. of the 14th row; fasten off.

16th. Begin in 7th stitch of 14th row, 4 ch., 1 s. in 4 ch. stitch of last row. * 6 ch., 1 pl. in s. stitch over the p. of half star, 6 ch., 1 pl. in centre stitch of 5 ch.; repeat from * till you come to the full stars, and work those with 6 and 11 ch., as in 14th row, then work over the 18 half stars of the second lappet as the first at the end of the row; work the last 6 ch. with 1 s. into the last t., 3 ch., 1 s. in the same ch. stitch as the last t. is worked; fasten off.

17th. Begin in 3d ch. stitch before the 1st full star of last row, 2 ch., miss 1, 1 t. (If begun rightly, this stitch ought to be worked in the ch. stitch over the 1st of the 2 loops of the star.) 1 ch., miss 1, 1 t. 3 times, then work from B. to B. in the 3d row, till you have made 10 stars, * 1 ch., miss 1, 1 t. twice, 5 ch. 1 t. in same stitch as last t. (1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.) 3 times, 2 ch., miss 1, 1 s.; fasten off.

18th. Begin in centre stitch of the first 5 ch. of last row, * 6 ch., 1 s. in first l. of star, 11 ch., 1 s. in next l., 6 ch., 1 s. in centre stitch of 5 ch.; repeat from * to end of 10 stars; work the last 6 ch. into the last 5 ch. of last row; fasten off.

19th. Begin and work like 17th row, only making 9 stars instead of 10

20th. Same as 18th row to the end of 9 stars, fastening off in the same way.

21st. Like 17th row, but make only 8 stars.

22d. Same as 18th row.

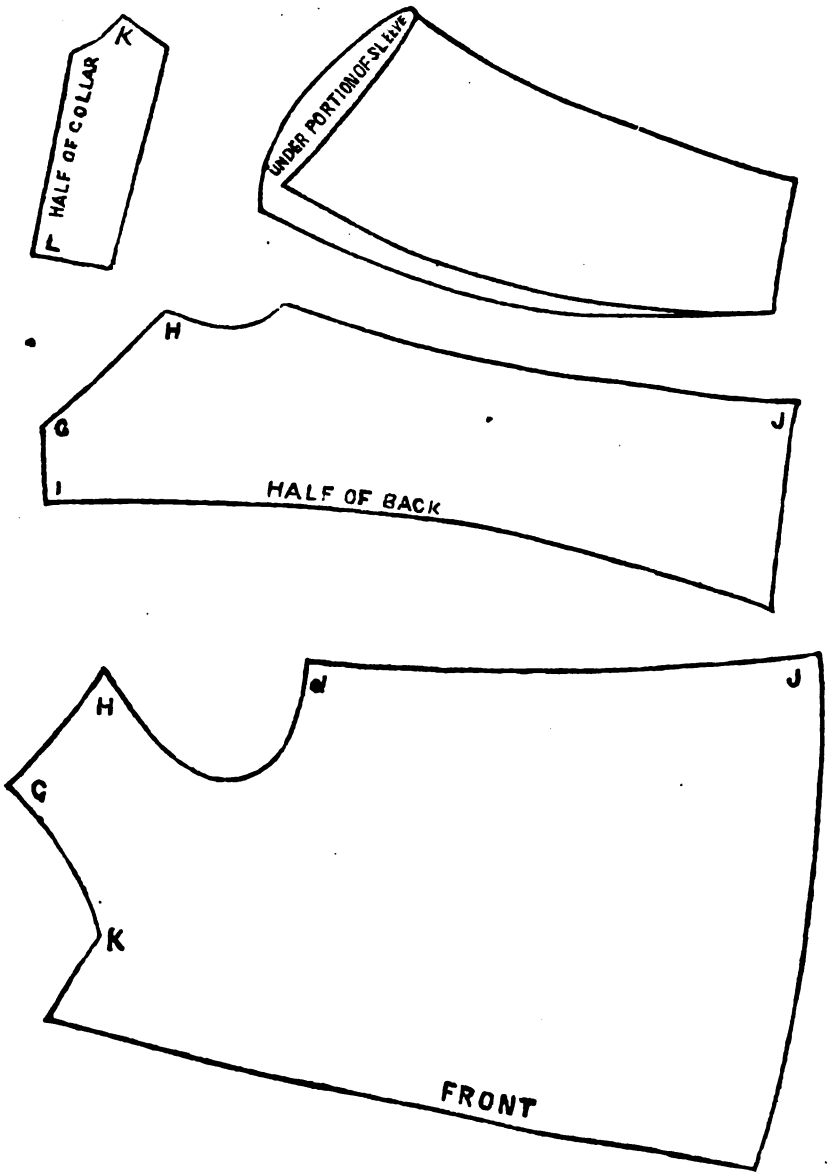
23d. Begin in 6th stitch of the first 11 ch. of last row, 5 ch., miss 1, 1 t., then work from B. to B. in 3d row, letting the first 5 ch. count as 1 t., so making the 6 t. continue till 7 stars are worked, make the 2 t. after the last star, and fasten off.

24th. Begin in 3d ch. stitch of last row, 6 ch., 1 s. in first l., 9 ch., 1 s. in next l., 6 ch., 1 s. in centre of 5 ch., * 6 ch., 1 s. in first l., 11 ch., 1 s. in next l., 6 ch., 1 s. in centre of 5 ch.; repeat from * to the end; work last 6 ch. into last t.; fasten off.

25th. Begin in centre stitch of 9 ch., 5 ch., miss 1, 1 t., * 1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.; repeat from * 3 times, miss 5, 1 t., * 1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.; repeat from * till you have made 4 t., 9 ch., 1 s. in 5th stitch, 5 ch.; join to 2d t., 4 ch., 1 s. in 1st stitch of 5 ch., 1 pl. in the first s. over the p., 4 ch., 1 s. in last t. (1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.) twice; then work from B to B. in 3d row till 4 stars are made; then make 1 half star like the first, afterwards work 1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.; fasten off.

26th. Begin in 3d stitch of 5 ch. of last row;

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6 ch., 1 s. in pl. stitch over the p. in the first half star, 6 ch., 1 t. in centre of 5 ch.; then work from * to * in 24th row. Into the last 5 ch. work 1 t., 6 ch., 1 s. over p. in half star; 6 ch., 1 s., in last t; fasten off.

27th. Begin in centre stitch of first 11 ch., 5 ch., miss 1, 1 t. (1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.) 4 times; miss 5, 1 t. (1 ch., miss 1, 1 t.) three times. Make a half star, joining the loop to the 3d t. Continue the same as other in 2d stitch, 2 ch., 1 t. in 1st ch. stitch after the 3 t., 6 ch., 1 s. in 2d stitch, 6 ch. 1 s. in 2d stitch, 6 ch., 1 s. in 2d stitch, 2 ch., 1 t. in 3d stitch of 3 ch. before the next 3 t., 3 ch., 1 t. in centre stitch of next loop between the 2 picots, 3 ch., repeat all round. join last 2 ch. with 1 s. into 3d stitch of the first 6 ch.; fasten off.

DIAGRAM FOR BOY'S OVERCOAT.

THE front is 26 inches long and 14 wide. One half of the back is given, which is 14 inches wide for both sides. It can be made in either heavy cloth or light, for spring wear, and can very easily be enlarged.

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Receipts, Etc.

THE LINEN-CLOSET.

In some families, where great regularity is observed, a certain number of articles of every kind in use is given out weekly, together with an additional number in excess of the average want, to meet any emergency that may arise. At the end of the week, both the soiled and the clean linen (if any remain unused) are returned to the housekeeper, and fresh given out. It is very necessary to observe some such method when the demand is likely to be uncertain, especially if the establishment be large, with no one interested in assisting the head of the family in her labors. It is in the irregular use, whether of table or bed linen, that losses occur, not in the ordinary wear.

Periodically all household linen should be inspected with a view to alterations and repairs. Any article that is sent from the wash in need of mending should be folded when sorted with the ragged or worn places *outside*. It is then seen at a glance what is fit for use or the reverse, and the annoyance of finding a hole in a sheet, or a rent in a tablecloth, at an inconvenient time, is obviated. When any articles belonging to a set begin to need repair, it is good management to provide a certain number of new ones. Well-mended linen is always creditable, and may last a long time for general purposes: but, as a certain stock must be kept up, it is as well to have a choice of new. Some ladies, who pride themselves on their good management of household linen, add every year a certain number of each article to their store. Thus, for an ordinary family, two tablecloths, four table napkins, six towels, one or two pairs of sheets, six pillow-cases, six dusters, the same number of glass cloths, and other things in proportion, are a regular addition to their stock. By so doing the expense of replacement is rendered comparatively easy, and plenty of sound linen can be relied upon at times of pressure. The additions thus made should be used in their turn, by being placed in the closet in the order alluded to above.

It is hardly possible to set too much value on the use of old linen for an infinity of purposes to which new would not be equally well suited. Still, pains should be taken to prevent linen falling into rags until the utmost wear has been exacted. This brings us to consider the all-important matter of making repairs. Beginning with sheets. Directly the middle of a sheet begins to feel at all thinner than the other parts, it is time to "turn" it. This is done by simply cutting the sheet in half and sewing together the outside selvages. The newly-made seam will then be the middle of the sheet. The sheet, if not much worn, will require no further alteration for a long time. If, however, the wear has been considerable, side pieces should be let in to the extent, and several inches beyond, the worn places. The sides must then be hemmed or sewn in the ordinary way. When, after a time, the "turned" sheet wears thin in the centre, instead of patching it, as some people are apt to do, it is better to sew the ends together, making the ends of the sheets now the middle. Or, if there be any children's beds to furnish with sheets, the sound ends and corners of a good-sized pair of sheets make capital cot sheets, and are more serviceable for nursery purposes than any other kinds. Old linen sheets are generally soft in wear, and admit of being washed more easily from stains than new. The same method of turning pillow-cases may be observed. To be profitable, they should be turned before the threads break into holes.

Damask linen of all kinds should be repaired by means of darning. In darning damask, what is termed "flourishing cotton" should be used in preference to the ordinary kinds. Good darning of thin places consists in skipping as many threads as are taken on the needle, and leaving good-sized loops (*i. e.*, about as long as the threads taken and skipped) at the end of each line. If the cotton be drawn closely to the material at the end of a line, a hole will gradually be made round the darn, and darning will thus assist rather than prevent destruction. If a hole has to be darned, the frayed sides should first be drawn gently in their places by lacing from one side to the other with fine cotton. The usual manner of darning may then be proceeded with. Great regularity in taking up one thread and skipping another constitutes good darning. Darns, thus made, even if large, are not discreditable, but show the painstaking industry of a good housewife.

When table-linen requires constant darning, it is time to change its use from the table to the sideboard. For all general purposes, old tablecloths are good enough for the above use. The corners and ends make useful tray-cloths, and small, sound pieces may be picked out of almost all old table-linen for dishing-cloths, that is, cloths folded in small squares to place beneath pastry and pie-dishes, or to wrap round a Stilton cheese or pudding-basin, and numberless other purposes where old damask may be used instead of new. When quite reduced to rags, old damask should be washed and mangled with the same care as new, and set aside in the linen-closet for use in the sick-room. If any sound selvages be left, pieces of from three to four inches broad should be cut off, and smoothly herring-boned together in lengths of from one to three yards, and afterwards rolled up neatly for surgical bandages. It may not be often that such accidents occur as to require similar appliances, but the head of a household should be prepared to meet demands of the kind, and by so doing her readiness may save life or limb.

Old chamber towels should be darned in the manner described for table-linen; and when from wear their use for the original purpose is at an end, they should be set aside in the linen-closet for housemaids' cloths, namely for wiping out toilet services. Nothing is better for this purpose. The remains of coarse huckaback toweling are excellent for use as plate-rags.

Torn muslin curtains are not so generally convertible; at the same time, if old muslin be cleaned from starch, it is useful for poultices, and some should, therefore, be at hand in the linen-closet. Pieces of muslin, also, are often required by the cook for tying up herbs and spices, when making soups, gravies, etc., and as these are generally thrown away when removed from the stewpan, old muslin answers as well as new. In repairing muslin, it is necessary to have all the starch previously washed out.

Quilts are generally darned when needing repair. Large old quilts may be advantageously cut up for small beds. Light marcella quilts are to be recommended in preference to other kinds. In converting old quilts, the hems should be herring-boned with coarse darning cotton.

All household linen should be marked with the name or joint initials of the owners. The date of the year in which linen was added to the stock should be marked above the name, and the number of the articles constituting the set underneath. If a set consist of six articles, the figure 6 should be inscribed in preference to running numbers. All articles making the set should be of the same size and pattern. Sets of linen reserved for certain uses should be described accordingly.

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MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Collared Beef, to be Eaten Cold.—Bone a flank of beef, and notch it at distances of half an inch, taking care not to cut it through the outside skin. Sprinkle a little water over the meat, and lay it in an earthenware dish. Throw over it a mixture of two ounces of saltpetre and a handful of common salt. Let it remain in salt for four or five days, and then sprinkle it over with a quantity of sweet herbs cut small. Now take some bacon cut in long slices the size of a finger, and lay them in the notches cut in the meat. Fill the notches also with the herbs and some minced anchovy. Season well with mace, pepper, salt, and nutmeg. Then roll it out as lightly as possible, and bind it round in a cloth with a string, and put it in a large pot with the end downwards. Fill the vessel with water, add the brine produced by the meat while being salted, and place it in an oven all night. Then take it out, bind it as tight as possible, and tie both ends. The following day take the meat out of the cloth, and preserve it for use in pickle. The pickle for the purpose is thus prepared: Remove the fat from the liquor in which the beef is cooked, and boil it with a handful of bay-leaves, vinegar, strong ale, salt, and pepper. If this pickle is properly made, it will continue good for six months. Collared beef prepared in this manner will separate in small squares when cut, provided the meat has not been cooked too long.

Scotch Soup.—Cut some leg of beef in pieces, and put it in a saucepan with three quarts of water. Add some neck of mutton and half a pound of barley. Let them boil until the barley is soft, then add a fowl, with spinach and onions.

Potato and Sausage Meat Pie.—Well butter the inside of a pie-dish, and fill it with potatoes mashed in butter, mixed with sausage meat. Season it with salt and pepper, cover it with paste, and bake it.

Boiled Fowls.—Tie them round with tape, singe, and dust with flour, put them in a kettle of cold water in a floured cloth; cover close, set on the fire, and take off the scum when it begins to rise; cover again, and boil very slowly twenty minutes; take them off, cover close, and the heat of the water will stew them in half an hour; as with turkey, it keeps the skin whole, and they will be whiter and plumper than if they had been boiled fast. When taken up, drain, and pour over them white sauce or melted butter. Garnish with parsley, and serve with oyster sauce, parsley, butter, or white sauce.

Mustard Sauce for Rump Steaks.—Chop up small two onions, and fry them in four ounces of butter until they become brown, but care must be taken that they do not burn. Thicken with some flour, and add a pint of gravy. Season with salt and pepper and a little Cayenne, and simmer the sauce for a quarter of an hour, and mix with it a dessertspoonful of mustard, two spoonfuls of vinegar, and the juice of a lemon. Boil them together for a few minutes, and pour the sauce over the meat.

Salted Salmon.—This is cooked by soaking it in water, to remove some of the salt, and then simmering it gently in water, taking care that it does not boil, which would render the flesh hard.

Seasoning for Gravy.—Take an ounce and a half of white pepper, half an ounce of mace, twice that quantity of nutmegs, two drachms of Cayenne, and a drachm of ginger. The articles should be finely ground, and then mixed.

Gravy for Fowls.—Simmer the neck, gizzard, and liver in a pint of water, with some thyme, toasted bread, pepper, and salt. When the gravy is boiled to half, strain it, and thicken with flour and butter.

To Make Broth from Calves' Feet.—Simmer a calf's foot in three pints of water until it is reduced to half. Strain it through a cloth, and pour it into a pan to get cold. Then remove the fat from its surface, and preserve it in a cool place. When required for use, take a large cupful of it and melt it in a saucepan, with half a glass of wine, and some sugar and nutmeg. When the broth is warmed sufficiently, add gradually the yelk of an egg beaten up, and mix them together by frequent stirring.

Oyster Pie.—Cover a well-buttered, deep plate or tin—a soup-plate answers perfectly—with puff-paste; lay an extra layer round the edge of the plate, and bake it very nearly enough. That done, fill the pie with oysters, seasoning with nutmeg, pepper, salt, and butter; dust in a little flour amongst them, and cover all with thin puff-paste. Bake quickly: when the top crust is done, the oysters will be done also. If to be eaten hot, serve as soon as baked, as the crust quickly absorbs the gravy. If to be eaten cold, let it cool, untouched, in the plate or pan. It is quite as good in this way as hot, and is excellent for picnics or for travelling.

Onion Sauce.—Cut two onions in slices, put them in a pan with a sufficient quantity of veal gravy, and simmer them to the consistence of sauce. Strain the sauce through a sieve, and season it with salt and pepper.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Kentucky Batter Cakes.—Sift a quart of yellow Indian meal into a large pan; mix with it two large tablespoonfuls of wheat flour and a saltspoonful of salt. Warm a pint and a half of rich milk in a small saucepan, but do not let it come to a boil. When it begins to simmer, take it off the fire, and put into it two pieces of fresh butter, each about the size of a hen's egg. Stir the butter into the warm milk till it melts, and is well mixed. Then stir in the meal gradually, and set the mixture to cool. Beat four eggs very light, and add them, by degrees, to the mixture, stirring the whole very hard. If you find it too thin, add a little more corn meal. Have ready a griddle heated over the fire, and bake the batter on it, in the manner of buckwheat cakes. Send them to table hot, and eat them with butter, to which you may add molasses or honey.

Sweet-Potato Pone.—Stir together, till very light and white, three-quarters of a pound of fresh butter and three-quarters of a pound of powdered white sugar, adding two tablespoonfuls of ginger. Grate a pound and a half of sweet-potato. Beat eight eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the butter and sugar, in turn with the grated sweet-potato, Dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus or soda in a gill of sour milk, and stir it in at the last, beating the whole very hard. Butter the inside of a tin pan. Put in the mixture, and bake it four hours or more. It should be eaten fresh.

Albany Cake.—Sift three pounds of flour into a pan. Stir together a pound of fresh butter and a pound of brown sugar. Mix together a pint of West India molasses and half a pint of rich milk. Have ready a pound and a half of seeded raisins, cut in two, and well dredged with flour to prevent their sinking. Beat five eggs very light, and mix them gradually with the milk and molasses, adding a glass of brandy and a tablespoonful of cinnamon powdered. Add the mixture gradually to the beaten butter and sugar, alternately with the flour, a little at a time of each. Next stir in a small teacupful of strong fresh yeast. Then sprinkle in the raisins. Lastly, stir in a very small teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda, or a still smaller piece of saleratus, dis-

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solved in as much lukewarm water as will cover it. Stir the whole mixture long and hard. Cover it, and set it in a warm place to rise. When quite light, butter a deep tin pan, put in the mixture, and bake it in a loaf. It will require very long and steady baking. Like all others that have yeast in them, this cake is best when fresh.

Transparent Pudding.—Warm half a pound of fresh butter, but do not allow it to melt. Mix with it half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, and stir them together till they are perfectly light. Add a small nutmeg grated or half a large one. Beat eight eggs as light as possible, and stir them gradually into the butter and sugar. Finish with sufficient extract of roses to give it a fine flavor. Stir the whole very hard, butter a deep dish, put in the mixture, and bake it half an hour. Serve it up cold. You may bake this pudding in puff-paste.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An *inlet* for fresh air should be provided for each room and bed-room.

To make Rosewood Furniture look well, it should be only rubbed with a soft cloth a little every day, for if polish, or bees'-wax and turpentine be used, they spoil the appearance.

Discolored Wax Candles.—If wax candles discolor by keeping, rub them over with a piece of flannel dipped in spirits of wine.

Steel Ornaments.—The best way to preserve steel ornaments of any kind—brooches, earrings, bracelets, combs, etc.—from rust: Pound some starch in a pestle and mortar, and sift it through a piece of fine net; half fill a card-board box, the size required, with the pounded starch; place the ornaments in it, and cover up with more starch. When the ornaments are wanted for use, brush off the starch with a fine brush; but they should be kept in the starch when not in use.

To Stop Ordinary Hiccough.—There are two simple methods of arresting this unpleasant affection—by a temporary check in either the respiration or the circulation. The first mode of doing so is by drawing in the breath just before the expected time, and holding it thus till the period is past. If it does not succeed with the first effort, it very likely will do so with the second. The other plan is to squeeze the right wrist with the finger and thumb of the other hand, at the place where the pulse is generally felt.

White Marble.—That which is used for ornaments and carved mantelpieces is generally the finest, and should never be cleaned with soap and water, as it injures it very much; but if rubbed every day with a silk handkerchief or soft cloth, this will be found all that is required. Grease stains may be removed from marble by applying a little magnesia, finely powdered, or salt of tartar. Allow it to remain on the spot a few hours; then wipe it, and apply again, if the spot has not disappeared entirely.

Herb Mixture.—Equal proportions of knotted marjoram and winter savory, with half the quantity of basil, thyme, and tarragon, dried and rubbed to powder, and mixed together; keep in a wide-mouthed bottle, closely corked; very useful, and ready for forcemeats.

CONTRIBUTED.

Use of Whites of Eggs.—I have much pleasure in sending two or three receipts for employing the whites of eggs: *Apple Cream.* Boil twelve apples in water till soft, take off the peel, and press the pulp through a hair sieve upon half a pound of powdered loaf sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat all together till it becomes very stiff, and looks quite white. Serve it heaped up on a dish. *Lemon Sponge.* Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in three-quarters of a pint of water, add the juice of two lemons and the whites of three eggs; whisk it up for three-quarters of an hour. It is better to let it stand for some time before the fire previous to whisking it. Put it in a mould. *Meringues.* After beating the whites of five eggs to a strong froth, mix in by degrees a tablespoonful and a half of sifted loaf sugar. Sugar some paper, and drop or turn the mixture out of a tablespoon about the size of half an egg; put them into a very slow oven for twenty minutes; when cold, scrape out any part remaining moist inside, and fill with cream, whipped and flavored, or sweetmeat. If not sent to table at once, it is better to put the *meringues* in the oven again for five minutes to raise them before doing so.

ELEANORE.

A subscriber sends her remedy for the eradication of dandruff:—

At first comb the head very thoroughly with a fine tooth comb; afterwards, every morning, in the place of the comb, take a small soft sponge, wet in clear cold water, and rub the skin of the entire head. No one doing this carefully and daily will be troubled with dandruff.

White, or Bride's Cake.—One pound of white sugar, finely pulverized; one pound of flour, in which mix one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, the whites of fourteen eggs well beaten. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream, then mix alternately the flour and eggs, stir in half a teaspoonful of soda, which dissolve in one tablespoonful of buttermilk, flavor with lemon. Stir the whole well; allow time to rise, and bake an hour.

BECCA.

Mrs. J. B. C. says that the best way to clean ivory knife handles is, to rub them with the common Bath brick, clean them off dry, wrap the blades in paper, lay them on a bright tin plate, and leave in the sun; bring in at night, and repeat daily until fully bleached.

Graham Bread.—Half gallon of brown flour; after it is sifted, add a teacupful of fresh yeast, a teacupful of molasses, a dessertspoonful of lard, and a teaspoonful of salt. If these are not sufficient to mix it, add a little luke-warm water; work it well, and set to rise; after it has risen the first time, put it in the pan that it is to be baked in, then let it rise for the second time, grease on the top with a little lard to prevent its cracking. Bake in moderately warm oven.

BROOKLYN.

DEAR SIR: You would do good probably by inserting among your valuable receipts the Dispensatory formula for making the old-fashioned essence of peppermint: Two ounces of the *pure* oil of peppermint to one pint of alcohol. Dose, ten to twenty drops on loaf sugar. The having this remedy in the house in summer has oftentimes saved life. J. F.

The following also have been sent to us as good:—

White, or Silver Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of white sugar, whites of sixteen eggs, beaten well; cream the butter and sugar well together with the hand, add eggs and then flour; season to taste.

Golden Cake.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one cup of sweet or sour cream, yelks of sixteen eggs, two pounds of sugar; season to taste.

Jelly Cake.—Whites of ten eggs, five yelks, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk or cream, one teaspoonful of yeast powder sifted in with the flour.

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Editors' Table.

THE KINGDOM OF PEACE.

I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness.—ISAIAH, lx., 17.

A HOOP of gold, with jewels graced,
All dug from out the depths of earth,
And on the brow of mortal placed—
The royal power of war had birth;
Thus kings of old claimed right divine,
And men gave up their "MINE" for "THINE,"
And, harnessed to the conqueror's car,
Made the Old World one field of war.
Man loses power to love the good,
While thirsting for his brother's blood;
And all was like a stormy sea
Of lost souls in their agony.

A star from out the depths above
Shed its white beams on eastern skies;
Wise men who watched God's signs of love,
Followed its light with longing eyes,
'Till where the humble shepherds lay,
It turned the darkness into day,
And drew the guardian angels down,
The new-born PRINCE OF PEACE to crown.
That little child in manger laid,
What sin had broken hath re-made,
And re-born brotherhood shall be
The type of human liberty;
While men, like little children, come
To seek their Heavenly Father's Home.

What glorious hopes the Gospel brought!
It gave life's draught to dying souls:
Its sound was song, and Peace its thought,
Yet on and on Time's river rolls;
And still the weary, woful years
Bear war's sad symbols—blood and tears.
Even now, with eighteen centuries gone,
Old Christendom puts new armor on—
Wrests every manchild from his mother,
And teaches Cain to kill his brother:
Bereaves man's home of woman's smiles,
And drives her forth to his rough toils.
Oh, shame on manhood's power for good!
Oh, wretched wrong on womanhood!

My country!—thine the destiny
To guide the World in Brotherhood;
The youngest born, the oldest free,
Seal here God's image of the GOOD!
For God hath said that war shall cease;
And Christ hath died to give Earth peace.
As great and lesser stars unite,
And glorify the Heaven with light,
So good men must for good combine,
And make the Earth, like Heaven, divine.
God's laws of love and righteousness
Would pave life's paths with stones of Peace;
While Woman's pure and peaceful homes
Are Bethanies—where Jesus comes.

THE MISERY OF SOLDIERSHIP.

MUCH has been said of the expense and waste caused by the millions of soldiers whom the nations of Europe keep in arms for their mutual terror: but the sufferings inflicted on the individual soldier have been less thought of. There is a striking picture in Mrs. Hawthorne's excellent work, "Notes in England and Italy," which gives a vivid idea of this effect of the system. At Carlisle she went to visit the castle, where "a youthful artillery officer, with sword and cylinder fur cap," took charge of the party. While he showed them over the edifice, she was struck with his air of sadness and depression. "This young soldier," she writes, "told us that life was very dull in the fortress; and he looked extremely joyless, with no ready smiles. He was handsome—his profile gem-like, really a Greek head and face, and he was doubtless as brave as handsome, for on his breast he wore a medal, which had Victory crowning a hero on one side, and her Majesty Victoria on the other. He had been in the Crimea. When he took the medal from his breast to show us, he was just as joyless as before, and the memory of his brave deeds gave him no animation. There were but twenty men in the castle, so that the duty was very heavy, he said; the turns-about came so often, and he could only sleep three nights of the week. It is the monotony which seems to weigh upon him like a millstone, and crush the faculty and inclination to be gay out of his heart. These soldiers are condemned to celibacy, and lead prisoners' lives, in effect. O that the lion would make haste to lie down with the lamb, and let the little child lead them, so that free-born men should not have to live such unnatural lives, and suffer so much wrong and evil!"

Multiply this picture by three millions, and we may then judge of the wretchedness caused by the policy which dooms to "prisoners' lives" and homelessness what should be the most active, useful, and cheerful portion of the population of Europe. How long will the nations tolerate a system which is so great a scandal to the creed they all profess?

But all these miseries do not fill up the sum of human wretchedness and wrong produced by war. We must estimate the sorrows of woman; the degradations and hardships imposed on her life and the lives of her children. This dark picture has no light of hope for the improvement of mankind until aggressive wars shall be abolished. The sad condition of women in the Old World is beginning to be understood. An article in our "Notes and Notices" has a few revelations that will serve to show the miseries of the working women.

THE HELPLESS MADE HELPFUL.

A BOOK has lately appeared in England giving a most interesting description of the improvement which has been made of late years in the condition and education of the blind. The work has a peculiar value, in so far as it shows that persons suffering from blindness are found to be in some callings actually more proficient and useful than those who are endowed with sight; and it thus gives ground for hoping that persons afflicted with other infirmities may find that, in the economy of society, there are places of usefulness and honor specially adapted to them, in which they may be not only self-sustaining, but helpful to others. It appears that there is now in England a committee composed of highly educated gentlemen, forming the council of the British and Foreign Blind Association, who are all either absolutely blind or so nearly so as to be unable to read otherwise than with the alphabet designed for the

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blind. One of the leading members of this council, Doctor Armitage, is the author of the work in question, which is entitled "The Education and Employment of the Blind. What it has been, is, and ought to be." A considerable part of the book is devoted to the question of the best alphabet for works printed for the blind. The author gives a decided preference to the dotted or "Braille" character, now in use in Paris and some of the American asylums, over the angular Roman type, which was at one time universal, but which, it seems, is much less easy for the blind to acquire, and to read when acquired. But the most important and interesting portion of the book is that which relates to the surprising capabilities evinced by the blind in music, and in various callings connected with it, but more especially in teaching and piano-tuning. There is something almost romantic in the story which Doctor Armitage tells of the manner in which their capacity for the latter profession was first made known. Though somewhat long, it is too interesting to be much abridged:—

"About the year 1830 Claude Montal and another blind pupil of the Paris school attempted to tune a piano on which they practised. It, as well as the other pianos in the institution, was kept in very indifferent tune by a seeing tuner. This man complained to the director, who administered a sharp reprimand to the two blind pupils, forbidding them ever again to touch the works. Nothing daunted, however, the two friends procured an old piano, and obtained permission to keep it in the institution. They practised themselves in taking it to pieces and re-mounting it: nor did they rest content until they had thoroughly repaired it and brought it into good tune. As the director had daily seen them at work, he could have no doubt that the transformation of this old instrument was really due to the unassisted efforts of the two blind friends. Struck with the talent which they evinced, he confided to them some extensive repairs in the organ belonging to the chapel. They had two seeing workmen at their disposal, whose movements they directed. The experiment proved perfectly successful, as no professional organ-builder could have done his work in a more masterly manner. By degrees they obtained permission to keep all the pianos of the house in tune, and to make what little repairs were necessary. The next step was to begin regular instruction in tuning, and thus commenced the tuning classes which have made the Paris school famous throughout the civilized world. Montal soon left the institution, and endeavored to obtain a private tuning connection, but the same prejudice which now exists in London against blind tuners was then in full force in Paris. No one liked to trust a piano to the blind man, and for some time he was glad to be allowed to tune gratuitously. A circumstance now occurred which was the turning-point in his fortunes. One of the professors of the Conservatoire, having heard of the skill of the blind tuner, sent for him, and showed him two pianos which he had in his apartment. They were of different construction, and from different makers. It was important that they should be in exact accord, and none of the numerous tuners who had attempted this task had been able to succeed. Montal said he would make the attempt. He first carefully examined the differences in their construction, and, making allowance for these, set about his work in a scientific manner, and the result of his tuning was a perfect success. He was now patronized by the other professors of the Conservatoire, and soon was employed by some of the leading professional musicians of Paris, by whose recommendations his practice and fame as a tuner rapidly increased. In 1832 he gave a course of lectures on the art of tuning, which were very well attended. In 1834, at the Industrial Exhibition, most of the makers had their pianos tuned by him, and he took advantage of this opportunity to circulate a short treatise on tuning, which was sold in the Exhibition building, and contributed much to his reputation as a tuner. He now began on a small scale to repair and to make pianos. This was the commencement of the well-known manufactory of which he was long the head."

The result of this striking example was that blind piano-tuners came to be in demand in Paris, and most of the pupils of the institute devoted themselves to the profession of music. Two out of every three who leave the school follow that profession, and about half of these obtain their diplomas as tuners. Thus, while in England the blind practise chiefly a few easy manual arts, such as the making of baskets, brushes, brooms, mattresses, rugs, mats, the caning of chairs, knitting and sewing, and earn at these, by steady industry, only two or three dollars a week, the blind piano-tuners of France gain, in their intellectual pursuit, incomes of from $400 to $1000 a year. Five graduates of the institute, moreover, are now established in Paris as piano manufacturers, and are doing very well.

From the same authority we learn, what will doubtless surprise many of our readers, that in this country the results of similar experiments have been quite as good as in France, if not even better. Here, it appears, teaching music is preferred to piano-tuning. Mr. Campbell, the resident superintendent of the Boston school (who is himself blind), writes: "I know about six blind gentlemen who are earning from $2000 to $2500 per annum by the profession of music, I know a large number who are earning from $1000 to $1500, and a number of young ladies who can earn from $500 to $750 per annum."

The reason why the blind are so successful in music is, of course, because they can concentrate their faculties upon the study and practice of it better than those whose attention is liable to be drawn off by objects about them. The same faculty of concentration would doubtless lead to excellence in other pursuits; and we may infer how much of the beauty of the Iliad and of Paradise Lost is due to the circumstance that the mental vision of their authors was bent solely on the scenes which they described. But music, that wonderful endowment of humanity, with its wide sympathies, touching at once the intellect, the imagination, the sentiments, and the passions—and with its manifold products, in which art, science, and delicate handicraft are combined—appears to be precisely the province designed for those whose loss of sight leaves all their energies free for its cultivation. What a blessing to themselves, and what a benefit to the country it will be if, of the thirty thousand persons in the United States who suffer from the deprivation of sight, only the half shall be found qualified to sustain themselves in comfort by this pursuit, and at the same time to diffuse amongst us a knowledge of and taste for a refining and social art, in which, as a nation, we are yet sadly deficient. It may be that in this way all the good which public and private benevolence has conferred upon this class of our fellow-citizens will be returned to us a hundred-fold.

THE "LOST ART" OF ELOQUENCE.

TRAVELLERS who have had an opportunity of observing the great deliberative bodies of the chief nations of Europe, affirm that the art of oratory appears to be nearly or quite lost in them. It is true that there are still a few men endowed with great natural powers of eloquence; improved, too, by cultivation, like John Bright in England, and Castellar in Spain; but these are brilliant exceptions. Most of the public men who have a high repute as speakers hesitate, correct themselves, and stammer through their speeches, in a manner painful to hear. This is the case in England. In France, and some other countries, the difficulty is avoided, as it sometimes is in our own Congress, by the simple process of reading the speeches.

This decline in oratory is ascribed to the influence of the press. Every distinguished person, who makes an important speech to a public assembly, knows

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that every word of it will be taken down in shorthand, and in a few hours placed before thousands of readers. This vast unseen audience is of far more importance to him than the few persons whom he has before his eyes. He cares little how his speech may sound, but is solicitous that it should read well in print, and that no absurd or injudicious expression should escape him in the heat of the moment. Hence proceeds that cautious and deliberate style of speech, which is safe for the politician, but fatal to eloquence.

It appears that the neglect of this art is extending even to our universities. These institutions have greatly improved of late years in many respects. It is gratifying to see that the oldest among them are the foremost in enlarging their courses of study, and their means of instruction, to meet the requirements of the present day. A recent report of the president of Harvard University shows a great increase in the numbers of professors, of pupils, of college buildings, and of volumes in the college libraries, with many advantages in the choice of studies given to the pupils. Yet a friendly critic, who finds much to praise in all these points, expresses a doubt whether, under the new system, "some essential branches are not falling into neglect." He tells us that "to those who remember the great work done in the department of 'Rhetoric and Oratory' by the late Professor E. T. Channing, it seems a little alarming to see the diminished importance of that department in these days. Elocution seems to have become a study for the two lower classes only; and last Commencement Day showed the humiliating spectacle of a graduating class who were permitted to read instead of reciting their 'parts.'"

Harvard may plead that she is only following the example of the French Assembly and of our own legislatures. But the influences which have caused the decline of oratory in those bodies are peculiar, and doubtless will have but a temporary effect. As the capacity of intelligent speech is the principal evidence of that essential difference which divides humanity from the brute creation, so the highest exercise of this talent, by which the accomplished orator communicates his own feelings to an audience, arouses their passions, convinces their judgment, and sways them at his will, must ever be regarded as one of the greatest exhibitions of intellectual power.

Yet it must be admitted that the elements of this art of elocution—that is, of speaking our native language clearly, readily, and impressively—are to be best learned, not in the university, nor even in the preparatory school, but in that first and best of seminaries—the home. A child who hears from his earliest years good language spoken, with correct pronunciation and proper accent, will grow up a good speaker; and whenever he has occasion to address an audience, whether in a legislative hall, or at a public meeting, or from a pulpit, the value of this early training will be apparent. It is more important that those who are to be the mothers of our future statesmen should be well educated in this respect, than that the statesmen themselves should be taught by professors of elocution. It is therefore in our schools for girls, and our colleges for young women, that the rules of correct speech and composition should be most carefully taught. If this is done, we need not doubt that the "lost art" will revive in due time, and that true eloquence will reappear whenever a great occasion shall demand it.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

SHALL WOMEN DO THE WORK OF MEN?—We take the following graphic picture of "workingwomen" in the European world from a monthly journal* prepared for American readers. The article was written by the Rev. John O. Means. We commend it to the sober thought of our countrywomen, before the duty of the suffrage is thrust upon them—without their consent:—

"Bringing woman into all the competitions with man, forcing her to share evenly with him in all pursuits; this, instead of elevating society, is a step back into barbarism. We stand now in the broad meadows of civilization, which we have reached after a long and weary pilgrimage through the very region of that sort of equality of the sexes which this measure contemplates. We have tried that type of society, and risen out of it. In all savage tribes the women do all men's tasks. In the older nations to-day women have no such spheres as with us; they must do anything that man does. Where the division of duties does not take place, as with us; where women, with no regard to sex, are put to any business, as it is proposed to do here, the condition of woman is that of an animal of so much muscle and so many instincts. We have emerged into the land of promise, and though much remains to be done for women and men both, let us not go back into Egypt. In Egypt I have seen women watching at the corners, and following horses, and donkeys, and camels through the streets, to scrape into their aprons with naked hands the manure which might fall. In beautiful France, between Paris and Strasbourg, I have seen a man holding a plow with reins and whip, and a woman and a cow yoked together for draught. In Germany I have seen women driving ox and cow teams of carts loaded with building stone; with hatchets clearing up the thickets, and cutting fuel; carrying brick and mortar up ladders to the masons. In England, in the mines of Cornwall, girls and boys, harnessed together, crawl through narrow adits and exits, hitched to a car of ore, the girls half-clad, and scarcely more humanely treated than beasts of burden. In Europe, generally, women are compelled to do any sort of work with men. It is proposed to import that style of civilization into this fair land.

"'Ah! we do not propose any such thing; we only want women to share the privileges of men.' They cannot share the privileges without sharing the burdens. They must take it through and through if they take it at all. They cannot preserve the privileges now freely and joyfully accorded to women and also take such as go with manhood. The effect of this revolution will be to abolish distinction of sex in civil and political society. The ballot is only one thing, but it means of necessity that the whole sphere of man's civil life shall be entered by women. It means taking women out of the range of special duties which, from the foundation of the world, have been thought appropriate for her, and putting her in competition with man in all offices and responsibilities, making her take her chance in the struggle for existence, precisely as any man takes the chance; ignoring the primeval fact of difference in sex. Not so is woman to be elevated and man ennobled. No. Instead of becoming less womanly, in the highest civilization she is to become more so. With amplest opportunity for educating her nature on every side, welcome to attempt anything she wishes to achieve, let her not be forced to assimilate herself to man."

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—We have just received from the Presbyterian Board of Publication a series of biographies for children, which are so new in their conception that we must mention them. "The True Story Library" is the name of these little volumes. They are handsomely bound, with large type, a dozen in the library. They tell of the lives of eminent Protestants in a plain and simple way, adapted to childish comprehension. Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Huss, Baxter, are a few of the men whose biographies are narrated. Women, too, have a part—Queen Margaret of Navarre and the Princess Renée—that little girls may know that all the great work of the Reformation was not done by men. When the children who read these books afterwards meet these characters in history, they will under-

* *The True Woman.* Edited by Mrs. Charlotte McKay, Baltimore, Md.

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stand their actions all the more clearly from their remembrance of these little books.

PROGRESS IN GOOD WORKS:—

"The 'Training Home for Christian Workers' is an institution to which we have before called attention. Its object is to prepare Christian women for mission work in this city. 'Bible-women' have long been employed with excellent results in this field; but it has been found necessary to qualify them for their work by special training. In the early part of 1870 a house was leased, and a company of women were gathered into it to receive instruction. The experiment has proved successful; the workers have done good service, and the managers appeal to the churches of this city for funds to sustain the enterprise. We trust they will get all the aid they need."

"The Lutherans have been overtaken by the woman movement. At a meeting of the Tenth District Conference of the Synod of Pennsylvania, it was voted: '1. That it is desirable to re-establish the office of deaconess in our congregations; 2. That believing and intelligent women should be regularly appointed by the congregations and formally inducted into office; and 3. That the Synod should instruct its liturgical committee to prepare a form for the installation of such officers and a general statement of the duties to be attended to by them.'"

"A new building is erecting in Hartford for the Women's Christian Association of that city. It is intended as a house where young women may be provided with wholesome food and comfortable and pleasant lodgings at such prices as may be within their means."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The Sailor Boy"—"Bachelor's Trials"—"Thanksgiving Day"—"Our Lilie"—"Twilight"—"To a Lovely Coquette"—and "On Hearing Nilsson."

The following are declined: "Broken Idols"—"A Legend of the Late Civil War"—"Mon Cher Ami"—"Domestic Photograph of the South"—and "The First Frost."

"My Journal." The author sent no stamps. MS. not read.

"Santa Claus and Satan" declined. No stamps sent to return it.

"Miss L. D., Newark, N. J." There was no stamp in your letter.

The attention of correspondents is directed to an article in the Arm-Chair department, addressed to authors and their MSS.

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE.

ABOUT EMETICS.

EMETICS are a nauseating subject, we are aware, but then there's science and common sense to be displayed in the use of them, in the way of inducing the nausea, after all. These medicines among a certain class of people are favorite remedies in the treatment of numerous complaints, and we do not know as they are used as much as they ought to be, in the place of other remedies, among the people in general. Emetics, at certain times, are very valuable agents, and nothing else will take the place of them. They are just as important, in their particular places, as cathartics, or opiates, or astringents, and yet, from reason, we suppose, of their imaginable inelegant mode of operating, are often substituted by more agreeable if not more suitable remedies. A man has overloaded his stomach, for instance. He is much oppressed, feels squamish and uncomfortable, and perhaps has a little pain. A heavy load is experienced under his waistcoat, his mouth is foul, and he is more or less troubled with flatulence. He wants to get rid of a great deal of the "stuff" he has swallowed, he knows he does, and he knows that by his feelings his gastric friend is overburdened and irritated by his indulgence; but he does not do it. His stomach labors on in the work that he has imposed upon it, and, to assist in the process, he swallows a dose of brandy, or takes a dozen cathartic pills to hurry it through his organism. This isn't common sense, for the veriest idiot would know that to evacuate the stomach was all that was called for or needed. Sometimes, too, after eating, digestion goes on naturally for an hour or two, and then is suddenly arrested by a remaining indigestible portion or particle, and more or less spasm, nausea, and cramp in the stomach is experienced. Nature rebels against such food, and the stomach is unable to dispose of it, and hence the outcry and evident desire for its removal. In this instance, also, a "gentle horn" is resorted to, or else the high-pressure pills, and then the difficulty is disposed of. We say disposed of; it isn't disposed of at all. It's smothering an artery to stop its bleeding, or blowing it out with powder to hasten the end of the process.

Happily, many individuals are the possessors of stomachs that are capable of summarily getting rid of unwelcome substances of their own accord, of going it on their muscle, and disposing of this or that in whichever direction their own good judgment seems fit to dictate. The man or woman who digests their food through the agency of such an organ as this is possessed of a wealth that money cannot be compared to, or that money cannot buy. Now, it is to serve this purpose, to accomplish this end, that emetics, in their various forms, have been given us.

All medicines were intended for some good object, to assist some organ of our body, or the bodies of the lower animals, to perform their duty, or correct them when disposed to wander from the paths of rectitude. Emetics are prominent remedies in the indications that arise in our daily life for the need of some corrective; but, as a class, they are very little made use of, and very little understood in any of the walks of life. They are infinitely more useful at times than cathartics, the great resort of people of the present day, and at all times a much less harmless and exhaustive remedy. People of olden times made use of these medicines with the greatest impunity. An emetic was administered for everything, from a simple toothache down to the most extensive and dangerous ills, and often they were taken for pleasure, as we take a glass of wine, "to clear the head and facilitate the flow of animal spirits." It is related in some work on *materia medica* that individuals in those days were in the habit of "discharging their dinners" by these convenient means, that they might have the pleasure of again going through the process of eating. The deed was often done for two or three times in succession, that thus they might prolong the pleasures of the table till their appetites were thoroughly satisfied.

This would be rather too much of a "good thing," yet we believe that it is wrong that they should have fallen into such general disuse as they have to-day. Cathartics could divide half of their glory, or even more, to this class of medicines, with a great deal of benefit to the people. But this is the way we go. First way up, then way down; first one extreme, then another. Years ago we abused emetics, to-day we are doing the same thing with cathartics, and it should not be. A discrimination should be made between the two; they both should be on one pantry-shelf, or in one medicine chest, for they are excellent general remedies, and the one used when it is indicated and the other let alone. As we have inti-

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mated, emetics, as a class, are much less disposed to injury than cathartics. Children take them with perfect impunity, and with every degree of safety. Young babies are not in the least injured by them, unless they are given in excessive overdoses. In adult life they are never attended with evil results, unless some condition exists—as a rupture, aneurism, or heart disease—where the strain of their action has a deleterious influence upon the disease. In these instances and in extreme old age, when the bloodvessels are apt to be weakened from various causes, they should never be used. In a sound and healthy body they may be used almost at any time. But there are different classes of emetics. Some are exhausting or weakening in their action, and others are the opposite, or stimulating. The former act by being absorbed from the stomach, and producing its contraction by nervous influence; and the latter act by their irritating effect upon the inner coat of the stomach, and thus provoking it to contraction. The former are slow in operating, the latter are quick, and these various properties and qualities are of great importance in making a selection of an emetic for use. Where the simple effect of unloading the stomach is the motive for the use of an emetic, the stimulating kind should always be used, for they act promptly, with but little trouble, and no exhaustion or weakness following; the same also are the ones in case of poisoning. But when a child is suffering from the croup, or a decided impression is wished to be made upon the system, the former are the proper remedies. They act slow—that is, they are some time in producing emesis—but a wretched feeling of nausea and weakness comes on very soon after administration, which increases in severity, until vomiting is produced. Every one must have noticed the great difference in this respect in the action of emetics if they have ever taken any. Therefore, when a remedy of this kind is about to be used, exercise the judgment as to the most suitable one for the occasion. Tartar emetic, ipecac, squills, lobelia, are prostrating emetics; tartar emetic very considerably so, and the squills and lobelia so very much so as to be rather the wrong remedies in unprofessional hands. Sulphate of zinc, sulphate of copper, mustard, common salt, etc., are stimulating emetics, and the former two so very stimulating as to be ranked as poisons when taken in overdoses. For general use, ipecac and Coxe's hive syrup—which contains minute proportions of tartar emetic—mustard, and common salt are the best remedies of their kind; their action in all instances may be promoted by copious draughts of lukewarm water, etc.

But perhaps we have said enough. Emetics should come into more general use, and cathartics should not be so often resorted to. How many, many little children would be saved from aggravated affections of the bowels, brought on by indigested food or irritating substances, if, instead of being allowed to go through the body and making disturbance everywhere, it should simply be evacuated, as a chicken would evacuate a spider that it found impossible to swallow? How many headaches and foul-tasting mouths would be avoided if emetics were more universally resorted to? How many dangerous diseases would be "nipped in the bud," if a decided impression were made in the system by the intelligent use of these excellent remedies at the commencement? We do not know, but we warrant they would be infinitely less than they are under the present regimen. We are not fond of taking medicine, we do not advocate its continued or promiscuous use; but when a remedy *is* needed, why not take the most proper, beneficial, and sensible one—and let all others go to the dogs?

Literary Notices.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

JOHN THOMPSON, BLOCKHEAD; *and Companion Portraits.* By Louisa Parr, author of "Dorothy Fox." A collection of well-written, pleasing, and touching stories, by a talented English authoress.

THE FUNNY PHILOSOPHERS; *or, Ways and Sweethearts. A Novel.* By George Yellott. A book whose humor is somewhat insipid, and whose literary merits fall somewhat below the average. It is not likely to create a profound sensation in literary circles.

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From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Phila.:—

CYRILLA; *or, The Mysterious Engagement.* By the Baroness Tautphœus, author of "The Initials."

KATE KENNEDY. *A Novel.* By Mrs. C. J. Newby.

ROSE FOSTER; *or, The Second Series of the Mysteries of the Court of London.* By George W. M. Reynolds.

THE LIFE OF BILLY VIDKINS. Illustrated.

—

From J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE CHILDREN'S SPEAKER, *an Anniversary Gem.* By Mrs. E. E. Boyd and Emma M. Johnston. A collection of pretty little addresses, recitations, and dialogues, to be used in Sunday-schools and for Sunday-school anniversaries.

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From ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

THE LITTLE YELLOW-JACKET SERIES. By Mrs. M. E. Boyd. We always see with pleasure a series of these excellent little books, which will do so much to interest and amuse children, while teaching them things of permanent benefit. The "Yellow-Jackets" are pupils in a little yellow schoolhouse, whose fortunes are told in five handsome books. We do not doubt the series will be among the most popular of our Christmas juveniles.

THE TWO MARRIAGES.

OLIVER'S PRISONER. By Clara F. Guernsey.

Two nicely-bound and well-printed books, like all that come from Martien's; pleasant-looking and attractive enough to catch the eye of many little ones this Christmas.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE EARTH: *A Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe.* By Elisée Reclus. Translated by the late B. B. Woodward, M. A., and edited by Henry Woodward, British Museum. This volume will be a welcome acquisition to the student of physical science. In its plan it begins at the very beginning of the earth, if the earth may be said to have a beginning; compares the theories of different philosophers respecting its creation, formation, or growth, and brings forward all the facts which science, in its researches, has been able to discover. It is a full and exhaustive treatise on one of the most prolific and perplexing of subjects; and in the preparation of the volume, a most extended research has been made among authorities, astronomical, geological, botanical, and of every character whose writings could have any bearing upon the subject under discussion. The text is profusely illustrated by maps, among which are thirty-three page maps, printed in colors.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK. Edited by Mary E. Dewey. Miss Sedgwick was one of the remarkable women of a past genera-

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tion. She was a pioneer among those literary women who, in their writings, have done so much to elevate the tone of our literature. Her books were read and cherished a generation or two ago, but have been read by very few of at least the younger people of to-day. Their sentiment is pure and their tone elevated, and the publisher who shall put them into circulation anew will earn the gratitude of the reading public. This "Life" as meagre as it is, is an acceptable one. We wish, however, that there had been less of letters and more of biography.

DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS. By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B. A. A handsome holiday book, profusely illustrated by fine wood engravings, copied from paintings by Landseer and other artists of known merit. It is full of authentic accounts, narratives, descriptions, anecdotes, and adventures of all species of dogs in all parts of the world. It is just the book to please children and learn them to love and treat with consideration their faithful canine friends and dependants.

VIEW OF THE STATE OF EUROPE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. By Henry Hallam, LL.D., F.R.A.S. Incorporating in the text the author's latest researches, with additions from recent writers, and adapted to the use of students. By William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. This volume is not, strictly speaking, an abridgment of a well-known work by Mr. Hallam. But in the preparation of the book for the use of students, the editor has made corrections, omissions, and additions, such as the nature of his plan and more recent investigations into history have seemed to justify him in doing. The work will be found of use in the higher schools.

DURNTON ABBEY. *A Novel.* By Thomas Adolphus Trollope, author of "Lindisfane Chase," etc. Mr. T. A. Trollope, having won for himself a reputation as a writer of Italian novels, seems now determined to prove to a somewhat incredulous world that he can succeed equally well in novels descriptive of English life and character. Though not quite the equal of his brother, Anthony Trollope, in photographic fidelity to nature, his stories are yet very readable, and better than those of a majority of popular English writers.

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

A HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF SONGS: *For Four Voices.* Collected and arranged by Francis C. Bowman and Charles A. Dana. This is a judicious collection of music, including national airs, sentimental songs, songs of nature, songs of devotion, and folk songs, thus furnishing a pleasing variety of excellent music for the home circle or social entertainments.

TEXT-BOOK OF ZOOLOGY, *for Schools and Colleges.* By H. Alleyne Nicholson, M. D., F. R. S. E., etc.

TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY, *for Schools and Colleges.* By H. Alleyne Nicholson, M. D., F. R. S. E., etc.

These two works present to the student the leading principles and facts of natural history and geological science, in as brief a compass as is compatible with clearness and accuracy. Technical terms have only been made use of when they seemed absolutely required, and a glossary has been added for their explanation. These books will not only be found useful to the student, but interesting to the general reader.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By Charles Dickens. This book belongs to the "Handy Volume" edition of Dickens's works, an edition which for compactness and neatness has not been excelled.

THE GLADIATORS. *A Tale of Rome and Judea.* By G. J. Whyte Melville, author of "Digby Grand," etc.

From G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York:—

THE DEBATABLE LAND BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT. With Illustrative Narrations. By Robert Dale Owen, author of "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World." Robert Dale Owen is the apostle of Spiritualism in this country. Our thanks are due to him for a copy of his recent work, bearing the above title, and fully setting forth the phenomena and evidences which substantiate the belief of a large class of people in spirit communication. He reviews the positions held by the different churches on this point, and brings evidence to prove that in all ages and among all people the fact has been considered established. The book is an interesting one, especially to those whose religious belief coincides with that of its talented author.

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From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

JAPAN IN OUR DAY. Compiled and Arranged by Bayard Taylor. This is the initial volume of an "Illustrated Library of Travel and Adventure" which Messrs. Scribner & Co. propose to issue. The volume before us has been compiled from the newest and most interesting works of recent visitors to Japan, it is handsomely illustrated, and will give the reader a tolerably clear idea of the habits and customs of the people of that most curious country.

MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD. *Selected from the Narratives of Celebrated Travellers.* With an Introduction and Additions by J. T. Headley, author of "Napoleon and His Marshals," etc. This is one of the most interesting books yet published in Scribner's "Illustrated Library of Wonders." It is, like all the other volumes, handsomely illustrated.

RICHARD VANDERMARCK. *A Novel.* By Mrs. Sidney S. Harris, author of "Rutledge," etc. A pleasant American story by an author who has already acquired considerable reputation as a novelist. It is fully equal to her previous works.

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From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

MINISTERING CHILDREN, *and the Sequel.* By M. L. Charlesworth. "Ministering Children" is an old friend. Its popularity was long ago insured, and we need only welcome our old friend in a new dress. But the sequel, which carries on the people we know many long years, will be sought after by hundreds of readers. In one large handsome volume of 830 pages, bound most handsomely. Messrs. Carter have given us here a beautiful holiday gift book.

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From DODD & MEAD, New York:—

THE OLD BACK ROOM. By Jennie Harrison.

THE AUGUST STORIES. By Jacob Abbott.

We welcome the new publishers into the field. Their little works are excellently got up, and very fair specimens of Sunday-school literature. The illustrations to the former volume are exceedingly well done.

—

From LORING, Boston, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

THE DEERINGS OF MEDBURY. By Virginia F. Townsend, author of "The Hollands," etc. Miss Townsend has a large circle of friends who will be glad to read the announcement of a new book from her pen. It is quietly written, yet full of beautiful sentiments calculated to inspire noble thoughts and actions. Miss Townsend is one of the most gifted of American authoresses.

PAUL THE PEDDLER; *or, The Adventures of a Young Street Merchant.* By Horatio Alger, Jr.,

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author of "Ragged Dick Series," etc. A book for boys, belonging to the "Tattered Tom Series," combining instruction with amusement, and inciting its young readers to energy and perseverance.

—

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:—

ARABESQUES. By Mrs. Richard S. Greenough. The title of this fanciful book well expresses its character. It consists of four tales, which unite the charm of the "Arabian Nights" to that of Fonque's knightly romances. The characters are, of course, slightly traced; but the brief touches of scenery and the dream-like change of incident and adventure are the great features of the book. The publishers have done their part to make it a beautiful gift book for the holiday season. Every page is framed in a red border; the printing and binding are luxurious.

FALSTAFF AND HIS COMPANIONS. By Paul Konewka. Our readers may remember that one of the most beautiful Christmas books of 1870 was Konewka's illustrations of *Faust*. Since then this gifted artist has gone from among us; but before he died he had designed a series of silhouettes, after the fashion of his last, upon Shakspeare's Falstaff and the merry troop which gather around Sir John in our memory. Here are Nym, Bardolph, and ancient Pistol, Justice Shallow and Master Slender, Mistress Page and Mistress Ford, and sweet Anne Page, drawn for us by a master hand. We congratulate the publishers on their holiday announcements.

ENGLISH LESSONS FOR ENGLISH PEOPLE. By Rev. Edwin A. Abbott and Professor Seeley. We have read this manual with extreme interest. It is not elementary; it presupposes a certain acquaintance with English grammar and idiom. Then it takes up the child, and aims to teach him how to write well, speak well, and think well, to avoid circumlocutions, poetic prose, and all the thousand abominations of the newspaper style. It teaches carefully the laws of metre and arrangement, and adds examples of the ordinary logical errors which vitiate thinking. The authors' names are well known. Professor Seeley, in particular, is a man of great distinction. We commend the book heartily to all instructors.

—

REVIEWS, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

From GEORGE W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR: *Christmas*, 1871. The *Public Ledger*, which has won for itself such an immense circulation, and made repute among our citizens, is not Mr. Childs's only sphere of literary activity. Every fortnight he publishes this admirable paper, devoted entirely to books—to new editions, forthcoming works in England, France, and America, and generally to news for the world of letters. There is not in this country a periodical that can supply its place. We have read it every month for years, and hope never to miss it from our table. This Christmas number is a volume in itself, full of handsome illustrations from holiday books—a delight for children. We congratulate Mr. Childs upon his well-deserved success.

—

From LITTELL & GAY, Boston:—

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE: *November* and *December*, 1871. Among the eclectic magazines which aim to bring us acquainted with the best foreign literature, there is one which especially fulfils its design. Any one who reads *Littell* through the year may feel confident that he has been fed with the best literary fruit of the time. The decided preference for this weekly expressed by such men as John Quincy Adams and the many notable persons whose names appear upon its pages, is the best guarantee of its excellence, and will be shared by all who, like us, have seen the brown covers every week for many years, and felt that we had pleasant hours in store with our delightful companion.

Godey's Arm-Chair

FEBRUARY, 1872.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Two Valentine plates—a steel-plate and a wood-cut. The steel-plate represents a party of children inspecting the contents of their paper Valentines. The older boy appears to have received a comical representation of a youth, intended as a burlesque, no doubt of himself, strutting about with a cane. The youngster at his elbow knows more about it than he is going to tell. There is often a great deal of sport in these missives, but of late years publishers have gone to extremes with their comicalities, and it would be well if the business of printing comical Valentines were abandoned. The purchase of a pretty present would cost but a trifle more than these paper missives, be they comic or sentimental, and would afford more pleasure to the recipient.

Our second Valentine picture shows us a young girl who suspects that the carrier has something in the shape of a love-letter for her, but does not wish her mother to know it. She appears to be signalling him not to hand it out; while he, poor man! with a desire to help her, hardly knows how to get out of the scrape.

Another handsome fashion-plate graces this number.

A colored alphabet with the letters interlaced, suitable for marking pillow cases, etc.

The second of the series of etchings—Miss Lollipop's family waiting the arrival of the guests for the party—is also given in this number.

A presentation sheet of braiding patterns accompanies this number.

Our friends will see by the ornamentation that we have bestowed on the January and February numbers that we are intending to keep at the front of the column.

—

REGISTERED LETTERS.—Most of the money lost in the mails is in registered letters. Such letters simply say to the thieves: Look no further, there is money in this letter. It saves them a world of trouble. Get a post-office order. It does not cost you as much as to register.

—

MISSISSIPPI.

L. A. GODEY—DEAR SIR: Let me tender to you my warmest and most sincere thanks for the light, the pleasure, and happiness you have given one Southern household during the year which is dying out, by your interesting and moral stories, your real good receipts, and your fashion chitchat, which of course is especially charming to every feminine heart. B.

—

"COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD." By Marion Harland.—We have on several occasions commended this most useful book; others have done the same. *Harper's Magazine* says: "The first chapter should be printed as a tract and extensively circulated."

—

THE merits of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK are too well known to need commendation at our hands. We can say to the public—you will get the full worth of the subscription price of the book in useful information aside from its fashion list, which is esteemed of great value by most persons.—*Times*, Quincy, Mich.

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WHAT our Philadelphia press thinks of "Miss Lollipop's Party:"—

"'MISS LOLIPOP'S PARTY.'—The periodical literature of our city is so seldom illustrated by the first-class efforts of first-class artists that we are very glad to call attention to an exceptional instance of the kind. During the coming year there will be published in GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK a series of large outline cartoons, entitled "Miss Lollipop's Party," the drawings by E. B. Bensell. We have seen proofs of three of these pictures, and are of the opinion that they have not been surpassed by anything of their class which has yet been produced in this country. The pictures are in pure outline, unrelieved by any masses of shading, and are drawn in a manner which indicates an unusual degree of study and care. The conception and arrangement of the figures in the various scenes are true to human nature as we see it in 'society,' and throughout the whole runs a vein of delicate humor which is characteristic of Mr. Bensell's best efforts.

"While these cartoons will command admiration from the interest attaching to the subjects, and the clear and distinct way in which they tell their story, their greatest value to an appreciative observer will consist in their wonderful fidelity to their models—to the real people whom we see at all the houses of all the Miss Lollipops.

"The first subject is called 'The Family in Consultation,' and in it we see the ladies in earnest consultation on the important question, 'Who shall be invited?' In this picture every line has its meaning. We have seldom seen anything so good in its way as the young lady leaning on the table, with the list before her, tapping her pretty teeth with her pencil, her eyes gazing steadfastly at nothing, while her beautiful countenance shows that she is mentally looking over all the vast circle of her acquaintance. The mother, too, middle-aged, fashionable, and earnest, is most admirably drawn. These pictures, in their realistic elements, their expression of character, the attitudes, the drapery, and the admirable drawing of the auxiliaries, remind us of the outlines of Moritz Retzch; while there are evidences, in various delicate suggestions, that, in more imaginative and ideal subjects, the artist would more closely emulate the great author of the 'Faust' etchings. But all who know Mr. Bensell's works, know his tendency towards subjects of fanciful and quaint imagination. In this field, if he works it, a great success is before him.

"These cartoons are exquisitely engraved by Mr. Lauderbach, and when the series (to consist, we believe, of nine or ten subjects) is complete, they should be published in book form, as an evidence of what Philadelphia can produce in illustrative art."—*Post.*

IT is related that a Marseilles physician, after giving a dinner to Dumas, *père*, presented his album for an autograph, and this is a translation of what Dumas wrote:—

"Since my good friend here, Dr. Potts,
Has been called in by half the town,
The hospital has been torn down"—

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the doctor, looking over the writer's shoulder. But Dumas continued:—

"And the site sold for graveyard lots!"

FOR the following we have been an anxious worker, for we see no reason why the farmer cannot be in some way insured:—

"INSURANCE AGAINST STORMS.—An Iowa journal, noticing the great prevalence of hail and wind storms, and the terrific destruction of crops in the Western country, suggests the establishment of a company to insure against risks of this description, so that farmers might secure some indemnification against the loss of crops, barns, outhouses, and homesteads, which frequently strips the industrious cultivator of the soil of the entire fruit of his labors. It is argued that a man may insure his ship and his goods against the perils of the ocean, and his house and property against loss by fire; that he can also secure a provision for his dependent family in case of meeting with an accident or of losing his life; and it is asked with great force why the same system of indemnity cannot be adopted for the protection of farmers against the devastation of hail and land tempests."

TAKE YOUR OWN HOME PAPER.—The following extract, containing the opinions we have always held in regard to this subject, we transfer to our columns and commend it to the careful consideration of our subscribers:—

"What tells us so readily the standard of a town or city as the appearance of its paper? And its youth or its age can as well be determined by the observing as by a personal notice. The enterprise of its citizens is depicted by its advertisements, their liberality by the looks of the paper. Some papers show a good, solid, healthy foundation, plethoric purses, and a well-to-do appearance generally; others show a striving to contend with the grasping thousands around them, trying hard to wrench out an existence from the close-fisted community around them. An occasional meteoric display in its columns of telegraph or local or of editorials, show what it can do if it had the means, but it cannot continue in the expensive work until support comes, which ought to be readily granted. A newspaper is like a church; it wants fostering in the commencement, and for a few years; then, as a general thing, it can walk alone, and reflect credit upon its location. Take your home paper; it gives you more news of immediate interest than New York or other papers; it talks for you when other localities belie you; it stands up for your rights; you always have a champion in your home paper, and those who stand up for you should certainly be well sustained. Your interests are kindred and equal, and you must rise or fall together. Therefore, it is your interest to support your home paper; not grudgingly, but in a liberal spirit; as a pleasure, not as a disagreeable duty; but as an investment that will amply pay the expenditure."

OUR FASHION PLATES.—We want to call particular attention to this branch of our embellishments—their correctness, the coloring, and their suitableness to the season. We do not publish, as some of our contemporaries do, ladies in the winter months with summer dresses, walking in a garden filled with flowers in full bloom. We should like to submit our fashions and those of other magazines to a jury of fashionable ladies. We are pretty well satisfied what their verdict would be.

"A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* speaks of a church on Fifth Avenue where they have 'four expensive brass angels outside and a good many expensive angels inside.'"

Have they a church in New York in which a poor person can get a seat?

THE FOSTER HOME ASSOCIATION.—For twenty years the Foster Home Association, known to most of our citizens, was located at the Preston Retreat, but as the managers of that institution are now prepared to devote it to the specific purposes for which it was constructed, the society was compelled to build, notwithstanding the enhanced price of all materials. The new Home is located at the southwest corner of Twenty-fourth and Poplar Streets. As is well-known, the purpose of the Association is to take charge of children whose parents are not able to take the time from their daily labors to look after them attentively, though willing to pay a nominal sum for their support. The Foster Home is a truly benevolent enterprise, established in our midst for many years, efficiently and economically conducted. Its claims should commend it to the hearty philanthropy of those who are blessed with the means of giving lavishly. Donations may be forwarded to the publisher of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

CAMDEN.

I HAVE for a number of years sent a copy of GODEY to Scotland, my native land, but last year my husband suggested a change. This change, however, was not appreciated, as my friend's words will testify: "I suppose it is a very good magazine, but it is not hailed with the same delight as dear old GODEY."

M.

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AUTHORS AND THEIR MSS.—It is high time that some definite rules should be established and made public here, regulating the relations of publishers and authors, especially as the latter class threatens now-a-days to include all the population of the United States who can read and write. There are three things for which every man and woman believe themselves primarily fitted by nature: To make coffee, train other people's children, and write articles for magazines. Long-suffering editors complain that as soon as the average young American finds him or herself in lack of a reputable means of support, he or she begins to flood the mails with MSS. on every conceivable subject. Every such MS. represents to the producer not only a certain amount of ready money, but reputation—most probably eternal fame. He usually ignores the fact that the publisher issues his magazine not for the encouragement of American genius, or for the relief of needy scribblers, but as a sheer matter of business, precisely as a grocer sells tea and sugar over the counter. If either dealer sells prime tea or poetry, it is because they know it is not only best for the public, but for their own pockets.

There is no more reason why an author should expect an editor to publish an article which would damage his business than for him to beg his groceries without meaning to pay the bill. While the editor, on one hand, turns over the masses of manuscript on his table with as little feeling and as keen an eye for availability as a carpenter would his lumber, the authors are apt to approach the sale on fire with enthusiasm, or melting into pathos. Their manuscript is no lumber to them; it is their first-born; they "revel in the excellency of dignity and the excellency of power." It is no wonder if, in many publishing houses, they are treated as a lot of visionary incapables, and their rights and rates of pay made absolutely dependent on the will of the invisible omnipotent editor.

When you send a MS., see that the postage is fully paid. If not, we do not take it from the post-office. Enclose the same number of stamps to pay return postage if it is rejected, with a letter to accompany it with your full address. Don't let that letter be long. We do not want to know about your birth or parentage; still less do we want to know what others think of your story; their opinions are nothing to us. We must be the judge if the article is fit for our columns. We don't want to know whether you are a niece of the president or a sister of a governor. In fact, a long letter is unfavorable to our judgment of your MS., for we are apt to think if the letter is garrulous, so may the MS. be.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for January, among other attractions, has a clever outline drawing by Mr. E. B. Bensell, the first of a series entitled "Miss Lollipop's Party." It represents the family in consultation over the invitation list, and the different characters are very cleverly hit off. A series of sketches like this will add much to the attractiveness of the veteran among the magazines, which with the present number enters upon the last half of its forty-second year.—*Evening Telegraph.*

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—Some fashion magazine, not the LADY'S BOOK, advised ladies to wear red calico when doing housework in the kitchen, but the typos made it read "have red colic when dying horribly and kicking."

The following is an amusing typographical error, but we are told that it caused the editor who published it some trouble:—

"A noble old burgher proudly loving his native state."

"A nobby old burglar prowling round in a naked state."

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY *for February.*—Choice and fashionable music, songs, ballads, polkas, fantaisies, etc., will be found in this month's number of this popular periodical. Every piece is new and beautiful, the whole forming a number which every pianist or vocalist should have. We offer a large variety of premiums of books, music, instruction books, etc., for single subscriptions, or small clubs of two, three, and four subscribers, full particulars of which are given in the February number. For every club of two we continue to send $5 worth of music free, as a premium; or, for $6, we send $6 worth of music, part of which the subscriber can order from any catalogue to suit himself, and the *Monthly* for 1872 free. For $4 50 we send the *Monthly* for 1872, and Hunten's celebrated Instruction book, the best instruction book ever written, published at $2. Those ordering this premium must send twenty-four cents for postage. For $8 we send the *Monthly* for 1872, and a handsomely bound volume of new sheet music, songs, galops, variations, etc., containing from $10 to $12 worth of music in a $2 50 binding. This is a splendid offer. Sixty-four cents must be sent for postage on this premium. With the January number the *Monthly* entered upon its *tenth* year. It is therefore no longer an experiment, a fact which those should remember who intend to subscribe for a periodical. The terms are only $4 per annum, including premium. It is the cheapest musical periodical published, considering the quantity of music, the style of the publication, and the premiums given. Single numbers, 40 cents. We will send the January and February numbers as samples, free of postage, for 75 cents, or five back numbers of old volumes (all good music) for $1, with 15 cents added for postage. Subscribe now to secure the volume complete. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher *Musical Monthly*, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

A TERRIBLE discovery for pensioners. It has just been discovered that the last pension act imposes an obligation which few pensioners will care to assume. It most explicitly requires each veteran of sixty days' service in the war, who applies for a pension, to support the Constitution of the United States, *and the surviving widows* of such officers and enlisted and drafted men as took part in that war, kindly "provided, however, that such widows have not remarried." For one man to swear to support *all* that mighty army of widows is hardly fair play.

To accommodate our subscribers, we will club with Arthur's Home Magazine and Children's Hour at the following prices:—

The receipt of $4.00 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine for one year.

The receipt of $3.50 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Children's Hour one year.

Five Dollars will pay for Godey's Lady's Book, Home Magazine, and Children's Hour one year.

Arthur's Home Magazine is the best $2 magazine published. The Children's Hour is the best juvenile magazine.

For Six Dollars we will send the Lady's Book one year, and pay for Holloway's Musical Monthly one year, to be sent to the person remitting us the money.

WHEN we receive money for a club we pay that money over, and there our responsibility geases. If a number is not received, write to the publisher of the missing magazine.

WHEN will the alphabet be one letter short? When U and I are one.

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SU'THIN' WRONG.

THERE is su'thin' dreadful wrong
When a man has took ter drink;
It shows his self-respectfulness
Is out o' gear, I think;
And honor, sense, and decency,
Have left a vacant pew,
Ter see what such a creeter
In his beastliness will do.

There is su'thin' dreadful wrong
When a man is seen ter go
A-sneakin' inter company
Among the mean and low.
It shows he 's sold his birthright
For a dreadful meagre sum,
That will bring a swarm o' sorrows
In the days and years ter come.

There 's a little su'thin' wrong
When a man has took ter dress;
It shows his bump o' vanity
Ain't sartin growin' less;
For true and solid manhood
Gives little time or thought
To ape the fop or dandy,
Who 're a little wuss than naught.

There 's a little su'thin' wrong
When a man devotes his time
Ter laziness and idleness,
That is itself a crime—
A note o' hand, or ticket,
That bears upon its face
The great big grinnin' letters
That spell the word—*disgrace*.

It breeds a sight o' mischief,
And lots o' crime and sin—
If the workshop long is idle,
Old Satan enters in,
And drives a lively business
With idle hands and brains,
And wears a grin o' pleasure
As he counts his many gains.

SALLY GERUSHA STOKES.

"THE present time is very opportune for new subscribers to the *Germantown Telegraph* to send in their names to begin on the first of the new year. We want every reading family who can appreciate an independent weekly newspaper, devoted to the common interests of all, to take this journal. If $2.50 can be more advantageously spent during the next year, we respectfully yield our claim."

We agree entirely with the above, only adding the address, P. R. Freas, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—GODEY leads in the New Year. Crowned with all the honors of eighty-three volumes, the eighty-fourth is still out at an earlier hour than the liveliest of its juvenile companions, and sparkles as brightly as any. The burden of ornament placed in the fore-front is indeed more suited to the teens than their latest successors; but when explored, will be approved by all ages. The most notable, where all is so well worth praise, is the first in a series of etchings. It is an interior—mother, two young lady daughters, and a juvenile son. The mother and oldest daughter are at a table; the junior daughter is dressed to go out; the small boy watching the conversation closely, while King Charles sleeps on the sofa. The elders are discussing who shall be invited to the party. Every family has had some such experience, and all will enter instantly into the spirit of the engraving. It is something better than Flora McFlimsey and that school, but pursues the same social ideas. Lauderbach and Bensell have both done themselves honor in the work; and its successors, if of equal merit, will constitute a series of more than ordinary worth. Mrs. Hale introduces the number with seasonable lines, having a lesson, and there are six complete stories, every one of which makes him and her as happy as the happiest prototypes. The work department and receipts are more crowded than usual, where the useful is always impinging on the merely gratifying. It is rarely that a successful idea is carried out in any department with such even excellence and improved by its originator.—*North American*.

MR. GODEY: Can any of your readers inform a young housekeeper how flannels ought to be washed to prevent shrinking?

NEW SHEET MUSIC.—Just published. The Silvery Morn, beautiful song, by W. O'Fiske, 30 cents. Sunset on the Mountains, 30. 'Tis Sweet to Think of Heaven, 30. Leaves that are Fairest, exquisite song, by Stewart, 30. Oh, Sing, Sweet Bird! 25. That Golden Lock of Hair, beautiful title page, 35. Oh, Pity Me, Lady! or, Father's a Drunkard, 30. Not Lost Forever, sweet song, by Stewart, 30. Why I Love Thee, pretty song and chorus, by Mack, 30.

Piano Instrumental.—Robin Rough, brilliant transcription, by B. S. Barrett, 75. Echoes from the Mississippi, splendid set of waltzes, with introduction and grand finale, by Charles W. Ohm, $1. Holiday Hours, beautifully illustrated, 40. Entre Nous Waltz, 20. Party Polka, 20. Cherry Bounce Schottische, 20. Robin Adair Rondo, 20. Surf Galop, 35.

O. Ditson & Co., Boston, publish Road to Luck, Grand Galop de Concert, by Wels, 60. Papillons et Fleurs, Caprice by Ketterer, 75. Julie Mazurka Brillante, a fine showy piece, not difficult, by Kolling, 75. Summer Noon Galop, by Faust, illustrated, 40. Day Dawn Galop, 40. Serenade (without words), by Eisoldt, 40. Wanderstunden, by Heller, as performed at the Wehli concerts, 40. I Cannot Sing the Old Songs, galop, 30. Dexter Galop, 40. Clear the Track Galop, by Strauss, 30. Sonata No. 2, by Pleyel, effectively arranged for four hands, 75.

Also these songs: I am Content, by Sainton, 30. Twenty Years, nicely arranged to words by Bret Harte, 40. Two Little Shoes, 30. I Arise from Dreams of Thee, song, to Shelley's words, 30 She was my Boyhood's Dream, by Hatton, 35. Yes, He 's Coming, by Mrs. Hackelton, 30. Rock me, Billows, by Kucken, 35. From Thence we Come, by Abt, 30. Stealing a Kiss at the Garden Gate, song and chorus, 40. Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin? and We'd Better Bide a Wee, two beautiful songs, by Claribel, each 30.

We send all music free of postage, on receipt of price. Usual discount to teachers. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

WE have received, though too late for notice either in our December or January number, from Milton, Bradley, & Co., publishers and manufacturers, of Springfield, Mass., the following amusing games, which can be had of G. A. Schwarz, 1006 Chestnut St., and are suitable for birthday gifts to boys and girls: The Game of Authors, improved; Checkered Game of Life; Japanese Backgammon; Characters and Predictions, a Pastime of Poetical, Pragmatical, Proverbial, Prophetic, Pertinent, Personal, and Pointed; also the Game of Caromette. These are all very amusing, and will afford amusement at all times for children. We are sorry that we did not receive them in time for holiday notices; but our immense edition requires that we should go to press two months in advance of date, but they will be gladly received by children at any time for evening home amusement.

"JUST think of it! The Vassar College 'angels' actually eat 'griddle cakes,' and in pretty large quantities, too. The old griddle became worn out after years of faithful service in the cause of true reform, and a new one has just been furnished by a Poughkeepsie firm. This delicate instrument might be used as the floor of a room, being of the dimensions of ten feet by eight, and its carrying capacity is set down at 'five hundred cakes at a single fry.' 'The King is dead, long live the King!' shouted the five hundred Vassar students, as this useful if not ornamental piece of furniture was brought to the kitchen door."

The above information is not full enough. How many persons are employed to turn these cakes to prevent them being burnt on one side? Give us the full statistics.

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THE following custom is curious, but we have partaken of "smorgos." At a *table d'hôte* it is singular to see gentlemen walk up to smorgos, and, after having eaten as much as you would suppose would answer for a dinner, sit down to table, commence with soup, and go regularly through the bill of fare:—

SWEDISH FARE.—The Swedes are nice people enough, and "particularly careful in their eating; everything is scrupulously clean, and there is an absence of grease about their compounds truly delightful."

"Smorgos" is their peculiarity. Literally it means "buttered goose," so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as goose does not appear in it at all.

The smorgos is placed upon a side-table, and consists of a numerous collection of small glass dishes containing all kinds of eatables—generally raw—such as dried fish, raw herrings, tiny slices of smoked salmon or sausage, dried reindeer, scraped cheese, spise-brod (barley bread), and other varieties of black bread and biscuit. In the centre of the viands stand two large decanters, one of gin, the other of weak Curacoa.

The custom of the country is to walk up to this sideboard with the smorgos on it, and spoil your appetite for breakfast with raw herring and cheese parings, washed down with neat gin.

It not unnaturally struck our travellers as looking "odd to see a lady take a piece of bread with her fingers, lay it on the palm of her left hand, spread it with butter, and plaster on the top of this a raw split of herring," devour it, and then rush off to the large table and sit down to her breakfast or dinner, as the case may be. The Swedish gentlemen were unanimous in abusing smorgos; but added, "it was a custom of the country, and would never be given up."

These Swedish gentlemen, though "native there and to the manner born," seem to have considered the practice anything but ladylike, and not likely to advance the growth of polished manners in their countrywomen. Under the circumstances, they behaved as Dr. Johnson did to Mrs. Thrale's mother's spaniel, that had not the luck to possess good-breeding. "Because one must not wish ill to the lady in such cases, one curses the cur." And because these Swedish censors could not with gallantry wish their wives a fit of indigestion, they heartily wished ill to the custom of smorgos.

"THE Church of England Young Men's Society has emulated the action of the Dover Young Men's Christian Association, by which *Punch* was excluded from its reading room, for the C. E. Y. M. S. has determined that "Oliver Twist" may not be read within its walls. And yet doubtless it has the barefaced infidelity to retain "Mother Goose's Melodies," in which the too evidently false and pernicious doctrine is taught that an unassisted cow once jumped over the moon. Such is consistency."

Over righteous, we think, excluding *Punch*. The liquid is proper, but not *Punch*, the newspaper. Poor Oliver Twist! what has he done? Oh!

BALM for a downtrodden race. Relative to the recent decisions in this city and New York, that in certain cases husbands are not responsible for debts contracted by their wives, the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says:—

"Here is balm! Husbands who have been pestered by the presentation of long bills for 'necessary' articles furnished to extravagant wives, need only prove that they provide all that their means will permit, and the dry goods men may whistle for their money—and so, also, when Mrs. Perkins agrees to keep a contract and fails to keep it, the men who dealt with Mrs. Perkins cannot 'come down' upon Mr. Perkins. After all, it is something to live in a free country."

NEW JERSEY has published the following pathetic epitaph:—

"She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin';
All empty stands her little chair—
She died of eatin' watermelin."

A PRETTY fair compliment from the *London Graphic*:—

"By far the most pleasant companion you can have is an American. You cannot travel far without meeting one, and if you show the slightest disposition to be sociable, it is probable that he will turn out to be a highly agreeable acquaintance. As a rule he is thoroughly well informed; knows all about the country, the best hotels, and the price of everything; is talkative without being garrulous, freely gives you his opinion, but, adhering to his national feeling of independence, is not in the least put out if it is not taken. Not that he is perfect; he is proud to a fault of his country and her doings, and is rather apt to bore you with invidious comparisons. He contests that nothing is impossible of achievement, and some years ago, at a Parisian *table d'hôte*, an intelligent New Yorker seemed quite hurt that the writer questioned his statement that a Transatlantic tunnel would be begun and finished by his countrymen within eighteen months. Thus, proud of his nationality, our American imagines that every one, from the guard of a railway train to the master of a monster hotel, must carefully respect the stars and stripes in the person of his own humble self; and certainly an American does manage to secure a much greater amount of attention abroad than members of other less fortunate countries. His invariable response, when annoyed by the too close scrutiny of an official, or when in an unexpected difficulty, is 'I am an American; send for *my* consul.'"

WRITING of "society" women, a contemporary says:—

"There is no class of women who work harder, or with less satisfaction, than the mere fashionables, those who are known as society women. They are as much compelled to their life by the exigencies of their own or their husband's social position as poor women compelled to labor for their daily bread. A ceaseless round of tiresome duties and ceremonies exacts nearly all their time, from which they can no more escape than the sewing-girl from her toil, and which affords less compensation in the knowledge of real service performed. Society is as much a business as anything else, and requires experience, devotion, and personal qualifications for success. We have seen women labor at it for years, before they were able to achieve any satisfactory result. And what a continued effort it was! No galley slaves ever worked harder."

A worse case than the above is the woman who tries to get into society. Her husband has made money. She now imagines that she ought to move in a higher circle. She presumes there is one—and then her efforts commence by toadying to some particular lady, offering her the use of her carriage, making her presents, and cutting her own old and tried associates, for whose company she only is fitted for. At last, she gets an invitation to some party, makes acquaintances, then gives a large party herself, and is laughed at by her guests. Poor fool!

IN France a woman has no remedy when a man promises to marry her and doesn't. At first sight this may seem a little cruel, but practically it has the effect of doing away with what are called engagements; and there being no engagement, there is no breach. A man and woman meaning to be married, marry at once, and there's an end to diplomacy. It is the long engagements that are productive of suits for breaches of promise. If you want to marry, don't wait until you get rich. Marry, and riches will come the same. A good wife is a great help.

"It is the type of eternal truth," says John Ruskin, "that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood falls."

TERBURG'S picture of the "Congress of Munster" was lately sold for $36,400. It is a great picture, but that is a great price.

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JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

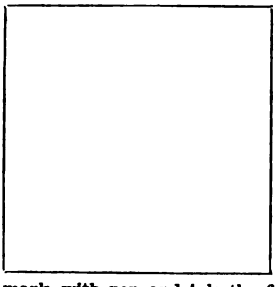
HOUSEHOLD AMUSEMENTS.

THE GAME OF PATIENCE.

To be played by one or more persons.

CUT fifty-two small square pieces of card-board, about an inch and a half square, Fig. 1. On four of

Fig. 1.



the cards mark, with pen and ink, the figure 1, on four of the cards mark 2, and so on up to 13, making four thirteens. Put the cards into a little silk bag, and make about four or six sets, one for each player.

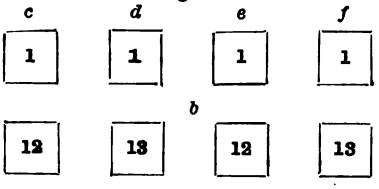
To commence the game, each player will open his bag and turn out the cards, placing the figures downwards; and to choose the caller, each must take up a card. The highest figure will decide.

The player to call the figures will leave his cards figures downwards; the other players will turn theirs over, and spread them about.

When all are ready, the caller takes up a card, and names the figure on it—we will suppose 12, which he places on his left, about half a yard from the edge of the table. The other players find 12, and place it in the same way.

The caller takes up another card, names the figure, and if 13, it must be placed by the side of 12, to the right, as it is best to avoid having a high figure below a small one (*b*, Fig. 2). When all the players

Fig. 2.



have placed the second card, another is *taken up* (not chosen) by the caller, and the figure named; it may be 7. Place it below 12; the next number may be 11: place it under 13; the next, if 12, place even with 13; the next, if 13, even with 12. Four cards in a row. If the next is 1, it must be placed by itself above the others (*c*, Fig. 2).

Another if	3,	place	under	7	
" "	8,	"	"	11	
" "	2,	"	on the	1 at	*c*
" "	1,	"	by side of	1 "	*d*
" "	3,	"	on	2 "	*c*
" "	13,	"	under	13	
" "	2,	"	on	1 "	*d*
" "	1,	"	by side of	1 "	*e*
" "	1,	"	"	1 "	*f*

The object of the game is to make up four packets thirteen in each.

If the caller	names	12,	place it	under	12
" "	"	13,	"	"	13
" "	"	10,	"	"	12
" "	"	9,	"	"	10
" "	"	4,	"	"	8
" "	"	5,	"	"	9

Now take the 3 and place it on one of the packets with 2=4; 5 must also be taken from the group, and placed on the 3.

If *b* is next called, place it on the 5, and take up the 7 from the group and place it on the 6. Take the 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and place over the 7, making up one 13. It is a rule of the game never to move a card with one below it.

The other three players may not have made up the 13; their cards may not have been placed so advantageously.

Thus the game continues until all the cards are called. The players must be careful to take up every figure from the group to make up the packets; and also to place the figures so that they may not be blocked up more than possible with high numbers below small; but it cannot be always prevented, as the card called *must* be placed somewhere, and 12 will often have to stand under 2.

The player who first makes four thirteens wins the game.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY are people who stutter not to be relied on? Because they are always breaking their word.

What sort of blades were the Roman Emperors Augustus and Tiberius? The blades that formed a pair of Cæsars, of course.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit to use till it is broken.

What dust is most blinding to the eyes? Gold-dust.

When is a storm like a fish after a hook? When it is going to abate.

THE GAME OF PARADOXES.

THIS game is played by each of the company selecting a letter of the alphabet and writing a paradoxical verse on it, such as follows:—

A.

It is in the Arm, but not in the Bone,
It is in the Ash, but in Cinder there's none.

B.

It is in a Bag, but not in a Sack,
It is in a Bee, but in Drone it doth lack.

C.

It is in a Circle, but not in a Round,
It is in a Carpet, but not in its Ground.

D.

It is in a Dog, but not in a Hound,
It is in a Ditty, but not in a Sound.

E.

It is in an Eel, but not in a Fish,
It is in an Ewer, but not in a Dish.

F.

It is in a Flower, but not in a Plant,
It is in a Fugue, though 'tis never in Chant.

G.

It is in a Goose, but not in a Bird,
It is in Grammar, but not in a Word.

H.

It is in the Hand, but not in the Fist,
'Tis found in Hearken! but never in List!

I.

It is in an Image, but not in a Bust,
It is in Iron, but never in Rust.

J.

'Tis found in a Jewel, but not in a Gem,
'Tis really in Juniper, not in its Stem.

K.

It is in a Kite, but not in its Tail,
It is in a King, but in Monarch doth fail.

and so on to—

X.

It is in a box, but not in a Trunk,
It is in St. Xavier, but not in a Monk.

Y.

It is in You, but not in Me,
It is in One Year, yet not in Three.

Z.

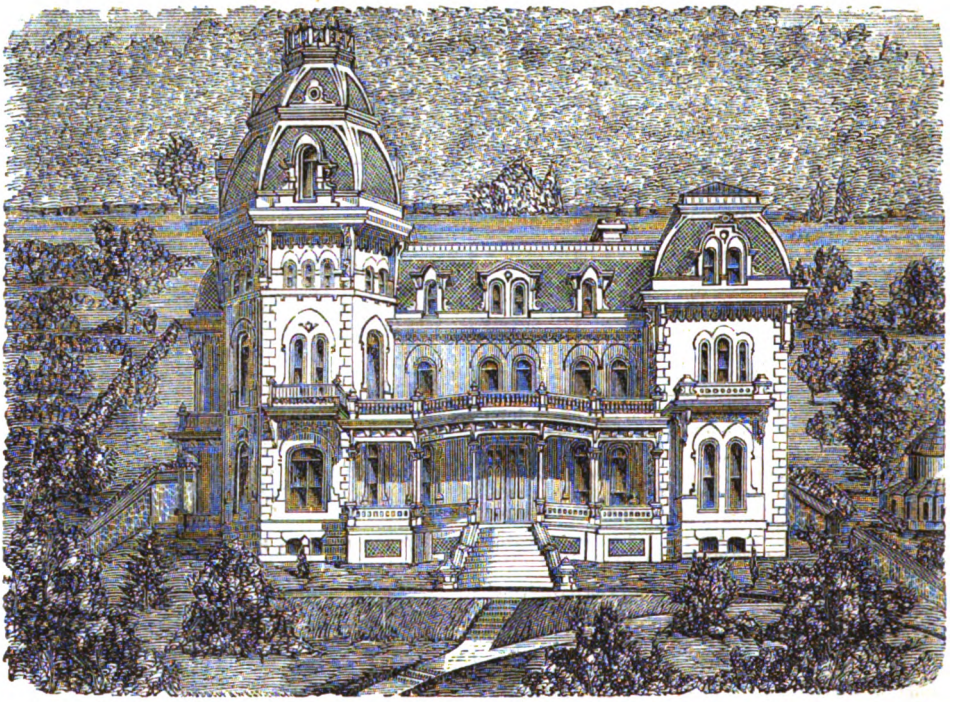
It is in Amaze, but not in Surprise,
'Tis heard in a Buzz, though 'tis not in Flies.

An endless variety of paradoxical verses on the alphabet may be composed in the same manner as the above.

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SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

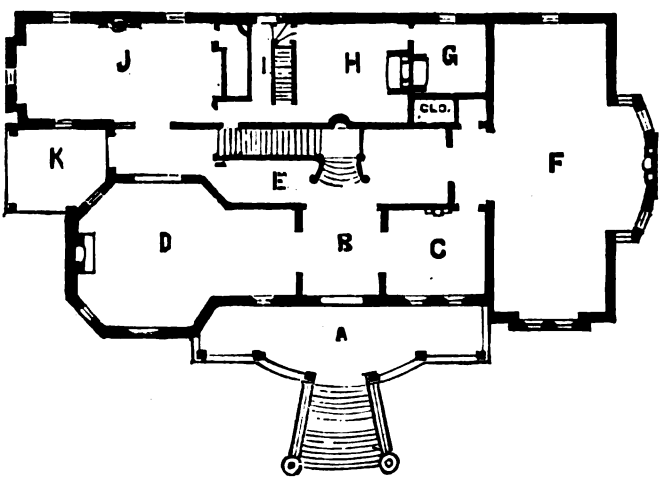
Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, *Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*



THE above design is in the Ovo order of architecture. Each detail part has its proportion, extracted without deviation or change, from the very first line to the consummation of the design.

This building is designed to suit a situation upon the side of one of the ranges of the Alleghany Mountains, at Tyrone, Pennsylvania. The ground rising so rapidly demands an evolution peculiar to the situation, which is obtained by shortening the depth and increasing the length of the front. Where houses are backed by ranges of high hills, they appear very diminuative by contrast, and it is necessary to bring to our aid some stratagem by which this can be overcome. This building will be nearly one hundred and twenty-five feet front, yet have no more space in it than many first-class residences we are continually designing. The cost of the erection of this building will be about $35,000, and is intended for the residence of Mr. Caldwell, of the firm of Caldwell & Boyd, Bankers, Tyrone.

Blank forms of specifications and bills of quantities will be sent to all applicants upon the receipt of $2.



First Floor.—A porch; B vestibule, 12 by 13 feet; C library and reception-room, 13 by 16 feet; D sitting-room, 23 feet 3 inches by 34 feet 6 inches; E hall, 12 feet wide; F parlor, 18 by 46 feet; G scullery, 12 feet by 11 feet 6 inches; H kitchen, 16 by 18 feet; I stairs; J dining-room, 16 by 33 feet; K porch.

Height of first story, 15 feet; second story, 12 feet and 13 feet 6 inches; third story, 10 feet and 12 feet 6 inches.

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HORTICULTURAL NOVELTIES.

THE craving after novelties in horticulture appears to be rather on the increase, and our customers must not complain if they are sometimes disappointed, as with all our care and discrimination in their selection, we are sometimes deceived. Last season the horticultural world was astounded with the discovery of a new Mignonette. It was said to surpass all others in exquisite fragrance and size, besides possessing the desirable and altogether new quality of being *white*. It was extensively advertised, and so frequent were the inquiries for it that we were compelled to send to London, where it was selling at the extravagant price of two shillings and sixpence per paper (about 60 cents in gold). It was naturally supposed from the price and recommendations that it must possess unusual merit. Doubtless every one who has grown it was disappointed, especially as far as the *white* was concerned. We know that we were. We are therefore becoming very shy of these novelties, many of which are entirely unsuited to our climate, and cannot endure the burning suns of our hot summers. On our new list of Flower Seeds for 1872 will be found only a few of what we suppose to be the best and most desirable for this climate, among which are two new Amaranthus: *Salicifolius*, from the Phillipian Islands, highly recommended for bright colors, the branches having the appearance of plumes. The other is called *A. atro-purpureus*, from Calcutta, with bright blood-red flower-spikes. In contrast with these is the new *Centaurea Clementei*, with silvery white foliage; *Lobelia Snowflake*, a perfectly pure white variety of the blue Lobelia, so desirable for pots, baskets, etc.; also a pure white variety of Nigella, or Blue Grove Love, said to be very pretty. Let all, however, who wish to cultivate flowers not neglect such desirable varieties as the improved German Asters, Balsams, Antirrhinum, Celosia, China Pink, Diadem Pink, Eschscholtzia, Heartsease, or Pansy, Dwarf Larkspur, Dwarf Nasturtium, Phlox Drummondii, Double Portulaca, German Tenweek Stock, Petunia, Vinca, Verbena, Double Zinnia, and many others which space will not permit us to mention. Among Vegetables, *Bastian's Extra Early Beet*, and *Hanson Lettuce*, both introduced by us last year, have given the greatest satisfaction; the *Trophy Tomato* has also been a success, and brought the highest price in our markets. We have found it all it is represented, and would not be without it on any account. *Laxton's Alpha Pea*, the earliest of the wrinkled varieties, so sweet and delicious in flavor, can also be highly recommended; the *Dark Egyptian Beet* is also recommended in some localities, but our experience inclines us in favor of the *Bastian Extra Early*. The two kinds were sown on the same day, and when pulled early in June a bunch of six beets of the Bastian weighed one pound more than the Egyptian, and were at least one half larger.

To all wishing Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, or any other article connected with Horticulture, we would refer to *Dreer's Garden Calendar for* 1872. Mailed to all applicants on receipt of a stamp. See advertisement in the advertising columns.

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist*,
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—There is no question but the LADY'S BOOK is looked after with greater interest than any book of its class in America. It always has a cheerful look about it which makes it sought after; its literary feast is spread in such an attractive style, and embraces so many nice dishes, that one cannot fail to enjoy it to the fullest extent. It should be in every house.—*Journal*, El Paso, Ill.

THE great professors who can face the battery of a thousand eyes directed to them on the rostrum are frequently the most diffident of men when taken away from their regular sphere of labor. There was Professor Aytoun, who was too timid to ask papa for his wife. When Jane Emily Wilson suggested to him that before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval, "You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the Professor on this subject." "Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait till you return." The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back. "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. T. G H.—Sent slippers November 27th.
Mrs. J. E.—Sent pattern 27th.
Miss E. D.—Sent pattern 27th.
Mrs. S.—Sent pattern December 1st.
Mrs. J. K.—Sent box of articles by express 5th.
Mrs. S. L.—Sent ring 5th.
Miss K.—Sent collars 6th.
Mrs. F. E.—Sent two hair switches by express 8th.
Miss L. R.—Sent music 11th.
Dr. L. M.—Sent article 12th.
Mrs. L. B.—Sent pattern 13th.
Mrs. J. H. H.—Sent pattern 13th.
Mrs. M. J. E.—Sent pattern 13th.
Miss C. D.—Sent bonnet 13th.
Miss G. S.—Sent zephyr 13th.
Mrs. G. J. G.—Sent pattern 13th.
Mrs. H. S. R.—Sent pattern 13th.
Mrs. M. M.—Sent sundries by express 15th.
Miss M. K.—Sent slippers 16th.
Miss E. W.—Sent articles 16th.
Mrs. S. McM.—Sent patterns 16th.
Mrs. W.—Sent lead combs 16th.
Miss D.—Sent articles 16th.
Miss N. D.—Sent patterns 18th.
Miss E. R.—Sent pattern 18th.

S. E. D.—We have not got the volume you want.

Rosalie.—Young ladies who undertake the tuition of children require to have a very staid manner, and a great deal of patience.

Carrie.—The constant application of powder is very apt to clog the pores of the skin.

Florence.—Gloves should never be removed at church, or at any public place.

Nellie.—Confidence and ability to talk only come by mixing in society. Take comfort; it is better to be too retiring than too forward.

M. W.—Five feet three inches is quite the medium height of women.

Maggie May.—Mignonette signifies, "Your qualities surpass your charms;" harebell, "submission;" narcissus, "self-esteem."

George.—Ginger must be preserved while green.

Flora.—Sapphire is a bright dark blue.

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Miss Bettie.—Address a letter to Fashion Editress, and inclose a stamp to pay return postage.

Miss G. L.—Every *lady* should have the following: One neat morning dress, one walking costume, one best silk, one dinner, one evening dress, one good house dress, but all may be as simple as she pleases, or as expensive as she can afford.

Lily.—We know of no other system but "Banting's."

Mrs. J. E. W.—"Common Sense for the Household" will be sent to you by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, for $1.75. Address them.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of its transactions; and whether the person sending the order, is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of green serge, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a ruffle, headed by two bands of heavy black silk, braided; upper skirt trimmed with one wide band to correspond. Basque waist; open sleeves. Gray felt hat, trimmed with green velvet and gray feathers.

Fig. 2.—Dress for bridesmaid of white tarlatane, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with four ruffles; the upper skirt trimmed with one, and looped at the sides with flowers. Low corsage, trimmed with bretelles of flowers and ruffle. Sash bow in back. Hair arranged in puff, with flowers in the centre.

Fig. 3.—Bride's dress of white *faille* silk, made with a very long train, and trimmed around the bottom with point lace on *en tablier* up the front with lace. High corsage, with revers of satin; open sleeves. Illusion veil and wreath of orange blossoms.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress of purple silk; black velvet polonaise, trimmed with lace and passementerie. Black velvet hat, trimmed with purple feathers and black lace.

Fig. 5.—Evening dress of pink silk, made court train; the underskirt in front is trimmed with puffs and white lace. Revers of skirt turned back of white satin, fastened by a bouquet of roses. The skirt is edged all around with lace. Low corsage, with lace bertha, with bouquet of roses in front.

Fig. 6.—Child's dress for street, of blue Cashmere, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with ruffles, the upper one with fringe. Basque waist; open sleeves, trimmed to correspond. White felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and flowers.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Visiting dress of *scabieuse*-colored silk, trimmed around the skirt with two narrow ruffles, headed by five narrow folds of the material, piped with black velvet. Black velvet polonaise, trimmed with lace, fringe, and bands of the same, piped with satin. Black velvet hat, trimmed with black feathers and lace.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of Havanna-brown silk poplin, made with one skirt and polonaise; the skirt is trimmed with three narrow ruffles, headed by a plaiting; the polonaise is trimmed with one ruffle, headed by a wide passementerie. Velvet loops and ends in the back of waist. Brown velvet bonnet, trimmed with lace and feathers of two shades.

Fig. 3.—House dress of black silk, made polonaise, and trimmed with guipure lace. The waist is trimmed to simulate a square cape with lace; open sleeves, trimmed with lace.

Fig. 4.—Morning dress for young lady, of blue Cashmere, made with two skirts, and trimmed with velvet and plaitings of Cashmere. Plain corsage; coat sleeves. Cape over corsage, trimmed to correspond with dress.

Fig. 5.—Morning dress for married lady, of gray Cashmere, made in the form of a wrapper, and trimmed with blue velvet and quillings of Cashmere. Pointed cape worn over it, and large open sleeves. Small cap of lace, trimmed with blue ribbon.

Fig. 6.—Visiting dress of black silk, the skirt trimmed with fringe and passementerie. Black velvet polonaise, trimmed with white lace and passementerie. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with white lace and flowers.

Fig. 7.—Walking dress of green serge, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with two ruffles, the upper one trimmed with fringe and gimp. Sacque cut open at the sides and back, and edged with a band of fur, with braiding above it; open sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Green velvet hat, trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 8.—Walking dress of brown cloth, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaited flounce, edged with velvet; the upper one with a plaiting, headed by a velvet. Basque waist, with open sleeves, with close sleeves beneath, trimmed to correspond with skirt. Brown velvet hat, trimmed with feather and flower.

Fig. 9.—Walking dress of plum-colored satine, made with two skirts, trimmed with quillings and velvet. Basque waist and close sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Gray felt hat, trimmed with plum-colored velvet and lace.

SECOND SIDE.

Figs. 1, 2, and 3.—Hats of Astrakhan and seal skin for young ladies. Fig. 1 is edged with otter skin. Fig. 2 is all of seal skin, and Fig. 3 is of Astrakhan, with white and black feathers in it.

Fig. 4.—Basquine, made of black velvet, full in the back, confined by a belt of satin and large buttons; revers of satin in front, fastened back by a button; satin hood on the back.

Fig. 5.—Ladies' night-gown, made with a narrow yoke in front, and trimmed with rows of insertion; a worked collar and cuffs complete it.

Fig. 6.—Costume in the Louis XIII. style. Blue dress, open the entire length of the front, and fastened in the chest with a gold brooch. Trimmings of gold braid, each strap terminating with a silver

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button. The bow on the left sleeve is flesh-colored. The underdress and square bodice are trimmed with lace. Waistband fastened at the side. Pearl bracelet and necklace. Headdress of blue and white feathers.

Fig. 7.—Marie Henriette of France, wife of Charles I. of England. Dress of white damask, with train skirt, and a bodice with festooned *basques*. The sleeves and square bodies are ornamented with rich lace. The curls are fastened at the top of the head with a pearl ornament. The necklet is diamonds, surrounded with pearls.

Fig. 8.—High boot of kid, buttoned, and faced with patent leather,

Fig. 9.—Morning slipper, made of black velvet, and trimmed with large bow of satin, with buckle in centre.

Fig. 10.—High laced boot, of lasting, with facings of patent leather.

Fig. 11.—Bib for infant, made of nainsook muslin, lined, wadded, and quilted, and trimmed with lace.

Fig. 12.—A good style *paletôt*. This *paletôt* can be worn with any variety of skirt, and may be made in either black Cashmere, alpaca, or silk. The tunic forms a round *tablier* in front, and two *bouffants* at the back, and these are separated in the centre. The *paletôt* forms four square *basques*; two in front, and two at the back. The sleeves descend as low as the tunic.

Fig. 13.—Basque for lady, for either street or house; made of black velvet, and trimmed with a plaiting of satin and lace.

Fig. 14.—Drawers for child of six years, made with bands around the bottom of legs, and a worked ruffle below. They can be made to button on to an under bodice if desired.

Fig. 15.—Gentleman's wrapper for sickness, made of plain chintz or calico, with a lining of the same, or some light color.

Fig. 16.—Dress sleeve, with undersleeve of puffed muslin.

Fig. 17.—Dress sleeve, open at the waist, and trimmed with bands of velvet, with pieces going down between.

Fig. 18.—Bib for infant, made of fine *piqué*, edged with worked edging.

Fig. 19.—Chignon for back of head, arranged in two puffs in the centre, and a roll all around, coming over on the front of head.

Fig. 20.—Infant's robe, made of fine nainsook muslin, *en tablier* up the front, trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace; sash of blue satin ribbon.

Fig. 21.—Sacque of navy blue cloth, faced with silk, braided; collar and cuff of silk; the sacque is edged with fringe.

BONNETS.

(*See Engravings, Page* 132.)

Fig. 1.—Bonnet of gray uncut velvet, trimmed with black velvet and lace; scarlet berries and dark leaves in face.

Fig. 2.—Bonnet of blue velvet, trimmed with pink roses and blue feathers; the strings are of velvet, trimmed with fringe.

Fig. 3.—Bonnet of blue velvet, trimmed with two plaitings of velvet, and a lace scarf fastened at the side, and falling down in the back.

Fig. 4.—Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with black lace and pink roses.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

SOME of the new winter cloth dresses very much resemble in shape riding-habits, and are, in fact, called in Paris *robes amazones*. The dress is of plain self-colored cloth, with high bodice, pointed in front, and with a small postilion basque at the back; coat sleeves, with deep revers. As for the skirt, as much looping of an overskirt is apt to make it too heavy, it is arranged in the following manner: The underskirt of silk or poplin is visible; the cloth skirt is about six inches shorter than this underskirt in front and at the sides; at the back it is six inches longer. This extra length is gathered from the waist downwards along each seam under the arms, so as to form a sort of puff. A marin collar and cuff of starched linen, edged with a narrow embroidered band, completes the dress. Or if the bodice remains a little open in front, instead of being quite high, it is worn with a linen chemisette, arranged in large plaits in front, and with a turned-up collar. Narrow cravat. Plain gold studs upon the front part of the chemisette.

Several of our lady subscribers have written to ask how much material it is necessary to use for a tunic or polonaise. This is rather a vague question, and one, therefore, not easy to answer positively. Everything, of course, depends upon the pattern chosen for the tunic, and also in the width of the material from which the tunic is to be cut. In general, about six yards of a material, twenty-four inches wide, are sufficient for even an ample tunic, eight yards for a polonaise. Of course, if the material is Cashmere, the difference must be taken into account, for some Cashmere is one yard and ten inches in width, and, therefore, three or four yards would be sufficient. But we must repeat it, it is impossible to calculate the exact quantity of material required for a tunic without proceeding to cut out or procure a pattern, and then measure it, to ascertain the exact proportions the tunic should have.

That crinoline still exists, but with certain alterations, it is well to know. First, we have the tournure, or half crinoline, a design of which was given on the extension sheet of last month's magazine. Again, imagine an ordinary skirt, minus the front half of it; this front half is replaced by two bands, fastened together, and joined on to the tournure, which can be more or less puffed out according to taste. A very ingenious system of cords allows of its being enlarged or diminished at will. It is trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce. This half crinoline is light and pleasant to wear; it is made of either white muslin or gray or scarlet woollen stuff. There is also another new crinoline, the front part of which forms a plain apron; there is a tournure at the back, and two or three steel circles in the lower part, but at the back only; the front is buttoned all the way down. This crinoline is generally made for the winter of colored woollen material.

There is nothing very new to note in the way of trimmings. We see forever bias bands, fringes, flounces, and flutings. We must mention also a return to scallops, Vandykes, and square tabs; in fact, any and every kind of trimming is allowed just now by the whims of fashion.

Basques are made of every shape; round, long, or short, cut in points behind, or, like the coat tails of our grandfather, postilion fashion, or in short, square tabs, like those of the jackets of our artillery officers. Then there is the pepium basque, large enough to take the place of the tunic. The polonaise, cut all in one with the bodice, is much in favor for dinner, evening, visiting, house, and walking costumes. This is often made for evening *toilettes* of grenadine over silk. An elegant *toilette* of this style is thus composed: The under dress is of salmon-colored silk, trimmed round the bottom with two flounces, headed by ruches; low bodice and very short sleeves.

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Above this dress a polonaise of black grenadine, edged with ruches and lace. The front part of the tunic was looped up in draperies at the sides, and the back part was puffed out. A sort of scarf of black grenadine and lace was gathered on to the left shoulder, where it was fastened with bows of black satin ribbon, was draped in graceful folds over the back and front of the bodice, and was fastened again just under the left arm with satin bows and lace.

Velvet, as before said, is much employed in all shades for trimming, because it lies flat. The great idea is to have sweeping full folds behind and flatness on the hips. Frills are being sewed up between the seams of skirts; they decrease in width as they near the waist. The backs of bodices are being made in one piece, without armhole sides, and, in order to acquire a tight fit, the material, if silk, is cut on the cross. Others have a seam down the centre of the back, and in this way the objectionable side pieces are advantageously done away with. These are hints to cutters, who often discover that there is a "knack" about a bodice, and do not notice where the grace of it lies. Shoulder seams are placed high—that is, in a line with the shoulders, not behind them—and are very short, the armhole coming above the arm joint instead of below it. A finger length and a half is now quite a long shoulder seam for women of average size. These short seams give the appearance of sloping shoulders, without making the figure look contracted. The best *modistes* no longer cord the armholes, unless the corsage is of very thin fabric that needs to be strengthened. The corsage is made very high in the neck, and finished by a very narrow bias binding or else merely corded.

As stated last month, there is no material change in children's costumes. White *piqué* and muslin dresses are still worn all winter by small girls, and they retain the simple Gabrielle shape. The trimmings are elaborate braiding of fanciful braids, two or three different widths and kinds of braid being used in one dress; medallions of muslin embroidery are inserted in braided leaves and pyramids, and the edge of the dress is scalloped and finished with a feathery lace braid designed for this purpose. Dress skirts are short, extending just below the knee. Wide ribbon sashes, tied behind, with huge loops and short ends, are used, while many prefer the simple flowing dress unconfined at the waist. The walking coat, warmly wadded and with ample cape, does not differ from those worn last spring, except in the material. Cashmere and Irish poplin are the fabrics for those for dressy occasions, and pressed flannel in broken plaids for ordinary wear. Soutache braiding of the color of the cloak, or else quilted silk, is the trimming.

We note a novelty, and one particularly adapted to the cold winds of this and next month. This is the elder-down corset, modelled on the newest French shape. This corset, from the peculiarity of its design, affords warmth and support without undue pressure. It is invaluable for invalids and delicate persons, as without being thick or bulky, prevents sudden chills, and maintains an equal temperature. The elder-down corset will find favor with all but the votaries of tight lacing.

But now to come down to a simple and necessary style of costume, meant for such as have to trip the streets, and protect themselves as best they may from cold and damp. Do you know that English waterproofs are all the rage just now in Paris, and consequently are rapidly gaining favor here? Not only are cloaks made of it, but also complete costumes, and very useful they are as *costumes de fatigue* to wear in all weathers. The waterproof cloth is fringed out at the edges, and has a dark colored border for the trimming; besides this, some models are very prettily trimmed with braid work. For instance, the underskirt is ornamented with three bias folds, edged with fringe, and covered with braid work. The long tunic has the fringe round the edge, and a wide border of braiding above it. It is plain, and buttoned all the way down the front; the side pieces are fringed out, and draped over the back piece, which is very long, but which can be looped up at pleasure by invisible hooks. The bodice is a tight-fitting jacket, with basques trimmed like the tunic, and loose sleeves.

The newest models for ladies' cravats are made with bright colored ribbon, with a border of a Cashmere pattern, and a deep fringe at the ends. The ribbon is tied in a bow, but does not go around the neck. Large bows of black or colored satin with fringed ends are also much worn. Also bows of colored silk or satin edged with a narrow band of fur. Dark fur is generally used; these bows come all ready made, but can be easily made at home at much less expense; all colors are worn.

Artistic jewels of oxadized metal are very fashionable. The chatelaines in the *moyen âge* style are much sought after, as also brooches and agrafes of the same description. Japan enamel is still the furore for jewelry, the admired pattern being miniature plates for brooches and saucers for earrings. The workmanship is so correct and beautiful that the designs can be studied with a magnifying glass, each particle being perfect in color. In deep mourning, jewels of carved *bois durci* are preferable to jet, which is now so very generally worn out of mourning. The oval locket of *bois durci*, with the pattern of a flower, fleur-de-lis, cross, or anchor carved upon it, is simple and ladylike; bracelets and sleeve-buttons are made to match.

Fichus are more than ever fashionable, and are made of muslin, tulle, or *crêpe de Chine*, and fastened in front under a bow or flower.

The round hat most widely adopted this season is the Henri III. toque, with high soft crown, and slight brim turned down all around. It is worn on all occasions, and is considered as dressy as the most elaborate bonnet. It is most available when of black velvet, as it may be worn with any dress. The brim is covered smoothly with velvet; the crown is a high, irregular puff, in careless folds, and the space between the puff and brim is covered by alternate folds and *faille*, or by a jet band, or a band of ostrich feathers. An aigrette and short feather tips, or a bird's wing, or slender cock's plumes and white heron's feathers, and sometimes all of these together, stand erect on the left side, adding to the height of the hat, and giving it a sugar loaf appearance. With this is worn a large three-cornered veil of clear net, edged with thread or Duchesse lace. Colored ostrich tips are added to black velvet toques for semi-dress occasions. Pale blue or rose-colored toques, with feather tips of the same color, are worn for full dress. Strings of *faille* ribbon are sometimes added, and the hat is transformed into a bonnet. Dull, lustreless silk, with a little jet, makes a pretty toque for mourning. These chapeaux are so simple that ladies are once more making their own bonnets, as in the days of the *fanchon*. To look stylish, such hats must be worn quite far back, showing the entire forehead. The mountaineer hat is in great favor this winter for children, both boys and girls, and for young misses just in their teens. This is the Tyrolean hat of two years ago, made of soft felt, with sloping crown crushed in at the top, a wide ribbon band, and game feathers for trimming. It is jaunty, and exceedingly becoming to round-faced, rosy-cheeked demoiselles.

FASHION.

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FACES ON THE WALL.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Minister's Wooing," etc.

ONCE there was a very good little girl, who, by reason of her goodness, knew where to find strawberries in the winter. In the same way, less perfect people, blessed by the generous fairies of memory and imagination, may sit, as I do now, in the midst of falling leaves and whistling winds, and call back the green grasses and the summer sun. I see yonder in the glen the darling of our house, the gold gleam in her brown hair, a chain of daisies in her hand, and in her eyes the roguish meditation of a kitten, weary for an instant only of its play, and thinking slyly of another spring. Thrown back upon the velvet grass, she is not resting, only pausing; from her bright glances to the tips of her tiny fingers, she is wide awake.

But now the merry play is over, and our pet nestles yonder on the sofa-cushion, tired at last in earnest. Slowly the lids fall, and the lingering smile dies out; but the flush in cheek and lip remains, like the glow after sunset. The gathered buttercups and daisies are loosely held by the fair little hand; no shadows, even of dream-land, disturb the sweet brow's perfect peace. She is fast asleep.

In other words, two chromos hang upon the wall, bewitching child heads, in which every mother sees something of her own dear ones, never grown old, and never lost to her, however time or death may have dealt with them.

Nothing pleases more at first sight or gives pleasure longer than poetical pictures of children. "The little child" whom Jesus sets in the midst of every family is a joy that grows not old and fades not.

"Age cannot wither—custom cannot stale
Its infinite variety."

For this reason a happy picture of a child brings an enjoyment more lasting than any other, because it is a subject of which no one ever tires.

But these pictures, besides their constant charm for grown folks, are such as *children* can understand and love. Our little "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" would give many a pleasant hour of companionable amusement and intercourse to the little people akin to them in age. The pictures that children's eyes rest on, as they are dropping off to sleep, or as they awake in the morning, seem to them like living friends. All sorts of childish dreams and fancies make of the pictured face a real companion. Not only in the parlor or the sitting-room would they be an attractive and fitting embellishment, but they are a charming pair for the adornment of a nursery. Undoubtedly these two pictures are portraits. There is a realistic faithfulness and truth about them that forbids the idea of their being fancy heads. They will remind many parents of little ones, either here or in heaven. Dickens says somewhere of his portraiture of little Nell that he has had letters from the farthest regions of the earth speaking of children who resembled her—so dear, and so early taken! He who paints one child well, paints thousands, and speaks to the tenderest feelings of innumerable hearts.

Of course, there is a pleasure in possessing an original painting; but when the question lies between an original at five hundred dollars and a chromo, which can scarcely be distinguished from it, at ten dollars—particularly when one has not the five hundred to spare—the choice is not very difficult. As to these two exquisite chromos, only a critical examination can distinguish between the copies (at $10.00) and the originals which sold for many hundreds—which is certainly more than can be said of the best copies of any other picture painted by hand.

Blessings upon chromo-lithography, by which the successful painting of a master can be reproduced indefinitely, and can enter thousands of homes with its educating, quickening, reforming influences!

It is not alone into the dwellings of the great and wealthy that we follow this pretty pair with anticipations of delight. We see them in the cottages of the poor, in the log cabin of the backwoodsman, brightening the toil of the hard-working wife and mother, and receiving the almost adoring wonder of children who have never seen pictures before.

God bless the darlings—send the little comforters fast and far!

The charming *pair* of oil chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," of whose real beauty and attractiveness Mrs. Stowe's graceful sketch can give but an imperfect idea—so pleasing are they to all who love art or children—have always sold in the picture stores for $10, and the original publisher has never been able to supply the great demand for them even at that price. And yet, although thousands of them have been sold in America at that high price, they are now within the reach of all, for they are

GIVEN AWAY

to every subscriber to *The Christian Union*, an unsectarian, literary, religious, and domestic weekly newspaper, edited by HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The pair, by a fortunate arrangement which one of the partners of this house was able to make in Paris during the late siege, with the proprietors of the pictures, are furnished to Mr. Beecher's publishers at a rate *entirely exceptional*.

The *New York Mail* says of them: "'Wide Awake' and 'Fast Asleep' *are two examples of the chromo-lithographic art, which have few rivals in the market* in attractiveness, so admirably adapted were the original paintings to reproduction in this fashion." *The subjects are Life-Size.*

As to the *Christian Union*, the great success of that paper has been a marvel in the history of journalism, and the scholarly and critical New York *Nation* calls it "not only the ablest and best, but also the most popular of American religious periodicals."

This paper is now a large quarto of sixteen pages, *cut and stitched*. After the first of January it will be printed on a still larger sheet, folded in *twenty-four* pages, somewhat smaller than the present ones, also *cut and stitched*, a decided advantage possessed by no other religious weekly published. It contains contributions from eminent writers of *all* denominations, and has matter of interest for every member of the household, *young and old*. For the year 1872, Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE will write *exclusively* for the CHRISTIAN UNION (with the exception of *one* short story already engaged for another periodical).

The terms of subscription to this paper are as follows: *For one year*, $3. This will entitle the subscriber to the paper and to the above *pair* of beautiful Oil Chromos, deliverable at the publication office. If the subscriber will add *ten cents* ($3 10) for expenses of wrapping, mailing, etc., the Chromos will be sent *free, by mail;* and if the subscriber prefers to send still 25 cents more (or $3 35 altogether), the copies so mailed will be strongly mounted on cardboard, sized and varnished, all ready for framing. This is the method we recommend as the *most satis-*

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☞ *Read* Mrs. STOWE'S *article on the preceding page, entitled* "FACES ON THE WALL."



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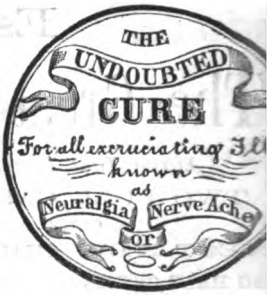
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VOL. LXXXIV.
No. 501.
MARCH.
FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

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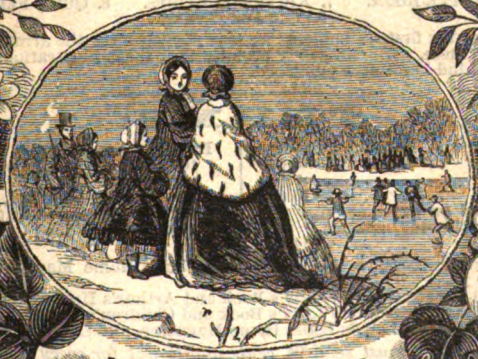


EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,

L. A. GODEY.

1872.



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1872. *Volume 84.* 1872.

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THE RECEPT

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Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 1.

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GATHERING EASTER EGGS.

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Behold in his Soft Expressive Face.
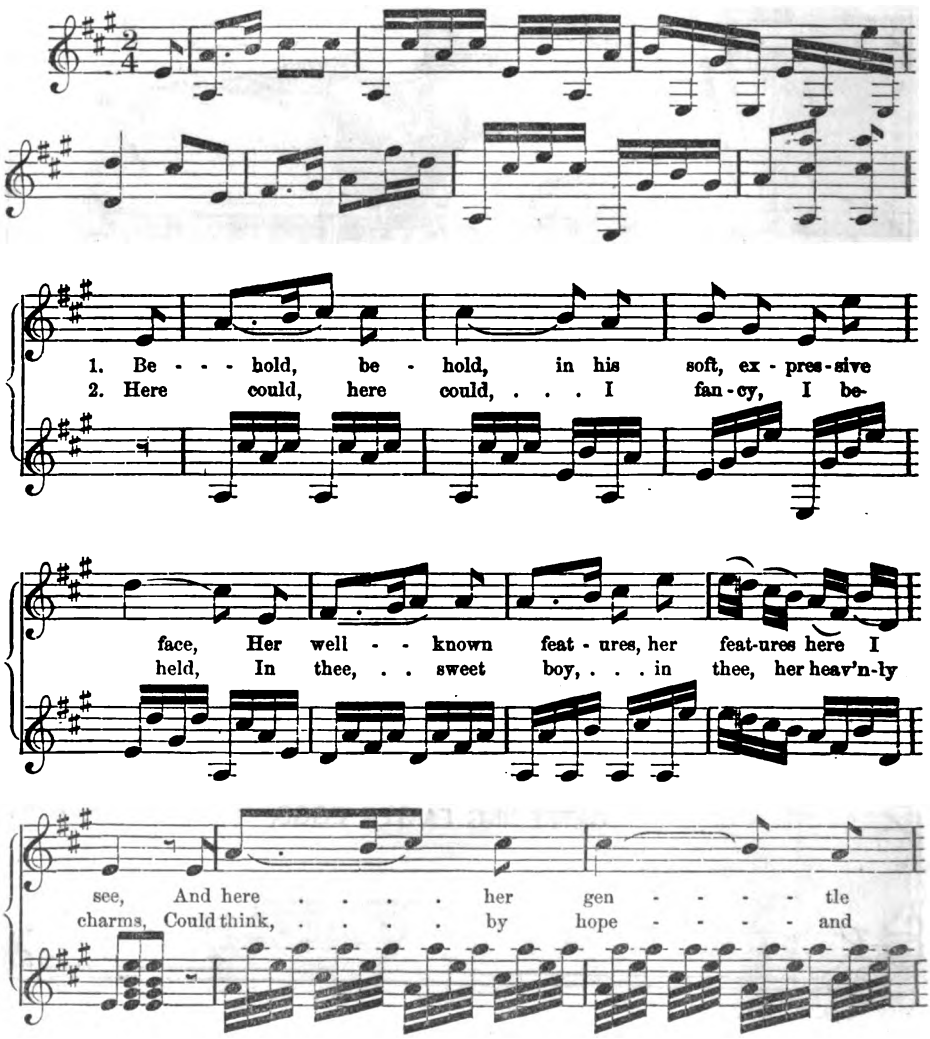
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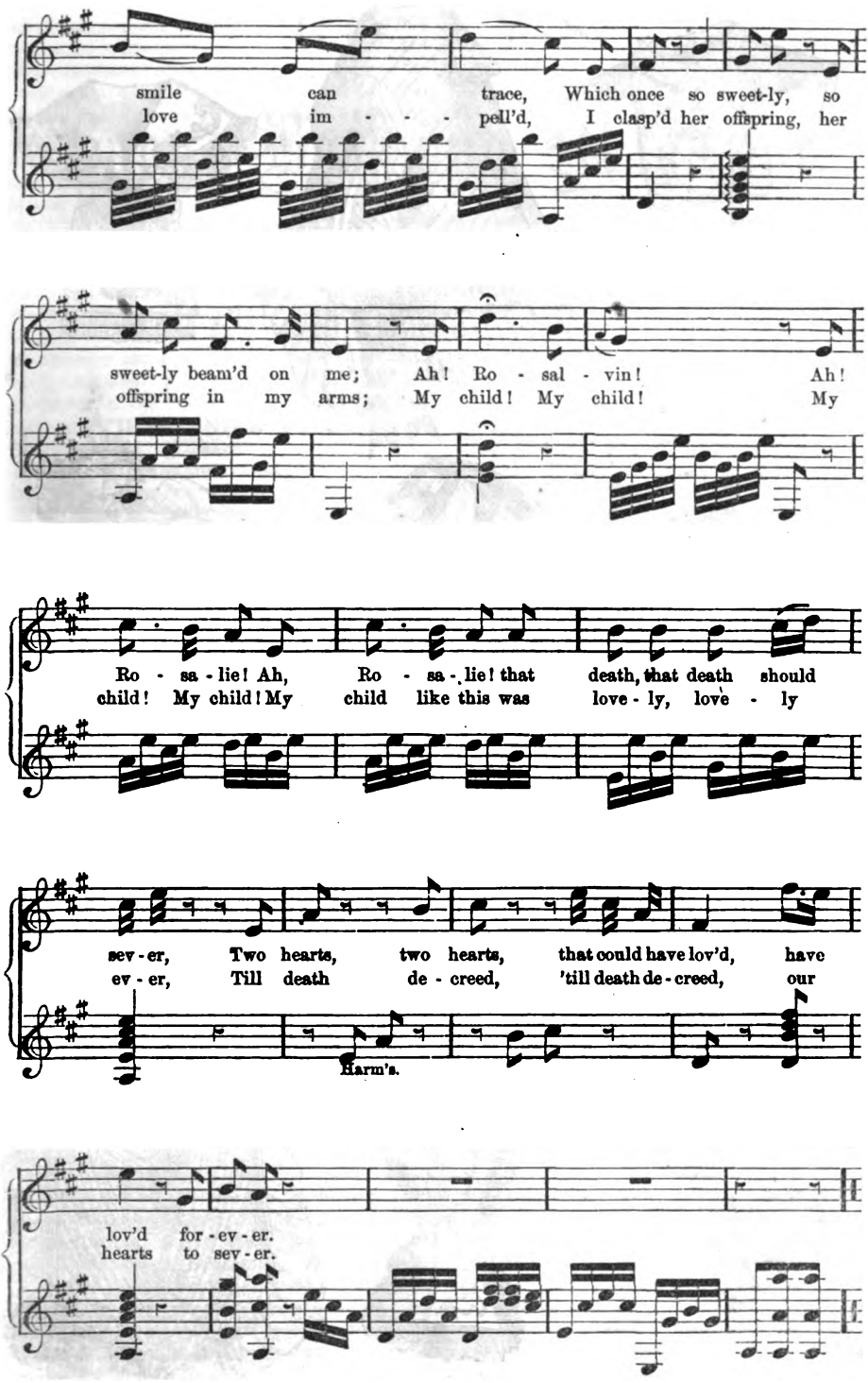
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GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIV.—NO. 501.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1872.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

"THE essence of the matter, simmered down, is that those of us who are battling for equal rights—especially the right of suffrage—are quarrelling with the Almighty because He did not make us men."

This was the paragraph Mrs. Letsome read aloud to her husband at the breakfast-table one frosty Tuesday morning in February. He lowered his *Tribune* to hear it. They took two daily papers. One was laid regularly by the coffee-urn, the other by Doctor Letsome's plate. They skimmed some columns, and dipped into others, while they sipped their coffee, exchanging items of news freely, and discussing the same with cheerful interest, the children lending intelligent heed. The scene was a marked contrast to the unsocial dulness characteristic of those family breakfasts where the *pater familias* is the only person to whom the morning dish of news is served. Mrs. Letsome had declared her intention of furnishing her three boys with a "daily" apiece so soon as they were old enough to appreciate the luxury. She had notions of her own—this little woman. That they were decided, no one who looked at her could doubt. Intelligence and resolve—a brave spirit and a hopeful—were stamped upon her features; spoke in the ring of her voice, her every gesture and motion.

"Do you know, Andrew," she said, slowly and thoughtfully, "that the world is judging these would-be reformers pitilessly? I don't think the majority of them have any quarrel with their Maker on the score spoken of here. A woman is reported to have said it. It sounds smart, but it is shallow, nevertheless. I believe I know what the combatants for 'equal rights' want. But it is not what they profess to desire."

"You said something to the same effect about 'Gates Ajar,' if I remember aright," returned Doctor Letsome, good-humoredly. "These muffins are very fine. You made them, didn't you? I fancy I recognize your handiwork."

"Of course, I did. It is Tuesday, you know. Don't take that; it is cold as a stone."

She struck her bell to order a plate of hot ones; buttered one for her youngest child and another for herself before she returned to the question under discussion.

"I said that I understood what the author meant to say and teach, and, having entered thus far into her purpose and caught her spirit, I could not join in the hue-and-cry of shocked theologians; that I account her a true Israelite, although they may detect a suspicious accent in her 'Shibboleth.' As for this other matter, I have neither sympathy nor patience with a woman who would unsex herself. Why, I return thanks daily—hourly—that I am not as men are—out-door laborers, upon whom devolves all the rough and dirty work; the muscles, as we are the nerves of the body social. The strongest-minded she of the advance-guard of the reformers doesn't really want to vote, and to wrest the sceptre of political power from the hand of man, any more than she wants to wear a beard and a stove-pipe hat, and to sing bass."

"They shouldn't say so, then," the doctor rejoined, sententiously.

"Nor should a starving man, lost in the wilderness, hanker after the raw fish he sees in the stream, and fancy that birds with the feathers on would be a delicious morsel. But he does, because he *is* a-hungered. What these women want is a fair copartnership, and knowing that it is their right, that the righteous Lord created man—male and female—they forget that in justly-ordered firms both partners do not attend to the same branch of the business. Else, where were the use of the two? I detest

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cant of whatever kind, particularly when it is worn threadbare by much handling in season and out of season, yet it must be confessed that the question has not been satisfactorily answered: 'Who will rock the cradle and get dinner when the rule, not the exception, is for women to have business-offices and workshops, and go to Legislature and Congress?' Men cannot bear and nurse children, nor can they keep house and darn stockings, without sacrificing their manhood. Upon this all are agreed. The very lady-lecturers who claim the right to shoulder the motley populace at the polls, and to harangue from the hustings, are most severe in their reprobation of the pretty little man who vends ribbons and laces, and who, in puffing the ladies' cloaks he has for sale, shows their becomingness and style by trying them upon his own shoulders. It is a bad rule that won't work both ways. I don't suppose Saul would have managed David's sling with better effect than the stripling would have used the Benjamite's armor. Certainly it was not by the sling in Saul's hand that Israel was to triumph. Since there are dozens of things we can do well, which men cannot do at all, we should be magnanimous enough to confess that we can never be adepts in two or three branches in which they achieve success. One sex supplements the other."

"Hear! hear!" said the husband, in subdued applause. "My dear, your observations, if not quite original, are well put, and quite to my taste."

Mrs. Letsome laughed a little with her lips, but the deep gray eyes were serious, even troubled.

"For all that, the great mass of women have not their rights. Some part of the machinery which was intended by the Maker to work smoothly as forcibly is so much out of order that the jar is felt throughout society and the world. Knowing and feeling this, certain independent thinkers among us jump at the conclusion that nothing less than the dethronement of the nominal lords of creation will set things straight. 'Since,' say they, 'we are badly paid for woman's work, which we understand and are surely competent to perform, let us insist upon doing men's work of which we are wholly ignorant. Since they, after ages of study and practice, so frequently fail in it, it is but reasonable to suppose that novices, with wind and tide against them, in the shape of early training, popular prejudices, and physical disabilities, will excel in the undertaking.' Very illogical and very ridiculous, you say. But, Andrew, in my heart I feel that we haven't a fair chance in life. We are capable of more and better things. I am not talking now of the frivolous and idle, but of those whom conscience and circumstances combine in urging to work. 'Women would command higher wages were they as thorough in their work as men,' this is the testimony of employers, 'as painstaking and reliable.' But whatever business they engage in is, with ninety-nine out of every hundred, but a temporary expedient whereby they would earn their livelihood until they marry. That is the goal of their lives. A man studies book-keeping as the art he is to practise all his life, wedded or single; a woman, because she can get good pay for this sort of drudgery, and, by the purchase of handsome clothing, accelerate the march of the day of deliverance from desk and ledger. The hatter's apprentice knows, if he is a shrewd lad, that he is laying the foundation of wealth and position by acquiring skill in his trade. The milliner's girl hopes that every bonnet she trims, after work hours, for herself, may be the means of freeing her from the necessity of ever trimming another for a customer. (My love let me fill your cup. No more steak, thank you!) *Now*," emphatically, "if my idea of a copartnership was fairly carried out; if the woman, in mastering the art of book-keeping, is nerved and steadied by the thought that, in the event of her marriage, her proficiency can be made a source of profit to herself and husband, will serve the interests of *the firm*, if only by saving the expense of one hired accountant; if the young milliner, after her union to the industrious mechanic or clerk, shall contribute to the common fund such earnings as she can gather from even the occasional exercise of her skill; if the dressmaker shall not be ashamed to "take in" as much sewing as she can find time to do in the intervals of domestic duties; don't you see how quickly the whole face of society would be altered?"

"The good barque *Utopia* will encounter terrific head-winds," the doctor remarked, shaking his head.

"Of course, because pride, and flesh, and caste are against her. Women, who have taught school for years prior to their wedding-day, become within a few seasons so delicate or ignorant that they must entrust their children, while mere babies, to other instructors. Seamstresses almost ignore the use of the needle, and the expert saleswoman in a fancy store retires to dignity and the small rear-parlor the day after her marriage with one who was her fellow-clerk, but has just gone into business for himself. Upon my word, one would suppose the married state to be incipient idiocy, incapacitating one from all offices, save those of kitchen and nursery."

"I can certify that it has not impaired the wits of one woman, at least," interpolated Doctor Letsome, with the look of intense amusement no one else so often brought to his grave face as did his spirited consort.

"You may laugh, but I tell you there is radical injustice to both sexes in this time-honored principle that the man should be bread-winner and the woman but the bread-

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eater. I grant—and I love to hold as true—the doctrine that every wife, who is also mother and housekeeper, earns her own living—her board and clothes. But how long would any other partnership be considered a paying institution where this unequal proportion of labor and responsibility existed? I would make it as creditable for Mrs. Smith to earn money with her own hands and head as it is for her to spend the money earned by Mr. Smith. The penny she turns by making her neighbor's hat or dress, or by teaching her neighbor's child his alphabet, while she instructs her own little ones, should be not only honest but honorable. And if, in the course of time, Mr. Smith takes his place among the nabobs of the land, his wife, having learned for herself, step by step, how his wealth has been acquired, shall continue to act as advisory partner; be the efficient and intelligent manager of the large sums which pass through her hands for personal and family expenses, instead of a greedy spendthrift, wild with lust for diamonds, laces, and the supreme delight of outdashing all the other women in her circle."

"It is surprising," said the doctor, reflectively, as he pulled off his slippers, and drew on the warmed boots his second son, in obedience to the mother's signal, brought him, "how little women, as a class, know of their husbands' businesses. I wouldn't be afraid, now, to admit you to a share in my practice. I am sure you would be more successful in the treatment of diseases of women and children than one-half of the regular physicians in town. When I die, you can plagiarize that epitaph in *Père la Chaise*, 'The bereaved widow will continue the business at the old stand.' Don't frown, my darling!"

The children had scampered away, and he came around to his wife's side and stroked her forehead caressingly.

"You are the truest helpmeet Heaven ever bestowed upon man. If I smile at the warmth with which you put forth your theories, it is not in ridicule. When I remember how timely and how untiring was the help of this strong little hand," raising it to his lips, "in my hardest struggles; how bravely and how cheerily you battled at my side; what a pillar of strength I find you now, my heart swells with pride and thankfulness."

She put her arms around his neck, hid her eyes for a moment upon his broad breast, then raised her face with a glad laugh.

"It does me good, through and through, to hear you say that, dear, for I know if you did not love me, if you did not feel that we were *one* in all things, you would reject my offered co-operation or accept it with a bad grace. Yet I have only done what every loyal wife would—lent a hand, as 'Ten times one is ten' has it, whenever and wherever I could. All men are not so generous or so just as you. If they knew how sweet to a woman is the consciousness that she has been a help instead of a burden, they would cease to instruct her in the fusty, one-sided creed that her glory is her dependence. If I were a man, I would be ashamed to love, much less choose as the mother of my children, one of the limp, clinging things that always remind me of a bit of soaked gelatine."

Doctor Letsome echoed her merry laugh as he stooped to kiss her "Good-by!" Her lively rattle refreshed him for the tug and strain of the outer world. At the door he stopped to say:—

"*Apropos* to gelatine, I wish, if you can find time to-day, that you would make some cider jelly for that fever-patient I was telling you of last night. I will take it up at my afternoon visit. And a bowl of your incomparable chicken-broth would be most acceptable to that poor girl who is dying of consumption."

"Thank you for speaking of it. I will have jelly and soup ready by dinner-time. *Au revoir!*" waving her hand as he drove off.

She always accompanied him to the door, let her be never so busy, and the sharp morning air having chilled her feet, she returned to the dining-room, and stood before the grate, warming them while she laid her plans for the day. Perfected them would be the better word, for the programme of every morrow was mapped out before she lay down to rest at night, and reviewed with the rising of the sun. Her husband told her teazingly, that she "had system on the brain." It was certain that the methodical division of her time, the apportionment of each duty to its hour, and a strict adherence, so far as lay in her power, to the rules thus made had become second nature with her. She had a cordial aversion to loose scraps and unfastened threads of all kinds; liked to work without haste and without waste.

"The children's lessons while I am washing the silver," she wrote down in her mental tablets. "Then, Robbie and my mending-basket. Next, the jelly—I'll put the gelatine in soak this minute. Then, put on the broth; wrap Robbie up and send him out to play; and finally, having dusted parlors and library before breakfast, what can hinder me from securing two hours—may be two and a half—at my desk? In the afternoon I will steal time to make a rough draught of that Charitable Society report, and still be able to pay two or three calls which are pressing upon my conscience. To-night, if Andrew can get away, we will go to hear Saxe's lecture. A hearty laugh helpeth mental and spiritual as well as bodily digestion."

While she prepared the gelatine, she gave one thought to the conversation of the breakfast-table. It was in the form of an earnest, searching query that brought a sigh to her lip and a shadow to her brow.

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"I said women hadn't a fair chance in life. Why is it? No prejudice bears heavily upon me. The world flatters me for my industry. My husband is my appreciative co-worker, not a jealous tyrant. Yet my achievements are not commensurate with my ability, never equal my expectations. Each day sees some duty neglected, the accomplishment of some project postponed; failures that are not referable to accidents in the household machinery, nor, so far as I can judge, to my own mismanagement. 'Man goeth forth unto his work and unto his labor until the evening.' There is the implication of continuous labor and, at the evening, completion. Woman's work is always beginning, never ending. I should think myself a bad economist of time, were it not that I hear the same complaint everywhere. Mrs. Ford, with her retinue of competent servants and immense income, told me yesterday that she could not snatch a quiet hour in the whirl of life for the perusal of the choicest book of the season, and had never a moment of leisure, even at twilight, to sit down and talk with her children. What is wrong? And whither is this fast life driving us?"

She turned to the breakfast-table, and began to collect the silver and china, calling in her clear, loving voice: "Bertie, I will hear your Latin, if you are ready."

This was her eldest child—a boy of eleven, who had been at school for two years past. His recitations were a delight to his teachers, a mystery to his classmates. The mother, who had been his only instructress until he was nine years old, never bethought herself that she did anything outside the line of plainest duty in going over his lessons with him at night, or that other mothers would have voted it a "bore" to make practical test each morning of the manner in which he had studied them. The boy took it equally as a matter of course that this should be done. It was the occasion of boasting remark with neither. By the time he brought his Latin grammar, she had before her the small pan of hot water, the mop, and clean glass-towels, which were the *sequitur* of breakfast on Monday and Tuesday that the work of the laundry might go forward without interruption. She seated herself in front of them, propped his book up and open upon the table within easy eye-range, and heard the recitation, while her swift fingers polished goblets and silver. Other lessons followed in quick succession, and when she was through with Bertie's examination, Horace, a roguish nine-year-old, who loved play better than study, was ready for his turn.

"If those men-fellows at the academy only explained things as you do, mother, there would be some fun in learning," he said, bluntly, at the conclusion of the drill so patiently conducted. His mother smiled and pinched his ruddy cheek.

"*This* man-fellow must study the harder to make up for their shortcomings."

Her boys thought her "jolly." "A brick, sir!" Horace would have added, exultingly. With the serene consciousness possessing their souls of lessons so well mastered that they could confront the "men-fellows" without misgiving, they strapped up their text-books, submitted their hair and collars to her for a parting touch, kissed her heartily, and went whistling off to school.

"Nine o'clock!" said Mrs. Letsome, consulting the clock, when her work in the dining-room was done. "Now, Robbie, we will have 'our good time' in the library."

This was the child's own term for the hour they passed together after his seniors had taken their departure. He trotted on before her to the library, spelling-book in hand. He was just six years old, and the other boys liked to arouse his indignation by telling him his were "play lessons;" but he had learned by means of them to read prettily, and spell in words of three syllables. While he read "Rollo at Work" aloud, his mother was busy with the family mending-basket. It was a fancy of hers that the regular motion of the fingers in needle-work composed the nerves, and helped her arrange her thoughts. She always kept a piece of plain sewing within reach while teaching or studying. The child progressed but slowly with the story, by reason of the frequent pauses at the end of words or sentences requiring explanation. By this process of untying the tiny knots as she went on, the parent kept the web of her instructions even and firm. With her there was no temptation to slur over inaccuracies, to wink at vicious pronunciation or parrot-like renderings. The learner was as her own self, body and mind. His life was engrafted, whether good or evil, upon hers. The thought of this kept her watchful and faithful in that which was least as in that which was great.

He was deep in the interesting narrative when a ring of the door-bell preluded a tap at the library-door, and a pretty, girlish head peeped in.

"Am I an intruder, Mrs. Letsome? I know the forenoon is a busy season with you, and I will not detain you two minutes. I just ran in to borrow the fourth volume of the 'Queens of England.' I have finished the third, and am all impatience for the next."

"You will find it on the third shelf of the bookcase there, Jule. I knew you would like it. Are you all well this morning?"

"Very well, thank you! This is the right volume, isn't it? It looks just *splendid!* O, Mrs. Letsome, I *must* tell you! Annie Ellis and Tom Starr are really and truly engaged. Jennie Ellis told me of it last night. They are to be married in the spring, have a grand reception, and go abroad for a year. Won't that

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be grand? He has given her a superb diamond ring—a *solitaire*, of course. He has perfect taste. Altogether, it is a charming match. Don't you think so?"

"Very suitable. I am pleased to hear of it. They are both favorites of mine."

But, as she spoke, Mrs. Letsome could not help glancing at Robbie, who was moving discontentedly in his chair. The young visitor leaned against the mantel, book in hand, and the hostess' heart sank within her, warned by the recollection of many similar experiences. Doctor Letsome said once of Jule Martyn, that "it took her longer to go than it did to stay." She was a near neighbor and an ardent friend of the doctor's wife, who repaid her attachment in kind. The girl would have endured any degree of personal discomfort sooner than inconvenience or wound the lady she loved so well. Yet, knowing the habits of the household as well as she did those of her own home, she talked on and on, one subject leading up to another, for three-quarters of an hour, standing all the while, "going" every minute. "I must tell you one thing more," or "there is just one question I wanted to ask you," occurred so often that Robbie, who had, at first, hailed the phrase as a signal of release, became utterly skeptical, after the dozenth repetition, and miserable, as skeptics generally are. In vain he fidgeted and fluttered the leaves of his book ostentatiously; in vain scowled, and pouted, and kicked out first one fast-numbing foot, then the other. Jule ran on eagerly with her indefinite series of anecdote, and opinion, and query, until his mother's sincere pity for him prompted her to say:—

"My son, if you are tired sitting still, you can run up to the nursery for a little while. I will call you when I am ready for you."

"I don't care to run about, mamma. I want to know how Rollo got on piling wood," muttered the aggrieved youth, balked in the pursuit of knowledge.

"It is miraculous how your children take to learning!" cried Jule, admiringly. "As naturally as fish do to swimming, and for the same reason. They are born to literature. Such things run in families. Now, there is our Dickey. He is eight years old, and has been to school a year and a half, and he can't spell 'cat' without the book. It is the most astonishing thing, how you find time for your numerous avocations. You are housekeeper, governess, seamstress, authoress, and caterer to half the sick people in town, besides being secretary and treasurer to mercy knows how many benevolent societies. Mrs. Rand was saying at our house yesterday that she regarded you as the most wonderful woman she knew. Yet you never seem overworked or hurried. I wish you would give me the secret. I am in a flurry from morning until night, and only get things half-done after all."

"I know of no rule capable of general application except the very simple one, 'A season for every duty, and every duty in its season,'" returned Mrs. Letsome, briefly, yet pleasantly.

She was too thorough a lady and liked her young friend too well to hint by manner or word that her presence was ill-timed. But she drew a thankful breath when the talkative damsel suddenly recollected that she had "promised to go shopping with Annie Ellis at half-past ten, and here it was almost eleven!" and ran away.

"I am awful glad she's gone!" growled Robbie. "It just spoils everything for people to come in and stay! stay! *stay!* all lesson-time."

"My boy must not be selfish," corrected the mother, mildly. "Jule likes to stay with us because she loves us and knows how we love her. Now, dear, bring your book into the kitchen. I am going to make something nice for a poor little sick boy who has no mother to take care of him. I only hope my thoughtless Jule may not have cheated the child out of his jelly," she subjoined, inwardly.

She disliked this sort of peripatetic instruction. It distracted the learner's attention, and made it difficult for her to fix her own mind upon the lesson; but time was flying, and she had promised her husband that the much-needed delicacies should be ready in season. She had cut up the fowl, which lay ready-dressed to her hand in the kitchen; covered it well with cold water, and set it on in a saucepan at the back of the range to heat gradually; the boiling water was doing its work upon the gelatine as she strained it, and the flannel strainer stood beside her. "Until it is entirely dissolved," read her receipt, and the end was not gained when the door-bell rang again. Robbie looked up anxiously from his seat at one end of the table. His mother had worked with as little noise as practicable, and he was fast forgetting the novelty of his position and the temptation to watch her in reviving interest in Rollo's adventures.

"'A large part of the pile came down upon him!'" he articulat d, in breathless excitement.

"Mrs. Morrris would like to see ye in the *pairlor*, mem," said the housemaid. "I made bowld to tell her ye was perticlerly engaged in the kitchen at that minute, but she says it's important business she's come upon. She won't kape you ten seconds, she says."

"Stir this until it is quite melted, Mary, and then leave it until I come back," ordered the mistress, with calmness, that was not remote from despair. "Never mind, dear," for Robbie's lip quivered. "I hope mamma will not be long away. Be a brave little man!"

Mrs. Morris—handsomely apparelled, and with an effusive cordiality in her greeting that would have wrought charitable judgment of

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her and her errand in Mrs. Letsome's breast, despite her inopportune coming, had she been less familiar with her ways and deeds—was gushingly apologetic for her unseasonable visit and the liberty she had taken in summoning her hostess from the kitchen.

"We women of business know one another's trials so well that we cannot be too considerate in respecting the time and engagements of our sister-workers in the hive where there are so many drones," she said, creamily—the unctuous flow of monologue that is most discouraging to the lover of short, pregnant sentences and prompt measures. "And everybody says you are the soul of system—a truly wonderful woman. I wish your example were infectious. The way women of the period fritter away their time—and time is money, and more than money, for a minute lost is never regained—is absolutely deplorable. I will not trespass any longer upon your valuable time than is necessary for the right statement of the matter that brought me here. I wish to consult you with regard to the case of a poor family I have just heard of. I believe you are the visitor in behalf of the Charitable Society in this district?"

"You are mistaken," interposed Mrs. Letsome, with suspicious alacrity. "Mrs. Todd, on the next block, No. 49, is the person to whom you should apply. It gives me pleasure to state this, for she is very prompt in the discharge of the duties devolving upon her as visitor.

Mrs. Morris did not offer to rise.

"Indeed! I was misinformed, then. This is a most touching case of destitution. At least, it is, if the tale the woman brought to me be true. Of course proper investigation should be made before relief is extended. I am pleased to learn that Mrs. Todd is a judicious person. I shall roll the whole burden of responsibility off upon her and hasten home with an easy conscience. I am persuaded in my own mind that much harm is done by indiscriminate giving. I have had experiences which would deter a less tender-hearted person from essaying another charitable deed. I remember one bitter day last winter—or, it may have been the winter before; I think it was, for my Coralie was quite a child, and she was in the room; or, I am not altogether positive that it was not Natalie—a young girl called"—

I spare the reader the long spun-out narrative to which the luckless housewife was forced to listen. This was followed by another, and still another—all illustrative of the extreme susceptibility of the speaker to imposition when her sympathies were attacked, and the sufferings she had undergone in heart and pocket in consequence of this idiosyncrasy. This drew out a lament from the maternal bosom that her two daughters shared in their parents superhumanity and exquisite refinement of feeling.

"Coralie will weep profusely over a tale of distress she chances to read in the papers; and as for my darling Natalie, we are really obliged to conceal all such things from her. I have seen her sob, as if her heart were breaking, over a dead chicken she picked up in a country stroll—a tiny, downy thing, scarcely a day old. They cannot seem to understand the existence of evil; remind me of snow-drops shuddering in a bleak wind, when the knowledge of sorrow and crime is forced upon them. I wish you knew my girls well, my dear Mrs. Letsome! There are so many points of sympathy between you! And they do *so* enjoy your exquisite stories! That last article of yours in the *Atlantic* was the loveliest thing! Coralie read it aloud to us, and the precious child could hardly get through for the emotion that choked her voice."

"An article of mine in the *Atlantic!*" repeated Mrs. Letsome, less suavely than was her wont, her honest soul being in a sickening tumult. "I never wrote a line for it in my life!"

"No?" in languid surprise. "Then it must have been some other periodical. We take everything, and the girls read all of them. They are *so* literary in their tastes! Such is also my natural bent, but I am forced by my unfortunate neuralgia to confine my self-culture to meditation and observation rather than to study. My precarious health is a grievous drawback upon my thirst for knowledge. When I recollect what were my acquirements in years gone by, I could weep in humiliation of spirit. Yet, after all, it may be a blessing in disguise. Even St. Paul had a thorn in the flesh, you know. And when one reflects upon the manifold mercies still left to her, and sees so many others who are destitute of the barest comforts of life, she should not repine. Then," raising herself slowly from the chair in which she had reclined for a whole hour—sixty minutes of slow exasperation of spirit to the unwilling auditor—her mind swinging back to the subject of the errand that "was not to detain Mrs. Letsome ten seconds," "then, you honestly advise me to go to Mrs. Todd?"

"By all means! There is no other course for you to pursue. She is the appointed visitor for this district. I would not interfere with her work if I could, and could not do it one-tenth so well as she does."

Mrs. Letsome called up the last relics of consuming patience at the prospect of emancipation, and spoke politely. She even smiled, but other martyrs have sung at the stake.

The torturer took her hand between her gloved palms, and pressed it affectionately.

"Now I cannot have you say *that!* Nobody could do anything better than you! Why, positively, I regard you as a prodigy. How you accomplish so much is an unexplained problem. I have never a spare moment. My

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girls' dresses occupy at least one-half of my time. Girls in society must dress so much, you know. Then there are my social and religious and charitable duties! I go wild with thinking of them all—and my terrific neuralgia! I left a dressmaker and a seamstress at home awaiting my orders. 'Dear mamma,' said Coralie, 'how can you leave us in this strait? Our dresses *must* be done in season for Emma Mayne's party, and, you know, they are to be literally covered with trimming.' 'My blessed daughter,' I answered, 'I could not spare one moment for my own benefit or pleasure. But this is a mission of mercy.' Indeed, my dearest Mrs. Letsome, I should not have presumed to break in upon the sacred routine of your morning duties with anything less important. I know you are the soul of system. And you have no doubt that Mrs. Todd will answer my purpose? *Good*-morning! We would esteem it *such* an honor if you would call and see us some time. It would be an inestimable advantage to my dear girls to be much in your company. Good-*morning!*"

In her flight kitchenward, Mrs. Letsome caught a glimpse of the dining-room clock. She wrung her hands with a groan of real pain.

"Half-past twelve! My golden morning hours!"

There was a brunted look in her eyes and a slight tremor in her voice as she accosted Mary.

"The jelly is cold and partially congealed. I must heat it over the fire until it is thin enough to strain. It will not be so clear, but that cannot be helped. This soup is boiling too fast, Katy!" to the cook, who, busy with her irons, had not noticed the bubbling saucepan. "As it is for a sick person, I wish to extract all the strength from the meat. Yes, Robbie, mamma is as sorry as you are to have your lesson broken into so many pieces, but we will not fret."

Mary, by virtue of her long residence in the family, ventured to speak a part of her mind.

"They imposes upon ye, mem, because ye are that good-natured ye won't send them about their business—if they've got any."

"I try to treat others as I would have others treat me, Mary," was the only reply.

It silenced the girl, and tended to calm the rebellion in the mistress' own heart. She was doing right in submitting to these unconscionable and unnecessary demands upon her precious time. Much of her husband's popularity, much of her own usefulness in life, might depend upon her perseverance in the kindly courtesy which was the law of her conduct to visitors as to her family. Yet these interruptions were a severe trial, the greater that her habits were so methodical, and that she dreaded the clash of contending duties.

People imagined that they could offer her no more acceptable tribute than by flattery of her published writings. For herself she esteemed them lightly as works of art; always made pen-work secondary in importance to that of the household. Yet she loved it fondly—of late years, gratefully. Her simple stories of home-life, her essays upon every-day topics, her playful yet fearless satires upon prevailing follies, had been popular from the outset of her modest career. For ten years past they had brought her money with reputation. The first article for which she asked or received payment was written under the stress of earnest desire, almost agony, to aid her husband in his early struggles upward. There were so many young physicians, and he had little professional influence, few wealthy friends, only brains, energy, faith in Heaven, and in his home, her, and Baby Bertie.

She had often said to herself that she could know no purer pleasure this side Paradise than she tasted the evening the welcome enclosure arrived. Upon the strength of the remittance, she laid the sleeping baby in his cradle, threw on her hat and shawl, ran around the corner and ordered a quart of oysters home for Andrew's supper. Never had another "stew" steamed up so fragrantly as she turned it into the hot covered dish, on hearing his step in the hall. He was chilled, hungry, disheartened, and weary, from a round of visits to charity patients—the unpromising stepping-stones that lie at the entrance to the road to success in the life he had chosen. His eyes darkened into something akin to misery as he kissed her. She guessed that he was reproaching himself for having taken her from the luxurious home of her girlhood, and set her in the humble abode which was all his slender means could procure. An envelope lay beside his plate directed in her best hand-writing to "Doctor Andrew Letsome." He opened it, and the checque, made payable (at her request) to him, fell out!

"Talk to me after that, of the sweetness of utter dependence upon the one beloved!" she would exclaim, still to herself, when she reached this passage of her reminiscence. "It is time such tawdry tarletane of sentiment went out of fashion. This is the age of workers, not droning dreamers!"

It mattered nothing to her that beyond her home circle the belief was general that the wife of the rising physician wrote merely for pastime, or was moved to present the creations of her fancy to the public eye by a longing for fame. She knew and GOD knew that she never took up her pen without a prayer that the work of that hour might be for good; that the veriest trifle that seemed like the amusement of a leisure evening had its aim; was cast forth with hope and faith that it would accomplish that whereunto it was sent. Only Andrew

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knew of all mankind how diligently, yet how joyfully, she wrought in what she named to him as *her* "profession," or how acceptable were the sums she contributed yearly to the store of "the firm." It was their secret—one holy and sweet—that drew their hearts more closely together.

"It is a little talent—and but one," she would say in their confidential talks; "but since it is the Master's gift, I dare not leave it unimproved."

She was very busy just now upon a more ambitious work than any other that had yet engaged brain and pen. She was writing her first book, and her mind, on the morning which had been bestowed upon Jule and Mrs. Morris, was teeming with thoughts crowding to the birth. They had chased sleep from her eyes the preceding night. She longed with passion, only those who have known the fervor of composition can understand, to give them visible expression. By the morrow they might be dead—still-born mockeries of what had been life and beauty.

She hinted nothing of the disappointment to her husband at the one o'clock dinner—a primitive custom the doctor insisted upon for the sake of the boys' health. The jelly would not be firm before six o'clock, she was compelled to admit, but she would walk up the hill with it herself at that time, taking Bertie for an escort. The broth was all ready, sealed up in a glass jar, which he could lay upon the seat or in the foot of the buggy without danger of spilling. But after he had gone, she went back to her confidante, the dining-room fire, and held a rapid, silent council of her wits upon the "situation."

"I cannot depend upon the afternoon as working time, and I *ought* not! I owe something to my friends and to society at large. When I can get two hours *honestly* in the forenoon for desk-work, it is all I desire; quite as much as is good for me. I might defer these calls until to-morrow. It is a dangerous precedent, but I have lost nearly three hours to-day. I will dress Robbie and myself, write that report, and then it may be I shall have a quiet hour or so that I may use as I like. I will make the walk with the jelly serve me for out-door exercise, and by taking all three of the boys they will not be defrauded of their twilight talk. If the worst should come, I can give up Saxe. I shall mind the sacrifice the less since it is doubtful whether Andrew can go. I'll send the tickets to James Minnis and his sister. They cannot afford to buy them. I 'don't usually cut my time so fine as that,' as Mr. Bucket remarked of the bricklayer who had 'her ladyship's watch.' But this is an exceptional case. It seems to me," struck by a sudden and disagreeable thought, "that the exceptional cases occur so often now-a-days that they are likely to conglomerate into a rule!"

(Conclusion next month.)

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY CAROLINE MARSDALE.

THIS is a wedding day, my darling. "Whose?"
Why, yours and mine;
And blessed is the bride, they say, on whom the sun
doth shine;
It shines as brightly now as when its glad beams
kissed the snow
Fifty years ago to-day, full fifty years ago.

They said 'twas cold, 'twas bitter cold, that February
day,
But I felt not its icy breath; my heart was crammed
with May;
For, decked with smiles and blushes, as you floated
through the room,
In youthful loveliness you seemed a spring flower in
full bloom.

The artists raved about you then, as well, indeed,
they might,
With your cheeks like damask roses, and your great
eyes black as night:
I wonder why they do not ask to paint your portrait
now?
I'm sure the beauty is not gone from off your cheek
and brow.

Yes, you are beautiful, my darling, far beyond compare,
Though on your forehead may be seen a wrinkle
here and there;
Lovelier than in your youth, though white as driven
snow
The hair that hung in golden ringlets fifty years ago.

The hand that once was soft and white is dark and
shrivelled now,
But oft that little hand hath cooled my weary, aching
brow;
Much kindly, generous work hath done, much given
in charity,
And 'tis more beautiful to me than in the days gone
by.

Yes, yes, you're lovelier now, my dear, in this, your
autumn tide,
Than when in days of *auld lang syne* I wooed you
for my bride;
Don't shake your head and tell me that the mirror
says not so;
The mirror tells a falsehood—I'm sure I ought to
know.

And we're still young enough, my love, to face life's
stormiest weather,
But if, indeed, we *must* grow old, why we'll grow
old together;
And when we reach the other shore, the land of love
and truth,
We'll drink bright waters from the fount of everlasting youth.

Ah, when the final summons comes, may we go hand
in hand
Across that stream whose waves divide us from the
better land,
Where saints and angels sing their praise before th'
Almighty's throne!
There is no marrying there, they say, but still you'll
be my own.

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BREAKING AND BENDING.

"I MAY break, but I will never bend," one sometimes hears a foolish, hoity-toity young person say—a high-tempered young person, who prides herself on her independence, on her spirit, on the tenacity with which she can hold her own against any amount of pressure that may be brought to bear on her—an ignorant young person, not versed in the grammar of common sense, and to whom the very elements of the science of life are as yet unknown. "I may break, but I will never bend," says this foolish young person, tossing her head at paternal authority, flatly defying mamma's more gentle admonitions, and rejecting all brotherly advice of frank submission, all sisterly good words of tender yielding, as so many snares and pitfalls into which, if she walks, she loses her dignity and gains disgrace. She loses her dignity! Heaven help her high-tempered folly! As if submission to lawful authority was a disgrace; as if believing in the value of that wisdom which comes only by experience was the mark of a feeble mind; as if accepting the inevitable with the patience and resignation by which alone can be avoided a useless and unseemly struggle was the sign of aught but wisdom and philosophy, and a proof that the most difficult of all knowledge, the relative measures of strength, has been acquired, and is now used to good purpose. Nothing of all this will the hoity-toity young person see; and you might as well put an unbroken colt between the shafts and attempt to drive him soberly along the highway, as to bring such a nature as hers into the ordinary habits of home-discipline, without more trouble than perhaps the conformity is worth. Almost better let the rebel go free in her rebellion than strive for a loyalty which cannot be worn, and as little forced.

Ah! how many a nature noble in its elements is stiffened by pride into something far less beautiful than it might have been, and infinitely less valuable—has failed its highest possibilities through wasting its strength and battling against the insuperable. "I may break, but not bend," is unhappily too true a threat with many, and too fatally fulfilled. They do break in sorrowful earnest; they dash themselves to pieces against the rocks of opposition, round which a little skilful steering would have taken them happily and safely; they are ground to powder by the circumstances they will not avoid, yet might; they spend their energies in fighting with facts to which that very fight gives body and a closer-grained consistency, and which by more docility, more plasticity on their part, would have fallen into shape and have ceased to trouble them; they make enemies by their obstinate resistance in matters of no importance, where only the appearance of yielding, involving no sacrifice of principle, would have given them friends; they lose in the tempest they themselves evoke the gracious growths which would have flourished and borne goodly fruit in the calm; all their life is devoted to a warfare wherein they cannot conquer, and wherein no defeat teaches them a better method and a more peaceful wisdom; and when they die, they leave behind them only the memory of a useless turbulence, which has taught no lesson save the one of avoidance—which has inculcated no useful precept, raised up no bright example. They have broken, not bent, and the grave closes over the pitiable fragments of a life which might have been a beautiful and stately whole had the faculty of bending when needed been cultivated and put in practice.

One such stiff-backed member of a family is sufficient to make the misery of a home. There is no question in which the determination not to give way does not come into action, to throw the whole out of gear and into discord. Has the girl let herself drift into an unwise love affair? No arguments can convince her that her choice is unworthy, no demonstrations of the worthlessness to which she clings shake her tenacious hold, no prayers of those who love her best and know what is fittest for her future cause her to waver or to ponder. Had she suffered herself to be convinced in time, how much after-misery would have been spared her, and how much wretchedness would be avoided now! But she holds on, and calls her self-will constancy, and boasts that her heart may break, but her will shall never bend. Or has a youth set his mind on some profession, for the difficulties of which his pastors and masters know him to be eminently unfitted, and in the advocacy of which his imagination only, not his reason, is engaged? He may break, but he will not bend; and so begins the struggle between power and desire, which lasts for all his life after, which makes his existence a pain and his whole endeavors nugatory. But he will not yield. If he would, he might be one of the prosperous successes of humanity; as it is, he will be one of its failures, ever at war with his circumstances, and swimming against the stream of his fate—in vain.

The same kind of thing is true with respect to sorrow. Now sorrow is a thing to which we *must* submit. There is no way of escape from this. Care, anxiety, troubles in trade, all the unhappiness which comes from the crossness of events that can be overcome, we may, perchance, with luck and energy, circumvent and escape; but to sorrow we must yield with more or less patience—which also is dignity. Yet some people fight against their grief as against a personal foe, and call in question the very wisdom and justice of God by which they are so tormented. They see no blessing in chastisement, they recognize no fatherly hand, no ultimate law of love; they are hardly holden,

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and they rebel; they kick against the pricks, and are only lacerated the more. It is no uncommon thing to see certain impetuous or weakly irritable persons sent half mad, or rendered utterly demoralized, by some heavy bereavement, wherein the only way of healing lay in patience, in resignation to the unalterable decree. They will not be patient, they will not resign themselves; they let their sorrow as a vulture feed forever on their breasts, and they will not suffer the angel of submission to chase it away. They go mourning for all their lives after, and they think the unreasoning obstinacy of their grief loyal devotion to the loved memory, when it is simply a passionate or a querulous opposition to the necessities of their condition. Again, you see some people utterly unable to fit themselves into the shape belonging to a change of circumstances. Say they have been wealthy, well appointed, and all the rest of it; losses come, and they are plucked bare; but never can the poor, shivering creature forget the time when she flourished about in a peacock's train and eagle's plumes —never submit her soul to the homely hodden gray, which is all a turncoat fortune has left her. We come across them again and again, sad and sorry, with eyes ever turned back to the past, with heads unbowed to the present. They cannot bend; they will not stoop to the level of their fortunes, they say, proudly; so they fight, and strive, and come the worst off in the end, losing all dignity in their reverses as they have lost already all enjoyment of their prosperity, and getting no more good from the state in which they are than from that which they have lost. Such people are broken. For a time they retain the semblance of the old high-hearted strength, but it is only the semblance, the mere husk without the core; as time proves, when the pressure becomes too much for them and they fall to the earth, broken, because they have not bent, destroyed because they would not change.

After all, what folly this is! We have all to bend to that which we cannot overcome by striving against. The facile happy temper which can adapt itself to change of conditions, the patient heart which can receive its sorrow meekly and say, "Thy Will be done," if with many tears, yet with simple faith and unaffected resignation—are not these things better than the turbulent or the stiff-necked natures which may break but will not bend, and so lose the reality of power in efforts to retain it? No one need falsely flatter or submit unto slavishness; no one need *kowtow* if even he has to kneel; but it is the duty of every one to know when to bend to the passing storm, and how to yield to the mastery of events; and we ought all to be able to estimate exactly our own forces and those of circumstances before we begin the struggle—wherein we may get worsted! With each other the faculty of judicious bending is inestimable. The surly mood which stiff-backed opposition would only deepen or consolidate is often charmed away, dispelled into thin air, by the sweetness of temper which takes no notice, but quietly accepts the frown and the fume as things of course. The advocates of the breaking theory would have consolidated it by their vain struggle; and the loss of a whole life's happiness has before now dated from just some such mistake. Outside the holy heaven of the Beatitudes, they are also outside the tender gardens of happiness; and those who may break but will not bend never know either the value of a meek and quiet spirit, or the exquisite joy that lies in sacrifice. It is a grievous mistake, and the sooner the young person with a spirit recognizes this, the better for all concerned.

TURNED OUT FOR RENT.

BY MAGGIE LUTE SULLIVAN BURKE.

Out, out in the night, in the chill wintry air,
Turned out on the pave with its stones cold and bare,
Shut out from her home with its sad dearth of bread,
Alone with her God and the stars overhead!
Cast out, with her babe still asleep on her breast—
Asleep to the sorrow that mars not his rest;
Asleep to the new pearls bedecking his hair,
Bright gems from the sea of his mother's despair;
Out, out, like her Lord, with no place for her head,
All friendless, and hopeless, and starving for bread;
Thus brought face to face with her life's direst woe,
And yet 'tis unfelt 'neath a bitterer blow;
For this is the wail, voiceless, deep in her heart,
"Cast out like a thief, put to shame, set apart."
But what hath she done with her wild, startled eyes?
And what with her tremulous, short, gasping sighs?
Ah! what with her weary and faltering feet,
Now dragging like lead through the fast dark'ning street?
What! is one so weak found a dangerous thing,
Concealing 'mid softness a treacherous sting,
That ye, to expel her, have borrowed a need
Of two brawny knights of the star and the reed?
This, this is her crime—Oh, ye winds, whisper low!
Nor give to the echoes her sad tale of woe,
Lest they tell the hills, and the beasts cry "for shame!"
Gaunt poverty fills all her measure of blame.

"It is a deplorable condition," says Bishop Sherlock, "to be always doing what we are always condemning. The reproaches of others are painful enough. But when the lash is laid on by our own hand, the anguish is intolerable."

The time and labor are worse than useless that have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge, which it will be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas which we must hereafter remember to forget. An ancient teacher of rhetoric always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others, for in that case he had not only to plant, but to root out.

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MY STEP-MAMMA.

BY PETIT LICHEN.

PART I.

We stood at the open casement in the grand old hall which had been a charmed spot to me from early childhood; stood gazing out upon the wealth of pink blossoms and white nodding so gayly in the pleasant sunshine, and promising, each in its own pretty way, to send us treasures of fruit in a few brief weeks.

Tears were heavy upon my eyelashes, and I was asking myself whether the trouble inviting them there might not also be a blossom heralding some precious fruit—that fruit which is "unto life eternal"—and humbly deciding that all the great and petty cares which fret and consume us so sadly are really such. Many of them, indeed, like the thorny thistle, bloom in early promise, but unlike it in the beautiful hidden gift. And very naturally, though ineffectually, I was, at the same time, craving the presence of my lover, Vance Hadyn, who was then lingering about the Rome which had filled his artist-dreams for years.

I had been pointing to the blossoms, and telling papa how particularly bright and hope-inspiring everything appeared to me at Ferndell.

"And to me also," he replied, in a voice so sweet-toned by some deep feeling that I turned involuntarily to glance at his face. Then I moulded my thought into words:—

"Well, papa, I must say your countenance seems to have appropriated a portion of the general brightness."

He laughed, and I fancied a flushed brow was concealed by a kiss on my lips. For a moment I scrutinized him, and then, prompted by some mischievous Puck, said:—

"As my papa, I have rather invested you with the majesty of age; but it occurs to me that you are quite young-looking, and would make a passable elder brother. Let me see! You are just forty-two, and I am nineteen. No great difference that?"

"To my mind, no difference at all under some circumstances. Twenty years or so may not sever loving hearts."

The tone was curious—and, for the matter of that, so were the words—half-musing, half-tender. Again I scanned my papa's face.

Obviously peach and plum blossoms and desirable brothership occupied his mind but little. Could it be possible that my tome-loving papa was meditating matrimony? The thought was not a pleasant one; so I proceeded, in a rather vague way, to comment further upon the beauty of the morning and our surroundings. I was interrupted by the irrelevant and startling question:—

"Would the idea of a step-mother be very terrible to you, Adele?"

I was too much shocked to reply.

"My child?"

"Papa, you cannot mean it?"

"I do, indeed, Adele. Will you try to love her for your father's sake, my daughter?"

"How can I promise, papa?" I answered, passionately. "How do I know what kind of a woman you intend giving me for a mother?"

"True," he murmured, half-sadly.

Drawing a small locket from his bosom, he touched the spring, and held it open before me. An exclamation of delight escaped my lips.

"I was sure you would admire her," he said, in pleased tones.

"Admire her! She is an angel of beauty, papa, but she is a mere child." And I felt disposed to add: "And has the mind of one, I judge." But I forbore. The beautiful image had softened me, and duty was twitching at my sleeve. Then how could I wonder at my father's infatuation? I who inherited his poetic temperament and idolatrous love of beauty

"She is about your own age, Adele."

"Indeed! I should hardly imagine her so old," undutiful sarcasm lurking in my reply.

He appreciated it, and, with an unmistakable flush, said hastily:—

"You forget your decision of a few minutes since. The sentiment then expressed differs widely from the one just implied."

"Of course, I was jesting, papa. Certainly a thought in regard to your choice of a wife would have been one most unlikely to present itself."

"My wife! my sweet girl-wife!" he murmured, half-forgetful of my presence under the glamour of the lovely pictured face.

I was glad then that I had left those testy words unspoken. What could Adele Brittain have to say to a man who loved thus, and that man her own father? So I stood attentively noting the soft luminous light in his eyes, and wondering whether my Vance's shone the same when he asked me to become his wife. My eyelids were then so weighed down by shyness and deep, deep joy that I could not see. But I could remember that Vance Hadyn's tone was no more love-musical than papa's. Directly my heart stirred for my father's happiness. What were the motives of this child? I blundered out the question vexing my mind:—

"Does she love you, papa?"

"Love me!"

It was more an expression of passionate joy than a reply, yet I was fully satisfied of his entire faith in her purity of heart.

I then took a rather curious survey of papa as he stood there. Mentally and morally he had long been known to me, but, as a suitor and lover, I had never dreamed of valuing his attractions, and at the close of a critical inventory of these I decided that he could not fail to play such a part with eminent success.

As I arrived at this conclusion, I recollected

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having checked my garrulous old nurse, not very long before, when about to communicate something in regard to the clouded married life of my parents. I would not suffer the veil of secresy to be drawn from so sacred a subject, and happily for them the life was cut short by the early death of poor mamma. The recollection served to awaken more kindly feelings toward my baby-mamma to be. I thought how sorrowful a thing it is for a man's early dream of love to be wrecked, and also that it does sometimes happen that his true and most passionate one asserts its power at mid-life, instead of in the first flush of youth. And I longed with inexpressible longing for this pretty creature to crown my father's latter days with new and enduring sweetness. Under the influence of these holier emotions, I nestled close to his side, assuring him that his only and darling child would never wilfully bring a shadow over his new-found happiness.

It appeared that while I was jaunting the previous summer with Cousin Phil Rivers and his bonny wife Milly, papa stole away from his books for a breath of sea air, and at Newport met the little elf born to assume my surname, who, attended by her brother, was then captivating all hearts by her grace and beauty. Fortunately for papa, they were New Yorkers, and much of the wooing was afterward done under shadow of the great publishing house of ———. I often thought his new book was giving him a vast deal of trouble; but instead of the endless discussions with Messrs. ———, which I so naturally imagined were taking place, he was occupied in quite a different manner in quite a different quarter of the Empire City.

My expected step-mamma, Nita Grant, knew even less than I of a mother's care and tenderness, Mrs. Grant having breathed out her life, ten years after her marriage, in giving birth to this, her second child, to whom she left, with her dying blessing, the dower of her own wonderful beauty.

Sixteen years later Mr. Grant's death completely orphaned the young Nita, and when papa made that memorable trip to Newport, she was the pride and darling of her brother Ramsay, by whom she was watched over with almost lover-like assiduity.

There was less of the earth, earthy in my mood when I learned this from papa, and thenceforward I listened to the blossoms nodding forth their wise counsels, day after day, and then to the full, glad measure in which the last signs of the falling petals were repeated by the fruit glowing beneath a summer sun. And while God spoke in this sweet way to my head and heart, the months crept on, till the desired bridal-day came and passed.

Volumes of dust, unsightly heaps of mortar, bricks, and rubbish, heralded it. Incessant hammering, vexatious and ludicrous encounters with the various artizans employed, sorely tried our nerves if not our tempers. But out of the confusion bloomed a doubly beautiful home and a peerless bride.

I who had prayed so earnestly to be enabled to lay aside purely selfish desires, and preserve our sweet household peace at this cost, bowed happily enough before the guileless spirit and unrivalled charms of my child-mamma. To a nature such as hers, no other gift could be so precious as love. Once the idol of her father, then the exclusive care of her brother Ramsay, and soon the very life of papa's life, she necessarily knew of no atmosphere but this fragrant one in which she had been nurtured from her birth.

At our first interview she charmed my sight, and captivated my heart, affecting me by her grace and loveliness much as a fine painting or a strain of sweet music does. I instantly perceived that the artist had done her injustice. Her face was fairer than the pictured one, and characterized by none of its insipidity, though unmarked by intellectual power. A bewildering tenderness brooded in the depths of eyes, large and black, while exquisitely moulded features, rich coloring, and a frank, sweet expression, combined to render the face one of surpassing beauty. And always I was likening her to a bird, in her quick, dainty movements; the pretty, graceful turn of her head; and the lovely innocence of the eyes.

She possessed, too, that rare ornament, an abundance of hair. And evidently she disdained to bring its glossy blackness under control of the goddess unquestionably gone daft; and despite the authority so highly valued by the world at large, she gathered it in truly graceful fashion at the back of her head, fastening its splendid masses with a single golden arrow. A spray of flowers, or a knot of bright ribbon among the wavy bands drawn away from the forehead, completed the head-tire, unique as simple in these days of hideous and disgusting modes.

The twenty-sixth day of August was chill, humid, and murky enough to have been the special donation of our mother across the water; but in the evening's dusk a fairy child glided over our threshold, bringing in her tiny form sufficient light and gladness for papa's desires.

She made a pretty picture as she stole down the wide old stairs that same evening, after exchanging her travelling garb for a robe of more delicate texture. With a curious sense of delight I watched the little hand sliding along the dark walnut balustrade, and the jets of diamond light flashing from the ring encircling a slender finger, and indulging an odd fancy I have for drawing pleasant omens from trifles. I said to myself that the sparkle and rainbow hues were a passage of love, truth, and peace for our household.

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Though the hall was brilliantly lighted, she did not observe my approach from a distant part of it, her attention being attracted by papa and Ramsay Grant, as they stood conversing before the fire, which I, in consideration of the chilly atmosphere, had caused to be kindled in the library. Unwilling to deny myself the pleasure of unseen feasting my eyes for a moment upon her loveliness, I did not speak. The library door opening directly in front of the staircase, she passed into the room without turning her head, I closely following. Papa's back was toward her, but noiselessly as she moved, he instantly became aware of her presence, and with a fond smile advanced to meet her. The tea-bell almost immediately summoning us, this cosey bridal party of four gathered around the table. With a tact and blushing grace infinitely engaging, Mrs. Brittain presided for the first time at her husband's board, I quietly taking a lesson for my own future benefit. During the whole meal I was conscious of the scrutiny with which Ramsay Grant invariably favored me when opportunity offered. But the penetrating gaze of the fine gray eyes had, as usual, no disturbing influence upon me, for, notwithstanding the liberties it took with my plain features, it was both kindly and pleasant. This comfortable indifference did not, however, continue the entire evening. Later, beneath the same gaze, the blood surged in torrents to my cheeks and forehead, when in the full tide of speech I faltered, "Mrs."—and then paused, realizing all the absurdity of addressing such a young mite of a thing by the title of mamma, and yet fearful of giving pain by substituting a more ceremonious one. A second glance in the direction of the dark gray eyes made it evident that they had busied themselves to some purpose with my face, diving deep into the thoughts vexing my mind. The handsome mouth was curved by an amused smile, calling the same to mine as I courageously said, "Mamma!"

A most enchanting blush tinged the cheeks of the youthful step-dame.

"Pray, call me Nita!" she quickly responded.

I hardly liked that appellation under the circumstances. After a moment's deliberation, I suggested:—

"Why not Mamma Nita? It is a pretty and caressing name."

"That is sweet! Paul, Ramsay, do you not like it?" never moving her eyes from "Paul's" face.

"Much," smiled papa, "but I was just thinking I would like some music. Our incessant touring seems to have stilled your singing voice. Let me hear it again," rising and lifting her from the low seat on which she had stationed herself beside him. "This firelight has held you captive quite long enough, little lady." And they passed into the elegant rooms beyond, from which the blazing logs had charmed the young bride hours before, Ramsay Grant and I remaining where we were, instinctively conscious that our absence would be unregretted, if observed.

I had never heard my step-mamma sing, and with some curiosity I listened for the voice to follow the low prelude. In a very few minutes the sweetest strains that ever fell from mortal lips were palpitating upon the air. Utterly forgetful of the presence of my companion, I clasped my hands, and bent my head in an agony of delight, almost wondering the poor fleshly bonds did not snap beneath the spirit's rapturous throes; and, thinking how divine the gift dropped from the Divine Hand to bless earth's lowliest sons, and how wonderful must be the melody floating from the lips of those who eat "of the fruit of the Land of Canaan," the last note died away. Drawing a deep breath, I lifted my head, but uttered not a word, reluctant to break by speech the spell that still enthralled me.

"You are fond of music," at length rather asserted than questioned the owner of the gray eyes.

"Passionately!"

"You play?" was the next assertive question.

"A very little."

"You answer in fashionable parlance, of course."

"No; in sincerity and truth, as I always strive to do."

"I might have known that from your face," he musingly observed.

"Certainly you will know it from my mouth should we become better acquainted," I replied, a spice of mischief in my voice.

"I hope we may become friends," was the cordial response; adding immediately, "We should, indeed. You know I am your uncle now."

Quiet amusement lurked in the eyes bent watchfully upon my face.

"Yes, I know," I replied, demurely, though greatly disposed to laugh.

"I see you are mirthfully inclined. Let me entreat you not to doubt that I am a sage in wisdom and in years—twenty-eight to-day."

I laughed outright, saying, as I sportively bent my head:—

"Be assured I shall ever hold you in proper reverence."

There was a curious gravity in his responsive smile, which I was tempted to analyze upon the spot, when Mamma Nita's voice again claimed every thought.

Our party was reduced to a trio the next morning, Bob having, long before we were astir, driven Ramsay Grant over to B—— to meet the earliest New York train. Designedly the first in the breakfast-room, I deposited beside Mamma Nita's plate the daintiest of silver baskets, in which reposed the various keys

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committed to my charge when but a wee lassie. It was pleasant to see her pretty, graceful acceptance of her rights, and after breakfast was over, and papa duly installed in his library chair, I was emboldened by the remembrance to propose that she should be introduced to her pantry and places of like interest to a housekeeper. We had made a general survey of the kitchen department, bestowing kindly words and smiles on each servant, and at length stood inspecting the well-stored shelves of the pantry.

"Indeed, Adele, I do wish to become an excellent housekeeper," said Mamma Nita, in a grave, earnest way, quite as pretty as the prettiness with which she had charmed me before the coffee-urn. "Paul will be much happier if he knows that his establishment has a competent mistress."

A reply from me would have been superfluous. By some magnetic attraction best understood by newly-made husbands, papa had reached his Nita's side just as she finished speaking. A merry laugh greeted him, and then, stepping back, she said, with laughing eyes, and demure countenance, and such captivating grace, too:—

"Mr. Brittain! I am amazed! The idea of following your wife to the pantry! Directly you'll be going to the kitchen. A savant—a poet in pantry and kitchen! Paul!"

It was foolish, yet tears would rush to my eyes as I watched the proud, fond look papa bent upon the lovely, roguish face. Not that I grudged her the love. Oh, no! It only filled me with a strange undefined fear. Wherefore I knew not, for I have ever believed it was sweet, and right, and true, to love with all the deep earnestness of an earnest nature, it being, indeed, God's most precious gift. But there is an apostolic command which now presents itself, though unthought of at that time: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols!"

These quiet hours ushered in several gala-day weeks. Our house was constantly thronged with guests, Mamma Nita moving among them the very impersonation of winning loveliness, and hour by hour binding the heart of her adoring husband to herself with stronger chains.

One day after the ringing of the dressing-bell, I met papa hurrying through the upper hall with some lovely sprays of scarlet fuchsia. Holding them before me, he said:—

"These chanced to attract my eye, and the thought occurred that they would make a charming addition to Nita's toilet. Are they not perfect?"

"Perfect, indeed, papa, and they will grace a perfect head."

"Go and get some for yourself, child—or stay; I have an abundance for both," hastily snapping the branches as he spoke.

"The idea, papa! Why, I'd look like a fright! You must remember that there is a wide difference between Mamma Nita's face and mine."

"I always remember that my daughter's face is instinct with goodness and intellect, and I remember no more," returned papa, with a smile just as affectionate as ever he had had for me. Tears filled my eyes, so sweet it is to be approved by beloved lips.

That day at dinner I was not surprised to see papa's gaze wander so frequently toward the place where Mamma Nita sat, crowned with his fuchsia bells. And I suspected Ramsay Grant, who had allowed himself the rare luxury of a whole day's absence from his dark law office, found me but an indifferent conversationalist, for I so loved to watch the graceful motions of my step-mamma, and listen to the quaint, and sometimes piquant, sayings dropping from her lips, that I was prone to forget that more might be expected of me. Perhaps I was most self-indulgent in this respect when in the vicinity of Ramsay Grant, feeling that my enthusiastic admiration of his sister would be sufficient excuse for me in his eyes, aside from the promptings of the warm friendship with which I knew he regarded me. That my delinquencies at table had not passed unobserved was made evident that same afternoon. He had taken Lady, papa's pet riding horse, and gone over to B——— ostensibly for the mail, really for exercise. As he threw the rein to the servant on his return, I stepped from the drawing-room window and met him at the portico steps, so assured I felt of a letter from Vance, and so eager, too.

"I suppose you will now vouchsafe me some of the attention of which my sister deprived me at dinner; at least, till I provide you with a more interesting study," he smiled, opening his coat and displaying a minute corner of a letter.

I only laughed, holding out my hand for the coveted missive.

"Nay, it is folly for me to part with my charm," leisurely rebuttoning his coat.

"You are tyrannic! I want my letter very badly."

"Do you?"

"Do I! Look at my hand!"

"Yes, I see. It is a suggestive hand; small, fair, and"—

"I directed your attention to my hand," I interrupted, "because just now it symbolizes my waiting state."

"Oh, pardon me, I entreat!" hastily taking the letter from his pocket, and examining it with the most aggravating deliberation as he continued. "It is a foreign letter, and the characters have without doubt been traced by a female hand."

I darted a keen glance at his face. It was obvious that Vance's delicate penmanship had deceived Mr. Grant into the idea that the mis-

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sive came from a lady, and as obvious that he had no knowledge or suspicion of my engagement. At this moment we were joined by Mamma Nita and a few of her letter loving guests.

"Shame, shame, Ramsay! Give it to her!" laughed the dear little step-dame, instantly perceiving the state of affairs.

Bowing profoundly, he obeyed.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, as I made my escape with my hard-won treasure, "another of the semi-weeklies."

The merry-making days at length ended. We had been enjoying two weeks of delightful quiet when one soft October morning as we left the breakfast-room, papa said:—

"Have you ladies any commands for the city? I believe I will take advantage of this fine weather to attend to a business matter that will demand my presence there before the close of the week."

Intrusted with some trifling commissions of which we, woman-like, immediately thought, Bob was instructed to bring Lady around without delay. Ere long we stood on the portico receiving the happy parting embraces, and exchanging the pleasant last words. There was such tenderness in his leave-taking that morning! He drew me to his side and kissed me again and again, saying to Mamma Nita, half-laughingly, half-caressingly:—

"What shall we do, sweet wife, when we lose our precious daughter?" and without pausing for a reply, continued, an unmistakable tease in his voice: "You did not tell me what Vance said in yesterday's letter about leaving Rome, Adele. When shall I have the pleasure of again welcoming my son that is to be?"

Vexed with myself for allowing him the gratification of seeing me blush, I answered with a very creditable assumption of indifference in my voice:—

"He says it need occasion us no surprise to see him any day, though he may not come for a month yet."

"Did he say 'us?'" maliciously queried papa.

With another kiss, and an amused glance at my glowing face, he turned away just as the horse was led to the steps. As he was about to vault into the saddle, Mamma Nita suddenly exclaimed:—

"Do not mount, Paul! Let us walk with you through the avenue. Lady will follow like a dog. The morning is lovely enough to tempt the most unpromising of hypochondriacs, and to healthful folks, like Adele and Nita Brittain, it is irresistible."

"A happy suggestion!" cried papa. "Away for your hats at once, or I shall miss the train."

"And how do you intend to employ the hours of my absence?" questioned papa, as we approached the gate leading to the highway.

"I have not thought," I was saying, when Mamma Nita interrupted me.

"Adele, it is just the day for that sketching ramble and leaf-harvesting which we have so long promised ourselves. What do you think?"

"I will reply in the words of our dear departing here, 'A happy suggestion!'"

"Paul, you understand? We shall gather tinted leaves, and sketch some lovely spot, expecting a large meed of admiration from you this evening," she said, with a little satisfied nod, graceful enough to captivate an older man than he.

"Very well, only take good care of yourselves, remembering that you are sunshine to Paul Brittain."

As he settled himself in the saddle, he looked down with loving, mirthful eyes upon his winning elf of a wife, saying:—

"I would vastly like to be kissed again!"

At first a laugh rang its musical reply, and then:—

"Well, give me your two hands, and let me have the use of the stirrup while you steady it with your foot, and you shall have the kiss."

In a trice the light figure was poised there. Papa's arm was thrown around her, and the rosy lips were lifted to his.

"I cannot bear to leave you this morning, love," I heard him softly murmur.

A shade passed over the beautiful face as she rested her head for a brief instant against his shoulder; then, placing one little hand against his cheek, she pressed his lips down to hers, saying, in a low, subdued voice:—

"I suppose we are very foolish, Paul, but I feel quite saddened."

"It is a sweet foolishness, darling; is it not?"

"I think so," she blushed, springing lightly to the ground.

"Well, I must be off now. Adieu!" and smilingly lifting his hat, he cantered rapidly toward B———.

"The much-coveted leaves lay themselves unasked at our feet," I said, stooping for one that dropped with a soft rustle before me, as we turned from the gate.

"How beautiful! Paul will be sure to admire that, Adele."

"Beautiful, truly. Beautiful in death," I replied.

"Pray, do not talk about death, Adele. It gives me a shiver."

In some surprise I glanced at her. Tears just ready to fall glistened on the long lashes.

"We must all face it some day, dear," I responded, linking my arm within hers. "And I think we shrink from God's sweetest message when we draw back in affright. Death is, indeed, the very gate of life to the Christ-robed, and the eye of faith enables the waiting ones behind to see that the separation is but for 'a

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little while;' that God's time is the best time for the called and for the waiting."

"Hush, Adele; your words come to me like a prophecy of sorrow!"

The mood was one so foreign to her, and for a season clung so pertinaciously to her, that I felt almost troubled. But the healthful influences of our ramble seemed to have scared it quite away by the time we returned to a late dinner, and in some pretty feminine occupation the afternoon sped cheerily by.

Donning our red riding-hoods a few minutes before five o'clock, we went out to pace the portico, in momentary expectation of seeing papa ride up the avenue. We soon found that he had not arrived by the train appointed, yet we walked on, more for the purpose of smothering the shadowy fear lurking at our hearts than for any other reason. Six o'clock came and passed—still no papa. We carried and deeply anxious, we sought the parlor. Bringing the leaves so carefully laid away to tempt from him an expression of admiration, we made a sorrowful pretence of interested occupation by arranging them in bouquets, talking the while of anything rather than the apprehensions engaging our secret thoughts. Mamma Nita soon found this insupportable. Suddenly tossing the leaves aside, she exclaimed:—

"Adele, what do you think of my ringing the bell, and ordering Bob over to B——— to learn whether Paul has been at the stable?"

"I think well of it, but we may prepare ourselves for a merciless teasing when papa does return," I replied, endeavoring thus to reassure myself.

Bob soon returned from the livery stable with the intelligence that Lady had not been called for. So we composed ourselves to another season of waiting, no longer attempting to banish or veil the gloom by which we were oppressed. Twining our arms about each other, we sat in silent, fearful expectation. At last a shrill whistle announced the arrival of the eight o'clock train; then another half-hour dragged slowly by. Just when hope was departing, we heard the distant roll of wheels.

"We are to have visitors," I said, rising, and peering eagerly through the window.

It was in vain. The beautiful day had set in threatening clouds. I could distinguish nothing without.

"I trust it may only be visitors," murmured Mamma Nita, in a hushed, nerveless way.

I trusted the same, but made no reply as I came back and stood waiting—for what? For anything—for the worst! Like a sweet anthem floated through my mind the holy words: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be!"

The wheels ceased, and after a slight bustle in the hall, I heard Ramsay Grant speaking in low, hurried tones to the servant. As he entered the room, I sprung forward to meet him. He caught my hand in a firm clasp that was almost sustaining, as I gasped:—

"Papa! Where is he?"

His ashy pale face told of woe, before his lips unclosed.

"He has been seriously injured by a fall, Adele."

Poor Mamma Nita had started from her seat and stood gazing silently at him with distended eyes, and white, quivering lips. Approaching her, I placed her on the sofa again, saying:—

"Papa has been hurt. I will go to him, and you stay quietly here till I return. The sight of you will soon restore him, we all know."

"No, no!" interrupted Ramsay Grant; "both of you remain here. Men are needed just now. Trust me, Adele!" he added, as, willfully shaking my head, I advanced toward the door. I paused, looked at him. It was enough!

"You will soon come for us?" I faltered, sinking on the sofa beside Mamma Nita.

"I will," and kissing his sister's colorless cheek, he hurried from the room.

I had read in his face that papa was past suffering. The awe-hushed tones, the dull tramp of slow feet on the stairs, the sound of opening and closing doors, all, all repeated the truth written there.

Soon he returned to us, and soon it was told. A short tale, and sad. Poor papa! A minute too late at the depot, he sprung for the nearest platform of the moving cars, missed his footing, and the whole train passed over him, instantly extinguishing life!

It was a beautiful morning, sunny and calm, that first shone upon our desolated home. We were in the library. It seemed pleasant and right to be where he had spent so many hours. Mamma Nita reclined on the lounge, a pale image of her usual self, while in the great armchair, drawn close to her side, I sat, listening to Ramsay Grant's suggestions in regard to the sad duty before us.

Suddenly my heart stood still. I was listening, but not to Ramsay Grant's mellow voice. A harsher sound had arrested my attention. From the hall came the echo of a quick, firm tread, familiar to my ear as a robin's song, and far, far dearer. I gasped for breath as a hand turned the door-knob. My sight was dim, but in another instant a voice I could never mistake cried:—

"My poor Adele!"

Rising from my chair, I staggered forward.

"O Vance, Vance!" I sobbed, as I was caught to the breast I had so longed to shelter my head against. For a few moments I forgot the eyes of others. With a burning flush I glanced up, but we were quite alone.

His presence at this time was a boon precious as unexpected, and if I felt happier than an hour before I could have conceived it possible to be, my grief was none the less poignant and

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deep. I recognized in his coming one of the sunny beams with which the Father ever strives to brighten the darkest hour, and thankfully it was received at His hand.

All too swiftly sunrise and sunset followed each other, and soon a freshly-moulded grave was numbered with the many at Greenwood.

My poor child-mamma seemed half-stunned by the suddenness of the shock, and, ghost-like, wandered from room to room, only to steal back to us, and drearily resume the delicate bit of embroidery to which no new stitches were added, or re-open the book in which no fresh leaves were turned. To her Ramsay Grant, Vance, and I untiringly devoted ourselves.

Both gentlemen being residents of New York, they could be much with us, as was natural they should, and, indeed, necessary on Ramsay Grant's part, papa having appointed him and Vance executors of the will made on the eve of that ill-starred bridal. But my artist-Vance, gladly availing himself of the well-known abilities of this accomplished lawyer, took no part in the settlement of the estate. I, once papa's inseparable companion, and more in his business confidence than is usual with daughters, became to Ramsay Grant what he, with a smile, that perplexed me a little by its gravity, termed his "right hand." Indeed, I was often perplexed in those days, and long held in grieved remembrance a short interview that took place between us on a certain morning while papa's lifeless form still blessed our home. Some trifling errand had called me to the library so early that I was surprised to find Ramsay Grant seated before the table, busily engaged in writing. Impressed by his worn, haggard appearance, I paused beside him.

"You are looking very ill, Mr. Grant," I said, unbidden tears rushing to my eyes as my mind reverted to the sad cause, and dwelt gratefully upon his unremitting kindness. Some nameless emotion crossed his face as I continued: "I grieve to see how these sorrowful days are telling upon you."

The forced smile and constrained tones grieved me still more as he replied:—

"You are very kind. I believe I am not feeling quite so bright as usual, a sleepless night having stolen some of my elasticity. But, pardon me! you are standing all this time," starting from his seat, and turning the chair toward me before I could object.

"Thank you! I can remain but a moment," adding, as my eye rested on the papers scattered over the table: "I would gladly relieve you of some of these burdens. Can I help you in any way?"

I looked up as I asked the question. He was regarding me gravely, intently, and as our eyes met, the same emotion swept over his face. Abruptly he replied:—

"You can do nothing for me," and as abruptly left the room.

I was exceedingly pained, but a few minutes later, watching him pacing the garden walks with bent head and folded arms, I decided that some secret care oppressed his mind, and endeavored to rid myself of the wounded feeling. When at the breakfast-table we again met, his manner had regained all the gentle kindliness hitherto marking it. Yet there was a faint shadow of reserve, more easily felt than described, and that shadow, gradually increasing, cost us all the old cordial intercourse.

By papa's will our beautiful home became the property of Mamma Nita, and, in spite of the urgent invitations of Cousin Phil and Milly that my residence should thenceforth be with them, I very willingly acceded to Mamma Nita's proposition that we should remain together till my bridal day.

Ramsay Grant soon secured an elderly companion for us in the person of Mrs. Thrace, the widow of a remote connection of theirs. The grossest nature must have acknowledged the charms of this fair old lady. The whitened locks, which, in thick masses of tiny natural curls, lay close to her forehead, beneath the delicate lace border of the unpretending cap, made a lovely crown above a lovely brow. And never did I weary of gazing upon the face of clay so wonderfully illumined by the light of the heaven-born spirit within.

Quietly, even happily, passed the winter, and by the time the blossomed promise of the spring had been redeemed in rich clusters of fruit, Mamma Nita had recovered much of her old cheerfulness. A lingering shade of sadness always marked her face, but what really troubled me was the spirit of restlessness so frequently manifesting itself. Again and again, when Vance's presence secured me agreeable companionship, she would slip quietly off, remaining away for hours together, only putting her beautiful head in at Mrs. Thrace's door, to say, in her own winsome way:—

"You shall have some lovely flowers, dear Mrs. Thrace. The wild wood is tempting me again."

Then she would return late in the day, laden with flowers, but so weary that it made me heart-sick. More than once after such an excursion, I saw Vance gazing sorrowfully upon her, and knew that he felt grieved as I, notwithstanding his vague, almost indifferent comments when the subject was broached.

In the midst of this sunshine and shadow, the summer fled on, and another October had cast its tinted splendors about our home and over the dear grave at Greenwood.

Mamma Nita's decision to close the house on the day following my marriage parted us for a season from Mrs. Thrace, whose private interests demanded an absence of a few weeks. Though we sadly missed the placid face and

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cultivated mind of our dear old friend, the hours dropped swiftly aside, till but eight weeks of maiden freedom remained to me.

PART II.

It was the first of December. The day had been wild with hurrying clouds and eddying gusts of wind that wailed and shrieked around the house like some unearthly thing, and the night was wilder still with snow and hail. Vance had promised to come up in the four o'clock train that evening; but there had been no joyous expectation on my part, the stormy atmosphere forbidding every hope of the kind. Great, therefore, was the surprise and delight of Mamma Nita and myself when both Ramsay Grant and Vance stepped in at a later hour. Something connected with the final settlement of papa's estate had brought the former, and very soon after tea he retired to the library, with the unwelcome intimation that he should, after awhile, be obliged to claim a portion of my time. I felt especially annoyed, for I saw that Vance was harassed and worn, and I grudged the moments I must deny him.

We three sat talking for some time, and then I begged Mamma Nita to lay aside her work and sing for us. Vance eagerly seconded my request, and in a few minutes the storm's wierd howl was lost in the wonderful melody floating through that quiet room. What she sang I do not know. I only know the burning passion, the deep pathos, the last wail of unutterable woe were as distinct to my perceptions as if conveyed in my own language, instead of in the soft Italian which alone was melody from her lips. My pulses throbbed, my frame thrilled beneath the power of that magic voice, till the overwrought feeling spent itself in the low, shivering sob that escaped me. Softly, note by note, died the sweet sounds, and once more the wind howled its fierce song and moaned its sorrowful dirge with uncontested power. The matter-of-fact voice of our buxom maid, Letty Payne, summoning me at that moment to the library, was actually welcomed as a relief. As I left the room, Mamma Nita glided into a lovely aria of which she was particularly fond, and which, in its rippling melody, always reminded me of raindrops dripping exquisite music.

I closed the library-door with much more of an every-day feeling, and quite ready for the inconsiderable task before me, knowing that Vance would be happily entertained for a while. A short time sufficed to complete our work. I pushed my chair back from the table with a half-smothered sigh, for there was ever a saddening influence in this contact with papa's past life.

"I have wearied you," said Ramsay Grant, "but it is the last time you will be taxed in this way. Your intelligent acquaintance with Mr. Brittain's business has rendered your aid indispensable, or I would not, I assure you, have vexed you with these things."

"Oh, no! I am not wearied in the slightest," I returned. "It is the hungering and thirsting for papa's presence that oppresses me." I brushed aside a tear as I spoke, and stepped hastily to the door.

The hall was dimly lighted, and I loitered for a few minutes in the low window seat to allow the traces of emotion to pass from my face. Vainly I strove to distinguish something of the night without. All was impenetrable darkness, the wind's increasing blast alone bringing me its doleful tidings. As I listened, a nameless dread took possession of me, and I rose with a shiver and hurried into Mamma Nita's boudoir, which papa, in his worshipping love, had fitted up with exquisite taste, and so contrived as to communicate with parlor and library. After his death she had shunned the room, and it had become, at her express wish, a part of the parlor, and was the frequent mode of access to the library. I therefore entered without hesitation, and passed on to the parlor. I had nearly reached it when I was arrested by a sight that glued my feet to the floor.

Could that be Vance? My Vance? Could it be Mamma Nita upon whom he was lavishing those passionate words of endearment, and whose hand he was pressing in such a mad fervor of tenderness to his lips?

Her face was turned from him, and covered with one hand, her elbow resting on the arm of the quaint old chair she graced so well. I saw that she was weeping. I knew that she loved him, and across my mind flashed the recollection of countless trifles which might have made me suspect the bitter truth long, long before.

I turned away with a heavier weight at my heart than that left there by poor papa's death. I was within a few paces of the hall door when the blackness of night gathered before my sight. I reeled, would have fallen but for a strong arm that caught me. Noiselessly and swiftly I was borne from the room to the library lounge. I was not unconscious; only deathly faint, and like one paralyzed. The same ready hands chafed mine into something like warmth, and bathed my forehead till the life blood once more coursed freely through the veins. Soon I opened my eyes upon a weary world. How gladly would I then have opened them upon the beautiful Unseen, so near, and yet so far away! But not thus is the immortal crown won. Long I lay there thinking—thinking how to bring three wretched hearts out of the abyss of misery just revealed to me; praying for strength from the Infinite to support, and wisdom to guide me. Lost in the anguish of these thoughts, I had forgotten

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the presence of Ramsay Grant. I glanced across the room, no one was there. A miserable fear smote my heart, and with nervous haste I started from my recumbent position, exclaiming:—

"Mr. Grant!"

There must have been a sharp terror in my voice, for it was with an alarmed countenance that he stepped from behind the draping curtains of the bay-window at the extremity of the room.

"Adele! Miss Brittain! I am here!"

"I thought you had left me."

"Oh, no! Not until assured that my services are no longer required would I think of such a thing as leaving you. Can I do aught for you?"

I was uncertain whether he had witnessed that scene, and if so, of his intended course. My lips parted in an unavailing effort to give utterance to the question. A low voice broke the silence.

"Miss Brittain, you may trust me. But talk no more to-night. Wait till morning. I will tell them you are faint, and have retired."

"Then you do know?"

"I do!" His voice was hard and stern.

"You will leave all this to me, Mr. Grant?" I entreatingly asked.

"To you, poor child! Do you forget that Nita is my sister? Alas, that it should be my own sister who had stabbed to the heart the lamb I would so gladly have sheltered from every sorrow!" And, flinging himself on a chair, he buried his face in his arms on the table before him.

The sight of this unexpected emotion gave me new strength. I realized something of his shame and grief. Approaching him, I laid my hand on his arm, saying, gently, as I did so:—

"You must waive your right as a brother in favor of my holier one, Mr. Grant." Neither word nor movement replied to me. I know the heart's anguish pierced my tones as I continued: "Indeed you must do as I say. I pray you lay no other weight upon me!"

I grieved at sight of the troubled face lifted to mine. He rose from his chair, and, placing my hand within his arm, led me back to the lounge. Seating himself beside me, he said:—

"I have been selfishly forgetful, Miss Brittain. Pardon me! and lay any commands on me that will insure you peace or happiness, and I will abide by them."

"For the first time I was moved to tears. After a little, I replied:—

"Allow me to say all that must be said. To-morrow you leave us. Go without one word of reproach to either. Think how they must have suffered. Alas! how blind I have been!"

"It shall be just as you request, if you will promise to inform me should you at any time feel my services to be desirable. When a father's or a brother's aid is needed, will you rely on me?"

"There is no one on whom I could so willingly call, Mr. Grant."

"Thank you! And now you will retire, and leave all this miserable work for a new day, Miss Brittain!"

"I cannot, Mr. Grant! Indeed, I cannot!"

He looked anxiously at me for a moment, and then said:—

"Perhaps you are right."

I rose, saying, as I gave him my hand:—

"I shall not see you again. Farewell!"

He clasped it tightly for an instant, with a murmured, "Heaven bless you!"

Again I passed from the library into the parlor beyond, Ramsay Grant's last words following me with wonderful power, and strengthening me with heavenly strength, as I went forward to sever the tie that was fretting those two weary hearts, and rending mine with anguish. I felt no anger. My life, it is true, seemed miserably barren, stripped of all that had made its earthly rejoicing, but I realized that Vance had never loved me, and I grieved more over the terrible mistake he had made, and the suffering they had endured, than over my own loss. In truth, I had met with no loss. I had been possessed of love's semblance only. It had been a happy seeming—nothing more!

Vance stood by the grate with one arm resting on the low mantle, and hands loosely clasped on its edge, gazing abstractedly at the glowing coals, whose ruddy hue failed to impart the slightest tinge of color to his pallid face, while Mamma Nita sat drooping over her soft, bright zephyrs, the trembling little hands diligently occupied, and the eyes scrupulously avoiding Vance's vicinity. I knew then, and was happy to know, that a sudden passionate impulse had surprised those words from Vance. There had been no long course of culpable duplicity, but each had battled with the feeling in hope of final victory. I seemed to be lifted more completely out of the narrow circle of self at that moment. As I entered the parlor, the eyes of both rested upon me. Simultaneously they exclaimed:—

"Adele!"

"You are ill, Adele!" cried Vance, hastening to wheel forward an easy chair.

I rested my hand on the chair back, for my limbs were trembling, and urging me to prompt action.

"Vance! Nita!" Something in my face or tone arrested Vance as he was about to place me in the chair, and he drew back a few paces. "Vance! Nita! I know it all! All the sad truth you have wished to conceal from me, and I am here to utter just such words as I should were I dying. You are free, Vance—free as if I were, indeed, dead. Love each other always, and know that you have my prayers for your

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happiness. May our Father bless you both!" And before they had recovered from the shock of my words, I had once more glided into the dim old hall.

I stumbled over the mat at the foot of the staircase, and a sigh or a groan must have escaped my lips, for the library door opened and Ramsay Grant hastened to my side. Without a word, he drew my hand within his arm, and aided me up to my room. At the door, he said:—

"Shall I send Letty to you, my child?"

How those two words, "my child," soothed me! I felt a little less desolate then.

I shook my head, and silently held out my hand, which was as silently pressed and dropped.

A cheerful fire lit the room brilliantly, and I threw myself on the low couch drawn before it, with a sense of complete exhaustion. The reaction had come—I could think no more. Future movements must be left for the decision of a future hour.

In this half-torpid state I lay till in the gray dawn the sound of wheels crushing through the icy crust of the snow told that Ramsay Grant had started for the city. Very soon after, I learned in the same way that I should be spared the misery of an interview with Vance. He had taken an earlier train than usual, and thus saved us both a very needless trial. Wearily I crept into bed, hoping for the invigorating rest of sleep for body and mind.

It was high day when I was wakened from a refreshing slumber by Letty's quiet movements about my room. Almost the first thing attracting my attention was a letter on the dressing-table.

Now, it was an undisputed fact that Letty Payne's overflowing sympathies shed balm on the heads of all the loving pairs of whom she had ever heard, they being objects of supreme and undying interest, till the nuptial tie denuded them of their glory, and sunk them to the level of ordinary eating and drinking mortals. And more than once this maid of ours had subjected herself to invidious remark by the emphatic declaration, "If I *have* a weakness, it is for lovers!" Poor Letty's meaning, though somewhat enigmatically conveyed, did credit to her woman's heart, and I fully appreciated the placid benignity of her countenance as she took the letter from the table, when unmistakably assured of my waking state. Holding it aloft, as if desirous thus to render the information doubly impressive, she said, with sententious force, "Mr. Hadyn!" and then tenderly replacing it, proceeded to busy herself again about her duties, evidently fearful of marring the felicity of the occasion by many words, little suspecting how long the seal would remain unbroken.

Standing at the window some time later, I thought how pure and peaceful the earth looked in its spotless robe after the spent storm of the previous night, and I wondered, in a half-dreamy way, whether our hearts would receive the white covering of God's holy truth in the midst of the tempest of passion and anguish sweeping over them. As the door closed upon Letty's retiring figure, I knelt before the window seat, and the aimless thought and conjecture were moulded into a prayer that reached the dear Saviour's ever-ready ear, and brought back an answer of peace, flooding all my spirit with its heavenly sweetness. So, when in the course of the morning Nita sought me, with pale face and streaming eyes, I was well prepared to receive her. A holy pity moved my heart for the poor little thing weighed down by the grief shadowing her bliss. As she sank on the cushion at my feet, clasping her hands over my knee, with that pleading, pitiful look, I leaned down and pressed my lips to the brow which God had made so very, very beautiful.

"Poor Nita!" I murmured, in low, clear tones. "Be happy, poor little one, be happy! The dear Saviour, before whom we shall both some day stand with unveiled eyes, knows how truly I pray His blessing upon you."

The graceful head, with its wealth of raven locks, lay pillowed on my knee. A deep sob was all the reply.

Gazing down upon her thus, I recollected how often papa's knee had been the resting-place of this same head, and how he loved to draw away the confining golden arrow, and float the shining tresses to their full wavy length, till the tiny figure was almost shrouded in its woman's glory. And then I pictured what he would have felt could the future have been foreseen by him. Quickly this strange, miserable thought was put aside, and I again spoke to the winsome thing reminding me of some pretty tropical bird with broken wing, as the poor human heart fluttered and throbbed against my knee.

"I know you meant me no evil; I know you strove to do right, dear. Nor do I wonder that Vance loved you," I continued, a slight tremor in my voice at mention of the long-familiar name, "for you are so very lovely, and must please an artist-eye like his, while I am plainer than most women. And when I think"—

The tearful face was lifted to mine, and the quivering voice interrupted:—

"You are not plain, Adele. No one could be plain with those soul-eyes and that noble, intellectual face. But better than all, you make us feel that heaven is a little nearer when you are with us. And so Ramsay said when"—

I laid my hand gently on the trembling lips, and continued, as her head sunk to its old position: "And when I think how fearful the lie he must have acted had we spoken the irrevocable marriage vow, I thank Him, who notes

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even the sparrow's fall, that I am protected from so great a misery, and Vance from so black a sin! Then grieve no more, Nita, but draw nearer the Saviour's feet, and let Him purify your heart through this gift of earthly love. Believe me, His voice thus pleads in every joy and every sorrow."

The beautiful face was again lifted, and eyes full of trouble sought mine.

"I can readily conceive that you are feeling and acting somewhat as the holy angels do, Adele, but, while reverencing you, I still grieve. I have darkened your life, and cannot forget it."

"The iron ore of disappointment and pain is transmuted into pure gold, Nita, when we permit the Great Alchemist to watch over the crucible. The Father's love and mercy are in the bitterest things, and the wonderful sweetnesses he drops into our hearts more than compensate for the fleeting earth joy. Truly, 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.' Besides this, I know that you are guiltless of any design to injure me, that love stole into your heart before you were aware."

"Indeed, indeed, it did, Adele!" she cried, eagerly, a vivid blush dyeing forehead and throat.

Watching the pretty color fade away, I said, musingly:—

"Life is full of such sorrowful mistakes, but it is only an unregenerate love of self that beguiles a woman, thus tried, into an angry, embittered spirit. The dear, pampered '*I*' can never bear wounding, or being deprived of any of its baubles. Ah! well may I thank One that I know the preciousness of recognizing His loving providence or permission in the most trivial events of my life. Accepted from His hand, each joy is intensified, and each sorrow has its celestial halo."

With a caressing gesture, Nita murmured:—

"Your saintly pardon is teaching me sweet lessons, Adele. I, even I, would taste of the 'river of water of Life,' of which you have drank so freely."

"'Let him that is athirst come!'"

For reply a tear rolled down her cheek and dropped upon my hand. My regards were drawn from the beautiful face I had been contemplating, and fixed upon the wordless response. It was a little thing to the eye, shimmering there in the fair morning light; but was it not the signet set upon my dead past? And more than that, was it not moulded out of a human heart's fierce throes? And more, far more than all, might not the Father above behold in it something beyond the reach of my finite vision—a prophecy of the tiny germ of the new life which all His saints once received?

Nita's voice aroused me to a recollection of her presence:—

"Yes, Adele, you have, all unconsciously, ministered to my soul's need, and poured balm into my heart. You cannot conceive how much I dreaded your anger, and the estrangement which I knew must be the result. But we will always love each other, Adele?"

"Always, dear," again touching my lips to the fair brow.

"And soon, very soon, our lives will come to flow on in the old sunny way, and hour by hour we will erase this miserable spot from our memories."

The eagerness with which she spoke could not conceal her endeavor to smother her secret convictions of the impossibility of such a thing. I was prompt to utter the truth:—

"We will love each other, Nita, but you must see that I cannot remain here. My home will henceforth be with Cousin Milly Rivers."

Tears were now raining from the eyes which poor papa had once loved so well. Falteringly dropped the words:—

"I have been rejoicing in the thought that we would continue together here."

My face must have expressed some of the astonishment this wild scheme awakened. I forced the needful inquiry:—

"And what of Vance?"

With a quick, reproachful glance, she exclaimed:—

"Adele, could you think we would do other than part forever? Mr. Hadyn will return to Rome, and you and I will live here in the old place, and in the old loving way."

The low, strained tones and whitened lips betrayed the heart's sacrifice. A fervent admiration filled my heart as I looked down upon the pretty, petted creature, whom I would have deemed utterly incapable of exhibiting so magnanimous a spirit.

"Nita, you are not justified in needlessly darkening your lives, and since consideration for me dictated the course you indicate, I shall take the liberty of interfering."

"You are an angel, Adele!" exclaimed Nita, pressing my hands passionately to her lips.

"Hush, hush, Nita! Only be happy, poor child. What folly your little head has been concocting! And now as a first assumption of the authority I claim as my right, I shall insist on taking you to your chamber, and bathing these swollen lids with rose-water. Then I shall bid you sleep and wake your own bright self to the life of love and joy which is opening before you."

With a smile, which I hoped was more than shadowy, I said this. As I twined my arm about her waist to lift her from the cushion, she exclaimed:—

"Stay, Adele! You have not told me when—when you leave me," and tears again filled her eyes to overflowing.

"You know I intend to go to New York next week to make Cousin Milly a long-promised visit?"

"Yes," she sighed, doubtless recalling, as I

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did, that my marriage was to have immediately followed that visit. Directly she added: "Then you will not forsake me at once, as I feared?"

"I will not go a day earlier than the one appointed, dear. For a season we shall escape the world's curious eye and critical tongue, but for a season only. Now, come!"

Very shortly I returned to my room to occupy myself with the duty so lately discovered to me. Perceiving clearly that my hand, my voice must build the happiness of Vance and Nita, I drew his still unopened letter from my desk as a first step toward the accomplishment of my purpose.

To all this I know that the cold and worldly will scornfully enough cry, "Unnatural!" and quite justly, too, for such impulses are not natural, but heavenly. They are the very atmosphere of heaven, and heaven's own precious gift to us. Ah, well! the scanning will never mar the truth. I know that more lilies and violets bless the earth for the love filling our hearts, and distilling from our lips and deeds beautiful forms and emblems of the spirit's holy emotions, and how much nearer heaven is felt to be, I pray these worldings may soon learn.

I quailed at sight of the familiar penmanship, but in tracing the bitter regret and self-condemnation of the few penciled lines, I gathered new strength for the task before me, and very soon I had written from an earnest, peaceful heart a reply which I knew Vance would never disregard. Nor did I rest till Bob had been dispatched to post the missive full-freighted with joy for the two so dear to me.

It was with a sense of relief that I found, upon descending to the dining-room, that Mrs. Thrace had returned; for I had been dreading the hours which must be spent *tête-à-tête* with Nita, and most especially had I dreaded this first meal after the painful events of the last twenty-four hours. Very nicely, however, did it pass over; the weather, Mrs. Thrace's visit and journey affording us an abundant supply of conversational material.

A few brief days, and the parting hour came. As I exchanged the last words with Nita, I slipped into her hand Vance's answer to my letter, knowing that she would there find sunshine enough to illumine the overshadowing clouds.

PART III.

Cousin Milly Rivers was a dear little matron; chubby, cheery, and withal full of sensibility and warm impulses. And daily her blithe, loving voice fell upon my ear with real medicinal virtue for my sick heart, while healing seemed to flow from the dainty childish fingers and pattering feet of our worshiped Penates, Ned and Ruby Rivers.

No Vance came. Milly was quietly observant for awhile; but she was by no means a patient waiter, and soon settled the difficulty by unceremoniously bursting in upon me one night, as I stood in half-weary mood before my bedroom fire. Grasping my shoulders with her fair, plump hands, she assailed me with the much-dreaded question:—

"What is the matter, Adele? Why does not Vance Hadyn come?"

I knew that my secret must some time be committed to the keeping of others; so firmly crushing back a very cowardly desire to run away from the frank blue eyes searching my face, I replied:—

"Knowing how much I love and trust you, Milly, you must be content with a brief reply. For good and sufficient reasons, my engagement is broken."

Milly's plump hands dropped from my shoulders, and her eyes glistened with unwonted tears, as she cried:—

"I did not dream of such a thing as that, Adele. Be assured I will never harass you with questions. But, Adele, since this is the case, you will not refuse to make Phil and me happy by remaining with us? Surely Nita can provide for herself in some other way."

"Nita is not an obstacle, Milly. A letter received from her this morning informs me that the Marvins sail for Europe in a fortnight, and that she has decided to accompany them, according to engagement, notwithstanding they go so much sooner than she anticipated."

Milly favored me with a quick, suspicious glance, only saying, however:—

"Then our home is your home?"

"I am at your service for the remainder of my days, dear Milly."

Kissing my cheek, she sighed: "It is sorrowful that our joy should come through your grief." Then, after a moment's thought, she questioned: "I may tell Phil, Adele?"

"Certainly, but no one else. And from this hour let the subject be buried by each of us."

So when it was announced, early in March, that Vance Hadyn had followed the beautiful Mrs. Brittain to Europe, and made her his wife, it elicited no comment from us, and the world was allowed to gloat for the nine days over its wonder.

"So you are determined to ignore the presence of an old friend? I have stood here at least five minutes waiting for a token. Or am I quite consigned to oblivion?"

I sat in a remote corner of the brilliantly-lighted rooms, beside a little table strewed with engravings. In my hand was a remarkably fine photograph of the Vatican. As I gazed upon it, memory quietly turned backward some pages in my life, and I had altogether forgotten my surroundings in glancing over the once-charmed leaves now powerless to quicken a pulse. I had felt especially dis-

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inclined to spend this pleasant April evening abroad; but, finally yielding to Milly's solicitations, had, in the earnest, conscientious endeavor to contribute to the happiness of those about me, secured a large portion for myself, and in most contented spirit sought the comparative retirement of the aforementioned corner.

I was somewhat startled by the familiar voice so unexpectedly breaking in upon my meditations, and, without lifting my eyes, waited for the concluding words of the speaker. The next minute I had encountered the kindly smile of Ramsay Grant.

"Can it be possible?" I exclaimed, extending my hand.

"And wherefore not?" he returned, taking it in the old, firm clasp I remembered so well.

I made no reply, not feeling disposed to say just what I was thinking, and he continued:—

"I have given you reason to consider yourself forgotten—is that in your mind?"

I smiled assent.

"You should have suspected and appreciated one of my motives for the course which I perceive you have condemned."

I looked at him inquiringly. He spoke eagerly, passionately:—

"Believe, always believe that I have acted in direct opposition to my inclinations, Miss Brittain. How could I delicately seek your presence? How could I hope to be anything but a painful and disagreeable reminder of the past? But seeing you here to-night, I gladly avail myself of the privilege I would long ago have sought had I dared to do so."

I knew my cheeks were crimson-dyed. Ramsay Grant's look and tone, far more than his words, had been a revelation. "Twice blind!" I thought to myself, as I replied:—

"You should never have imagined such a thing, Mr. Grant. It is not so, never has been so."

"Then I entreat that there may be a renewal of our old friendly relations, Miss Brittain," adding the next instant, in a low, impassioned tone: "And if I should, some day, grow strangely presumptuous, and ask more, Adele, pardon me!"

A few months later he did ask more, and I—pardoned him.

IN MEMORIAM.

(*Miss Mary Madeline Bower, Daughter of R. F. Bower, Esq. Died at Keokuk, Iowa.*)

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

She perished in beauty
As withers the rose,
When its delicate petals
Begin to unclose.
She passed from among us
And left us to pine
For the treasure we could not
With calmness resign.

The light of our home
Has grown dim since the hour
It lost the dear presence
Of Madeline Bower.

Her voice was like music
That trembles along
When the last strain is sung
Of a beautiful song;
So witchingly mellow
You'd stand by her side,
And drink in its echo
Long after it died.
Now vainly we list
At the still twilight hour
For the notes of our Song Bird—
Lost Madeline Bower.

Her tresses of light seemed
O'er marble to flow,
For her brow could have rivalled
The purest of snow.
Ah! none but bereaved ones
Who've wept o'er the clay,
Can know of our pangs
When 'twas hidden away.
One tress from its sisters
We severed that hour;
'Twas all we might claim
Of sweet Madeline Bower.

Oh, would they could waft us
Our treasures above—
Some tender remembrance,
Some token of love!
A mystical sign
That they do not forget!
A blessed assurance
They yearn for us yet!

Or is it designed
That we hear not, nor see
One trace of our loved ones
Till death let us free?
Do we pass through this vale,
With its shadows and bright,
That the Glory of Heaven
May burst on our sight?
If so, how ecstatic,
How rapturous the hour
Our freed souls are welcomed
By Madeline Bower!

GIVE not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—*Quarles.*

THERE is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; accident of the same sort may also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall be withdrawn.

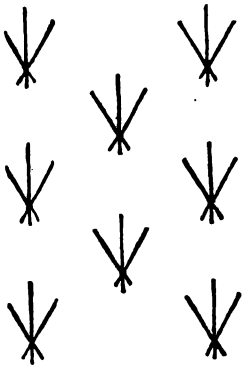
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HOUSEHOLD DECORATIVE ART.

EMBROIDERY.

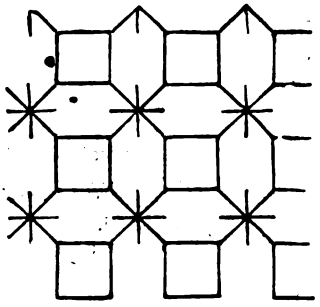
THE art of embroidery was originally derived, like many other arts and sciences, from the Spanish Moors, by whom it was introduced into Europe early in the Middle Ages. As applied to tapestry hangings, it was at first used among Christian nations for the decoration of churches, and for employment on State occasions only, till Eleanor of Castile set the example of using it for domestic purposes, which

Fig. 1.



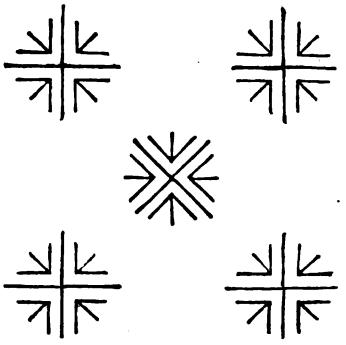
was soon generally followed by the wealthier classes. Throughout the Middle Ages needlework embroidery, chiefly for hangings, but also for some other uses, formed the great occupation of ladies when not engaged in domestic or other duties; and the beauty of their work, together with the invention and design

Fig. 2.



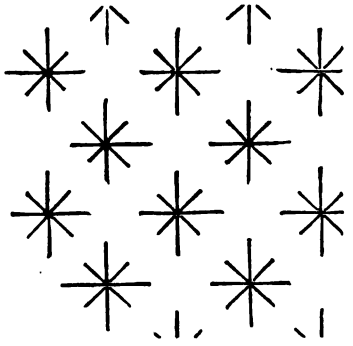
which they displayed in it, are such as might well raise the admiration and envy of the ladies of the present day. These old works have not merely the conventional prettiness which is generally the only, though not the invariable characteristic of modern needlework, but have often real artistic beauty, and display not merely fancy, but even imagination, in the designs. In this respect certainly they have little in common with modern "fancy work," which is apparently so called in a sarcastic sense, from the utter absence of any fancy displayed in it. The modern lady, instead of exercising her inventive powers, simply copies a pattern set before her, stitch by stitch, without the slightest idea of deviating from it if its forms are bad, or of developing any new forms of beauty for herself. Frequently even this mere copying and counting of stitches demands too much mental exertion, and she must either purchase her "fancy work" ready begun, and the pattern laid out for her, or perhaps even with the ornamental group of flowers or other device already finished, and with nothing left to be

Fig. 3.



done beyond filling in the background. This degeneracy in skill and taste from even the standard of those qualities in their own grandmothers, is in great measure to be attributed to the substitution of so limited a style of work as German wool embroidery for the more beautiful and legitimate styles that preceded it. In Berlin wool-work, as it has been usually practised for the last forty years, anything like real

Fig. 4.

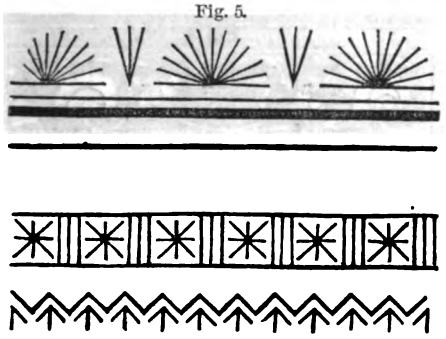


beauty or flow of fancy is an impossibility. That this absence of invention and good taste in their lighter occupations, should continue among ladies is neither necessary nor desirable. An abundant fancy is a characteristic of the female brain, and ladies would be far happier and better in many ways if they would allow its free development. Few things could be better calculated to effect this than a return to the graceful and beautiful occupation of their

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female ancestors. There is at the present time much desire for this shown among the upper classes, and legitimate embroidery is again rapidly becoming a fashionable employment. We propose in the course of this article to give some description of the various methods of working, and of the stitches used in them, as well as of the materials required. We shall also give a series of original designs, but we trust that our readers will not, after perusing the above remarks, content themselves

Fig. 5.

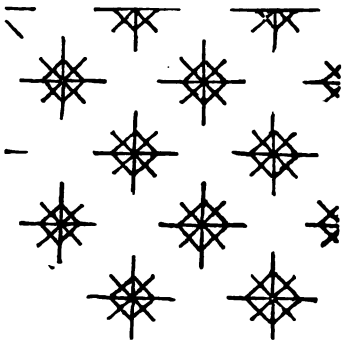


with merely copying these, but will use them only as stepping-stones to embroidery work, in which the patterns will be of their own devising.

The methods of embroidery practised at different times and in different countries, as well as the various stitches employed in them, are almost endless. Taylor, the water poet, in 1640, mentioned by name no less than twenty-one distinct stitches as being in vogue among the English embroideresses of his day. We have not, however, at the present time to deal with the antiquarian aspects of embroidery, but to speak of it as it may be applied to modern practice.

Between ordinary German wool-work and legitimate embroidery there is an intermediate style, which has latterly been somewhat freely practised. It is susceptible of far better effects

Fig. 6.

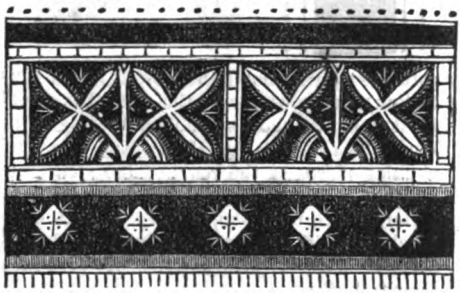


than the former, and is by no means difficult. Over the ground of German wool, worked in cross-stitch upon canvas, diapers such as those given in Figs. 1 to 6 are over-stitched in silk. Thus treated, the German wool-work loses its objectionable flatness, and gains great brilliancy. While on the subject of German wool-work, we would beg our readers to remember, if they continue to practice it in preference to better styles of embroidery, that, though it is capable of being enriched as above, it is a method of work which is, artistically speaking, exceedingly limited, and really fitted for the production of flat patterns only, such as geometrical designs, or conventional ornaments. In cross-stitch it is impossible to shade objects in such a manner as to give them any satisfactory resemblance to nature, and the representations of animals and flowers which have been attempted in it, are as numerous as they have been lamentable failures, and ought merely to be preserved as examples of bad taste.

In *appliqué*, which is a very ancient and always a favorite method of embroidery, broad, flat masses of color are gained by fixing one fabric over another. In Fig. 7 we give a design for a mantel-piece hanging to be worked in this manner. For *appliqué* the materials chosen are usually velvet, silk, cloth, and cloth of gold or silver; when velvet is used it should always be silk velvet. It may be employed for a variety of purposes, such as cushions, curtains, the covering of chairs, etc., and though shading cannot be attempted in it, it produces rich and fine effects in flat patterns.

The ordinary method of preparing the materials is by stretching some thin gray Holland on a common embroidery frame, and covering

Fig. 7

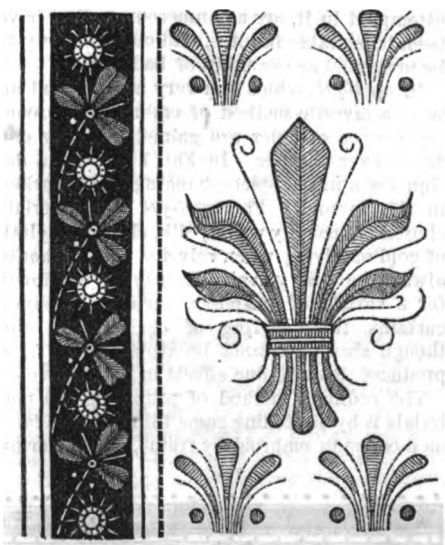


it evenly with embroidery paste, which is made by adding to three tablespoonfuls of flour as much resin as will lie on the end of a spoon, mixing them smoothly in half a pint of water, stirring them till they boil, and allowing them to boil five minutes, when the paste should be turned out and left till cold. The material must be laid upon the Holland, and smoothed till it adheres evenly. It will require about twenty-four hours to dry, and after being removed from the frame, the designs which are to be formed in the material may be traced upon the back of the Holland, and cut out with a sharp pair of scissors. The above preparation refers more especially to cloth, velvet,

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etc.; for silk, white lawn is preferable, and a black and white starch should be used with it instead of paste; and, indeed, for all white materials a white back-lining should be used. Different parts of the design may, of course, be formed in different colors, each to be prepared in the same way. Being cut out, they have to be laid upon the background, which, in our illustration, is supposed to be of black, or dark purple, or maroon cloth, and fastened to it round the edges with sewing silk. There are two ordinary ways of edging the pieces laid on in *appliqué*, that which has the richest effect is bordering them with a moderately stiff

Fig. 8.

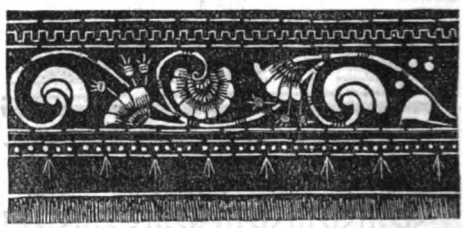


cord (as shown round the trefoils in our illustration), and sewing over this with silk. Gold-twist makes the most splendid bordering of this kind. The other is that shown round the semi-circular pieces at the roots of the stems, and which consists in working round the applied material with bright-colored silk in buttonhole stitch. It will be observed that a considerable space is left between these stitches to give them their full effect.

In ordinary flat embroidery, no applied materials, as of pieces of fabric, cord, or spangles are used, nor is any part of the pattern raised by card-board or other packing beneath it, and the design depends entirely for its effect upon the colored stitches used in it. This was the kind of work most in vogue in the days of our grandmothers, and it is, as it admits of shading, the most delicate and beautiful, if not the most striking kind. The beautiful Eastern embroidery—Indian, Chinese, and Japanese—is mostly of this class, and may, in arrangements of color, form good examples for imitation.

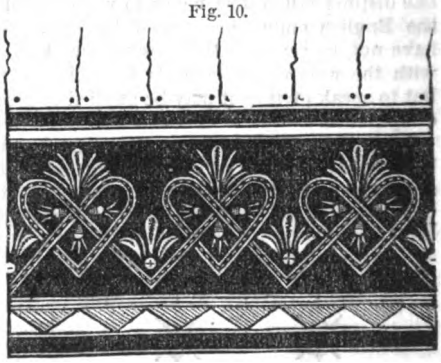
In raised embroidery, different substances are placed over the material, to give the effect of relief to the stitches. An approved modern method of working is by taking card-board—that known as thin mounting-board is good—tracing upon it the design to be raised, and cutting it out, care being taken to leave sufficient points of attachment in the more delicate parts of the design. The pieces of card have then to be sewn strongly in their places, upon the material which is to form the ground, with cotton, and the bits of card-board left for sup-

Fig. 9.



port cut away. If the design is to be still further raised, as would be recommended in working the large *fleur-de-lis* in Fig. 8, a line of even twine should be sewn down over the centre of the figure, and over this a silk or gold thread can be worked. More than one row of twine should not be used, or the effect will be spoilt; and the thickness of it must depend upon the amount of relief required. If the figure is to be worked in gold or gold color, the card beneath it should be colored with gamboge. Fig. 8 is a design for an embroidered curtain-border, with an edging of velvet, the principal

Fig. 10.



parts of the pattern to be worked in relief; this will look very handsome if the *fleur-de-lis* is worked in gold thread or gold-colored silk. Fig. 9 is a mantel-piece hanging, in which the fan-shaped flowers are also in gold, and raised upon card, the line of twine being near their outer extremity; they may, however, if preferred, be worked in colored silks; the ground should be dark velvet. In Fig. 10, which is intended for the border of a table-cover, the raising of the embroidery is effected by merely laying on a colored cord up the centre of the running pattern, and sewing it down.

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QUEEN *VS.* KNAVE.

BY SOURIZ.

After graduating from the university with the highest honors, M. Henri Saint Valliere returned to his native city to commence the practice of his profession, happy in being once more united to his family, whom he tenderly loved. It was the holiday season, and, as it would be a month or two ere the young lawyer would have an opportunity to display his eloquence, he passed the time in renewing his acquaintance with his father's old friends, who welcomed him warmly. Henri was one of those happily constituted persons who are able to win all hearts; with old and young, of both sexes, he was a general favorite. Handsome, and well-made, with brilliant conversational powers, and a courteous, winning manner, he was the cynosure of many a bright eye; and, also, being one of the best matches in the city, of many a managing mamma. The vigilant father remarked all this, and determined to marry his son as soon as possible, before some foolish preference had time to interfere with his wiser plans.

"My son," said he, after Henri had been at home about a month, "you must establish yourself. In order to inspire respect and confidence, and procure a good practice, a lawyer should have a wife and children; at least, it is necessary in our city. You know my friend Lascelles, one of our richest citizens; you are also well acquainted with his daughter, the accomplished and lovely Mlle. Eugenie; she it is whom I have chosen for you. They are our neighbors and sincere friends, and I am fully persuaded that my demand will be well received. How does this project suit you? There will be your first case to plead before a pretty girl."

The young lawyer, though a very dutiful son, was by no means timid.

"My first case," replied he, "is already gained, but it is not with Mlle. Lascelles, and I am surprised that you should have thought of her. Are not wealth, beauty, grace, youth, and, in short, perfection, united in the person of Mlle. Adele, the daughter of M. Durand, who is also your friend?"

"You are right, my son, and I confess that in default of the one, I should be just as well suited with the other; besides myself, Lascelles and Durand are the richest men in the city, and I do not think that you will meet with any opposition from the family of Mlle. Durand. If I thought first of the alliance with Lascelles, it was because I observed that you sought his daughter's society frequently, and I thought you loved her."

"Ah, father, what a mistaken idea! It is Adele that I love. Adele whom I adore."

"Besides," continued the father, "I prefer M. Lascelles to M. Durand, so there was a little selfishness in my choice. But I esteem Durand, and your choice is a judicious one."

"Judicious!" cried the young man. "Now confess, father, that to any one with a heart or eyes any other choice would be impossible; but, as I have already told you, my first case is gained. Adele loves me!"

"How! Are you betrothed?"

"Why, yes, father; we have been betrothed three days."

This time, at least, the wishes of both families accorded with the children's love. M. Saint Valliere demanded, and M. Durand willingly granted, the hand of his daughter, for he knew of her love for the young Henri. The marriage contract was drawn up, the settlements arranged, and M. Durand announced the pleasing news to his daughter. But what was his astonishment to see her turn deathly pale, then flush, and in a broken and confused voice declare that she could never accept the hand of M. Henri Saint Valliere."

"But, my child," said the father, "you loved him yesterday, you confessed your love to your mother, and you cannot possibly make a more suitable alliance, nor one that would please me better."

"Never, never, dear father," replied Adele, weeping bitterly.

Mlle. Adele was an only daughter, a spoiled child, whose empire over her father was absolute. However, upon this occasion, M. Durand was anxious to triumph over his neighbor Lascelles, and he did not yield to his daughter's tears. The betrothal was made public, and the necessary purchases were made, and still Mlle. Adele would not listen to reason. It became necessary, then, for M. Durand to instruct M. Saint Valliere of what had passed; he, in his turn, informed his son.

"You were entirely too sure, my young friend, of having gained your first case," said the father. "Mlle. Adele does not love you, after all, it appears."

"Adele not love me!" cried the young man, with astonishment.

"She will not hear the marriage spoken of. It is against her will that they have published the banns, and made the other preparations for your espousal.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Henri.

He hastened to the house of his betrothed and insisted upon seeing her; but, though in the young girl's manner toward him he could not perceive the slightest trace of anger or aversion, he could draw nothing from her but a refusal, choked by sobs, but positive. Adele rejected his love. She, in a faltering voice, averred that she did not love him, and did not wish to marry him. But lovers are persevering, especially when they are in love. Henri sought M. Durand, and throwing himself into his arms, exclaimed:—

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"Your daughter loves me, I am certain of it, for she confessed it to me but a few days ago. There is some mystery in this retraction that we must clear up. It is, perhaps, nothing more than a young girl's caprice. In the name of Heaven, do not abandon me! No doubt if you should force her to marry me, you will only be gratifying her true desires."

However, in spite of all their efforts, they failed to unravel the mystery. Henri confided his trouble to all his friends, among whom was Mlle. Eugenie Lascelles.

"Do you understand the meaning of your friend's strange behavior?" said he to her. "I adore her. She has confessed that she loves me in return, and promised to be my wife, and yet when her hand is demanded, and promised; when I have gained the consent of her family, she has suddenly changed her mind, and retracted her promise. She loves me no longer, so she says, and does not wish to marry me. But maybe you can help me in discovering the secret of this sudden change; you, the friend of her childhood, who, next to me, are her most beloved friend; she has, no doubt, confided to you her affection for me."

"To me, monsieur?" replied Eugenie. "Never!"

"Why, are you not the confidante of her every thought?"

"Pardon me, if I have never heard of this, it is because"—

"Do you not believe what I have told you, mademoiselle?"

"Certainly, I believe you. But Adele has never spoken a word to me on the subject."

"At least, you must have observed our affection for each other, for our mutual love has been, as it were, nurtured in your presence."

Mlle. Eugenie confessed that she had not perceived it, and seemed to sympathize deeply with the grief of Henri. She suggested that maybe Adele had been deceived in her feelings for him; she had probably mistaken for love the natural friendship between two persons of the same age, the same city, and whose parents had been friends for so long; and the proposal of marriage had awakened her to a sense of her true feelings. She showed a sincere regard for the young lawyer. She was kind, gentle, and very entertaining, and if M. Henri had not been so entirely preoccupied with his unhappy love, he could not have failed to see that it would be easy to find consolation at the house of M. Lascelles. But this was not his intention. His love for Adele increased with her firmness, and became almost violent at every new refusal. As the parents of the young girl were still desirous that the marriage should take place, he had free access to the house, but it was in vain that he implored, prayed, and supplicated. At length he became convinced that neither eloquence nor love any longer had any effect upon his promised bride; and that, as his father had said, his first case, which he had so wished to gain, was, indeed, lost. Pursued, however, by the thought that there was something hidden from him, he resolved to employ a means, slightly repugnant to him, it is true, but which necessity induced him to adopt. Mlle. Adele had a maid, about her own age, who had been brought up with her, and was tenderly attached to her. M. Henri sought this young girl, and slipping into her hand a beautiful gold cross—

"Marie," said he, "I do not wish you to betray your mistress, but you see how unhappy she is; how she weeps continually; and you also see how wretched I am; all because I wish to marry her; I who was her first love. Why does she reject me to-day, Marie, whilst she loved me so fondly only a few days since? Tell me, I beseech you. Perhaps you may be the means of setting everything right again."

"Oh, no, monsieur, you can do nothing! What is done is done!"

"Then there is something?" said Henri, who, in his quality of lawyer, possessed the talent of converting the slightest indication into a positive avowal.

Marie regarded her gold cross. "If you will promise me not to say anything about it," said she.

"I will give you my word of honor, my child!"

"Truly? Never, to any one?"

"I swear to you!"

"Very well, monsieur, mademoiselle loves you. Ah! she loves you so dearly that she cannot sleep, and we both of us weep all night; but she will never marry you."

"What is the reason?"

"The reason is, she has lost you."

"Lost me?"

"Yes, monsieur, lost you with the queen of hearts."

"She has lost me with the queen of hearts? Why, what do you mean, Marie?"

"I will tell you, monsieur. It would be impossible to find two friends who love each other better than Mlle. Eugenie Lascelles and my mistress have always done. You came, and both of them fell desperately in love with you."

"Does Mlle. Eugenie love me?" said Henri, almost dumb with surprise.

"She loves you to distraction. They have confided their love to each other, and sure of the influence that they have over their parents, their only thought has been, which should gain you."

"But Mlle. Adele knows that I prefer her."

"Mlle. Eugenie is not of that opinion. She thinks that all that is necessary will be to make their wishes known to their parents. The arrangement is between themselves. M. Saint Valliere wishes to marry his son, and, in order to marry him well, he cannot but

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choose between two persons. Mlle. Adele has indeed confessed your love for her, but Mlle. Eugenie has the same claim."

"That is not true," cried Henri.

"I believe you, monsieur," answered Marie. "But Mlle. Eugenie assured my young mistress that it was so, and your attentions and kindness to her makes Mlle. Adele fear that it is true. 'Besides,' adds Mlle. Eugenie, 'if we both of us persist in our pretensions to M. Henri, we shall quarrel. On the other hand, if one of us give him up, and positively refuse to marry him, he must necessarily espouse the other, and why,' said she, 'should friends like us quarrel for a husband?'"

"Is a husband such a trifling thing to ladies, then?" said Henri. "Why, they might quarrel for trinkets."

"It was agreed between them," continued Marie, "as a kind of compensation for the sacrifice that the one, to whom the other should resign her claim, should use every means to win your hand, and, failing to do this, should remain single for the rest of her life. They signed the contract, and bound themselves by their honor, by their life, by their hopes of future happiness. The game commenced."

"The game?"

"Yes, monsieur. They played for you with the queen of hearts. Oh, it was a game worth seeing. Though millions should play before me, I should never see so much hope, so much fear, so much anxiety to win. At length, after the six, the ace, the king, and the ten had been played, my mistress lost you, for it was Mlle. Eugenie Lascelles who held the queen of hearts."

"It was an unfair game, where the stakes were not equal," cried Henri. "All the chances were against your mistress, Marie, since Mlle. Lascelles knew that she was not beloved by me, though she had falsely asserted it. She had nothing to lose."

"That is all very true, monsieur, but the game was accepted as a decision; and, as long as Mlle. Eugenie holds in her possession the queen of hearts, to which both have put their signatures and their seals, my dear young mistress will never marry you."

"At least, Marie, you must inform your mistress of her friend's treachery."

"She will not believe me. She will only think that I say it to try to free her from her oath. For the love of mercy, monsieur, say nothing about it! If you speak, it is I who will then be accused of perfidy and deceit. For what I have told you is known to no one but the two young ladies and myself, and Mlle. Adele has confided it to me under the seal of secrecy."

"Very well, Marie. Be calm, child. I shall say nothing about it. Ah, ha!" said he to himself, as he returned home. "So they have played for me with the queen of hearts; and Mlle. Eugenie, whom I do not love, and to whom I have never addressed anything more than that politeness which is due to a lady, permits herself to say that I love her, and to win me?"

With his mind much more tranquil than of late, he entered his home, announced his coming marriage to his father, lay down, and slept soundly. The next day he repaired to the house of the Lascelles. Mlle. Lascelles always carefully seized every opportunity of leaving her daughter and the young lawyer together, and Mlle. Eugenie skilfully assisted her mamma; so very soon the young people were alone.

"Is it long since you have seen Adele, monsieur?" inquired Mlle. Eugenie, in a soft and winning tone.

"I saw her yesterday."

"Ah! Have you not seen her to-day, then?"

"No, mademoiselle. But I am going there to-day for the last time. You were right; we did deceive ourselves. Mlle. Adele has never loved me. I have been blinded by one of those illusions, peculiar to lovers, which astonish themselves when they return to their senses. In my dream there has been nothing true but my love. I believe, now, that Mlle. Adele absolutely hates me."

"Hates you? Oh, no, monsieur! She is indifferent to you, that is all."

"Still," replied Henri, "I am forced to resign her. She was my first love, and my love for her was deep and sincere. It has been despised and rejected, and all is over. I shall exile myself. I shall leave France."

"How, monsieur?" exclaimed Mlle. Eugenie, turning pale. "You will not leave us?"

"Yes, I have decided."

"Will you abandon your profession?"

"I am rich enough to live without it."

"But your father?"

"He is anxious that I should marry. I am going to espouse the sister of a friend of ours, who is in the United States."

"Without seeing her?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. After what has passed, I could not address any one here. Besides, mademoiselle, I owe you all the truth, and I will not keep it from you. My father did intend to ask your hand for me."

"Is that so, monsieur?"

"Yes. I was in Paris at the time, near a friend, who has the happiness of knowing you, and whose love for you is so profound that, when he heard of my father's intention, he regarded me as a rival; and, forgetting our friendship, wished to force me, sword in hand, to relinquish the claims which I had scarcely yet conceived. You will understand that a man of honor could not but concede to a demand made in such a manner. We met upon the ground, the swords were already drawn, when some mutual friends of ours interfered, and suggested an accommodation, less fatal for

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us, but, at the same time, much less respectful toward you. He agreed to—I do not know whether I ought to finish."

"Speak, monsieur, speak!"

"We played for you with the knave of diamonds, mademoiselle, and I lost. It was a great piece of impertinence, I admit, but perhaps you will forgive an unhappy man, who has lost all that he loves, and who, to-morrow, leaves his native land, never to return." With these words, M. Henri Saint Valliere arose, and took leave of Mlle. Eugenie Lascelles.

Whether the young girl suspected that her secret was discovered, or whether she believed the story that the lawyer had told her, she evidently feared to die single if she held to her oath; for, that same evening, Mlle. Adele Durand received her queen of hearts, accompanied by a little note from her friend, saying that, if it was not too late to yield a game already played and won, she abandoned all claim to M. Henri Saint Valliere, and took back her oath. The young lover had no longer any trouble in winning Mlle. Adele, to whom he was soon happily married.

"How did you manage to gain your case?" inquired M. Saint Valliere of his son Henri.

"At a game of cards, father. I had the queen of hearts against me, but I won with the knave of diamonds."

HER SUPPLICATION.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

FATHER, my weary spirit turns to Thee,
And seeks the peace that thou alone canst give;
Henceforth Thy meek disciple I will be,
And in Thy holy service strive to live.

I'm weary of the world's vain pomp and pride,
That long held captive my weak heart from Thee;
Thy wandering lamb now stands the fold outside,
And to the Shepherd's arms would gladly flee.

Oh, look with loving pity on Thy child,
Seeking forgiveness for each misspent day!
With Thy repentant one be reconciled,
And vouchsafe, Lord, to guide my steps alway.

It is, O Lord, Thy holy Sabbath night—
A solemn silence dwells on earth and air—
While looking on Thy distant worlds of light,
The calm of heaven steals over my despair.

Ah! now I feel, dear Lord, with conscious smart,
That pride has been of all my life the bane;
Oh, give to me a meek and humble heart,
Like him who felt on earth but grief and pain.

I long had worshipped at the cold world's shrine,
The lily, peace, upon its altars died;
And now I bend, O Gracious One, at Thine—
Oh, make me worthy of the Crucified!

Father, to Thee my yearning spirit turns:
I've knocked—and Mercy's gates are oped to me.
Thy love divine within my soul now burns;
Accept the heart I consecrate to Thee.

KNOWLEDGE of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.—*Whately.*

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY ALICE WAYNE.

ONE beautiful morning last spring, I sat with Mrs. Austin in her pretty, home-like morning-room, setting occasional stitches in my work by sheer force of will. The day was too pleasant to waste in sewing, I thought. Apparently Mrs. Austin didn't agree with me, for she basted one piece of work after another, making ready for the sewing-machine, and talked so pleasantly, and looked so contented and cheerful, that I quite decided that "marrying for love" was the surest road to happiness. She was very lovely-looking, not pretty, in crimson morning-dress, relieved by white apron, collar, and cuffs.

She had been talking about "Gates Ajar." As usual with her, as 'tis unusual with most married women, she conversed on books, art, any subject of general interest, rather than house, husband, and children. And yet I knew well that all these were much in her thoughts. But she always said, when any one spoke of that peculiarity of hers, that she thought when talking with unmarried people, it should be remembered that those subjects were necessarily uninteresting, if not painful. The natural longing of every woman's heart for the dearest love of life, and often the equal longing for children of one's own to care for, made a sufficiently sad contrast, though no word was spoken.

Though early in April, the windows were raised, and a delicious breeze swept through the room. I was gazing idly out of the window, when I became aware that a question had been asked me. What it was, I had no idea. And then Mrs. Austin laughed her sweet laugh, and said:—

"Why, Frank, I believe I've wasted my words on the air for the last five minutes."

"Oh, no!" said I, and then, "No; I didn't hear you. I was thinking how happy you are, and wondering how so brilliant a woman had ever made up her mind to marry a poor doctor. I think you should be moving in society where talent and intellect are the first requirements, instead of devoting your life to housekeeping, care of children, and sewing."

"And so, Frank, I'm only housekeeper, child's nurse, and seamstress, in your eyes? I don't understand. First you said I was happy, next that I was brilliant, and such a conclusion I never thought of."

"You *know* what I mean, Mrs. Austin. You are stylish, intelligent, and calculated to shine in society. I am surprised that you married as you did, and find so much happiness in your life. I like Doctor Austin very much; think him a model for all husbands, but I know him as a married man. Now, when you married him, you didn't know what kind of a husband

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he'd make you, and I should suppose such a plain-looking, quiet man would have been far from attractive to such a person as yourself."

I watched her face as I spoke, and such a beautiful light leaped into her eyes at my concluding sentence, that I waited anxiously to hear her speak, for I felt that some very happy thought had come to her. It was a few minutes before she answered me. Then, dropping her work into her lap, she said:—

"Frank, I think Doctor Austin saved my life."

"Saved your life! Oh! do tell me about it, and then I will understand just how you happened to fall in love with him." And, putting my much-neglected work on the table between us, I folded my arms and prepared to listen.

"You know," she said, "that I was left an orphan when quite a child; know, too, that I resided with a wealthy uncle up to the day of my marriage. Probably you have also heard that my means were barely sufficient to clothe me plainly. My cousin, Mrs. Craig, is three years younger than myself, and, when a young lady, was far prettier; quite pretty and showy-looking, in truth. Her father's reputed wealth brought her quite a good deal of attention, and altogether life for her was extremely pleasant. I was the more stylish and intelligent of the two, but with a plainer face, and no money, besides the abnormal position a woman always holds outside of her own or her father's house; all the attention paid to me came from positive friendship or admiration. Laboring under such disadvantages, you may suppose the devotion of the 'other sex' was not burdensome. It used to make me feel pretty badly sometimes to see Julia getting everything, while I, comparatively, had nothing. She was, however, very fond of me, and while I claimed no attention from her admirers, was pleasant enough.

"Doctor Austin met her at a picnic and called. I never met him, save for a passing introduction, until one evening at the house of a mutual friend. He escorted me home, and afterwards, from time to time, showed me some slight attention. It was a peculiarity of Julia's to be unable to comprehend any gentleman's preferring me to her, so Doctor Austin's conduct was, to her, inexplicable. I'm in earnest," for a look that I could not control made her feel that I thought Julia didn't wish to understand it.

"She still took every visit entirely to herself, although he asked for me, and talked principally with me on such occasions. Some two months after the beginning of our acquaintance, we went to the seaside. We enjoyed ourselves greatly for several weeks. It was pleasanter than usual for me, from the circumstance that Julia had a genuine lover, and cared less, therefore, for the attentions of other gentlemen."

"And so didn't put you aside, as formerly!"

"Hush, Frank!" You must not speak ill of my cousin. She was passionately fond of admiration, and didn't seem able to help using every means in her power to gain it. For me, except as a matter of convenience, admiration from men was of small consequence. I liked Henry Craig very much, but used to feel, while glad in her happiness, yet sad that I, too, was not so blessed."

I interrupted her with: "Mrs. Austin, you never could have married a man like him!"

"Oh, no! Not that; I wasn't jealous. He was a man of good principles and some business talent, but not at all intellectual. As a companion I found him tiresome. But I longed for an object in life, and being a woman, wanted to be first in some one's heart. I can say that, now I'm married, Frank. In my maiden days, I should have hesitated a long time before acknowledging to such a want."

A servant entered and handed her a bunch of deep-blue violets, saying:—

"The doctor left them at the door just now, ma'am."

Again the beautiful light shone in her eyes as she said:—

"Only see how fragrant they are, Frank! Maurice is well aware of my fondness for them!"

They were soon placed in a vase close beside my dear friend, and she resumed her story.

"As I said, the first few weeks at the shore passed pleasantly away; but as the close of the season drew near, we had fewer friends there, and it became somewhat dull. Henry Craig was prevented by business from spending Sundays with Julia, and to complete our misfortunes, I was taken sick. My cousin had never had any care of sick people, and was dreadfully worried about me. She was extremely anxious to get me home, and could hardly wait until the doctor gave permission to move me. Finally he said I might venture it, and I managed somehow to stand the six hours' journey. We returned to an empty house, my uncle and aunt being in Europe. Our old physician was very ill with typhoid fever, so Julia sent for Doctor Austin. Frank, dear, he was so kind!"

She laid her little white hand on mine, and looked into my eyes, as though she would impress the fact of his kindness on my soul.

"The fever had left me very weak—so weak and nervous that my naturally strong will seemed to have entirely deserted me. I desired nothing but to lie still; I didn't even think. When the doctor had been attending me for some weeks, he came one day and found me alone, Julia having been obliged to go to the city. I was desperately 'blue' that morning.

"The afternoon before I had gone out on the piazza and seated myself to enjoy the lovely September air. My eyes fell on a cluster of white roses, growing on a vine that climbed up

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one of the pillars, and suddenly, by what association I know not, all the thoughts and feelings surged over me that for weeks I had been repressing. The full consciousness of my loneliness, that sense of entire isolation felt only by those devoid of close family ties, the many trials that awaited my return to active life, all compressed themselves into a moment's thought, and in all the glory of an autumn sunset, I felt enveloped in an impenetrable gloom. That night I slept but poorly, and the morning found me desponding, as I have said.

"Unfortunately for Maurice, he began expressing his desire that I should exert myself a little. I felt him to be extremely cruel, but I lay still and listened until he asked me some question. And then—well, Frank, I can't recall minute particulars; I only know that all my distress came out, and I plainly showed what I felt. All the lack of interest in life, my cowardly dread of facing unpleasant realities—in few words, my preference for lying still, until I died, rather than return to the aimless, lonely life I had been leading heretofore.

"He had taken my hand to say good-by, as he asked the question which led to my outbreak. Dear me!" She laughed as she said: "It was very touching indeed, Frank. I suppose he held it for half an hour, while trying to comfort me, and I thought nothing of it until after many days. But I never had my hand so squeezed before or since."

We laughed together at that, but I looked at her hand, and didn't wonder that he had embraced the opportunity to squeeze it.

"But," she resumed, "to finish a long story, he understood the kind of temperament with which he had to deal; and by sympathy, suggestions as to the work the world needed from me, and, perhaps—unknown to myself—the interest that he himself inspired in me, induced me to make the required efforts, and so 'saved my life.'"

"Was that all? I supposed he had done something very brave and heroic. You've disappointed me, Mrs. Austin."

"Poor Frank! You expected something tragic, didn't you? Be comforted! It would have been tragic enough, but for the doctor's sympathetic encouragement. I was so weak that if my interest in life, my *will* to recover had not been aroused, I would have sunk gradually, but surely. He told my aunt afterwards that he had never seen a young person with so little mental rallying force. I was like one stunned by a terrible grief. So you see, he did save my life."

"Mrs. Austin, did he fall in love with you right off?"

She laughed musically. "He *says* that he admired me before we became acquainted, but that he 'fell in love' with me the day he was called in to attend me; because he found me so unselfish, patient, and altogether lovable. But lovers are unreliable in their statements, you know."

Looking toward the violets, she said: "Maurice says he never sees a sweet-scented violet without thinking of me. I had them always in my room during the many weeks that he attended me. So I am well supplied with them, from the earliest that bloom until all are gone. I never remember their blooming so plentifully in the autumn as they did eleven years ago. But come, Frank, that's enough of a love story for you. Let's go take a walk."

"Just one thing more, Mrs. Austin. How long after that were you married?"

"Just about two years. Doctor took me lovely drives, and used to drop in to see me at all sorts of odd times, especially the following summer. Julia was married in the spring, and I felt rather lonely without her; so he used to come almost every day. Sometimes he'd stop when first starting on his round in the morning, and ask me to drive in the evening. And so it went on, until I went to the mountains in August."

"Was that the crisis?"

"Yes, I believe it was. An intimate friend was staying with me up to the day of my departure, and she told me afterward of a remark that made her think him very far gone. I was finishing a blue and white dress the morning before I left home. He stopped for a few minutes, and I requested him to admire my dress. When he arose to go, I insisted that he should wait a few minutes longer, while I ran up stairs to get something that was to be worn with this same robe.

"While I was gone, Laura said, 'I think Nannie will look lovely in this dress; don't you, doctor?'

"She says she will always remember his expression and the tone of his voice as he answered: 'I think Miss Nannie is always lovely.' She looked upon our marriage as a certainty from that time."

"But tell me, Mrs. Austin, how was it finished up?"

"Well, he took me to drive that evening, and asked me to write to him. And—I had a splendid time for three weeks in the mountains; and the evening after I got home we had another drive, returning by moonlight. And that closed the story."

"And you were married after an engagement of a year?"

"Yes, the following October one year. One glorious afternoon at five o'clock. And now I'm going to end the tale by telling you that the light in the church was beautiful; that I wore a silver-gray travelling dress, with gray hat and feathers; and that I stepped into the carriage that was to take us to the Baltimore depot feeling very serious, but perfectly happy."

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"And you've been so ever since?"

"Yes, Frank. And just as soon as you renounce ambition for love's sake, you, too, will be happy."

And again the white hand was laid on mine, and the dark brown eyes looked into my own, as though they had fathomed all the thoughts that for so many months had disquieted me.

ACTING CHARADE—MADCAP.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Characters.

MISS EMELINA BOGGS, } *two old maids.*
MISS ARAMINTA BOGGS, }
MARGARET WESTMORE, *their niece.*
JAMES MORELY, *a young man in love with* MARGARET.
SHAKSPEARE TENNYSON HOGG, *a would-be poet.*
A POLICEMAN.

SCENE I.—MAD-

SCENE.—*A sitting-room. The door leading to another room in view. Curtain rises, discovering* MARGARET *seated in a thoughtful attitude.*

Margaret. I must try to earn some money. Since I was left an orphan in my girlhood, my dear, good aunts have tenderly cared for me. How can I ever repay their kindness? I earnestly desire to add something to their narrow income, but how? Become a teacher I cannot, for there are already too many; besides, I cannot expect to equal those whose previous lives have been spent in preparing to enter that profession. I am but an ordinary player, so I cannot teach music. What can I do? What could have induced my aunts to tell James that his visits here must cease? He is rather reckless and uncalculating—poor, dear James!—but still—

Enter SHAKSPEARE T. HOGG.

Margaret. Good-morning, Mr. Hogg!. I did not hear you ring.

Hogg. Nature has beatified us with a morn of pre-eminent magnificence, Miss Westmore, without doubt. No, I did not summon the attendant by a clangor of metal, but finding the portal thrown open, I entered unheralded. Your respected relatives by the maternal side are enjoying that greatest blessing of our transient existence in this mundane sphere—health, I trust?

Margaret. My aunts? Yes, they are well.

Hogg. I am rejoiced to receive information of that happy fact. You are doubtless aware, Miss Westmore, that the genius of fame, in his etherial flight through the regions of this sphere, dropped his verdant laurel crown—

Margaret. Accidentally, and does he offer a reward to the finder?

Hogg. By design—on, I may venture to assert, a not altogether unworthy person's cranium.

Margaret. Then somebody has lost the reward. I was just going to look in the *Ledger* for "Lost—A laurel crown."

Hogg. Joking aside, Miss Westmore, I am that not altogether unworthy specimen of the *genus homo*, crowned with the coronal of glorious fame. Thus garlanded, I stand before you.

Margaret. Pray be seated, then, Mr. Hogg. But, excuse me, I look in vain for the evergreen you have mentioned. Perhaps you unknowingly removed it with your hat?

Hogg. You are exceedingly matter-of-fact, miss.

Margaret. But we all are not poets, you know, sir.

Hogg. True. To return to our subject, the *Evening Moon* has characterized one of my productions as bearing the greatest resemblance in the world to Tennyson's "Owl;" not in the matter, but in the exquisitely sublime treatment of the subject. Have you read the "Owl," and did you attentively peruse "Clairvoyance of a Genius Soul?" The latter was written by myself. Are they not both sublime?

Margaret. Even a step beyond.

Hogg. Thank you! I knew that you would appreciate. (*Bowing.*) Beauty is ever foremost in strewing the gleaming path of muse-inspired genius with luxuriant wreaths of inspiriting laudation. By the by, I have a poem here—a frothy thing—

Margaret. (*Aside.*) I believe that.

Hogg. A mere foam flake thrown from the crested waves of my prolific muse. (*Hands her a paper.*) Will you read it aloud, Miss Westmore?

Margaret. (*Aside.*) What a torment! But I'll humor him, and see if I can't disgust him by my reading of this precious "foam flake." (*Aloud.*) Ahem! hem!

Hogg. This poem is thought by some to resemble Jean Ingelow's in style, but it is not an imitation, I assure you.

Margaret. (*Reading, with theatrical emphasis.*) "The Daffodil, by Shakspeare T. Hogg.

"A maid sat by a brook, a brook;
She wept, and gently took—she took—
A daffodil up with her crook—her crook—
A shepherdess was she.
'Oh, miserable me!
And, oh! and, oh! I know, I know
Not why I cry,
Nor, lovely blossom, why you grow:
In vain I sigh—
Roll, brooklet, roll—
For incalescence of the soul.'"

Hogg. Does not the repetition of certain words produce a beautiful effect in my poem? Is it not touchingly simple?

Margaret. Very simple.

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Hogg. Now, some poets delight in obscurity. I do not. "Incalescence of the soul" is charmingly clear. It reminds me of Emerson. You enunciated marvellously well, Miss Westmore. I think that you manifest decided ability for the theatrical profession—the loved art of Thespis—I do, indeed. Present my felicitations to your respected relatives. When another inspiration seizes me, lionlike in its golden claws, I'll call again. *Au revoir!*

[*Exit* HOGG, *leaving the poem on the table.*

Margaret. I hope his muse will postpone that inspiration indefinitely. That is a good idea about the theatrical profession, though. I often thought I'd like to be an actress. I'll practise awhile, and then go to a manager and ask for an engagement. Let me see (*reflectively*), I could act Lady Macbeth, or Ophelia, or Camilla in Miss Mitford's "Foscari"—yes, Camilla suits me best. (*Reciting.*)—

"This hath been
A long and weary day; there is a heat,
A gloom, a heavy closeness. See! this rose
Is withering too, that was so fresh and fair—
The white muskrose—that which he used to love."

Very well done, indeed. There is no one in the dining-room, and my aunts are safe upstairs; so I'll go in there, and try something startling.

[*Goes into the next room, leaving the door ajar.*

Margaret. (*Within.*)—

"Help! help! The Doge!
The guard! Stay with them! Part them! Leave them not!
Hold them asunder, count, and in my prayers
Thou shalt be sainted! Help!"

Enter MISSES EMELINA *and* ARAMINTA *from opposite sides.*

Emelina. (*In agitation.*) O Araminta!

Araminta. O Emelina! what's the matter?

Emelina. Such awful noises!

Araminta. They're all being murdered next door!

Margaret. (*Energetically.*)—

"He's slain!
Oh, bloody, bloody brother! Kill me too!
Be merciful! Help!"

Emelina. O Araminta, it's terrible!

Araminta. They're thieves, and they'll take those two large china vases our grandmother left us. I always said something would happen!

Emelina. Nonsense! It is not a man's voice. See what that open paper on the table is, and—

Margaret. (*Screaming.*) "Away! Thy hands are bloody! Help, Doge Foscari!"

Emelina. It's our niece Margaret. She's gone mad. Read that paper, Araminta.

Araminta. It is poetry. I always feared this. She has taken to writing poetry (*sobbing*), and gone mad! (*Tears up the paper.*)

Emelina. Go to the door, and see what she is doing.

Araminta. You go, sister, please do! You always were the bravest of the family. Do look! I hope the carving-knife wasn't left in the dining-room.

Margaret.—

"Help, father! The old man stands stiffening there
Into a statue. He'll die first. Off! off!"

Emelina. I'll see what she's about, at all events. (*Advances cautiously to the door.*)

Araminta. What is she doing, sister?

Emelina. (*Peeping through the crack.*) She has got the carving-knife, and she's waving it before the looking-glass.

Margaret. (*Screaming.*)—

"Wouldst thou kill him o'er again? He bleeds to death!
Father, it is thy blood!"

Araminta. O Emelina! she says she'll have our blood. Hadn't we better call some one?

Enter SHAKSPEARE T. HOGG.

Hogg. A resplendent diurnal rotation of time, ladies. I returned for a small gem from the exhaustless mines of poetry that I left here.

Araminta. O Mr. Hogg! our niece has gone mad.

Hogg. Impossible. (*Seeing the scraps of paper, and picking them up.*) What is this? My poem! Did she perform this deed? Had she the heart to tear those glowing words to shreds? She must be mad.

Margaret. "Death! Death!"

Hogg. She's mad. I intended to ask her to plight her troth to me, but, as she is mad, I won't. [*Exit* HOGG.

Enter POLICEMAN.

Policeman. What's all this stir about? Are you all a-gettin' killed?

Emelina. Our poor niece is insane.

Policeman. 'Tain't in our jurisdiction, then. Can't arrest mad folks. If she was only drunk, mum, I'd grab her in a minute. Let's open the door at any rate. (*Opens the door.*)

Enter MARGARET, *brandishing the carving-knife. Tableau.*

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—CAP.

SCENE.—*A parlor; flowers in the window.* MARGARET *is discovered sewing.*

Margaret. Who would have imagined that my freak for acting could have caused this disturbance? After having, with great difficulty, persuaded my aunts that I am not really insane, they still insist that something *must* be the matter with me, so they have brought me to this lonely country place in search of health.

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Of course, I must submit to this infliction, as well as to be doomed by them never to see James again; or, if I do happen to meet him, to treat him as a stranger. What could have induced them to treat him with such severity? He was a prime favorite with them until our picnic to the grove last summer.

Enter JAMES MORELY.

James. Margaret!

Margaret. (*Starting.*) Jam—Mr. Morely, I am surprised to see you, greatly surprised at this intrusion.

James. Mr. Morely! Margaret, what do you mean?

Margaret. I mean what I say, sir. I understand that my aunts have forbidden you the house. Why did you enter it, then?

James. Because I love you, Margaret. Your aunts are imbued with some silly prejudice against me, and I have followed you here in order to make known the cause of it to you. Believe me, I am guiltless of—

Margaret. You need not defend yourself. I do not believe that you have done aught unworthy, but I must obey those who have a right to exact obedience. If, by my endeavors, I can change the state of their minds in relation to you, you shall be informed. Please go now, and do not think hardly of me, for, in this case, my duty lies in obedience to my kind aunts.

James. But if you knew why they have treated me in this way—

Enter MISS EMELINA.

Emelina. (*Raising her hands.*) Gracious alive! What do I see?

Enter ARAMINTA.

Araminta. O Emelina, I never did in all my days!

Emelina. (*Sternly.*) Young man, I cannot express my feelings—

Araminta. Young man—let me add, sister—*we* cannot express *our* feelings. Go on, sister.

Emelina. Awakened by your insolent entrance into this house; on what errand have you come, sir?

James. To obtain an interview with your niece—Miss Boggs.

Emelina. Now that you have seen her, in spite of my prohibition, your absence is most desirable.

Araminta. Yes, young man, your absence is extremely desirable.

Margaret. (*To James.*) I will do my best to make all end well. Now do go, James—Mr. Morely, I mean.

Emelina. The undutiful girl calls him James.

Araminta. Goodness gracious! What boldness! What forwardness!

James. I beg permission to say, ladies, that your niece is not to blame. (*Bitterly.*) This visit was unwelcome to her, I assure you. Good-by! [*Exit* JAMES.

Emelina. Margaret Westmore, I 'm ashamed of you! Never did I imagine that you would speak to any person, much less a young man, when we had forbidden you to do so.

Margaret. Aunt Emelina, what charge can you make against James Morely? Until very lately, you treated him with great favor—

Araminta. Hear the girl! What a question! Why—

Emelina. Please to be silent, sister. I do not wish him to become your husband, Margaret, because he is too giddy—too reckless to be intrusted with your happiness. This I judge by various indications. For instance, last summer, at the grove, he ventured out on the lake in search of water lilies for you, while the blackness of the clouds, and the frequent flashes of lightning, foretold a storm; in consequence his frail skiff narrowly escaped being wrecked.

Margaret. Is that the only reason?

Araminta. No. I have two excellent ones. (*Solemnly.*) Child, I never knew a Morely that came to any good. You needn't laugh; there 's a great deal in names. There was that man who was hung last week—

Margaret. His name was Morgan.

Araminta. Well, it doesn't make much difference; it 's nearly the same; and besides, Morely is such a very common name—a very plebeian name, indeed. You shouldn't want to marry a man with that name, Margaret. Remember that you are related to the Boggses. We spring from an old family, my dear; we are somebody. Why, our grandfather had a coronet engraved on each of his teaspoons.

Emelina. A coronet! How can you say so, Araminta? It was a horseshoe.

Araminta. O Emelina! how can *you* say so? Your memory must be failing; it was a coronet—the crest of the de Boggs.

Emelina. *My* memory failing! (*Sharply.*) We never had a de before our name, and you know it. Our grandfather was very superstitious, so he had a horseshoe stamped on his teaspoons to keep away witches, he said. That 's the truth.

Araminta. (*Sobbing.*) I 'd think it a sin to call my own sister a story-teller, so I would. It was a coronet.

Emelina. I won't dispute, but it was a horseshoe.

Araminta. I sha 'n't dispute either, but it was a coronet.

Margaret. Come, Aunt Emelina, let us go out for a walk.

[*Exeunt* EMELINA *and* MARGARET.

Araminta. When a person begins to lower their own family, something generally happens to that person. I knew a young man once who disgraced his family by becoming a mere mechanic, when they (the members of his

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family) desired him to commence the study of law. Well, this young person lived on; fifty years passed; he did not dream of evil. At last retribution came—he died. Something will happen to Emelina, I 'm certain. I wouldn't be surprised if it rained and her new gown were spoiled; or maybe she 'll come home with her head cut off by a sawmill or something. Oh, dear! no one can tell what may happen.

Enter EMELINA, *hurriedly.*

Araminta. Something has happened! I knew it!

Emelina. Oh, sister, I 've lost my cap!

Araminta. Lost your cap! The one that your grandmother left you? The one with the point lace?

Emelina. The same one. I was walking down the garden path with Margaret, when a puff of wind came and blew my light cap from my head. It settled among the bushes on the top of those steep rocks on the side of the house.

Araminta. You will never get it, for no one can climb those rocks. Why didn't you keep the strings tied? Oh, dear! It was made from one of Marie Antoinette's pocket handkerchiefs, too.

Emelina. What nonsense! I saw grandmother buy the lace.

Araminta. (*Positively.*) It came from France.

Emelina. It did not, sister, but I 'd give almost all I possess to have it back again.

Enter MARGARET, *with the cap.*

Margaret. Here is your cap, aunt.

Emelina. (*Delightedly.*) Is it possible? How did you get it, child?

Margaret. A gentleman ascended the rocks and brought it down.

Emelina. He 's a reckless person, whoever he be, but I am exceedingly thankful for his kindness in recovering my cap.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—MADCAP.

SCENE.—*Same as* SCENE I. *Curtain rises, discovering* MARGARET *and the two aunts seated at a table,* MISS ARAMINTA *reading, the others sewing.*

Emelina. I am so glad to be at home again. Truly, "there is no place like home." I do not admire poets in general, but the one who said that, had some sense. By the by, I notice that cracked person—Shakspeare T. Hogg, as he calls himself—prowling around again. I hope you don't want to marry *him*, Margaret?

Margaret. O[illegible]o, aunt!

Emelina. What is he after, then? I'd like to know that.

Araminta. (*Looking up from her book.*) Perhaps he is looking up at the window of his lady-love, as in this delicious novel the noble Sir Reginald Vere de Vernon plays upon his guitar beneath the casement of the lovely Lady Aurelia Chardavoye, and—

Emelina. Umph! If Mr. Hogg comes around here playing a guitar, or anything else, I 'll send him off quicker than I ever sent an Italian organ-grinder. What do you mean by "lady-love?" I trust you don't think he passes this house so often merely for the purpose of seeing you?

Araminta. (*Simpering.*) Oh, no, no! What a quiz you are, sister! I 'm not blushing at all, now I *am* not. Am I, niece?

Emelina. Who said you were? Don't be silly. You have taken to reading novels of late, I see, but I won't have you falling in love. If you do, you 'll just have to fall out again. You are too old for such nonsense.

Araminta. Old! She calls me old! And I a mere child!

Emelina. Only forty-nine last spring.

[*Exit* ARAMINTA, *sobbing.*

Emelina. Now, Margaret, has our country trip cured you of your tantrums? I hope you are reconciled to have no communications whatever with that madcap, James Morely?

Margaret. But, you know, dear aunt, if James Morely is a little bit reckless and thoughtless now, he will improve as he grows older.

Emelina. Not at all! I do not believe in that doctrine. "The child is father to the man," isn't that a proverb? When I was a girl, I was just as staid and as womanly—old-maidish, if you will—as I am at present.

Margaret. (*Archly.*) If climbing cherry trees, stealing neighbors' strawberries, and some other tricks, of which I have heard my mother speak, are old-maidish pursuits, then you certainly were old-maidish.

Emelina. (*Smiling.*) Well, well, your mother was noted for her short memory—

Margaret. Doesn't that trait run in the family, aunt?

Emelina. Don't be saucy, miss. You have not yet told me who it was that recovered my point lace cap. I should like to reward him in some way.

Margaret. What would you give him? Would you let him marry me, if he asked it. (*Aside.*) My aunt never breaks a promise. I hope she 'll say yes.

Emelina. (*Angrily.*) I'm astounded at your boldness, girl. What is this world coming to? Yes, I'd let him have you and welcome; for a girl who has boldness enough to ask such a question, I have really no esteem. In my time girls never thought about marriage until they were asked. [*Exit* MISS EMELINA, *in a rage.*

Margaret. Oh, aunt! I must pacify her.

[*Exit* MARGARET.

Enter MISS ARAMINTA.

Araminta. She called me old (*putting her*

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handkerchief to her eyes), but I can forgive. I saw Mr. Hogg pass the window just now. There is his step in the hall. How my heart beats! Oh, cruel Emelina!

Enter SHAKSPEARE T. HOGG.

Hogg. (*Bowing.*) Miss Araminta! She whom I most desired to perceive in the solitude of this sitting-room.

Araminta. (*Curtseying.*) Good-evening, sir! (*Placing a chair.*)

Hogg. Miss Araminta, I earnestly desire to communicate to your queenly self some tidings, your answer to which will elevate my soul high in the cerulean ether of hope, or cast it down into the deep, dark abyss of horrid despair!

Araminta. Oh, dear!

Hogg. I will be frank. Once I loved your niece, but her extraordinary conduct healed the wounds inflicted by the brightness of her organs of sight. (*Kneeling on one knee.*) Now I love only you. My internal perceptions have undergone a complete change. Wilt thou be mine, Araminta?

Araminta. I will be thine, Shakspeare Tennyson.

Hogg. Call me by the endearing appellation of Shaky, beloved Minty. Let me lead you to your sister Emelina. (*Offering his arm.*)

Araminta. (*Sobbing.*) O Shaky, she will never consent to our marriage!

Hogg. How! Dare she resist the impassioned pleadings of love's young dreamers? Can your intellectual faculties, dear Minty, conceive no plan for obtaining her consent?

Araminta. I have it! I read in a novel the other day how two lovers, in a case like our own, frightened a cruel parent into consenting to their union. One of them personated a ghost—

Hogg. Enough! I understand! Get me a sheet. [*Exit* ARAMINTA.

Hogg. Ha! True love shall conquer! What a pity that my name does not end with an *s*! How sweetly Hoggs and Boggs would rhyme!

Enter MISS ARAMINTA *with the sheet.*

Araminta. (*Giving it to Hogg.*) Go into the next room; my sister is coming! (HOGG *goes into the other room.*)

Enter EMELINA, *followed by* MARGARET.

Margaret. Indeed, dear aunt, I meant no harm by my question. It was James who recovered your cap.

Emelina. James Morely? Just like the giddy madcap!

Margaret. I feared that he would be killed in ascending those high rocks, and begged him to let the cap remain where it was, but knowing it to be yours, he declared that you should have it at all risks.

Araminta. (*Aside.*) It's time the ghost appeared. The light ought to be put out, but I am afraid to do it.

Emelina. Kind fellow! I've a great mind to forgive him, though he is a madcap.

Araminta. (*Aside.*) The door is opening.

Margaret. Shall I call James, aunt? He is waiting outside.

Enter HOGG *wrapped in the sheet.*

Emelina. (*Starting.*) What creature is this?

Hogg. I am the apparition of thy paternal progenitor. Doomed for a certain time to promenade the terrestrial globe—

Margaret. (*Laughing.*) It's Mr. Hogg!

Emelina. (*Angrily.*) What does he want? Call James, Margaret.

Margaret. Come in, James!

Enter JAMES.

Emelina. Put that Hogg out, James, and I'll forgive you.

Araminta. (*Rushing forward.*) No, no! You shall not tear him away! O Emelina, let me wed dear Shaky!

Emelina. Has it come to that already? Well, you will be well matched.

Hogg. My heart is effervescent with overflowing joy, sweet Minty.

Emelina. And now I willingly consent to the marriage of my niece Margaret to James Morely—so do you, Araminta—and I'm sure that the bridegroom elect will be all he ought, if he be something of a madcap at present.

[*Curtain falls.*]

RESURRECTION.

BY GEORGIA.

There is a Rainbow in the cloud
That overhangs the grave; the shroud
Is tinged with its meek glory-hues,
And for the dead there is "good news!"

THE man is weary, and weak, and old;
His heart is drowsy and numb with pain;
He falls asleep! he is still and cold!
He never will wake or rise again!

So sinks the sun; so falls the leaf;
So the flowers unfold—and fade;
So the beautiful, frail and brief,
In the dreary, wintery grave are laid.

But do not weep, though the sun may sleep,
And dark and cloudy may be the night;
For the day will break, and the sun shall wake,
And scatter the clouds with his morning light.

And so the leaf, and so the flowers,
Winter is drear, and dark, and cold,
But spring will come with her suns and showers,
And leaves and blossoms again unfold.

Then do not weep, neither dark nor deep
The grave should be to believing eyes;
The Lord is risen! hath broke the prison!
And all that sleep in the grave shall rise!

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THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

BY M. S. S.

"GOOD-MORNING, dear Sue!" was the greeting of Mrs. Mortimer Hall, as, with languid step and dignified mien, she entered the parlor of her friend Susan Grey, who was preparing her pretty room for the reception of the Ryefield "Sewing Circle."

"You darling creature!" was the response of Susan Grey, in the lisping, affected style peculiarly her own, at the same time exchanging with her adored Ellen Hall the usual, *most* feminine greeting of a kiss. "How good of you to come so early, and surprise me so delightfully!" glancing at her own ample, ungraceful working apron and at Mrs. Mortimer's elegant morning costume.

"Indeed, I think myself quite tardy, and everybody else guilty of the same misdemeanor. But I suppose," continued she, at the same time reposing wearily on the sofa, "that this furnace-like climate of our 'Sunny South,' in which we gasp and pant from May to November, is sufficient extenuation for all the errors of procrastination."

"But here comes, or rather rolls along, the good chronicler of this 'Gem of the Seaboard,' Cousin Nancy Jobbings," as a queer figure ambled up the trim birch walk to the house.

It was a figure apparently human, and one of extraordinary briskness and activity, notwithstanding its tun-like proportions. Shapeless and round as a colossal hogshead, it supported on a gigantic pedestal the smallest of heads, which seemed to have fallen accidentally, and to have settled most comfortably, on the ample shoulders, without the customary, visible support of a neck. Mrs. Jobbings was a privileged character in Ryefield, a universal Cousin Nancy. She could boast of no "feminine garniture," and was entirely in the "rough," but was a diamond for all that. There was not a heart which beat for twenty miles around that did not owe her a heavy debt of gratitude for kind acts and kinder sympathy in seasons of sorrow and distress. It was her boast, that she had superintended every birth, deathbed, and marriage that had taken place within the lapse of forty years in the parish. Like the "gentle giantess" in the "Essays of Elia," her "person was a burden to herself, no less than to the ground which bore her," and she possessed an equally gadding mind with that colossal personage. Indeed, Mrs. Jobbings' tongue was afflicted with a chronic dissoluteness, as were her feet with a fondness for "ambulatory exercise." This tongue, under no restraint, wagged incessantly, thoughtlessly, and oftentimes destructively. Her organ of secretiveness was but imperfectly developed on the very limited portion of her head devoted to phrenology; but under her wide bodice beat a munificent, compassionate heart, which grieved sincerely when brought to a sense of her indiscreet acts.

"La, me!" said the old lady, who had by this time reached her destination, and was comfortably reposing her immense bulk in the most commodious of arm-chairs. "La, me! Only two of you, I declare. I am complete fagged out by the particulary hot walk. I 've took up Orchid Street; it 's took the breath out of me," and she puffed at a high-pressure rate, and fanned with such vehemence as to create a miniature whirlwind with the huge turkey tail, "like a banner spread," which she held in her sturdy grasp. "You two are like Diamond and Pythoness, the most irrevocable friends," and Mrs. Jobbings, who was unskilful in the use of words, smiled benignly upon them.

Mrs. Mortimer Hall and Mrs. Gaston Grey were friends, if lavish endearments and frequent interchange of tokens and gifts is the criterion of affection. Like most feminine friendships, it had begun at school, become the habit of girlhood, and had extended into matrimony, and run its course through long years of jealous rivalries and petty envies, of which the fair outside gave no token. Each lady had, in common parlance, made a good match, if two good-looking, prodigal sprigs of aristocracy, in quest of fortunes, could be reckoned eligible. These daughters of plebeian fathers, who had honestly or dishonestly—it was all the same—earned, by their own exertions, their countless thousands, were taught to train and cultivate their natural gifts with the view of entrapping "blood" in the toils of matrimony.

Mrs. Mortimer Hall was, by dint of intellectual force, the leader of *ton*, and the ruler of the feminine world of Ryefield. Her will was law. None dared gainsay her wishes. Her house was the rendezvous of gayety, and she herself elegant, handsome, condescending to the more unpretending inhabitants of her native village. She gloried in the power she wielded, and queened it in the character of the aristocratic Mrs. Mortimer Hall. Her less gifted friend, Susan Grey, whose light, like the rays of the moon, lit extinguished in the more dazzling beams of the sun, was forced to be contented as leader of the choir, which post she admirably filled. She furthermore solaced herself for her little worldly disappointments by extraordinary religious devotions, and made long and loud prayers at the women's prayer meeting; for Ryefield was a devout community, and could boast a fair number of religious devotees.

The charitable, pious ladies had now collected for the ostensible, laudable purpose of fashioning elegant trifles and all sorts of useful and ornamental commodities, which those of the fair sex who are well skilled in needlecraft can so admirably accomplish. All of which had a benevolent, religious tendency

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towards missions, organs, and church embellishments. This long-established, admirable society was the pride of the really charitable, a place of social gathering for the young and old, and a charming rendezvous for the gossip-loving all;" and to quote Mrs. Mortimer Hall and "School for Scandal," that lady, being strong-minded, scorned "the weaker traits of feminine character.

The ladies, as we have said, had now assembled, and were all engaged as best suited themselves, while the buzz and hum was general enough to indicate that silence did not reign in their midst. Mrs. Mortimer Hall soon announced the interesting news of the arrival of the fashionable Lovejoy family from Charleston, where the yellow fever was raging. Whereupon the astonishment was overwhelming, and the inquiries of when did they come general, and the wonderful secresy of their movements duly commented upon, to the great satisfaction of Mrs. Jobbings, who smiled complacently and significantly during the investigations, and finally relieved the general curiosity by acknowledging having been sent for the night before, on the family's arrival, to nurse little James, who had been taken ill on the way.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Weasle, the tender mother of a dozen offspring, "the heartless people have brought the fever."

"What could you expect of those stuck-up Charlestonians?" said Miss Mehitable Crabtree, fast passing into the "sere and yellow leaf."

"Shocking!" "Dreadful!" echoed a dozen old ladies.

"Dear me!" issued from the commodious depths of Mrs. Jobbings' arm-chair. "What's the panegyric about? Is croup a courageous disease? I," continued she, indignantly, "not to know at *my* time of life the symphonies of croup as instinct from yellow fever! How people can fly into cantanmounts for nothing! I must be losing my concernments!" at which distressing probability the good lady leaned back with such a crash as threatened destruction to the chair, and fanned in extremis.

"What doctor was in attendance?" inquired Mrs. Mapleton, with an anxious glance at her pale sylph-like daughter Camille, for whose settlement she had unsuccessfully angled dozens of times.

Camille, whose inanity and utter nonchalance had almost exasperated her mamma, was not graced by nature with any of the fascinations of her sex, nor had she any aspirations beyond her crochet, but rather sighed for some lone hermitage, where the machinations of mothers, and lectures on manners and matrimony could not disturb the calm tenor of her way.

"Young Moreton, to be sure," replied Mrs. Jobbings.

"Where was Wiseman? And," gasped out Mrs. Mapleton, "were the two girls there, too?"

"How indelicate! What's there to shock nervous sympathies in that?" rejoined Aunt Nancy. "Suppose I did take him and introduce him to the family! They were mightily taken with my young boarder," continued she, triumphantly, "and that little madcap Fannie called him the village Apoller, whom she was determined to break to Cupid's yoke, if only as a revenge for the bleeding hearts of the disappointed maidens of Ryefield, who had longed and sighed in vain for one tender glance from his glorious black eyes."

"Oh, the audacious fast creature!" shrieked Miss Mehitable. "But no one expects anything of people who have no genealogies." And she looked ineffably disgusted as the thought even of such plebeianism crossed her aristocratic mind; she, who was a descendant of Landgrave Smith, and great-great-granddaughter of Chancellor Jones, who stood high in the annals of State fame. And although her family, by dint of poverty, had been forced for many a long year to hide their diminished heads in the humble obscurity of Ryefield, had they not, as the black waves of beggary surged over them, hugged more closely and more fondly the receding, shadowy outline of departed glory, and as beggars, even had reared a wall around themselves?

"Indeed," replied Aunt Nancy, who was by no means slow to take up the cudgels for the Lovejoy family, and was at no time averse to engage in a war of words with Mehitable. "The Lovejoys have as good a right to respectability as any one else, even if they be ascendants of the Lean Lords, or what do you call ums. Their geology is as reproachable, and quite as extinguishable, as other folks are, and," continued she emphatically, "they are the very first in the allegory for *true, genuine* Carolina refinement, high-toned sentiments, and warm-hearted hospitality." And, having exhausted her powers by her noble defence, Mrs. Jobbings leaned gasping back in her chair to recuperate for a fresh onset.

Miss Mehitable threw a glance of scorn on her, and muttered, audibly:—

"Why will people tolerate such vulgar monstrosities in refined, enlightened society? Anything," with a contemptuous shrug, "however, is allowable in Democratic country places," and she gave a just perceptible little sniff of her blooded *nez rétroussé*, and tossed most aristocratically the glossiest, longest of curls.

"Fanny and May are charming girls," lisped Mrs. Gaston Grey. "So pious and attentive in church."

"So stylish and *distingué* in appearance!" exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer Hall.

Neither of these ladies had marriageable daughters, and worshipped devoutly at the shrine of aristocracy and fashion.

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"Pious and fashionable!" sneezed Mehitable. "They may be the latter, for fashion is but the synonymous term for 'fast.' They are not held in such *high* esteem in the city, I assure you, for Fannie's conduct has been *very* reprehensible—*most* outrageous, as I have been told."

"I hope, Miss Mehitable, you will not adopt," said Mrs. Hall, with severity, "the unfortunate predilections of this scandal-loving age to exaggerate and disseminate atrocious, ill-founded tales."

"Mrs. Hall," responded Miss Crabtree, who stood a little in awe of the black eyes of the "Tutelary Divinity" of Ryefield, "I feel wounded by your insinuations, and expressed no belief in the stories myself, but deemed it no breach of politeness to mention to a *few select* friends a small morsel of gossip, for which you know very well I have most supreme contempt."

"Certainly not! There is no harm, of course," clamored a dozen old ladies, who were earnestly and eagerly awaiting the nice little bit of scandal. "All in a friendly way."

"It is at any rate a well authenticated story," said Mehitable, "and told on the best authority of some of the very first families in town."

"My dear friend, Miss Hodge, heard some things from her intimate associate, Mrs. Podge."

"And," chimed in Aunt Nancy, "a nice 'Hodge Podge' they made of it."

"Odi profanum vulgus!" scornfully whispered Mehitable, who was a "blue as well as a blood." "Madame Pompadour," she went on, nothing daunted, "told me."

"That frizzled French woman that was here?" interrupted Mrs. Jobbings. "Why, that woman, I'll warrant, has made more disruptions in society than ever did Mount Lasuvious. The poor child has fallen 'into the very pangs of malice;' and now, Miss Mehitable, give us the substance of the story."

"A most improper intimacy at all hours, and all places, with young Hendrin Scarborough. Buggy rides, moonlight walks, and other improper proceedings."

"Mercy on us!" responded the Lovejoy champion; "is that all? Why, young Hendrin Scarborough is soon to be married to Mary Lovejoy, the elder sister. There, I've gone and told, when it was a pledged secret! Oh, this reducing world!" And Mrs. Jobbings rocked backward and forward in an agony of despair, but finally solaced herself by a refreshing glass of lemonade, and resumed her harangue much to this effect: "As to girls having beaux who choose to dangle after their pretty faces, it is nature. But this twaddle about moonlight and starlight is the conventions of people's brains, who," with a covert glance at the enemy, "having but a small share of charms, of course are but little troubled with attentions; and then, with lots of leisure time, and by the assistance of futile imaginations, they enact falsehoods, and set afloat indecent stories, which should inflect odium on the progenitors. And as to the rigmarole about noble ascendancy, the result of my inflections is, that it isn't worth a bauble. It is gratifying enough to know that one's grandfathers were decent and honest, but people are of precious little account who pin their merit on to the coat sleeve of ancestry, and while they subside themselves into nonentities, are puffed up and satisfied with the extinction of an ancestor. Give me a young man who dares to assert his own power, and makes use of the talents which God has given him."

"It does well enough for people to talk thus who have nothing to boast of themselves," was Mehitable's cutting rejoinder. And Mrs. Jobbings, fairly exasperated by the home thrust, turned recklessly and ruthlessly upon her, saying:—

"The Landgrace blood is disseminated into so many veins that it is by this time derluted into mere 'dish water.' It should diminish your haughtiness to know, Mehitable, that the cheating apothecary at the corner, Slimmings, bases his claim to respectability upon that deteriorated fluid, which I rather think flows in quite a muddy stream through his veins. Mine," continued the old lady, triumphantly, "is no extract of Washington or De Lafayette, but an honest, truth-telling liquid, which no kith nor kin has ever yet disgraced."

Just at this juncture, one of those mentally active old cronies, who had ensconced herself in a favorable position for the twofold exercise of both eyes and ears, exclaimed:—

"I declare! there is Doctor Moulton! And bless my eyes and stars if he is not handing Fanny Lovejoy out of his—yes, his own buggy!"

At which announcement every neck and head in the room was stretched forward as far as politeness would permit, to witness the phenomena. The object of curiosity, however, had alighted before the nice little episode was generally seen, and stood on the threshold, presenting as pretty a picture as the jaundiced eyes of those practised old scandal-mongers had ever seen. In her simple morning costume of pure white, she looked a very Hebe. The luxuriant mass of her auburn hair was gathered at the back, and knotted simply. Her sweet face was flushed by a rosy tinge, while her soft brown eyes were beaming with goodness, and overflowing with a merry, cheerful light. Mrs. Mortimer Hall and Mrs. Gaston Grey advanced and warmly greeted their fair young friend, who, in the sincerity and guileness of her nature, saw no sinister design or intentional unkindness in the frigidity which pervaded the "sewing circle."

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Her cordiality and affectionate warmth of manner gradually dissipated the surrounding chill, and infused something like sociability among the elder ladies, while her merry mood was infectious, and very soon thawed the icy deportment of the younger ones, notwithstanding her grave misdemeanor of having been driven in the doctor's buggy. The stern looks of the Ryefieldians relaxed somewhat to the sweet tones of her voice, and cheerful geniality displayed in her conversation. Besides, they were burning to hear how it all came about, and how Fanny Lovejoy had arrived at such distinguished partiality on the part of young Doctor Moreton—Doctor Moreton, who had been impervious to all female attacks; who had hitherto withstood the combined subtletics of mother, matchmaker, and maid. The marriageable half of Ryefield had long lain at his feet, had he cared to know it, but so zealously guarded had been the fortress of his affections that he continued on his way with imperturbable gravity, with unsuspecting mien, and the indifference of a stoic, until the matchmaking matrons and manœuvering mammas had long voted him down as heartless. And now, after all those laudable efforts of theirs, was he really captivated by that city belle—a piece of frivolity—a pink-faced doll? And the undercurrent of conflicting emotions which tossed and racked the minds in that little room was appalling.

Mrs. Jobbings, whose inquisitiveness was irrepressible, at length solved the mystery by a downright interrogation.

Fanny, merrily laughing, confessed to a little mishap on her way, owing to a *very* feminine nervousness of hers, and her dread of a peaceful cow, whom she rather foolishly imagined to be advancing with evil purpose upon her. She had attempted to fly from the coming danger, uttering little womanly shrieks of dismay, may, when her farther progress was checked by a harmless-looking little vine, which had entangled her feet, and, after twisting her ankle cruelly, had precipitated her to the ground.

"And, really, I must have lost consciousness," continued the fair oratrix, with a pretty blush; "for when I recollected myself again, I looked up, and there was that doctor trying to assist me." She then told how she had been so ashamed of her weakness about the cow as to insist upon being taken to the "Sewing Circle," in lieu of going home, although it was quite apparent that the doctor thought that she was hurt, as he had frequently, during the drive, asked if she did not suffer.

It was astonishing, after this information, how condescending the Ryefieldians became, and how eulogized the doctor's attentions were, since humanity, and not admiration, had been the spring of them.

Fanny had been truly injured, and gladly accepted a ride home in Mrs. Mortimer Hall's carriage. For a month was our little belle confined to a lounge, suffering all the agony of a sprained ankle, with Doctor Moreton in attendance, while Mrs. Jobbings, as was her wont, all kindness and patience. And, indeed, the good nurse seemed to need a greater meed of that commodity than ever, for Fanny, from being the meekest of patients, was becoming the most restive, captious one. Ridiculing the doctor almost to his very face, and then, after his departure, frequently giving way to bursts of hysterical weepings. Altogether, it was an anomalous case.

The doctor, however, seemed not at all disturbed by these strange ebullitions, but lingered each day longer than duty required, and appeared to enjoy nothing so much as a war of wits with his lovely patient. He was a most devoted, indefatigable practitioner, and as such received loud praises from Mrs. Jobbings, who prophesied for him a most successful career as a physician. At the same time, she anathematized Fanny as an ungrateful creature to show such indifference, not to say dislike, of her favorite.

All of this was, of course, promulgated to the Ryefield "Sewing Circle." And so mollified had Ryefield become, as to express some compunctions for its past denunciations of Fanny, "who was, after all, better than was to be expected."

In the meantime, Mrs. Jobbings' forbearance sometimes vanished before Miss Fanny's "young lady airs," as she termed it. So one day the old lady very bluntly informed her charge, in the presence of Moreton, that her conduct was nothing but the result of love, and drew a parallel case between it and that of her own "Mary Jane," when Tom Giles couldn't be brought "up to the scratch."

Fanny bounded almost off of her sofa, and scornfully asked, "if it was probable that Ryefield was a felliciteous spot for the growth of the tender passion? It had reared so many graceful Apollos!"

At which remark, the doctor took up the cudgels for his native village, and for Cupid, too.

Fanny expressed extreme astonishment that so renowned a woman-hater could so much as waste a thought upon that silly little god, and here a perfect war of words ensued, the doctor assuring her that wit was an edged tool, and she declaring that she wore the closest of armor.

He then was rather concerned to know if her heart was encased in the same material. Of course, the little coquette left no stone unturned to make him believe that she was not troubled with such an appendage at all. Whereupon her antagonist replied, with more earnestness than the occasion required:—

"'Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?'"

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After the physician's departure, Mrs. Jobbings inveighed loudly against poetry and "poetical dabblings. Sure sign of some hallercernations of the brain," said she. "Beyond 'Rock of Ages' and 'Hasten, Sinner,' which every good professor of religion ought to be acquainted with, versification should be left to the inclusive use of love-sick maids and moon-struck youths."

That afternoon, while good Aunt Nancy dozed *comme al ordinaire*, in her comfortable arm-chair upon the moon-lit piazza, and the doctor, not, as his habit was, reposing his lazy bulk on the lounge by her side, but wandering up and down, fidgeting restlessly, and acting altogether so unlike himself, that the old lady's sleepy brain conjectured all sorts of "whys and wherefores." He suddenly cast himself down at her side, and astonished her by the abrupt question of "What she thought of his taking a wife?" Whereby thoroughly awakening the good lady, and electrifying her into commencing an eloquent speech on the benefits of matrimony, "its decided respectability, and the insulated, not to say disreputable, condition of a bachelor, who had no one to blame but himself, as he could at least 'pop the question,' and thus give less fortunate maids a chance to be married, or die widows, which was certainly a more honorable state than that of single blessedness."

Then followed an analysis of the individual merits of the Ryefieldian candidates for the Elysian state, and the kind creature promised even to tolerate Mehitable, if it was in her direction the doctor was tending. "Matrimony was a most improving institution, and under its sanctifying, enlarging influence, who could say but that Mehitable wouldn't be metamorphosed?"

Next Camilla's charms were discussed. "She certainly was 'wishy washy,' with no will of her own, which was, after all, a subsidoratum in a wife, who were only targets for men to vent their spleen upon. What did a reasonable man desire more in a wife than skill in housewifery?" Marriage with Mrs. Jobbings meant marriage, and nothing more. In her vocabulary it was bride-cake, favors, and the other paraphernalia. "Besides," said she, "husbands don't hang on every bush, and men should remember that all women weren't had just for the asking."

Aunt Nancy then wound up with an eulogium on Fanny Lovejoy, "who," she confessed, "had presented quite a different phase of character lately. That was owing, however, entirely to her physical suffering, which produced great changes sometimes, there existing such sympathy between the body and the mental condition."

Whereupon the doctor muttered something about the "desire of the moth for the star," to which Mrs. Jobbings replied by a violent denunciation against craven spirits:—

"Modesty was a virtue, surely, but who would respect a shame-faced man that had not the spunk to ask for a wife. Somebody must possess the brass necessary in the emergency."

The doctor laughed merrily at the end of the fair, fat oratrix's speech, and with some polite hints as to the inexpediency and indecorum of jesting at the expense of the fair sex, bade her a cordial good-night.

Mrs. Jobbings ambled after him to gain permission to divulge the important fact that he was at last matrimonially inclined. With a merry laugh, he accorded assent, and the good dame, with a sigh of infinite satisfaction, sought her own couch, to dream of weddings, brides, etc.

Next morning, before "Aurora had sprinkled with light the dewy lawn," for those "old time folks" were early risers, Aunt Nancy had delivered her soul of the burden it bore, and the secret was safely deposited into the now joyously anticipating breast of Mrs. Mapleton, her next neighbor, and poor Camilla underwent an immediate revision and correction.

The following day a meeting of the society most appropriately took place, thus relieving our good old chronicler of a world of trouble. The news was cheering. Managing mothers were sanguine, veteran matchmakers buoyant, while the little maidens' hearts were in a charming flutter of expectation. The community was on the *qui vive*, and the gossips at their busiests; still the hero gave no sign, but remained as ever, a great matrimonial puzzle.

In the meantime, Fanny was well enough to leave her lounge and take short walks on the piazza and beach. Doctor Moreton yet lingered, until Mr. Lovejoy, although a liberal man, began to reflect upon the probable length of his bill. No other constructions had been put upon his attentions, as all had been so nicely disposed of under cover of professional visits. Fannie had subsided into the gentle maiden, subject to fits of pensive musings and quiet abstractions. The little flirt "playing with sparkles," and the madcap girl full of wild bursts of merriment, had toned down to a more womanly dignity and calm serenity of manner.

It was the latter part of August, on the eve of a sultry day, when nature was still, and the world seemed enjoying a perfect repose. Heavy clouds lay low in the eastern sky, while white fleecy vapors floated above them, mingling their rosy tips with the bright blue of the summer sky. The sun, as he sank in the west, gilded with his rays the whole canopy of heaven, and lent a gorgeousness to the scene of unparalleled beauty.

Fanny had sought the beach, and sat, as was her mood of late, in tender, melancholy gazing up at the sky, and then wandering "o'er the

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glad waters of the dark blue sea," whether her spirit was as free as the poet sang, may have been a matter of conjecture. The little maiden, musing sadly and alone, seemed lost in dreams, when a shadow crossed her vision, a shadow which of late had a weird-like way of gliding across her path. Her cheek glowed for an instant at this probably not unexpected rencontre, while the hue of returning health tinged her neck and brow.

"What are the color and nature of your dreams, fair lady?" gaily asked Doctor Moreton, as he took the vacant seat by her side. "Ah!" continued he, casting a glance around him at the glorious scenery, "the source and inspiration of your thoughts is doubtless this blending of earth and heaven in beauty," and in rich, mellow tones he repeated from the "bard of bards"—

"The tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In color, though varied, in beauty may vie."

"And," said he, while an expression of admiration passed over his fine countenance, and his voice took a softened cadence, "where the virgins are as soft as the roses they twine."

"And," saucily rejoined Fanny, "all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

"Indeed, do you condemn the whole sex, or do you make an exception of some favorite swain?"

"All are alike," was the spirited reply, "in the same category of unmeaning flatterers, faithless lovers, and neglectful husbands."

"What an amount of experience and philosophy you must have obtained, at such a remarkably youthful age!" replied our hero, in mock astonishment. At which, Miss Fanny pouted her rosy lips, and expressed impatience at the very silly turn the conversation had taken.

Her interlocutor, however, seemed nothing loth to continue it, but repeated most provoking passages from "Byron's Woman," "who," said he, eagerly scanning Fanny's face, "are *all* such fair and fond deceivers that one knows not how to put any faith in them at all."

"Cease to quote," replied his listener, "from that misanthropical, disappointed man, who is to be admired and pitied, but *not* believed; and, doctor, take my advice, if you have such disregard for our sex, you had better never try to marry," and the fair damsel blushed at her own earnestness.

"Your advice, however sage, agrees not with my present dearest wish, which is to enlist in my behalf a feminine friend."

"Mehitable Crabtree!" archly interrupted Fanny.

"Spare me the length of those curls! No, indeed! But, to lay all jests aside, have you never suspected, sweet girl," and he drew nearer to her side, "who has been the charming pilferer of my heart's best love all this long while?" And he took the little white hand in his, and, bold fellow! as it lay unresistingly and temptingly there, imprinted a kiss upon it.

Its owner, half sunshine, half tears, bore it all with most becoming grace. Then he offered her a share of his home and heart, if, indeed, she could tolerate a selfish "Benedict," who had lived so long alone, and for himself, that to humanize him might be a hard task.

Fanny did not, however, seem to think the undertaking anything very appalling, and in the shortest possible time everything was amicably settled between them. Even the customary waverings and preambles of pa and ma were got over in a satisfactory manner, for Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy came under the head of fashionable worldly folks, and for that very reason were the more able to appreciate the advantages which would accrue from a marriage with so talented, rising a professional man as Doctor Moreton was. Besides, was he not, to quote Mrs. Jobbings for the last time, an "extract" from one of Carolina's most honored families, and scion of an ancient stock, and one who could rise by his own laudable efforts, independent of the prestige of birth?

Various and contending were the emotions when the engagement was announced publicly. Despairing mothers were contemptuous, matchmakers relieved, while broken-hearted maids were pale and sorrowful. Mehitable Crabtree, like a faded flower, with its pristine sweetness well-nigh trampled out by repeated disappointment, became the quintescence of bitterness, and as her "petals" dropped off one by one, in utter despair married a widower with ten offshoots besides being a *parvenue*.

Mrs. Jobbings continued for many years to be Mrs. Jobbings still, and after she had lived to see her favorite Doctor Moreton rise to the very summit of his profession in the city to which he had removed, was at length gathered to her honest forefathers, regretted by all, notwithstanding her idiosyncrasies and peculiarities.

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.—*Ausonius.*

The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.—*Bacon.*

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will, which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect; if ill disposed, will by the superinduction of ill habits, quickly deface it.—*South.*

It is in vain for you to expect, it is impudent for you to ask, of God's forgiveness on your own behalf if you refuse to exercise his forgiving temper with respect for others.—*Headley.*

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THE SCHOLAR'S SOLILOQUY.

BY FLORENCE HARTLAND.

A MAN sat in a large, gloomy-looking library writing. Twelve! rang out harshly from the rusty hall clock; and the last log in the wide fireplace fell in two with a dull sound, and dropped smouldering on the gray ashes. Shadows lurked in the far-apart corners; and as the few coals grew gradually less bright, the cold spirit of the winter midnight crept noiselessly in, and blew its icy breath upon the lonely writer. But he heeded it not. Rigidly, as if carved in bronze, he bent over the table and wrote on, his hand gliding silently and apparently without effort over the paper. He had sat thus for hours, but not a motion betrayed restlessness or fatigue, not a shade of weariness dimmed the steady gaze of the eyes that followed the rapid pen. A cold, proud, gifted man, whose calm, broad brow and gleaming eyes said plainly, "I can!" whose firm, compressed mouth answered as clearly, "I will!" A face instinct with power, and yet a power you shrank from; a face where deep, absorbing thought had so enthroned itself that even the lingering *memory* of a smile seemed to have passed from it forever.

One! Two! Three! rang out the warning clock, but the scholar moved not. He was writing the last few pages of a great philosophical work that would place his name, already illustrious, still higher on the shining roll of those the world will not willingly let perish.

The tireless pen sped on more and more rapidly, nearer and nearer it came to the longed-for goal, until, at length, with a low exclamation of triumph, the man paused and threw it from him. It was done—the long, wasting labor of years! He knew that shortly his name would be wafted afresh with acclamations over his own land, and across the wide ocean to another hemisphere. His bent form straightened, a flash lit up the depths of his dark, sunken eyes, then a sombre shadow quenched it, and his head dropped on his folded arms.

At last he arose, and crossing the room to a large eastern window, he threw up the sash, and stepped out into a rambling old garden. The spirit of night reigned supreme. "Silence, silence everywhere!" Not a motion, not a breath stirred the branches of the huge, leafless trees that sentinelled the house. Stark and still they raised their shivering arms to heaven. The lake at the bottom of the lawn was locked in the frozen arms of the ice king, and the few evergreens on its banks looked, in the dim light, like gloomy ghouls watching the waters' enchanted sleep. The silence was more than solemn; it was awful. The whole world seemed sleeping the deep sleep of utter exhaustion; the sleep so like, so terribly like, death, that one thought involuntarily that Azriel's dark shadow must have fallen suddenly in one vast pall over the entire earth.

The scholar stood for a moment with arms crossed upon his chest, looking at the wild, wierd picture of wintry desolation, then raised his eyes to the heavens. No shadow there! The fathomless blue was glowing with stars. By thousands and tens of thousands they swept on in their grand march through the wide fields of the firmament. The face of the solitary watcher grew almost fierce as he gazed at them. In the faint light his haggard features worked convulsively, and his stern lip trembled. A sound, muttered yet audible, escaped them:—

"Why are ye placed thus forever beyond the reach of man's wildest ambition? We know not whence ye come or whither ye are speeding. What hand fashioned you, and launched you out on your tremendous paths? What marvellous intelligence causes you to move on and on through untold ages, undeviating and unfaltering, far above our petty aims and rivalries, bright wanderers of the skies? What connection have you with this planet we call our own? Ye were not made, surely ye were not made, only to give light and beauty to this mere atomic part of the vast universe? What order of beings inhabits you? Are they gifted with intellects, compared to which the proudest mind of man is feeble and imperfect? If the Bible be true, was the great atonement of the Son of God necessary for them also to seal their pardon with the offended Majesty of Heaven? Ye answer not. On and on, world after world, system after system, ye move in your revolution around that one grand centre where the Invisible Omnipotent One is said to fix His burning throne. Ye mock me with your eternal beauty, your changeless glory—*mock me!* Men call me *gifted*, and I tower above my fellows. What of that? Standing to-night beneath that stupendous arch, I feel that there are truths written out there in gigantic characters that I might try a lifetime—and try in vain—to decipher. I know literally *nothing*. I must cling like the weakest of all humanity to the strange book we call the *Bible*, or be swallowed up again in that black, stormy sea of doubt and speculation through which I buffeted for years. I shudder at its remembered darkness; I sicken at the memory of those hours when I wandered hopelessly beneath that black pall of scepticism, that shut me out from a hereafter, and put me down to a level with the brutes that perish. My strong will failed me there. It has won for me as high honors as man can win; it cannot unlock for me the portals that shut out futurity. But to-night, the first time for weary years, I feel stirring within me the faint foreshadowing of man's glorious destiny. Yes, I am immortal; I was not made to perish. This yearning, this

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clamoring for immortality cannot be stifled. I salute all things eternal, and claim them as my kindred. Wherever dwells the dread Creator of all this throbbing, heaving universe? Whoever, whatever, the Great Original be, a spark of His own divinity is glowing in me, and must glow forever. Mysterious Author of all things, thou art my Father! Eternity, solemn yet ravishing thought, thou art my birthright! Stars, beautiful stars, I am higher than ye, I am greater than ye, for I shall live, I *must* live, when ye shall have faded out like a spent taper, and your glory shall have vanished like a dream! Spirits of the departed, glorified seraphs in Paradise, lost souls of the regions of darkness, I salute you! All, *all*, are my brethren, for all, like me, must live forever!"

As in answer to the excited scholar's apostrophe, a low wind sounded in the far distance. Nearer it came, till it swept through the old garden. It lifted the damp hair from his brow with a touch that was almost a caress; bowed for an instant the naked limbs of the ghostly trees; then, like a vast, articulate sigh, fled whence it came.

"A breath from the fields of eternity," he said, aloud. "A whisper from the cold lips of some listening spirit!" And, like a spirit himself, he glided through the gloom back to his chamber.

"God keeps His holy mysteries
Just on the outside of man's dream.
In diapason slow, we think
To hear their pinions rise and sink;
While they float pure beneath His eyes,
Like swans adown a stream.

"Abstractions are they? From the forms
Of His great beauty? Exaltations
From His great glory? Strong precisions
Of what we shall be? Intuitions
Of what we are? In calm and storm
Beyond our peace and passion!

"Things nameless, which, in passing so,
Do stroke us with a subtle grace!
We say, 'Who passes?' They are dumb!
We cannot see them go or come.
Their touches fall—soft, cold as snow—
Upon a blind man's face!"

TAKE THE PAINS.—Never think it too much trouble to answer your children's questions. How often do we hear the tart reply: "I am sure I don't know, child—pray don't tease me, when you see I'm busy!" This is the surest way to stunt the growth of your child's mind. It is the most cruel and ruthless conduct possible, thus to deny a child the information which he craves, and allow him to feel all the awkwardness and pain to which ignorance exposes him. Rather hail with joy these indications of a growing mind, and make the little inquirer happy by drawing him to you with a kiss, and give him as full and patient an elucidation as he may require.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

BY EMMA NASH.

COME the beautiful dreams
In the hush of the night;
They steal through the darkness
With their magical light,
And touch with their fingers
The overwrought brain,
To give to its slumbers
A roseate strain.

Come the beautiful dreams,
With their soft, velvet tread,
As the stars in the sky
Walk the clouds overhead,
And whisper in soft tones,
Near the slumbering one,
Till he dreams 'tis the voice
Of his love, far at home.

Oh, the beautiful dreams,
How they lighten the soul
From the woes of the day
That on misery roll!
How they calm the worn heart,
With their fancies so fair;
And lull wretches to bliss,
With their magical air!

Oh, the beautiful dreams!
Kind and wonderful dreams,
So fragrant with roses
And the sun's genial beams—
When the night is cold, dark,
Ne'er a flower in bloom,
And the ice and the snow
Have robed all with their gloom.

But the beautiful dreams—
Gentle, beautiful dreams—
Melt the frost from the rose,
And the ice from the streams,
Rob the brow of its frown,
Steal the woes from the heart,
Stay hunger and thirst,
With their magical art.

Hear the beautiful dreams
In the hush of the night,
Stepping on roses fair,
Delicious and bright;
O'er the pathway of sleep
They steal on their soft way,
Draw near the lone dreamer,
And he dreams he's at play

In the garden at home,
'Neath a beautiful tree,
And watching the blithe bird
From the cage just set free;
He awakes at the sound
Of its musical note,
That is gushing in bliss
From its wonderful throat.

Ah! 'tis *only a dream*—
A sweet, beautiful dream—
For the sun is now up,
With his matutinal beam;
And the cold world awakes—
The same callous, cold world,
With its banners of woe,
Death, and hate all unfurled.

THE first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.—*Sir W. Temple.*

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WORK DEPARTMENT.

LEATHER WORK BAG.

THIS bag is composed of a leather framework, lined with a blue silk bag. Cut out of soft leather a piece ten inches long and seven inches wide, and round off the corners. Then with a sharp knife cut out strips from this piece in a slanting direction at regular intervals of a quarter of an inch, leaving half an inch of leather all round the edge. Weave these strips crosswise through the strips left in the framework, and fasten the ends to the rim of leather. Sew a wire all round the edge, and bind the framework with a strip of leather, cut into scallops on one side. Fasten a wire covered with leather across the centre of the frame, bend it together, and put in the blue silk lining bag, with blue cords and tassels.

Fig. 1.

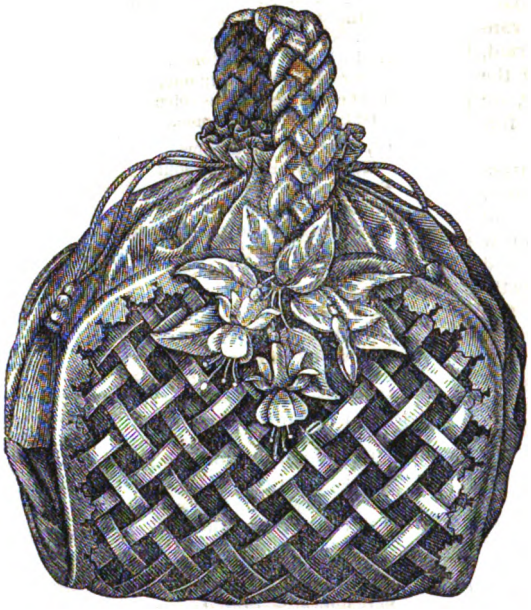


Fig. 2.

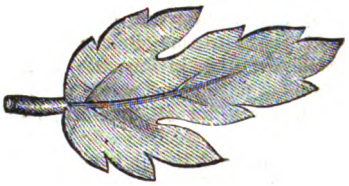
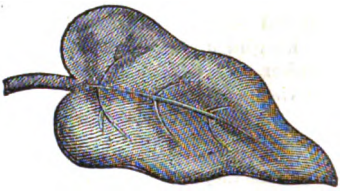


Fig. 3.



Next make the handle of four strips of leather, the edges of which are turned in, plaited together according to illustration, and then put on the bunch of leather flowers and leaves. These are cut out from the patterns given in Figs. 2, 3, 4, and 5, moistened with water, and marked with a knitting needle whilst laid flat

Fig. 4.

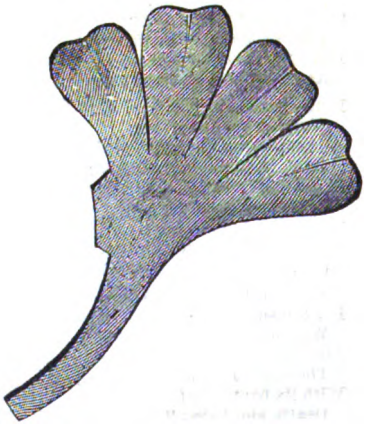
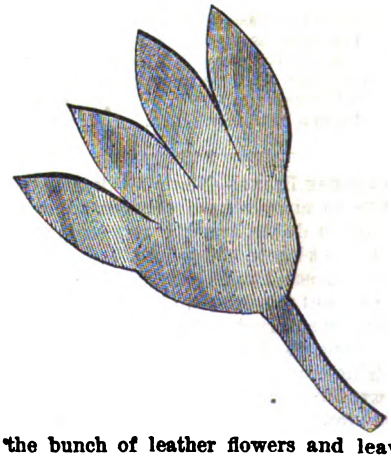


Fig. 5.



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on the palm of the hand. The stalks are formed by folding down the edges on both sides. Fig. 4 is the inner part of the fuchsia, and is gummed together to form a cup, the leaves being turned inwards. Fig. 3 forms the outer part of the flower, and the pointed divisions must be bent backwards; the leaves, after being veined, should be hollowed a little underneath, and then flowers and leaves adjusted in a group according to illustration.

TRAVELLING DRESSING-CASE.

This box is made of thick card-board, opens on each side, and covered over with scarlet cloth, with a border worked around the edge in colored silks. Fig. 1 shows the interior of one side of the box, with the different pockets, made of gray linen, with the edges worked in zephyr. Fig. 2 shows the other side, with the different sewing materials in it. A glass is inserted in lid of Fig. 1, which can be propped

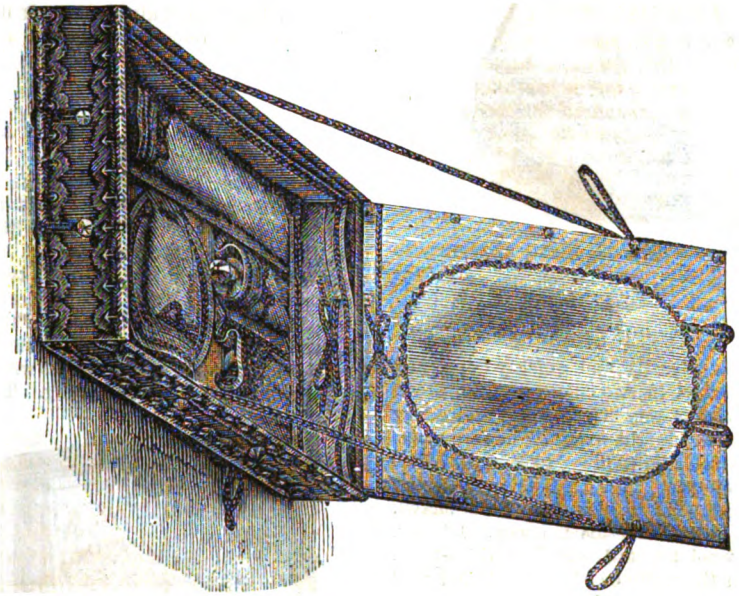


Fig. 1.

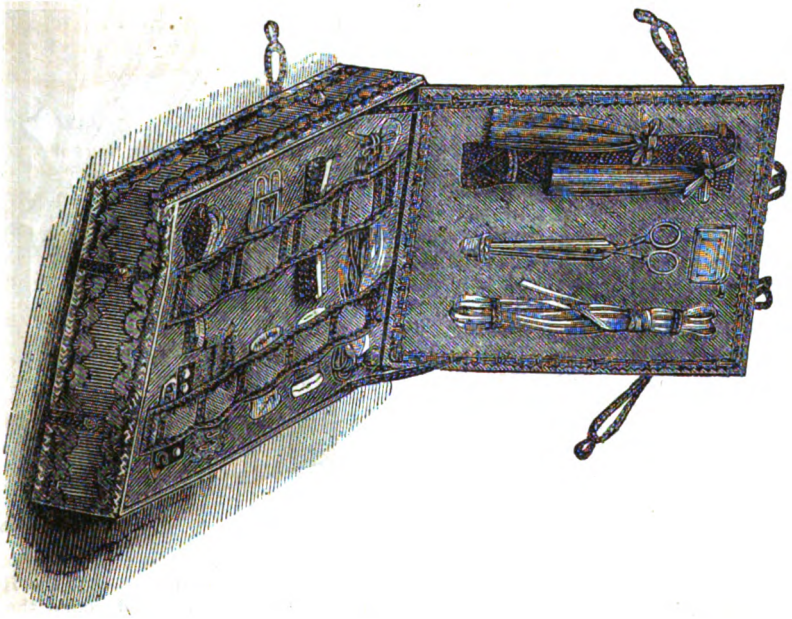
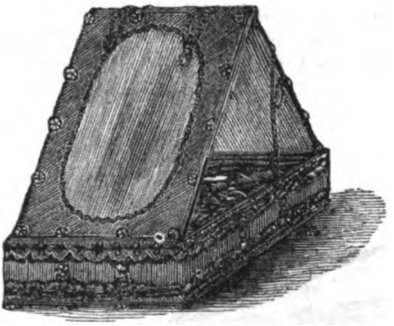


Fig. 2.

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Fig. 3.



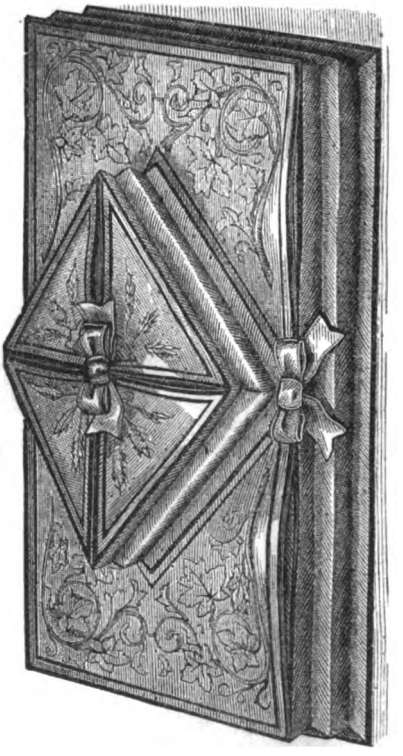
up to serve as a dressing glass, as shown in Fig. 3.

KNITTED SHAWLS.

THE stitch is easily and quickly done, and has a good effect in two colors of four-thread fleecy; scarlet or any bright color, and either white or black; bright magenta or rose color, and a very soft, light gray, look well. Two long wooden pins, No. 4. The quantity of wool must depend on the size of the shawl. Cast on 1 stitch, in scarlet fleecy. 1*st row.* Bring the wool forward, and knit this stitch. 2*d.* Join on the white or black wool, and purl the back row with it. 3*d.* Bring the wool forward as before, and knit the 2 stitches plain. 4*th.* Purl with scarlet. 5*th.* Bring the scarlet wool forward; knit 3 plain. 6*th.* Purl with white or black. 7*th.* Make 1, knit 1, make 1, slip 1 as if about to purl; knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 1. (The proper pattern is to pass the slipped stitch over 2, but when there are only 3 on the pin, it must be passed over only 1, as the last stitch on the straight side of the shawl should always be knitted plain, to make a firm edge.) 8*th.* Purl with scarlet. 9*th.* With same, make 1, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 2, pass slipped stitch over, knit 1. 10*th.* Purl with black or white. 11*th.* With same, make 1, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 2, pass slipped stitch over the 2; there will then be 2 stitches left; when this is the case, make 1, and knit the 2 plain. 12*th.* Purl with scarlet. 13*th.* Scarlet, make 1, knit 1, slip 1, knit 2, pass slipped stitch over, make 1, slip 1, knit 2, pass slipped stitch over, knit 1. Continue in this manner, a purl and pattern row alternately, throughout the shawl. Two rows are done with each color, and it is always changed in the purl row; the wool is not broken off, but care must be taken not to tighten the edge too much when each color is resumed. No increase in the purl or back rows, but each front row (which is the sloping side of the shawl) begins by, make 1, knit 1, before commencing the pattern, and it will be found that the pattern rows end with 1 and 2 stitches alternately, which must be treated as before directed. When the shawl is the size required, cast off rather loosely. *For the Fringe.* Cast on 10 stitches. Make 1, purl 2 together, alternately throughout the row. Every row is the same. When sufficient for the two straight sides of the shawl has been knitted, cast off 6 stitches and slip off the remaining 4, which are to be unravelled.

CASE FOR TABLE-CLOTHS AND DINNER NAPKINS.

THIS case, for holding table-cloths and dinner napkins while in daily use, is made of gray jean or linen, embroidered with brown silk, and braided with brown braid. Cut out of gray jean and brown Holland two pieces twenty-one inches long and thirteen inches wide. In the four corners of one of the pieces of jean work the design seen in the illustration, in stitching or chain stitch, with brown netting silk, and add the braiding. Then sew



the jean and the Holland over pieces of card-board the required size, so that the Holland forms the lining, and bind round the edges with ribbon or worsted braid. Next cut out four three-cornered pieces of jean and of Holland, and work a pattern on each piece of jean. Sew them over pieces of card-board, and bind them round, making a small eyelet-hole at one of the three corners of each piece,

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to admit a string. To one side of these three-cornered pieces sew the soufflet, consisting of four strips of linen nine inches long and three inches wide, sewn together at the ends, and bound with braid on both sides. Stitch this soufflet to the upper part of the larger embroidered portion of the case, according to illustration, and tie the four points at the top together with a bow of ribbon. Then make a soufflet for the table-cloth case of four strips of linen Holland, on the edge of the side of the soufflet that remains open, and sew on strings to tie in the centre. This case may be made of silk or reps, lined with silk, and embroidered in colored silks. It then is suitable for a wedding present.

BANNERETTE.

THE foundation of the centre part may be of

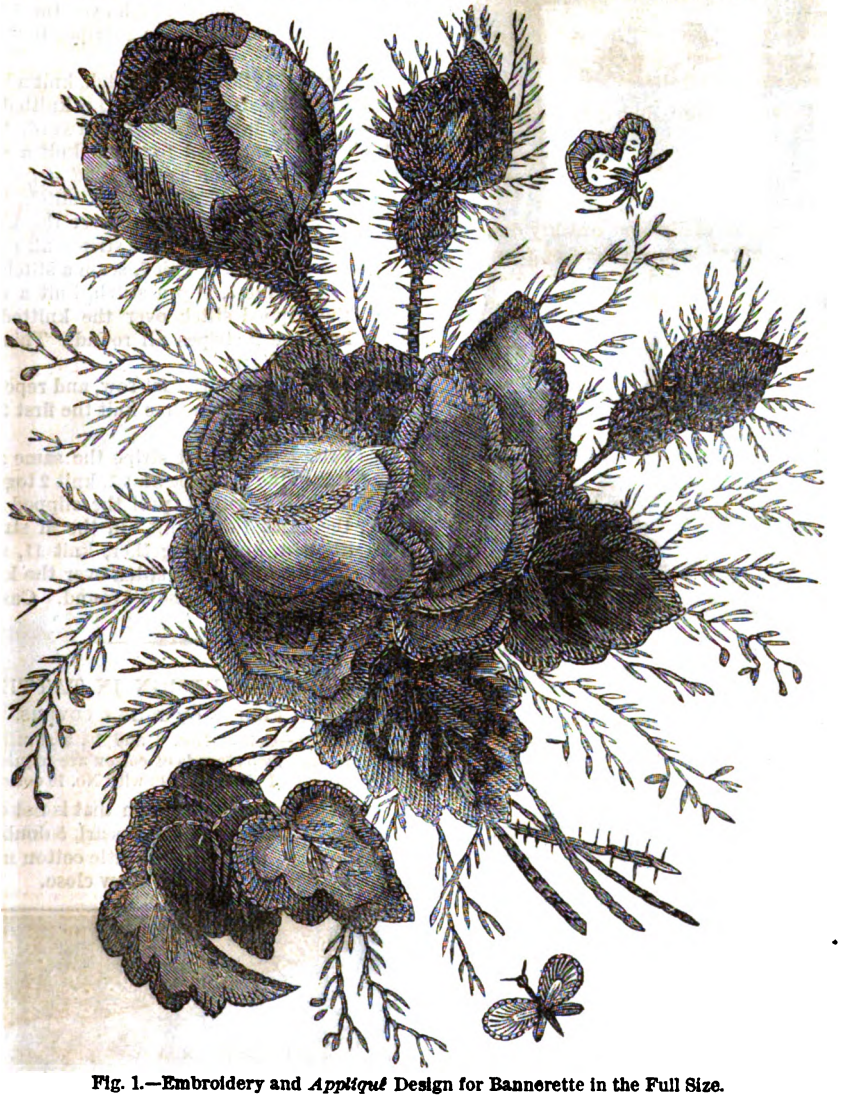


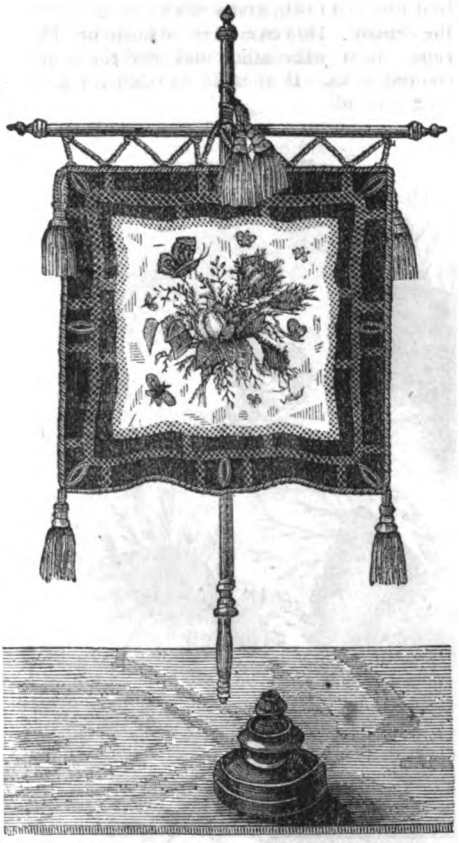
Fig. 1.—Embroidery and *Appliqué* Design for Bannerette in the Full Size.

four inches wide, and of the length of the sides of the case. Join the ends together, and bind the sides with braid. Sew them to the lower part of the case and to three sides of the upper part, leaving one long side open to receive the table-cloths. In order to keep the soufflet in shape, sew a strip of card-board, covered with satin or velvet. It is bordered with velvet or satin of two shades, worked round with herring-bone stitch; it is lined with silk, and edged with cord, and finished with tassels. The illustration of the working of the centre part is given in full size.

This bannerette is made on a frame of either

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Fig. 2.



gilt, ebony, or plain wood, and is used to protect the eyes from gas or firelight, the stand lifting out of the base so it can be held in the hand.

KNITTED CUFF,

IN TWO STRIPES, VERY PRETTY.

Materials.—One ounce of Shetland wool and four pins No. 19.

CAST 26 stitches on the 1st needle, 28 on the 2d, and 18 on the 3d.

1st row. Seam a stitch, slip a stitch, knit a stitch, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit a stitch, bring the wool forward, knit a stitch, bring the wool forward, knit a stitch, knit 2 together, seam a stitch. *2d stripe.* Knit a stitch, bring the wool forward, and knit a stitch; continue to bring the wool forward, and knit a stitch till you have made 8 loop stitches. Continue these alternate stripes all round this row.

2d. Seam a stitch, knit 7 plain, seam a stitch, knit 17 plain. Continue these alternate stripes all round this row.

3d. Seam a stitch, slip a stich, knit a stitch, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit a stitch, bring the wool forward, knit a stitch, bring the wool forward, knit a stitch, knit 2 together, seam a stitch. *2d stripe.* Knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 7, slip a stitch, knit a stitch, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit 3. Continue the stripes all round the row.

4th. Seam a stitch, knit 7, seam a stitch, knit 2, knit 2 together, knit 7, slip a stitch, knit a stitch, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit 2. Continue the 2 stripes to the end of the row.

5th. Seam a stitch, slip a stitch, knit a stitch, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit a stitch, bring the wool forward, knit a stitch, bring the wool forward, knit a stitch, knit 2 together, seam a stitch. *2d stripe.* Knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 7, slip a stitch, knit a stitch, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit 1. Continue the 2 stripes all round.

6th. Seam a stitch, knit 7, seam a stitch, knit 2 together, knit 7, slip a stitch, knit a stitch, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one. Continue the 2 stripes all round. This completes the pattern.

Begin again with the 1st row, and repeat the pattern 18 times, 19th time knit the first 2 rows the same as usual.

3d row. Knit the 1st stripe the same as before, but in the 2d stripe knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 11, slip 1, knit 1, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit 1 in the 2d stripe of the 4th row, knit 2 together, knit 11, slip 1, knit 1, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one. Continue the same all round. Cast off.

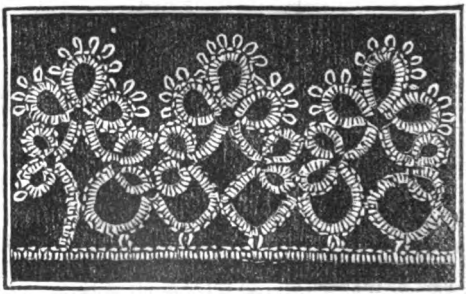
ARABESQUE DESIGN IN TATTING,

FOR EDGING OF TOILET COVERS.

Materials.—Cotton Nos. 8 and 10, a shuttle, and tatting pin. Two strands of cotton are requisite for this pattern. Fill the shuttle with No. 10 cotton.

COMMENCE on the 8 cotton that is not on the shuttle, 5 double stitches, 1 pearl, 5 double.

1st loop. Now with the shuttle cotton make 5 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, draw close.



2d. Begin close to the last tat, 5 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, draw close. On the thread 5 double stitches.

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3d. 5 double, join to pearl of 2d tat (1 double, 1 pearl, 5 times), 5 double, draw close.

4th. 5 double, join to last pearl of 3d tat (1 double, 1 pearl, 7 times), 5 double, draw close.

5th. 5 double, join to last pearl of 4th tat (1 double, 1 pearl, 5 times), 5 double, draw close. Take the thread, 5 double.

6th. 5 double, join to last pearl of 5th tat, 2 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, draw close.

7th. 5 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, draw up. Take the thread, 5 double, join to stem, 5 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, join to pearl of 7th tat, 5 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, 1 pearl, 5 pearl.

1st loop of 2d scallop. 5 double, join to pearl of 7th tat, 5 double.

2d. 5 double, join to 6th tat, 2 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, draw close. Take the thread, 5 double.

3d. 5 double, join to 2d tat (1 double, 1 pearl, 5 times), 5 double, draw close, and so on from * or 4th tat.

TRAY COVER.

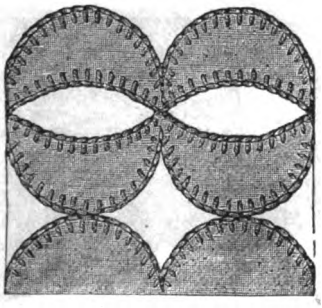
A PART of the border for this cover is shown

Fig. 1.



in the full size in Fig. 2. It is a good design for washstand mats. Linen worked with scarlet

Fig. 2.



Andalusian wool has a pretty effect for these mats.

CORNER BRACKET, ORNAMENTED WITH DRAPERY.

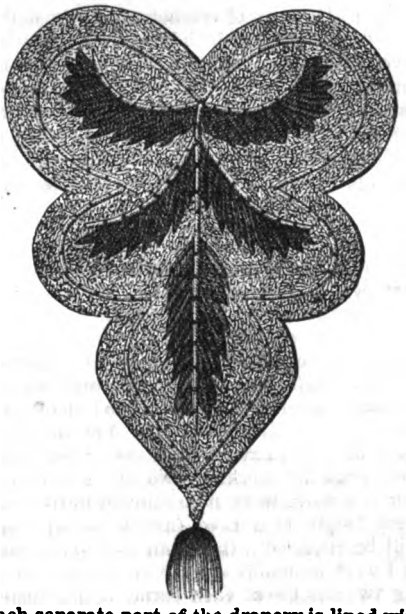
THE bracket is of carved wood. Round the edge of it is an embroidered drapery, the detail of which is shown in the full-size in Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.



Velvet or cloth of any color to suit the furniture may be chosen for the foundation; gold-colored and brown silk for the embroidery.

Fig. 2.—Drapery for Bracket.



Each separate part of the drapery is lined with silk or tammy of the color of the foundation, and is finished at the points with a little tassel.

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A silk cord is sewn round the edge, and a heading of quilled ribbon or cloth ornaments the edge of the bracket above the drapery.

CASKET PINCUSHION.

A SQUARE box of thin wood or pasteboard is lined throughout with quilted cherry-colored satin. The top is then stuffed and covered with satin, with a cover of crochet or guipure netting over it, designs for which have been frequently given in the LADY'S BOOK. The sides and bottom are also covered with satin, finished on each edge with a silk cord. A ruche of satin ribbon, with bows at each corner, trims the cushion. The lid is edged with a cord, and lifts up, furnishing a receptacle for jewelry.

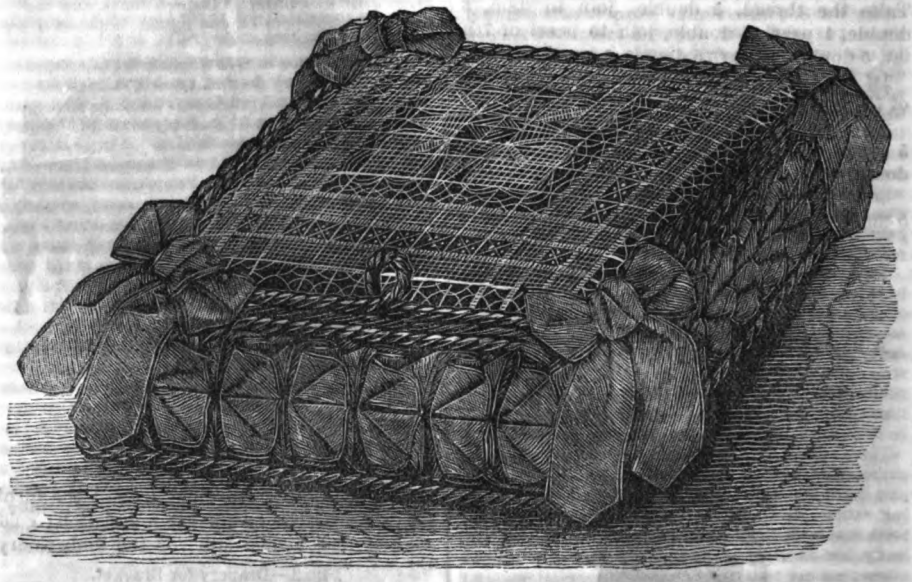
BABY'S BOOT (CROCHET).

Materials.—A quarter of an ounce of rose-colored wool, one yard of rose and white satin ribbon, and a pair of cork soles.

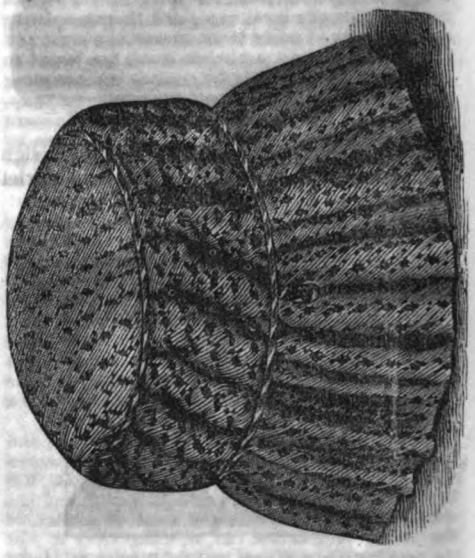
MAKE a chain of eleven loops with rose-colored single Berlin wool, and work one row in double crochet, then work the remainder of the slipper in ribbed crochet. For the front, work until you have nine ridges, increasing at each edge by working two stitches in one. For the sides, work nine stitches until a sufficient length is worked (about twenty ridges will be required), then join this to the front, and work in double crochet all round, increasing two stitches at each corner of the instep; finish with a row of one double, and seven chain twice, in each stitch all round, and draw with a ribbon. Sew on the soles on the wrong side, make a strap the length required for the ankle by working two rows in double crochet, making three stitches at each end for the buttonholes.

BOX OTTOMAN.

THE foundation of this ottamon is a strong circular box, the top of which must be well



padded. The arrangement of the pretty chintz cover is clearly shown in the design. It will



be found to be an exceedingly useful article in the bedroom.

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Receipts, Etc.

STEPS IN COOKERY.

WITHOUT wishing to enter upon the various modes of cleaning kitchen utensils, we will merely observe that the best plan is to clean them as far as possible as soon as they have been used, and that when we say clean, we mean make them absolutely free from dirt and grease. We will venture to say that in a majority of the kitchens of our middle classes the cooks would pronounce as clean vessels which no amount of sand, soda, and soap could ever make fit for use; and yet, as a rule, English servants are not dirty, for see how bright the door plates, and how white the door steps (no easy matter in a climate like this) are kept by them. That they do not keep their saucepans clean is purely a matter of habit, and, like most bad habits, is difficult to eradicate; but yet it is not an impossibility if the mistresses will but insist upon them being kept in good order. Cleanliness is a word which should be graven in capital letters over the door of all kitchens, large or small.

When a young woman has been taught not only how to clean a saucepan, but also how to know a clean saucepan from a dirty one—to know, in fact, what absolute cleanliness means—then, and then only, should she be permitted to enter upon the study of cookery; an art, or science, as you please, than which there is none of more importance to mankind. Let those laugh who will, but what would become of us without cooks, even bad as they are.

The next thing to teach an apprentice is the preparation of the materials for cooking, viz., plucking and drawing poultry and game, skinning and drawing rabbits and hares, trimming joints, cutting up loins into cutlets, cleaning and scaling fish, etc., and lastly, the trussing of poultry and game. With the above, should be taught the picking, washing, and cutting up of vegetables—from peeling a potato or shelling peas to turning carrots for ragouts with fancy vegetable cutters. All these things appear simple enough, but, like everything else, to be well done they require great care; and there is a wrong and dirty way of doing them, as well as a right and a clean way. Until a kitchen maid has learnt to prepare everything ready for cooking in a becoming and approved form, she should not be allowed to approach the kitchen range, except, perhaps, to learn how to light and manage the fire—an operation, by the way, which is by no means unimportant, and requires a certain amount of training and practice to be done properly.

The first operation of cooking to be performed by the tyro is boiling vegetables in water and salt; then boiling fish, and boiling meat. Her instructor will be able to tell her whether the things to be boiled should be placed in hot or cold water in the first instance, and also when the salt is to be put in; but how much of it to use, and how long each thing should boil, are matters which the learner must find out by her own practice and observation. To have learnt to boil a potato or fish to a nicety is already a great stride in the art of cookery.

Making stock for soups will be the next step; and by degrees the preparation of soups and sauces should be taught. At this stage a cookery book, if it be a tolerably good one, becomes useful, and the composition of made dishes of meat, of poultry, of fish, and of vegetables, can be learnt from it; but the making these things creditably must be learnt by practice.

Frying, roasting, and broiling come next, and each of these constitutes a special art, which requires special instructions. What is common to all is the management of the fire, and this must be mastered first.

To learn how to do all these things well is the work of years, and even then the learner must have, in addition to her own aptitude and willingness, the good fortune to be under an instructor who knows how the work is properly to be done. Now-a-days women turn cooks just as the fancy takes them, and that such find places is a sign of two things—the great dearth of properly trained cooks, and the inability of employers to distinguish between a cook and an imposter.

The preparation of sweet dishes is quite a separate branch of cookery to master, which requires even greater training and practice; cleanliness being here more than ever an indispensable condition to insure anything but unutterable failure. It is given to very few to be good cooks, and at the same time pastry cooks and confectioners. For, unless such an one have by nature a light and a cool hand, no amount of teaching and practice will enable her to make good pastry. Still, there is plenty and enough of sweet dishes into the composition of which paste does not enter. These should be taught by degrees—from the simplest to the more complicated. But, above all things, the preliminary operations, such as whisking eggs, buttering moulds, etc., must be learnt perfectly.

Last of all comes the knowledge which constitutes the ethics of cookery, and this will gradually grow upon the cook who is fond of her calling and interested in it. If this be the case, she will lose no opportunity of watching better cooks than herself at work, and seeing how they send up dinners, and of what these dinners consist. She will also make a collection of bills of fare, and last, but not least, she will study books on cookery. Thus will she become able not only to cook but to compose a dinner.

The above is but an imperfect outline of the course of study which is required if one is to become a good cook. Nor can the scarcity of such be wondered at when we consider the endless knowledge which must be acquired before you can honestly call yourself a cook at all. In fact, a cook must be an artist in the broadest sense of the word.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Veal Hash.—Take some remnants of roast or braised veal, trim off all browned parts, and mince it very fine. Fry a shallot chopped small in plenty of butter; when it is a light straw-color, add a large pinch of flour and a little stock; then the minced meat, with chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste; mix well; add more stock if necessary, and let the mince gradually get hot by the side of the fire. When quite hot, stir into it off the fire a yelk of egg and the juice of a lemon strained and beaten up together. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter around it, and three or four poached eggs on the top.

Sweetbreads.—Trim a couple of sweetbreads, soak them half an hour in tepid water, then parboil them for a few minutes, and lay them into cold water; when quite cold, take them out, dry them, and lard them thickly with fine strips of bacon. Put a slice of fat bacon in a stewpan with some onions, carrots, a bundle of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spices to taste, and a small quantity of rich stock; lay the sweetbreads on this, and let them gently stew till quite done, basting the top occasionally with the liquor. When cooked, strain the liquor, skim it of

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superfluous fat, reduce it almost to a glaze; brown the larded size of the sweetbreads with a salamander, and serve with the sauce over them.

Brown Soup.—Take equal parts of carrots, turnips, onions, and celery; cut them all in the shape of very small dice. Put a good piece of butter in a saucepan, with a little pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of powdered lump sugar; toss the carrots in this till they begin to take color; then put in the celery, after a little time the turnips, and then the onions. When all the vegetables are equally colored, add as much stock as you want soup, and set the saucepan by the side of the fire to simmer gently for a couple of hours. Then skim, and serve.

Horseradish Sauce.—Scrape one or more sticks of horseradish very fine; indeed, to grate it is best. Have a good tablespoonful; put it in your sauce tureen with a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar, and three tablespoonfuls of rich cream. This is an excellent and well-tried receipt.

Sheep's Kidneys.—Custom seems to have established but one method of dressing sheep's kidneys for breakfast, namely, *à la brochette*, or broiled. Split them open, but do not entirely divide them. Put a fine skewer through them to prevent their warping or closing together again; place them, inside downwards, upon a gridiron; as soon as they feel pretty firm turn them, and directly the gravy is well risen, take them up; pepper, salt, and add to each a good piece of butter rubbed in some boiled parsley, squeeze a lemon over them, and put them into a hot dish. It is also admissible to toss them in butter, or cut them into thin slices; season them, dip them into batter, and fry them. They are also capital devilled, or chopped small after they are dressed, and made into croquettes or an omelette—for this purpose one kidney is sufficient for a moderate-sized omelette.

Dolpettes of Cold Meat.—Prepare the meat as for a hash—or some hashed meat that has become cold will answer the purpose—add to it some bread-crums, enough to stiffen the consistency, mix it together with the yelk of eggs, shape it into small balls, dip them into egg, roll them in bread-crums and grated Parmesan cheese, and fry them brown. Glaze them or serve them with tomato sauce.

Venison Pie.—Cut your meat into moderately small pieces; boil down the bones to make gravy. Season the meat, and properly distribute the fat and the lean in a dish edged with crust. Pack the venison pretty close, cover with a lid of crust, and bake slowly for four hours. If preferred, the venison may be first jugged for two or three hours, to make it tender, and afterwards put into a raised pie.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Lisbon Cake.—Melt half a pound of good butter, having care to skim and draw it clear in a bowl. When it has become cool, stir it with a wooden spoon until it is of the consistence of cream. Then add half a pound of white sugar in powder, stirring the whole continually, and beating in from one to six eggs, a half pound of flour through a sieve, and some grated lemon peel, or nutmeg, according to your taste. After it is thoroughly mixed, turn the composition into one or more moulds well greased, and bake in a very moderate heat. It must remain three-quarters of an hour in the oven.

A Lady's Pudding.—Rub off on lumps of loaf-sugar the yellow rind of one large lemon, or two small ones. Then crush that sugar, and add more to it till you have four heaped tablespoonfuls. Beat to a stiff froth the whites only of four eggs. Then gradually add the sugar (a little at a time) to the beaten white of an egg. Have ready in a pan a pint of cream or rich unskimmed milk. Stir into it by degrees the mixture of white of egg and sugar, alternately with four heaped tablespoonfuls or four ounces of sifted flour. When the whole is mixed, stir it long and hard; and then transfer it to a deep dish, the inside of which must be slightly buttered. Bake it from half an hour to three-quarters; and when done, sift powdered sugar over the top. Send it to table warm, with a sauce of equal quantities of fresh butter and powdered white sugar stirred together to a light cream, and flavored with lemon-juice and grated nutmeg. This pudding will be found very delicate. For a large one, take the whites of eight eggs, the rind of two large lemons, half a pound of sugar, a quart of cream or rich milk, and eight heaped tablespoonfuls of flour.

Flat Paste Cake.—Put in a bowl three pounds of flour, make a hole in the middle, in which put one pound of fresh butter, four eggs, one ounce of salt (if the butter be salt, a less quantity will be sufficient), and enough water to mix the paste so that it can be worked. Knead well, make it into balls that you flatten with a rolling pin, on a floured table, that the dough may not adhere. Make your flat cakes as thick as your thumb, wash them over with the yelk of an egg, powder with sugar and chopped almonds, put them in an oven, and bake them of a good color.

Savoy Cake.—Take eight eggs, separate the whites from the yelks, which latter you put in an earthen dish, with three-quarters of a pound of white sugar in powder, and the grated yellow or entire skin of a lemon. Stir the yelks of eggs with the sugar, until they have well amalgamated. Whip your whites of eggs to a very thick snow; then mix your yelks gently, and add, through a sieve, a half pound of fine flour. Mix well the whole, turn your paste in the tinued moulds or forms, which you have beforehand carefully greased. Do not fill the moulds more than two-thirds full, and bake in an oven moderately hot.

Magdalen Cakes.—Take half a pound of butter, and let it soften in steam; stir it with a wooden spoon for a good quarter of an hour, until it is reduced to the consistence of cream; incorporate with it then, one by one, six eggs, add a half pound of grated sugar, a little orange flower, or grated lemon-peel, and after all, mix with it a pound of flour. Work well your paste, so that you can roll it out with a rolling-pin. Make your cakes of any convenient size, and arrange them upon iron (or tin) plates, about half the thickness of your thumb; wash them with yelks of eggs, and bake them in a very moderate heat, so that they may remain in the oven half an hour.

Carraway Cake.—Sift half a pound of rice flour into a dish. In a deep pan cut up half a pound of fresh butter, and mix with it half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar. Having warmed them slightly, stir together the butter and sugar till very light and creamy. Break five eggs, and beat them in a shallow pan till thick and smooth. Then stir them gradually into the pan of beaten sugar and butter, alternately with the flour, a little of each at a time. Add by degrees a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg mixed, a wineglassful of rose water or of rose brandy, and half an ounce or more of carraway seeds thrown in a few at a time, stirring hard all the while. Butter a square iron pan, put in the mixture, set it in a rather brisk oven, and bake it well. When done, sift powdered sugar over it; and when cool, cut it into long squares.

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CONFECTIONERY DAINTIES.

Marmalade Cakes.—Mix together a quarter of a peck of flour, with half a pound of refined sugar dissolved in ten spoonfuls of water, half a pint of yeast, a pound of currants, two ounces of candied lemon-peel, cut in thin slices, half an ounce each of cinnamon and mace grated, a quart of milk, ten eggs beaten up, and about a pound of orange marmalade. Bake the cakes at a moderate temperature, and ice with loaf-sugar and white of eggs.

Banbury Cakes.—Take three pounds of currants, a pound of butter, four ounces of loaf-sugar, a quarter of an ounce of mace, with the same quantity of cloves, and half a peck of flour. Then make it into a paste with boiled milk, and three-quarters of a pint of yeast. Place the dough near the fire to rise, knead it well before it is made into cakes.

To make a Hedge-hog in Confectionery.—Beat up about two pounds of blanched almonds with a little water and sherry into a stiff paste; then pound up with it a pint of cream, twelve raw eggs, and enough loaf-sugar to sweeten it. Put the paste in a pan over the fire, and mix with it half a pound of butter, which must be continually stirred into it. When the paste has become sufficiently stiff by boiling, make it into the shape of a hedge-hog. Imitate the bristles by means of blanched almonds slit, and place the hedge-hog in a dish. Then boil some cream with sugar, and the yelks of a few eggs, and when ready, pour into the dish round the hedge-hog. Let the dish get cold, and send it to table.

Barley Sugar.—Prepare some strong syrup, and boil it as much as possible without allowing it to change color. Then strain into it a strong decoction of barley. Remove the syrup from the fire, and allow it to settle; then pour it out on a marble slab previously well oiled. When the barley sugar is cold, cut it in pieces, and roll it into sticks of the proper shape.

Lemon Drops.—Pour some lemon-juice on some finely-powdered loaf-sugar, and boil to the consistence of thick syrup. Drop this on plates, and put them in a warm place to dry. They are then to be taken off the plates, and preserved in well-stopped vessels. If preferred, some of the lemon-peel may be cut small and added to the syrup.

Another Way to Make Lemon Drops.—Pour four ounces of lemon-juice over a pound of loaf-sugar, and also the same quantity of rose-water. Boil them into syrup, and then add some grated lemon-peel, and mix them well together. Then proceed as previously directed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Management of the Finger-Nails.—The correct management of the nails is to cut them of an oval shape, corresponding with the shape of the fingers. Never allow them to grow too long, as it makes it difficult to keep them clean; nor too short, as it causes the tips of the fingers to become flattened, and enlarged, and turn upwards, which gives the hand an awkward appearance. The skin which grows in a semicircle on the top of the nail requires much attention, as it is often drawn on with its growth, dragging the skin below the nail so tight as to cause it to divide into what are termed agnails. This is to be prevented by separating the skin from the nail by a blunt half-circular instrument. Many persons cut this pellicle, which causes it to grow very thick and uneven, and sometimes damages the growth of the nail. It is also injurious to prick under the nail with a pen, or penknife, or point of the scissors. The nails should be scrubbed with a brush not too hard, and the semicircular flesh pressed back with the towel without touching the quick. This method, if pursued daily, will keep the nails in proper order. When the nails are badly formed or ill-shaped, the ridges or fibres should be scraped and rubbed with a lemon, and well dried afterwards; but if the nails are very thin, the above remedy will not do them any good, but might cause them to split.

Hints about Toasted Bread.—To prepare buttered toast, hold it before a good clear fire that it may be done as quickly as possible, and butter it the instant it is toasted. If this is not attended to, the toast, instead of eating light and crisp, will be tough and leathery. To prepare dry toast, if it is required to be crisp and thin, it should be put in the toast-rack, and placed before the fire for some time before it is used. When thick toast, not too dry, is wanted, it should be done as quickly as possible, and served at once.

To Polish Patent Leather Boots.—Mix some turpentine and sweet oil together, and rub over the boots with the finger, and polish with a soft cloth. If there are any cracks in them, these should be filled up with the ordinary boot blacking first, and any furniture polish may be applied, instead of the turpentine and oil, if preferred. This treatment renders them more lasting, and gives a good polish till the boots are entirely worn out.

Savory Omelet.—Make batter as for a pancake, chop a little parsley and green onions, and pepper and salt, stir in, and fry in plenty of lard. It may be served either dry or with gravy.

To Cleanse Cloth or Silk from Spots of Wax.—Place a piece of soft soap upon each spot and warm it slightly before the fire, or the sun (if hot) will serve the purpose. Wash the spot afterwards with soft water, and it will disappear.

To Make Toast and Water.—Put into a deep jug some slices of bread which have been toasted on both sides a deep brown. Pour a quantity of spring water over them, and cover the jug. After the water has stood for some hours, strain it for use.

CONTRIBUTED.

Ginger Cookies (or Molasses.)—Two cups of molasses (New Orleans the best), eight tablespoonfuls of butter, nine of hot water, four teaspoonfuls of soda, and one of alum: dissolve each in separate cups in half the water, one teaspoonful of ginger (or more if preferred); put the alum and soda in the molasses first; mix soft as you can roll out.

Sugar Cookies.—Break into a cup one egg, a piece of butter the size of the egg, then fill up with sugar. Fix three cups in this way, and to each cup add a tablespoonful of thick sour milk, and to three tablespoonfuls of milk add a teaspoonful of soda. Remember to put an egg to each cup, butter and sugar the same.

Harrison Pudding.—Four cups of flour, two-thirds of a cup of melted butter, one cup of molasses, one of raisins, one of milk, one teaspoonful of soda. Instead of butter, if you choose, use one cup of suet chopped fine and two eggs. Boil in a bag or tin dish three hours.

Baker's Gingerbread.—Two cups of molasses (New Orleans best), four tablespoonfuls of butter stirred together without melting; add one cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of soda dissolved in one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of alum dissolved in one-third of a cup of boiling water, and one tablespoonful of ginger. Stir all well together, adding flour gradually. Roll thin, cut in slices, and bake quickly.

MRS. B. T. P.

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Editors' Table.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

The woman is the Glory of the man.—ST. PAUL.

THE eyes of the infant seek Beauty in Light,
The beam he would grasp is the world to his sight:
Not to have, nor to hold, for *self* is asleep;
'Tis an instinct immortal the Beauty to keep,
Which Light and its colors in garniture wove,
To glorify Earth and the Heaven above;
And caverns and oceans this garnishing prove,
For the beauties of Nature are smiles of GOD'S love.

This thirst for the beautiful clings to us all—
'Tis the grief of the Soul for her pitiful Fall!
We feel that the perfect in Nature was given
To beings created for glory in Heaven!
We must seek th' ALL-GOOD our lost beauty to win;
We must train the young children ere passions begin,
For the human will be what the human hath been,
While the false and the foul have a license for sin.

Man gathers his gold, delving deep the dark mine;
—To Woman, God 's gold in His *image* Divine,
A jewel too precious for angels to wear,
Is laid on her bosom, or lent to her care:
Her home may be humble, but blessings are given—
Withheld in the sunshine—through shadows of even;
And the faith, that in sorrow for duty hath striven,
May brighten her gems with the glory of Heaven.

Oh, mother of sons!—in our land of full life,
Where boys may press onward, with men, to the strife—
Are thine far away from the home of their youth?
Fear not! If their hearts hold the Beauty of Truth,
Impressed by the lessons they learned at thy knee—
That the GOD *of the* BIBLE is LORD *of the free*—
They will follow His Laws, though no mortal may see;
They will turn from temptation when thinking of *thee*.

Let man, o'er the Earth he subdues, hold his sway,
"Sweet Home" is the Empire of woman alway;
Here, giving her life for the lives she hath given,
She may rule, as her right, in the service of Heaven.
Her presence is felt like the breathings of May,
That open the flow'ret, and lure the estray,
While her faith in the SAVIOUR, illuming man's way,
Crowns the gloom of his toil with the GLORY OF DAY.

THE WORKER AND THE WINNER.

THERE is one great idea which we have sometimes striven to place clearly before our readers, but which is so suggestive and so important that we will once more turn a new aspect of it towards them.

The inorganic world—the vegetable and the brute creation—require for their subjugation the strong hand of man. When the nations of the earth emerge into the light of history, we find them one and all slowly subduing the constitution of Nature, or adapting themselves to it, through the vigor and inventions of their men. It is not an artificial disability, imposed upon woman by civilization, but a natural incapacity, to show her that her work lies not in the region of matter. Wherever the mere endeavor to subsist has absorbed the energies of a tribe, there the women have been degraded into hewers of wood and drawers of water. The savage, who valued only strength, despised the sex who had less than himself. And the law has always been the same, that inanimate and brute Nature yielded only to the hand of man.

Enter for a moment a jeweller's store. See the diamonds and pearls, the silver and the gold, the bronzes and the marbles that have been dug from the depths of the earth, rounded, and polished, and cut into a thousand beautiful shapes by the cunning hand of the artificer; and reflect upon the toil, the ingenuity, the slow progress of mechanical art that called them into being; and then reflect that in all this work there has not been raised the hand of a single woman!

And now think a little longer. This magnificence of ornament was not made by women, but it was made *for* women; for their personal adornment, and that of the homes over which they preside. Man labors that he may make woman happy, that he may adorn her dwelling-place and herself with the choicest fruits of his toil. In so doing he recognizes the great fact that while she has done nothing of this hard work, she has helped him in a worthier way. She has added strength to his hand, she has lifted a lamp for his guidance.

"These are *my* jewels," said the Roman matron, as she led her young sons into the room where the wives of Roman Senators were flaunting their jewels. Never was a better definition of woman's important work of an educator given in so few words. Her work is to improve human nature in the living beauty of goodness, whilst men beautify unorganized matter. "Goodness is beauty in its best estate." This personal goodness, the complement of all the virtues and accomplishments, should be the grand aim of life.

The young mother with her new-born son on her bosom has in her keeping a jewel of more worth than all the diamonds in the world; and in his work for her, man is making his return of gratitude for the priceless gifts he has received at her hands. The education, without which half his force is wasted; the moral principle which keeps him steadfast against temptation, and teaches him to do unto others what he would that others should do unto him, he owes to the training of woman, and this is his tribute of thanks.

The real Inspirer, for whom this great work of subduing the inorganic world has been achieved, is woman. For her man's brain has thought, his eye has measured, his hand executed, and his fingers ornamented whatever his understanding and genius could apprehend of beauty and use in the material world. No book, except the Bible, has so clearly defined the differences of men and women in nature and in duties, as will the study of this collection of his beautiful work for her use of the beautiful. And woman's work, when she shall be trained and fitted for it, as man now is for his own work, adequately, will show results on humanity more excellent in their beauty than the masculine mind can now apprehend from the results of what it has done.

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OUR NEWLY-FOUND KINDRED.

THE progress of science is bringing the nations of the world nearer together in thought and feeling, as well as in other ways. It has not been suspected until recently that the people of the south of India belonged, as regards language and traditions, to the same peculiar stock, or subdivision of the human race, as the nations of Europe. Yet it seems that this is now an ascertained fact. The author of a remarkable article on "Dravidian Folk-Songs," which appeared in a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, affirms that the Dravidians (as the people of Southern India, numbering some thirty or forty millions, and comprising several distinct nations, are collectively designated) "represent lineally an offshoot from the great parent stock which left the fatherland long before Sanscrit was grown into vigor, and about the same period that the Teutonic wave flowed northwards into Europe. There is scarcely a Dravidian root," he adds, "which does not appear in Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, or Icelandic. The grammatical forms follow the same rule, and Tamil and Telugu possess at the present day the complete verb which has left such traces in our language as *are*, *art*, and *were*."

It is satisfactory to learn that these newly-discovered relatives of ours are far superior in point of morality and religion to our more distant and more self-sufficient kinsfolk, the Braminical nations, as they may be called, of Northern India. Indeed, they seem quite worthy to be ranked, in natural qualities, with the best of the western nations. This may be inferred from the evidence of their popular songs, of which many examples are given by this writer, in what he affirms to be almost literal translations. These songs are of a very peculiar cast—serious, often religious, and always pure. "In a large collection of folk-songs from all the chief Dravidian languages," we are told, "not one may be called immoral, not one cheerful." The mournful cast of these songs is ascribed to the struggle in the popular mind against the gross idolatry which has been imposed upon these nations by the Brahman invasion and supremacy. Many of their religious poems are directly aimed at this idolatry, which they reject and rebuke. In its place they invoke a single deity—pure, just, and merciful—under the name usually of Vishnu (the "Preserver" of the Brahman Triad) or some one of his appellatives—Purandala, Narasimha, Runga, or the like. As an example of this style, we may quote the concluding verse of a song entitled "The Troublesome World:"—

"When men are sick and poor,
Sorrow enters;
Though wealth should bar the door,
Sorrow enters.
If gained by strength and care—
Pain is in store—
Great hoards the shelves should bear—
Pain is in store.
But if each day you pray,
No sorrow comes;
To him who hears alway—
No sorrow comes—
The excellent Vishnu,
Your joy is great;
Great peace will dwell in you,
Your joy is great.
Chorus. Never, oh, my soul! can peace be thine,
Until great Runga's grace be mine;
If angry he, all hope resign."

A very remarkable piece, in a peculiar unrhymed metre, is directed against the worship of images. It is certainly surprising, when we think of the many-headed and many-armed monsters of the Hindoo pantheon and of the great idol of Juggernauth, to find a poem comprising verses like the following among the popular minstrelsy of Southern India:—

"My God is not a chiselled stone
Or lime, so bright and white;
Nor is he cleaned with tamarind,
Like images of brass.

"I cannot worship such as these,
But loudly make my boast,
That in my heart I place the feet,
The golden feet of God.

"If he be mine, what can I need?
My God is everywhere.
Within, beyond man's highest word,
My God existeth still.

"In sacred books, in darkest night,
In deepest, bluest sky,
In those who know the truth, and all
The faithful few of earth—

"My God is found in all of these.
But can the Deity
Descend to images of stone
Or copper, dark and red?

"Alas! how long did I adore
The chiselled stone, and serve
An image made of lime or brass,
That 's cleaned with tamarind!"

A people whose character and sentiments are represented by such compositions as these, are fitted for a better religion than the childish and cruel delusions of Hindoo mythology, which they are instinctively seeking to throw off. One cannot but look forward with hope to the results which will follow when the nature of the Christian belief is made known to these millions of our kindred, who appear, it must be confessed, better qualified than our own direct ancestors, with their harsh creed and savage Valhalla, would seem to have been, to appreciate its excellence, and observe its strict but gentle requirements. There is no brighter subject of anticipation than the day when the whole people of India, numbering one-tenth part of the human race, with their strong religious feeling and their high reasoning power, shall accept the teachings which in a few centuries have lifted the nations of Europe far above them from a much lower deep of barbarism.

USEFUL EDUCATION.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot in England for improving the education of women in the middle and higher classes of society, by rendering it more practically useful. The complaint is made that they "are taught a great many accomplishments, but have very few solid acquirements;" and that "girls, on leaving school, are frequently suffered to lead a frivolous, useless life, instead of being encouraged to raise a good superstructure on the foundations existing." A meeting was recently held at the Society of Arts, under the presidency of Lord Lyttleton, and a prospectus issued of a scheme for a proposed improvement in the methods of instruction. The committee propose to provide what they term a good "home education;" that is, we presume, an education which will fit the pupils for usefulness in their future homes. The matter, we are told, "has nothing political or emancipatory about it, but limits its aspirations merely to social remedies." There is certainly room for improvement in the same direction in our own country, and perhaps quite as much in young men's colleges as in ladies' schools.

SERVANTS IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

UNDER the title of "French Home Life," an evidently well-informed writer has lately given in *Blackwood's Magazine* an account of the character and habits of domestic servants in France, as compared with those of the same class in England. His remarks are highly suggestive, as well for the facts which he states, as for his inferences. His descrip-

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tion of the wide distance and utter alienation, the impassable gulf, as it would seem, between servants and their employers in England, is quite startling and almost appalling. He speaks chiefly of men-servants, though to a certain extent his remarks apply, of course, to women as well. In England it is expected that a servant shall be an impassive machine, without sympathies and without feelings, except where his rights and perquisites of office, so to speak, are concerned. He must not smile in his master's presence; must not expect to be addressed familiarly, or to be admitted to take any part in the joys or sorrows of the family in which he lives. On the other hand, he is allowed, and, indeed, expected, to guard his own claims and privileges with the utmost jealousy. He will only do the special work for which he is engaged—the footman never taking the coachman's place, for example; and he must not be disturbed in his allotted times for meals and rest. Under this system the English servant becomes a stolid, sullen, selfish personage, outwardly respectful, but inwardly, as this writer believes, nourishing hostile and resentful feelings, if not toward his own employers, at all events towards their class, and the system of society in which he leads his joyless existence.

In France, on the other hand, masters are friendly with their servants: they talk together about the affairs of the family; and the result is, that service frequently assumes almost the form of affectionate intimacy. The servant, treated as a friend, is willing, in an emergency, to turn his hand to any work which the needs of the household may require, whether it falls within his department or not; and he does not insist on any special privileges. "In England," we are told, "no mistress would venture to disturb her servant at his dinner; in France she would unceremoniously send him out, if necessary, on an errand of two hours, between his soup and his meat, and the man would go cheerily and without a growl." Servants in France, moreover, under this system, are actually more respectful than those in England, and are not only more attached to their masters, but more friendly to the employing class, and more conservative. Very few domestics are found to sympathize with the Communists and other classes hostile to the existing frame of society.

The writer, whose remarks we are condensing, ascribes the difference in the position and character of servants in the two countries to a cause which will doubtless surprise the readers of the magazine in which his views are set forth. This cause is in the word democracy. In France, as is well known, there is now complete political equality. All distinctions of hereditary rank have been abolished, and every man is an elector. The servant, therefore, is not likely to experience from his employer that supercilious haughtiness with which he is treated where he is regarded as a member of an inferior and disfranchised class; and he, on the other hand, while his feelings are thus respected, is willing to exhibit proper deference and respect to his employer during his temporary engagement, which he knows he can terminate at will, after a brief notice. Thus a pleasant and kindly state of feeling grows up between the two classes. The writer adds that this sentiment of equality is as clearly felt, and with the same effect, in the case of women servants as in that of men. "The difference," he observes, "is that the woman feels it, and the man thinks it; with one it is an instinct, with the other it is a conviction; but in both cases it lifts up the level of personal dignity; it generally softens manners, and renders the heart more capable of good feeling towards a master [or mistress, he might have added], whose superiority is only admitted as an accident, and in no way as an inherent right."

These are certainly remarkable words to appear in a high Tory periodical. But the moral which they involve is commonplace enough, and requires no deep research to find out. Moreover, it is a moral which is applicable all the world over, as well as in England and France. It is simply that if those whom we employ are treated with kindness and consideration, they will render back kindness and respect in return, and generally in double measure.

THE REST OF THE GOOD:—

When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,
Who sat and watched in raiment heavenly bright;
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upward, that He is not here,
That He is risen!—ROGERS.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

SCIENTIFIC GARDENING.—The "New England Woman's Club" has done a good work in founding a Horticultural School for women, to prepare them for the work of gardening as a business. The school was first opened at Newton Centre, where a small estate was bought, and greenhouses erected by the promoters. Afterwards, on learning that the school of practical agriculture, in connection with Harvard University, at the Burrey farm in West Roxbury, would be open, in many of its most important branches, for the attendance of women, the school at Newton Centre was discontinued, and the funds are now used for the education of young women in the Harvard Institution. There is certainly no more healthful and agreeable pursuit than horticulture, and when pursued by one who has had a scientific training, it combines mental occupation and bodily exercise in a manner which perhaps no other calling can equal. May the energetic founders of the Massachusetts Horticultural School for women have good success and many imitators!

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.—How much of domestic comfort may depend on very small matters is well shown by a lively passage in Mrs. Hawthorne's interesting "Notes on England and Italy," where a curious fact is noticed which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere mentioned. Describing her hotel, in the Scottish Highlands, near Loch Lomond, she says:—

"Here I sit now in a pretty parlor, and we also have comfortable bedrooms surrounded—yes, give ear, England, and never more boast a superiority to auld Scotia!—surrounded with hospitable pegs and hooks! Scotland is not only the land o' cakes, but the land o' pegs, and poor mortals are not obliged to wander wild with despair around their chambers, holding their garments, and crying, 'Oh! where shall I hang them; oh! where?' I never saw a peg in England, and I believe Europe cannot show one, so that Scotland and America alone excel in this kind."

Perhaps this superiority of Scotland and America in pegs and hooks may be connected with our inferiority in wardrobes, clothes-presses, and clothes-closets. We are afraid even to *guess* what proportion of bedrooms in this country are without these truly indispensable adjuncts, for which "pegs and hooks" in any number are but poor substitutes. But Mrs. Hawthorne's experience, of course, referred to cases in which she had found neither of these conveniences; and every lady traveller or lodger will share her feelings on this subject. To all "persons about to build," we say, if you value the comfort of your

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families and guests, take care that every bedroom shall have its clothes-closet, with shelves, drawers, and "pegs" in plenty.

"AUNT PATTY'S SCRAP BAG." By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.—This little book, so popular some years ago, is here handsomely reprinted and bound, for the pleasure of the new generation. In republishing Mrs. Hentz's works, Mr. Peterson is doing a real service to the public. She was an intelligent, cultivated, and noble woman; and her books all bear the impress of her character. They are romantic, but never sensational, and from the vulgarity that infects so much of modern literature they are entirely free. This is one of the most interesting of the series, and especially suitable for young people, with whom, we predict, it will have a great circulation.

AT Cambridge University, England, the lectures for women promise to be attended by so large a number of students that a boarding-house for their accommodation has been established. The lectures embrace the subjects included in the public examinations recently established at Cambridge for women above the age of eighteen. Professor Seeley lectures on English history, Professor Cayley on algebra and the principles of arithmetic, and Professor Babington on botany. The courses of Latin, Greek, geometry, logic, political economy, and the principles of musical harmony will follow in continuation of the lectures delivered in the first term. Lectures on the English and German languages are to be delivered to elementary as well as to the advanced classes. Women are also permitted to attend at the public lectures of many of the university professors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles have been accepted: "Friends—Friendship"—"Romance vs. Reality"—"Dolly Manvers"—"The Outlook" and "My Love's Dower."

The following have been declined: "What the New Year Said"—"Aunt Deborah's Ghost Story"—"Counsel and Comfort"—"The Rapids"—"Garley in Search of Peace"—"The Seal of Death" and "Maggie Ellsworth."

"Miss N. C.," Boston, Mass.—You have now written us two letters, in neither of which do you inclose a stamp for reply. You may write as many as you please, but you get no answer unless you do send a stamp.

"Miss A. L.," Morrisania, N. Y.—No stamp for reply.

"The Captive."—No letter, no stamps.

"The Pastor's Story."—No letter, no stamps.

Literary Notices.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

LEFT TO HERSELF. By Jennie Woodville. A book skilfully and vivaciously written, and of passing interest. Without partaking of any of the sombreness or tedium of a so-called religious novel, the story aims to show how barren and hopeless a thing is a woman's life unsanctified by religious belief.

WEARITHORNE; *or, In the Light of To-day.* By "Fadette," author of "Ingemisco," etc. A cleverly written story, in which there is considerable vigor and freshness of characterization. The development of the plot is, perhaps, managed too suggestively to please most readers. Indeed, we must acknowledge that, in regard to some points in the story, our careful perusal of it has left us, after all, in a condition of tantalizing uncertainty.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Foster. Vol. I. It has come at last—an authentic biography of Charles Dickens—the book that we, in common with all admirers of the peerless English novelist, have been waiting for. It is prepared by Dickens's most intimate friend, the man who, in Dickens's lifetime, had confided to him all the latter's plans, intentions, and hopes concerning his literary efforts, and who, after his death, was one of the executors of Dickens's estate. The book reads almost like a novel itself. In it we find the original Micawber; in it we are taken in truth to the Marshalsea, and discover how Dickens could portray the place and its characters so faithfully in "Little Dorrit." We are introduced to the "Marchioness" in real life, and are pointed out the very house where Sampson Brass had his lodgings. But limited space forbids us enumerating all the choice things this volume contains. It begins with Dickens's birth, in 1812, and carries his life up to the year 1842, when he is just returning from America.

POEMS. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, author of "Sibyl Huntington," etc. Perhaps the greatest trial which the reviewer of new books has, comes in the shape of the volumes of poetry which are constantly issuing from the presses of one or another of our publishers—volumes which, while they contain nothing strictly censurable, are, on the other hand, equally undeserving of praise. These books are read by an admiring circle of personal friends of their authors, but possess absolutely no marked literary merit to recommend them to the public at large. So one can judge of the relief and satisfaction afforded by a book of poetry which rises above the ordinary level—poetry which is worth reading, and will be read, and which deserves a lasting place in our literature. Such a one is the volume before us. Correct in versification, delicate in thought and expression, and animated with true feeling, the poems of this volume have won for their gifted author a high place among American poets.

MYSELF. *A Romance of New England Life.* This is not a sensational story. For pleasing its readers it depends rather upon minute and photograph-like descriptions of places and people—descriptions the fidelity of which will be acknowledged by all who are familiar with New England life. It is a carefully written and an interesting story, and we cheerfully recommend it to our readers.

POEMS. By Mrs. Emma M. Bell, A. M. A volume of poems, beautiful in thought, sentiment, and fancy, which will find many admiring readers.

EVA'S ADVENTURES IN SHADOWLAND. By Mary D. Nauman, author of "Twisted Threads," etc. An amusing story, just suited for children who love fairy tales—and what child does not? Even grown folks sometimes read them on the sly, and this book is surely interesting enough for even them.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Phila.:—

A NOBLE WOMAN. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Palaces and Prisons," etc. Mrs. Stephens has never written a story of more absorbing interest than this, or one doing more credit to herself. It is thrilling and sensational, and its authoress depicts human passions with a strong and powerful pen.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW, *and Other Poems.* By G. W. Watson. This is a new and enlarged edition of a volume of poems which first appeared a few years since. It contains some of the most tender and touching poems in the English language. "Beautiful Snow," the poem from which the book takes its name, has achieved a wonderful reputation; while "The Oldest Pauper in the Town," "Ring Down the Drop," "I Would that She Were Dead," and

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others we might name, are scarcely less deserving of praise.

KATE O'DONOGHUE. *A Novel.* By Charles Lever.

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From CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

MEMORIALS OF MRS. DYSON. Edited by Miss E. Latimer. It is pleasant to see an affection which united two friends in life prompting the survivor to commemorate the departed. Mrs. Dyson was a good woman, devoted her life to teaching, and was rewarded by the admiration and love of her scholars and her colleagues. The editress was one of the latter, and we think, after reading the memorials of her departed friend, that she will succeed in imparting to others her esteem and affectionate regard.

DREAM-LIFE, *and Other Poems.* By Stockton Bates. A compact little volume, neat and charming in its exterior, and enshrining a pleasing collection of carefully finished poems of moderate length, characterized rather by the delicacy and sweetness of a cultivated taste, than the fire and vigor of poetic genius.

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From ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

THE STORY OF A WEEK. By Mrs. Margaret Hosmer. Mrs. Hosmer's stories are refreshing to read. She writes in an easy, natural way, which carries on the tale without effort or pause, so that older people as well as children may be interested in them. We have half read through this little book and can heartily commend it. It is made up of stories for children from ten to fifteen years old.

THE LANGHAM REVELS. By Lucy E. Guernsey. A story of English life two hundred years ago, when witchcraft was still a crime against the law, and innocent women were burned and mobbed for infirmities of old age or peculiarities of temper. The story is interesting and the moral very good.

JUDGE BRANARD'S INFANTRY. By Annette L. Noble. A New England story of a "camping out" of boys and girls, who spend a while in June away from houses and civilization. It is well and naturally told, and the after adventures of the children, with their effect on the character of each, will prove very interesting. Mr. Martien has got a new set of types for the holidays. His books are nicely bound and beautifully printed.

SUNSHINE BILL. By W. H. G. Kingston.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., and CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

WOMAN'S WORTH AND WORTHLESSNESS. The Complement to "A New Atmosphere." By Gail Hamilton. The talented author of this book writes wittily, saucily, pertinently, and impertinently on certain subjects of general interest at the present time. She tells many truths, but tells them too often in such a way that she had better have been silent. Her book will do good, and it will do harm; and, on the whole, we think more credit would have reflected on its author if she had never written it.

HANNAH. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. This is a new and excellent story from the pen of Mrs. Muloch-Craik, written in aid of those reformers who are attempting to repeal the law in England forbidding a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. As our statute books are disgraced by no such absurdity, it makes no special appeal to us, though none can fail to be interested in its reading.

GENTLE MEASURES IN THE MANAGEMENT AND TRAINING OF THE YOUNG. By Jacob Abbott, author of "Abbott's Illustrated Histories," etc. The author of this volume discusses, with much wisdom and at length, the principles on which a firm, parental authority may be established and maintained, without violence or anger. It also suggests means for the right development of the moral and mental capacities which shall be adapted to the structure and characteristics of the juvenile mind. It is a book which every parent should read.

THE COUNTRY OF THE DWARFS. By Paul du Chaillu, author of "My Apingi Kingdom," etc. Mr. du Chaillu knows how to utilize the knowledge and experience gained by him in his travels, in the preparation of interesting and instructive volumes for the young—volumes which will, in truth, be eagerly sought and read by old and young alike. This volume is handsomely bound and liberally illustrated, and should be added to the library of every boy in the land.

BORDER REMINISCENCES. By Randolph B. Marcy, U. S. Army, author of "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border," etc. The author says of the "random sketches," as he calls them, which form his volume, that, "as they, for the most part, are records of the results of long personal experience in a sphere of life that has hitherto found few chroniclers, they may hereafter possess some historic significance." The stories are full of life and adventure, which shows that life at a military post is not always the monotonous thing that civilians may deem it.

ROUND THE WORLD; *Including a Residence in Victoria, and a Journey by Rail across North America.* By a Boy. Edited by Samuel Smiles. The youngest son of Mr. Smiles, a lad of sixteen, was ordered by his physician to make a long sea voyage for his health. Accordingly he was sent to Australia in a sailing vessel, made a protracted residence in the neighborhood of Melbourne, and when ready to return home, resolved to make the return voyage by the Pacific route, *via* Honolulu, San Francisco, the Rocky Mountains, and New York. While at sea, the boy kept a full log, and, when on shore, never missed a mail in correspondence with his relatives at home. His journal and letters proved so interesting that, though the boy had had no such thought, his father concluded to publish them, himself revising and correcting, but retaining the boy's language as far as practicable. Although so youthful a traveller, he displays observing faculties of the first order, a keen appreciation of the grand and beautiful in nature, and a rare penetration into character. We have read few books of travel more interesting than this.

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From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. By Emma Marshall.

GUY DALESFORD. By A. L. O. E.

These little books are welcome accessions to our Christmas library. A. L. O. E.'s works are always acceptable. She is one of the best writers for children in the language, and her temporary absence from the field of literature will invest her new works with a keener interest. Her books will be delightful ing to children at all seasons.

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From BOERICKE & TAFEL, New York:—

LECTURES ON DISEASES OF THE HEART. By Edwin M. Hale, M. D., Special Lecturer on Diseases of the Heart, and Professor of Medical Botany and Pharmacology in Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago. Dr. Hale, as this title shows, is a homœopathist, but he draws his citations, and apparently his remedies, liberally from various sources, without

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restricting them rigidly to any "school." He affirms, indeed, that the homœopathic treatment has been found peculiarly successful in diseases of the heart. This is a point on which we cannot pretend to speak. The value of the work to persons who do not belong to the medical profession will be found in its clear and minute descriptions of the various affections of the heart, and their symptoms. The author has brought together, from his own experience and from the works of other writers, a large amount of information on this subject, which he presents in a terse and lucid style.

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From DODD & MEAD, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., and CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

A COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By James C. Moffat, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. Part I. Ancient Scriptures. This work aims to exhibit a general view of all religions in their relations to one another. The method adopted by the author is, "first, to present the common conditions, and principal modifying circumstances of religion in the life of man; secondly, to reach as near as possible to the original creed of mankind, not by speculating about it, but by actual examination of the most ancient Scriptures;" thirdly, to pursue the comparative history of the religions; fourthly, to make as complete a classification as possible of all religions; and lastly, "to determine, if possible, the essential principles inherent more or less in all, and wherein the best religion differs from the rest.

THE SCIENCES OF NATURE *versus* THE SCIENCE OF MAN. By Noah Porter. Portions of this essay were delivered as an address before the societies of Harvard and Trinity Colleges. A request having been made for its publication, it now appears in a modified and enlarged form.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. *A Hand-book for Bible Students.* Translated from the Dutch by Maurice J. Evans, B. A. Dr. Van Oosterzee, the author of this volume, is generally regarded as the ablest living Dutch divine of the evangelical school. He is well-known as a vigorous defender of the Christian faith against the attacks of rationalism.

HUNTER AND TOM. By Jacob Abbott, author of the "Juno Stories," etc. This is the second volume of "The August Stories," a handsomely printed and illustrated series from the pen of one of the best writers of juvenile literature.

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

PLEASURE; *A Holiday Book of Prose and Verse.* A collection of stories and poems from the best English writers, numbering among them Amelia B. Edwards, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and others. The book has several handsome illustrations.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. One of the "Handy Volume" edition of Dickens's works.

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From WOOLWORTH, AINSWORTH, & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ÆSTHETICS; *or, The Science of Beauty.* By John Bascom, Professor in William's College. This little volume enters a new, and we might almost say an undefined, field. The principles of beauty have been so abstract, and taste has been allowed such latitude, that it has seemed almost impossible strictly to define the one or to place barriers to the other. If we have a fault to find with the volume, it is, that it is almost too general and suggestive in its character. To the intelligent reader, it is perhaps enough that it sets him thinking; but the mass of the reading public need more definite rules and more practical instruction, in order to obtain a more perfect comprehension of Æsthetics.

BARTHOLOMEW'S DRAWING BOOK. *New Series.* No. 1.

TEACHER'S GUIDE: *Companion to* "Bartholomew's Drawing Book, No. 1." By W. N. Bartholomew.

The system adopted in this drawing book and guide is undoubtedly the best yet tried. It thoroughly trains the hand of the student, and grounds him in all the principles of line drawing, before proceeding to light, shade, and variety of form.

THE NATIONAL COMPOSITION BOOK. This is a blank book intended to be filled with compositions. On its covers are found complete rules for punctuation, with illustrative examples, and description and explanation of all the signs used in writing and printing.

A COMPENDIOUS GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE. By Alpheus Crosby, Professor Emeritus of the Greek Language and Literature in Dartmouth College. This is an old and favorably known work, appearing in a new, carefully revised, and improved form.

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From SHELDON & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER? *A Novel.* By Mrs. Annie Edwards, author of "Susan Fielding," etc. We have read this volume partly with feelings of pleasure, and partly of disapproval. The chief characters are an unscrupulous, spendthrift gambler, and his pretty, trifling, flirting wife, and none of the people who appear in its pages are such as you can bestow your cordial approval and liking upon. Nevertheless, there is a touch of real feeling and sentiment, especially in its ending, which goes far toward atoning for much that is objectionable.

LUCIA: *The Problem.* By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," etc. This book is not one that we can cordially commend. It is morbid in tone, false in its sentiment, and, we fear, pernicious in its tendencies. This is, indeed, what we have long resolved to say of all novels in which an unloved husband dies or is killed in order to give place to his more favored rival—and that is the gist of this story.

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From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE WONDERS OF WATER. From the French of Gaston Tissandier. Edited, with numerous additions, by Schele de Vere, D. D., LL. D., author of "Studies in English," etc. This volume, from its size and style of binding, we should judge, is the initial volume of a new "Illustrated Library of Wonders." The book is divided into five parts: the ocean, the system of circulation, the action of water on continents, the physical and chemical properties of water, and the uses of water; which parts are again subdivided into chapters. The book is illustrated by sixty-four engravings.

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From ORANGE JUDD & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER. *A Novel.* By Edward Eggleston. This is a genuine picture of Western life, which, without being in any way a history, is yet drawn from the writer's own experiences. It is witty, it is humorous, it is satirical, it is written

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in the very best style, and is, in a word, the liveliest book of the month.

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From HURD & HOUGHTON, New York, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

LANDMARKS, *and Other Poems.* By John James Platt. Mr. Platt is a rising poet of the West, who is already known and recognized in literary circles. He has issued several volumes of poetry previous to this, the last one of which, "Western Windows, and Other Poems," was most favorably received by English critics, who, in their reviews of it, gave its author a high place among American poets, and spoke of him as especially a worthy representative of the West. In the volume before us, this characteristic is still more marked, the first seven poems, grouped under the general title of "Landmarks," all referring to western scenes and characters. The whole book does him credit, and compares more than favorably with his previous efforts. With masculine strength of feeling and passion he unites the delicacy and purity of a woman, and there is an air redolent of home and the affections which will charm and appeal to the sympathies of every reader.

—

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia:—

AUNT JOE'S SCRAP-BAG. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," etc. A new semi-juvenile book from Miss Alcott! What need we say more? A collection of interesting sketches, first and best among which is "My Boys."

SING-SONG: *A Nursery Rhyme Book.* By Christiana C. Rossette. The numerous handsome illustrations in this book will delight children, and the quaint, semi-senseless rhymes will, no doubt, amuse them. But as a rival to Mother Goose, we believe Miss Rossette signally fails. "Sing-Song" possesses all the absurdity, with but little of the wit, and none of the wisdom, of the far-famed "Melodies" of that dame.

CUES FROM ALL QUARTERS. By Francis Jacox. This is the first collection we have seen of Mr. Jacox's eclectic articles. They are, in their way, great curiosities, and stand to other books as *The Living Age* does to other magazines. Mr. Jacox is a man to whom the classics of English literature, both of this age and of the past, are thoroughly familiar, and whose memory or whose commonplace book is so copious, that he can bring together "from all quarters" all that bears on his subject. Here, for instance, in "Cities of Refuge," are quotations from Archbishop Trench, Lord Bacon, Hartley Coleridge, John Banim, Balzac, Boswell, Wordsworth, Horace Walpole, and Mrs. Browning, all in two pages. We heartily commend the book to all who are in search of illustration and comment upon a variety of themes, by the greatest men and women of our race.

THE HOME THEATRE. By Mary Healy. In this pretty volume are collected six little plays, arranged for amateur actors. The length varies from one act to three, and the personages from two to seven. We doubt not they will enliven many households in the long evenings of winter.

THE NEW-YEAR'S BARGAIN. By Susan Coolidge. Miss Coolidge's name is not known to us, but we prophecy that her books will be great favorites with children. She knows just what pleases them. This is the story of a little German boy, to whom every month came with a story and a present. It is a dozen tales bound together in one. The book is beautifully got up, like all of Messrs. Roberts' publications, and will make one of the handsomest juvenile gift books of the season.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

MARCH, 1872.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—The steel plate for this month commends itself for the excellence of its workmanship and the beauty of its design.

The handsome wood-cut illustration, "Gathering Easter Eggs," serves as a reminder to our young friends that the Easter holidays are approaching, with the usual accompaniments of dyed eggs and harmless sport.

The Etruscan Slipper, printed in colors, is one that will be found easy of execution.

No grander array of dresses can be found anywhere than we have given in our colored fashion-plate and extension sheet. Seventeen different styles are there shown. Besides the dresses, there are twenty-three designs of miscellaneous articles for ladies and children on the extension sheet.

A plate of collars, basques, etc., is also given.

In the work department will be found numerous useful fancy designs suited to useful ornamentation.

—

PENNSYLVANIA.

I INCLOSE $3 to ask you to continue the LADY'S BOOK. I have taken this gem of magazines for so many years that it would be like losing a dear friend to miss its familiar face monthly. It is always a welcome visitor, and has whiled away many a lonely hour. May its high-toned presence long continue to add refinement and pleasure to our home is the wish of yours truly, MRS. J. H.

—

IT amuses us to see it announced, with a flourish of trumpets, that a magazine has been obliged to issue a third edition of any particular number. There is not a number of the LADY'S BOOK published that has less than six editions issued of it, and of some numbers we have published ten editions.

—

I HOPE a good many merry Christmases are yet in reserve for Mr. Godey. If all the blessings of those to whom you are invaluable can command it, this will indeed be so. D.

—

To accommodate our subscribers, we will club with Arthur's Home Magazine and Children's Hour at the following prices:—

The receipt of $4.00 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine for one year.

The receipt of $3.50 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Children's Hour one year.

Five Dollars will pay for Godey's Lady's Book, Home Magazine, and Children's Hour one year.

Arthur's Home Magazine is the best $2 magazine published. The Children's Hour is the best juvenile magazine.

For Six Dollars we will send the Lady's Book one year, and pay for Holloway's Musical Monthly one year, to be sent to the person remitting us the money.

—

WHEN we receive money for a club, we pay that money over, and there our responsibility ceases. If a number is not received, write to the publisher of the missing magazine.

—

ACTUAL FACT.—A few days since, a girl applied for a situation at a friend's house, and the following questions were asked by Biddy: "Have you coffee in the morning?" "Have you fried potatoes?" "Have you a clothes wringer?" Well, she would consult her aunt. It is presumed that the aunt found some objection, as she did not return.

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WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

NEVER was there a more gay and brilliant season in Washington. Notwithstanding the absence of Mrs. Fish, the death of Mrs. Belknap, and the dearth of ladies attached to the Foreign Legations (there being but six or eight this season, instead of the twenty or more of previous winters), the large numbers of Senators and Representatives entertaining at their homes, and the host of distinguished visitors passing the winter here, have fully compensated us for our social losses. Washington society has been rapidly changing from the showy and frivolous to the intellectual and artistic, as our many literary re-unions testify, as well as our increased appreciation and encouragement of the fine arts.

And yet in no city in the world, perhaps, is the dressing more superb and tasteful, especially on grand reception days and evenings. On New-Year's day Mrs. Grant wore an elegant trained dress of crimson velvet, point lace bertha and sleeves, point lace and flowers in her hair, and diamond jewelry. Miss Nellie Grant wore rose-colored silk, with white muslin overdress. Mrs. Grant was assisted by Mrs. Colfax, Mrs. Secretary Boutwell, Mrs. Attorney General Williams, Mrs. Postmaster General Cresswell, Mrs. Delano, Mrs. General Porter, Mrs. Judge Dent, Mrs. Marshal Sharp, Mrs. General Dent, and Mrs. Babcock. Miss Nellie was attended by Miss Jewell and Miss Drexel. Mrs. Colfax wore white *moire antique*, dotted with black, and trimmed with flounces and black lace; pearl jewelry. Mrs. Attorney General Williams, a handsome brunette, wore an elegant pearl-colored satin, trimmed with rose-color; and all the other ladies were exquisitely attired.

The Diplomatic Corps made an elegant display, with their court dresses, rich with gold and silver embroidery. Lady Thornton, who accompanied Sir Edward, wore a dark blue silk dress and bonnet, elegantly trimmed with black velvet and white guipure lace.

Mrs. General Butler received in a white silk, with black lace overdress and pearl jewelry; and her daughter, Mrs. Senator Ames, in green silk, with white satin overdress, fringed, and cameo jewelry. Mrs. Senator Morton wore a trained dress of violet satin, with point lace and diamonds. Mrs. Senator Ramsay garnet *gros grain*, black lace and velvet trimmings; pearl jewelry.

At the first drawing-room reception at the residence of the Vice-President, Mrs. Colfax wore a black silk, striped with white, trimmed with white and black lace; Honiton lace collar and sleeves, and pink feather in her hair. Mrs. Bowers, doing the honors for Secretary Belknap, wore black silk, trimmed with black and white ruchings, with fine lace and diamonds. Mrs. Speaker Blaine wine-colored silk and heavy gold jewelry. Mrs. Cresswell black, trimmed with crimson, and rich gold necklace and jewelry. Mrs. Freeman Clark lavender silk, point lace, and diamonds.

Many distinguished literary persons passed the season in Washington. Mrs. Southworth, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary Clemmer Ames, Mrs. Piatt, Mrs. A. L. R. Dufour, Mrs. Mary A. Denison, "Gail Hamilton," Mrs. Mary E. Nealy, Rose Terry, and other ladies; and George Alfred Townsend, Walt Whitman, John Burroughs, Donn Piatt, J. J. Piatt, Col. Gil Pierce, Capt. Almont Barnes, Doctor Mackey, Doctor Cox, "Carl Benson," Ben Perley Poore, H. Clay Preuss, and others of the sterner sex.

Among our artists are Clark Mills and his son; Vinnie Ream and several others, *sculptors;* and Theodor Kaufman, Peter Baumgras, Max Weyl, Charles Lauman, Belle Smith, and others, landscape and portrait painters.

M. E. N.

WOMAN'S RECORD; or, Biographical Sketches of all Distinguished Women, from the Creation to the Present Time. Arranged in Four Eras, with Selections from Authoresses of each Era. By Mrs. S. J. HALE. Illustrated with more than 200 Portraits, engraved by Benson J. Lossing. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 8vo, Cloth, $5.00; Sheep, $6.00; Half Calf Extra, $7.50.

The revised edition makes a superb volume of nearly 1000 pages, Royal Octavo, being fully equivalent to ten ordinary volumes of 400 pages each.

Extracts from notices of the press:—

This is the third edition of a work which, as a progressive history of women, is without a rival in the scope of its plan and the faithfulness of its execution. Commencing with *Eve*, Mrs. Hale tells us something about almost every notable woman that has ever lived.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

By long years of patient and persistent labor and research, Mrs. Hale has gathered the authentic evidences of what the eminent ones of her own sex, in all ages of the world, have been and have done, and has placed the fruits of her labors in this noble and enduring "Record." Mrs. Hale seems to have been raised up for the express purpose of making such a work as this, her life-long history having been one continued preparation for it. We may add, it is a noble and worthy monument to her sex.—*Sunday-School Times.*

Let this volume go into every educational institution and home, and it will help powerfully in forming the character of the young. We call particular attention to it, so that our readers may possess the wealth of sentiment it contains, and, by the examples it furnishes, have the most ample and practical conception of woman's true mission.—*Methodist Home Journal.*

Five dollars, remitted to L. A. Godey, will command a copy of "Woman's Record," postage paid.

THE following old receipt for the choice of a wife is none the worse for being old:—

As much of beauty as preserves affection,
Of modest diffidence as claims protection;
A docile mind, subservient to correction,
A temper led by reason and reflection,
And every passion kept in due subjection;
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection—
Find this, my friend, and then make your selection.

Do those foreign employers who import actors and actresses suppose that the Americans are fools? Do they suppose they can believe such bosh as the following? Monarchs do not bestow such fabulous jewels. We omit the name of the recipient.

"Among ——'s jewels is a diamond ring valued at $18,000; a diamond cross, with chain, $15,000, presented by the Emperor of Russia; diamond earrings from the King of Holland, $2200; rubies and pearls from the Queen of Wurtemburg, $7000; locket set with diamonds, very valuable; bracelets from the King of Bavaria, set with five diamonds, $10,000; diamond cross from an American gentleman, $8000; emeralds from the King of Greece; carbuncle, diamonds, earrings, and locket, from a Turkish minister."

Who is the American gentleman who gave the $8000? That class of people often quoted are not all dead yet. This is one of the tricks of gratuitous advertising that these foreign gentlemen understand so well.

VICK'S *Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide* is one of the prettiest annuals of the season. Besides being pretty, it is valuable. We deem the *Guide* worthy of a notice, and if you write to Mr. Vick, he will send you one. Address James Vick, Rochester, New York.

MARK TWAIN says: "Cast your bread upon the waters, and if it doesn't return to you before many days, you may consider the experiment a failure."

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HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY *for March* contains, among its diversified contents, a new and sparkling fantaisie by Sidney Smith, who is acknowledged to be the best living composer of light and showy parlor pieces for the piano. There are also two new and beautiful songs in this number, and two pleasing pieces, one of them being very simple and pretty, and arranged for beginners at the piano. Players and singers of every grade will always find the music in the *Monthly* exactly suited to their several capacities. The three numbers for the present year are the best ever published, and we intend that the whole year shall be equally good throughout. The *Monthly* is now in its tenth year, and is an established success. But we need large additions to our subscription list to enable us to carry out certain improvements which will place it beyond all rivalry, and we trust that our friends everywhere will help us at once. We will send the January, February, and March numbers, free of postage, to any address, on receipt of $1. Single numbers 40 cents. Yearly subscription $4, for which every one receives music worth from five to ten times the amount. To new subscribers we offer a number of valuable premiums, full particulars of which will be found in our prospectus. Among the best premiums are Trollope's fine stories, Marietta and La Beata; Melville's Tilbury Nogo; Ulah, a beautiful volume of poems; Beecher's Letters to Young Men; Iowa Hand Book; Dr. Russell's Canada, etc., either of which will be sent to every new subscriber, 20 cents to be added for postage on each book. For $4.50 we send the *Monthly* and a $2 book, or Hanten's celebrated Piano Instruction Book. Postage 24 cents. For $8 we send the *Monthly* and a $15 volume of new music. Postage on this premium 64 cents.

The Musical Monthly Free.—For $6 we will send any sheet music published, to the full amount of $6, and send the *Monthly* free for the entire year. Postage on this premium 20 cents, which must be sent with the order. We have sent off hundreds of dollars' worth of music on this premium. It is one of the most popular on our list. Any music can be ordered, whether on our own catalogue or not. Address all orders to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

HERE 'S A MESS.—A new cookery book has been published, from which we make the following extract. How to make *Chicken Salad*:—

"After the usual getting ready of the cold fowls, skinning them and taking away the fat, 'cut all the flesh from the bones, mince it; mix with a little grated smoked tongue or cold ham.' So far, good—and now for the dressing. 'For the dressing, mix together the following ingredients: In the proportions of the yelks of four eggs well beaten, a teaspoonful of powdered white sugar, a saltspoonful of cayenne, two spoonfuls of made mustard, six tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and five of vinegar; stir this mixture well, put into a small saucepan, *set it over the fire and let it boil exactly three minutes*, stirring all the time. Then set it to cool!'"

Here is another:—

"'Take a nice rump steak and pound it with a rolling-pin until it is quite tender' [we pity the rump steak that requires such a process], 'flour and season; put it into a frying-pan of hot lard and fry it. When nicely brown on both sides, take it up and dredge with flour.'"

What could a rump steak have done to the authoress to deserve such treatment?

BETTER be off with the old love before you are on with the new:—

"A New York belle told a suitor for her hand that she would accept his offer in six weeks, if Mr. So-and-so didn't make a similar offer in the meantime."

THE *Ohio State Journal* gives the following notice of Marion Harland's "Common Sense for the Household:"—

"What we like about Marion Harland's book—after its cheery, rattling style and its knowing suggestions—is, chiefly, that the articles of her laboratory are accessible everywhere. We had it in mind to quote the experience of that lively little bride, Mrs. John Rokesmith, *née* Bella Wilfer, on this point, and the writer has anticipated us by quoting it in her preface, from which we reproduce it: 'She was under the constant necessity of referring for advice and support to a sage volume, entitled "The Complete British Family Housewife," which she would sit consulting, with her elbows upon the table, and her temples in her hand, like some perplexed enchantress poring over the Black Art. This, principally because the "Complete British Housewife," however sound a Briton at heart, was by no means an expert Briton at expressing herself with clearness in the British tongue, and sometimes might have issued her directions to equal clearness in the Kamschatkan tongue. There was likewise a coolness on the part of "The Complete British Housewife," which Mrs. John Rokesmith found highly exasperating. She would say, "Take a salamander," as if a general should command a private to catch a Tartar. Or, she would casually issue the order, "Throw in a handful" of something entirely unattainable. In these, the moments of unreason, Bella would shut her up, and knock her on the table, apostrophizing her with the compliment, "Oh, you ARE a stupid old donkey! Where am I to get it, do you think?"' It is just this avoidance of things which the housekeeper does not know where to get, that elevates the value of Marion Harland's book (to speak mathematically) to the fourth power at least."

HORSEY information but valuable. The San Francisco *Morning Call* thus adds another to the numerous remedies for a "balky" horse:—

"Tuesday morning a horse drawing a grocery wagon up Pacific Street took a notion into his lean head that he had gone far enough, and, in spite of urging, coaxing, and whipping, stood stock-still, with his legs braced and his ears drawn back. The usual crowd surrounded him, and innumerable treatments were suggested and tried with no avail. They sawed his fore legs with a rope, stopped his breathing, twisted his tail, and pulled and pushed him; but he only braced himself the harder, and looked at the crowd with an eye of contempt. At last a tall Piker came along, and picking up a large handful of mud from the gutter crammed it into the brute's mouth. There was a scattering of the crowd as the old horse kicked and reared, and the scene ended in an exciting race by the young man after his horse and wagon, as they tore up the street at a pace they had never equalled before."

We publish the above because we have seen it tried, and have tried it, and in both instances it was successful.

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES.—Why does not the manufacturer of a good article of this kind advertise where they can be had and at what price? We see one advertised in the English, papers, price $80.

"RESPECTFULLY suggested to tract societies—In such weather as this, the poor would rather be visited by one coal-porter than a dozen colporteurs."

Yes, greenbacks or black diamonds are better.

NILLSON.—The New Yorkers seem to have tired of this lady. They stood it very well for twenty nights. At the end of that time she was to have made her appearance here, but the Philadelphians would not stand the high prices. They would not buy repentance so dear. Well, the engagement had to be renewed in New York, and the consequence was, empty benches—deplorably so.

VERY CONSOLING.—A grief-stricken widow telegraphed to the friends of her late husband: "Dear John is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance."

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We give below a few of the notices we have received of our January number:—

GODEY'S.—GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for January, 1872, is on our table in advance of all the other magazines, looking as fresh and beautiful as a rose at dewy morn. It is the most inviting number we have ever seen of GODEY, and the publisher promises that many improvements are to follow. "Miss Lollipop's Party," an outline sketch, and the first of a promised series of engravings, is delightfully expressive, and to our mind more attractive than the generality of steel engravings. Besides the above, this number contains three splendid engravings, an elegant fashion-plate, and any number of wood-cuts illustrating new designs. Marion Harland, Ino Churchill, Louise Dorr, Metta Victoria Victor, Annie Frost, Mrs. Hopkinson, Sue Chestnutwood, and Mrs. Denison, among other brilliant and entertaining authors, are announced to contribute to the literary department of the LADY'S BOOK during the coming year—which is all the comment necessary to set forth its superiority. —*Democrat*, Lupin, Mich.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for January, 1872, is before us, and surpasses all its predecessors. In age and merit it stands unsurpassed by any kindred publication in the country. For upward of a *century* it has been a constant monthly visitor to our table, and we have noted from the beginning a steady upward advance, until now it is a marvel of Fashion and the acknowledged exponent of the American ladies' boudoir. Its wide-awake founder and publisher has never been parsimonious in money outlay to make his LADY'S BOOK better each succeeding month, but has been even *lavish* in that direction. Each number has engravings, which, to buy separately, would cost three times the price of the Book.—*Gazette*, Le Roy, New York.

Very much obliged to our friend of the *Gazette*, but is he not making us a *leetle* old? We started the LADY'S BOOK ourself. We were not very old when we commenced it, but this would make us somewhat over one hundred years of age.

FROM Fairchild's Club Paper:—

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Forty-one years old. Our first recollections of a magazine are associated with Godey. In our youthful imagination we thought his stories and pictures were just 'Old Splendid.' We must confess we have not lost our relish for them to this day. Our best wish is that he may live another forty years to publish his good book. To show that we are not alone in our estimation of GODEY, we will just say that there is a little company of us, 106,000 strong, who take and read the book. If you add the borrowers, I think the number will be full half a million; if you multiply that number by five readers in each family, you have two and one-half million of people reading GODEY. Only think of it! one-sixteenth of the whole population of the United States, men, women, and children, reading GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK."

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. R. W. Sanderson, Poppenhausen Institute, College Point, N. Y., has had a WHEELER & WILSON Machine since February, 1859, employed, without repairs, in sewing all materials, from triple beaver to Nainsook (ten years in dressmaking); it is now used for instructing pupils in the Institute.

A NEW YORK paper says that a foppish young dandy, who had just returned from abroad, appeared at a ball last week elegantly attired in full dress suit, with diamond studs and sleeve buttons, point lace necktie, three buttoned gloves, hair powdered with blonde powder, French heels to his boots, a strong suspicion of rouge on his cheeks, and a piece of court plaster on his forehead. The ladies laughed at him so heartily that he left before supper time.

FOREIGN journals amuse themselves with the eccentric humor of the American press, but nothing American could exceed the following extract from the Personal, commonly called the "Agony" column of the London *Times:* "His life not in danger. Instead of 'severe illness,' read: Two rainbow colored eyes, caused by external unfriendly influences."

NEW SHEET MUSIC.—What is the Use? comic song, 25 cents. The Earth is Beautiful, new song, by Barrett, 30. Lillie Clare, sweet song, by Coralie Bell, 30. The Twilight Meeting, beautiful song and chorus, by the same, 30. Weary, plaintive and touching song, by Virginia Gabriel, 30. The Silvery Morn, bright and sparkling song, by W. O. Fiske, 30. Sunny Days, song and chorus, 30. Leaves that are Fairest, beautiful song, by Stewart, 30. Hear My Prayer, sacred, for soprano solo and quartette, 50. Ruth and Naomi, new edition of this beautiful duet, by Topliff, 40. The Broken Lily, new and pretty, sung by "Little Maud," 25. We Met and Talked of Other Days, 30. Why I Love Thee, pretty song and chorus, by E. Mack, 30. The Ingleside, new edition of this favorite old Scotch song, 20. Come, Ye Disconsolate, new edition, 20. The Rapture Dwelling, splendid Cavatina, by Balfe, 40.

Also, Magnolia Schottische, by Ohm, 30. Wyoming March, by Mack, one of the most popular little marches ever published, easy and spirited, 25. Entre Nous Waltz, very pretty movement, Barrett, 20. Ringlet Waltz, 30. Graceful Schottische, by Beckel, 30. Ladies' Favorite Waltz, by Karl Redan, 30. Spring Schottische, by Mack, with beautiful picture title, 40. Little Amazon March, by Ohm, handsome lithograph title-page, 50. Rippling Waves, fantaisie, by Sidney Smith, 40. Night in Spring, splendid nocturne, for a good player, Fritz Spindler, 60. Echoes from the Mississippi, new set of waltzes, by Ohm, $1. Robin Rough, transcription, by B. S. Barrett, 75, highly commended by the *Home Journal*, *Brooklyn Daily Union*, etc. Single sheet pieces, easy, for beginners, 10 cents each, viz.: Museum Polka, Moet and Chandon Waltz, Kathleen Aroon Waltz, Irma Galop, Clinton Waltz, Home, Sweet Home, Ivy Green Polka, Guard's March. Address all orders to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

"A WELL-KNOWN author (Talleyrand) says that nothing baffles curiosity, eludes pursuit, and generally mystifies the human intelligence, like the plain, simple, and unvarnished truth."

Talleyrand was an awful liar, and the way he baffled the Diplomatists was by telling the truth.

ACCIDENTS now-a-days are mostly from misplaced switches. As the passengers were preparing to leave their seats on the arrival of the New York train in Boston the other evening, an old gentleman picked up a dark object which appeared to drop from a lady's bonnet. "Madam, is this yours? You appear to have dropped it by accident." "Thank you, sir" (placing her hand to her head)—"a railroad accident—a misplaced switch."

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

WHEREAS, on certain boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise
To hail the coming of the spring.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love 'mid the aforesaid boughs, enshrines
In freehold nests themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

Oh, happy time in Cupid's court,
Where tender plaintiffs action bring—
Season of frolic and of sport—
Hail, as aforesaid, coming spring.

A LAWYER.

SAYS a New York paper: "The definition of 'wedding,' in the fashionable vocabulary, means a grand crisis of clothes; 'bride,' a peg on which finery of all kinds is hung; 'bridegroom,' a sober, black object following the bride, of no account in particular, and yet without whom there would be no fuss, and the fun could not go on."

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THE DOCTOR AND THE UNDERTAKER.

THERE was a young physician whose name was Jacob Lee,
And the way he wrote prescriptions was wonderful to see;
'Twas very strange that others versed in Esculapian lore
Had never thought of making such mixtures up before.

In consultations with him other doctors were confused,
For "dephlogistication" was the shortest word he used;
He called the smallest pimple "an acuminated wen,"
And thus became respected by all his fellow-men.

But luck was so against him that all his patients died,
And one fine summer morning he was greatly horrified
To see an undertaker's sign put up across the way,
Which bore in flaming letters the name of "Alfred Gray."

And Gray soon added insult to injury when he
Proposed to form a partnership with Doctor Jacob Lee,
And argued with the latter, who was madder than a Turk,
That he should have a partner to carry home his work.

That night the doctor packed his duds in such tremendous haste,
That he was not particular where anything was placed;
He filled his Sunday beaver with a lot of arrowroot,
And put his stock of bismuth in an India-rubber boot.

He fled to some sequestered spot in Jersey, where he found
Sale for his chills-and-fever pills at fifty cents a pound;
He prospered for a year or two, but fainted quite away
On hearing that the shop next door was let to Alfred Gray!

When he recovered from the swoon, he tried to figure out
How he could stop that dreadful man from following him about;
At length he had a bright idea, and so to end the fuss
He went at once to Alfred Gray, and straight addressed him thus:—

"Sir, your espionage has been a deleterious thing,
And if you won't pursue me when I again take wing,
I'll give you all the recipes I've laid upon the shelf,
And thus enable you to do the killing for yourself!"

This generous proposition was accepted on the spot,
And Alfred Gray went off unto the painter's like a shot,
And many shortly were surprised upon the sign to see
That Doctor Gray succeeded to Doctor Jacob Lee!

CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

AN affecting story comes from Louisville to the following effect:—

"Two beautiful young ladies, of aristocratic appearance, were standing on the corner of Broadway and Fourth Streets, about three o'clock Friday afternoon, waiting for a car. One was on a shopping expedition, and the other waiting to see her off. The car came up and stopped for the passenger, who turned to her friend to give the usual good-by kiss, when by some means her arms became entangled in the curls of her friend, and, just as she was tearing herself away, down came a huge blonde wig, falling with its mass of rich and shining curls and crimps at their feet, and revealing a head of short, dark hair, rolled up in a little knot behind, and arranged to accommodate the deceptive wig."

Well, it about served her right, for how often the cars are detained by young ladies kissing good-by to all their female friends, and, besides, it makes the men feel bad.

A NEWSPAPER in an editorial note, *apropos* to a marriage published under the proper head, felicitated the bridegroom on his union with "a lady of great beauty, and fortune, and of every accomplishment necessary to render the married state happy," etc. etc. On the next day the editor apologized, stating that his felicitations were "premature." But whether the prematurity arose from the circumstance that the wedding had not occurred, or because the bride had no "beauty," or no "fortune," or no "accomplishments," was left to the imagination of the reader. This word "premature seems to be a prime favorite with the editor referred to. On another occasion, having announced that a lady had fallen out of a window, with a child in her arms, and that both the lady and the child had been killed, he the next day retracted the statement as "premature," leaving his readers to infer that although the fatal accident had not actually occurred when the statement was published, that it might nevertheless be expected at any moment.

A FIRST-CLASS REPROOF.—A presiding elder of the United Brethren Church was preaching in Minnesota, and was much annoyed by persons talking and laughing. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and almost continually making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, one of the official members came and said to me: 'Brother, you made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church, lest I should repeat the mistake, and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service, at least, there was good order.

AN illustration of the fact that a would-be biter is often the worst bitten of all, comes from Reese River, California. A man entered the office of the photographer in that place and wanted a single picture taken. The artist named his price, which happened to be about double the amount the stranger possessed. So, after considerable banter, the visitor proposed to have a half-length picture taken for half price. This was agreed to, and the subject paid his money, and adopted what he considered to be an exceedingly graceful and pleasing attitude. The usual operations were gone through with, and soon a first-rate picture, consisting of a fine view of the subject from the waistband down, was finished and delivered to the waiting customer. There was no mistake; it was a half-length picture, for half price; and, after delivering himself of a few exclamation points, the customer walked off, believing, probably, that he had paid well for a view of his boots, even at half price.

A SALOON-KEEPER having started business in a building where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign, "Trunk Factory." "Oh!" said the friend, "just change the T to a D, and it will suit you exactly."

"A YOUNG lady, with a number of others who were injured by a railroad accident, was carried to a hospital. The surgeon came around and said to the young and fashionable miss: 'Well, madam, what can I do for you?' Said she: 'Doctor, one of my limbs is broken.' 'One of your limbs?' said he; 'well, which limb is it?' 'Oh, I can't tell you, doctor, but it 's one of my limbs.' 'One of your limbs!' thundered the doctor, out of patience; 'which is it? the limb you thread a needle with?' 'No, sir,' she answered, with a sigh; 'it 's the limb I wear a garter on.' The doctor attended to her, and then said: 'Young woman, never say limbs to me again in a hospital. If you do, I shall pass you; for when a woman gets so fastidious as that, the quicker she dies, the better.'"

Well! we pretty much agree with the doctor. We remember a French lady of our acquaintance who made mention of her leg. Upon looking at the landlady, she observed that she was trying to look conscious. "O Madame B.!" exclaimed our friend, "I forgot that the American ladies have no legs."

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SUB-TROPICAL GARDENING.

THIS style, now so popular in Europe, and well adapted to our climate, cannot be too highly recommended, and, when properly carried out, is the very perfection of the art of Ornamental Gardening. By the introduction of plants with foliage of striking effect, as well as of various shades, the most pleasing results are obtained. There is no class of plants better adapted for this purpose than the new varieties of *Canna*, of which we have now over twenty-five distinct varieties. The *Ricinus Sanguineus*, a variety of the Castor-Oil Plant, is quite an attractive object, and is easily raised from seed, also the *Striped Japanese Maize*. A group formed of *Canna*, with a plant of the *Ricinus* in the centre, with a row of the *Caladium Escalentium* on the outside, is very effective, and if bulbs of *Gladiolus* and *Japan Lilies* are planted between them, will add still further to its beauty. The *Pampas Grass* is a beautiful object on a lawn or in a bed with other plants. We counted forty of its large, silvery plumes on one plant last season, which had stood out for several winters, with a covering of earth and leaves. The *Arundo Donax Variegata*, *Tritoma Uvaria*, *Bocconia*, *Abutilon Thompsonii*, *Coleus*, *Erythrina*, and many others esp, by a judicious grouping, be made to produce a grand effect. The introduction of groups of these plants among Bedding Plants is now the aim of all who aspire to a true taste in gardening. We will forward by express a choice assortment of the above for Five Dollars. Our Ten Dollar collection of Plants have given great satisfaction. They contain ten Roses, twenty Verbenas, with Geraniums, Carnations, Fuchsias, Pinks, etc. etc.; in all one hundred plants and bulbs, at about one-half the usual catalogue prices.

To grow the plants to perfection, a good soil is requisite; fresh loam or sods, from a pasture field, with well rotted stable manure, is the best. The beds should be dug at least eighteen inches deep, and the manure well incorporated with the soil.

DREER'S *Garden Calendar for* 1872, containing select lists of seeds, plants, etc., with directions for their cultivation, will be mailed to all who inclose a stamp.

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist*,
714 *Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.*

WASHINGTON IRVING says:—

"I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of some grand and noble object in nature—a river, a lake, or a mountain. We make a friendship with it; we, in a manner, ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections; a rallying point to call us home again, after all our wanderings. * * * I thank God I was born on the banks of the Hudson! It has ever been to me a river of delight. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious, smiling surface, covering the dangerous sand-bar or insidious rock, but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow, ever straightforward. Once, indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straightforward march—an emblem of a good man's course through life, ever simple, open, and direct; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviates into error, it is but momentary; he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage."

EXPENSIVE COATS.—The following is from an account of a house robbery:—

"Among the articles carried off were two velvet coats, worth several hundred dollars."

BE careful how you give advice. A lover consulted a lawyer about carrying off an heiress. "You must not carry her off," said the lawyer, "but she can carry you off. Let her mount a horse and hold the bridle and whip, and then you get up behind her, and let her run away with you, and you'll be safe." The next morning the lawyer found that his daughter had run away with the said young man in the aforesaid manner.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.—In all the German houses I have seen of late, braiding on a kind of figured brown Holland cloth seems the rage; they use it for summer tablecloths, for antimacassars, for coverings for beds, etc. The Germans, you know, instead of having counterpanes as we do, have what they call a Bett-decker—literally a bed-covering—which is kept on the bed all day, and removed at night. These are braided in two widths of braid, usually all red; sometimes the wide red, and the narrow black. One pattern particularly struck me as pretty; the outer portions of it were red braid, the inner black and white, and these together formed an outer scroll. In the centre were bunches of heartseases, the flower itself being of white corded *piqué*, laid on embroidered down, and veined with coarse black silk, and the leaves done in black and white braid. Another similar work, which is used for d'oyleys, has the pattern, in a kind of neutral tint, printed on white corded *piqué*; the outer edge is done in buttonhole embroidery with white cotton, and then the neutral tint is worked across in herringbone stitch, and the veins in the flowers with thick black silk; it is very pretty and effective, and would do well for nightgown cases, etc.

The Berlin wool work was very handsome, but the best patterns have all come over to us long ago. The Emperor figures conspicuously in a good many pieces of needlework. A large fire screen struck me as effective. The head and bust of William III. had been painted in velvet and laid on, while the ground-work was in blue beads on canvas. The *appliqué* cloth work is turned to perhaps more purposes than with us, especially as an ornament to baskets, which are used here very extensively.

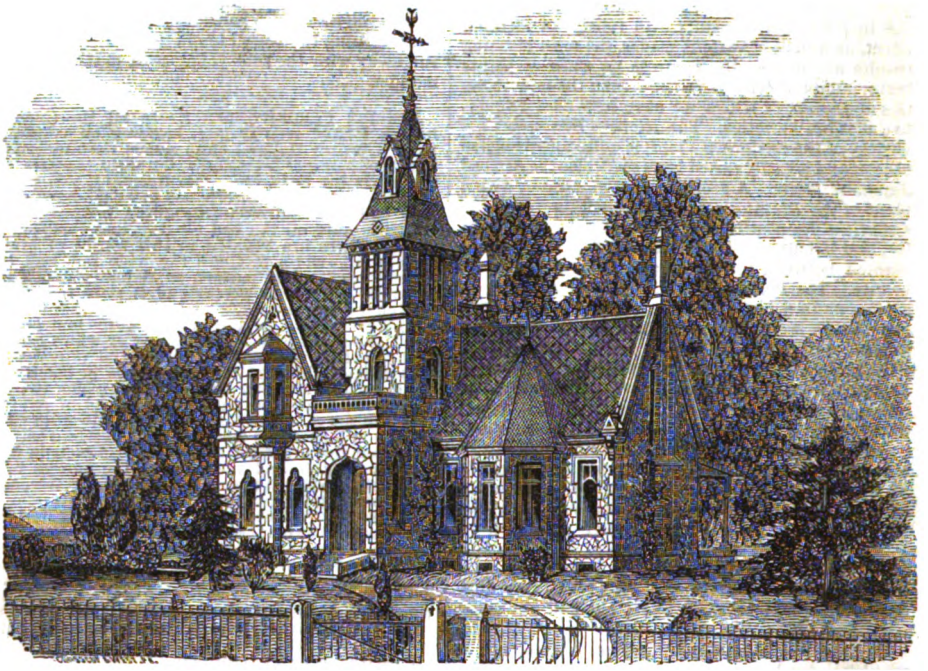
SUPERSCRIPTIONS.—Speaking of Philadelphia lawyers, the distributing clerk in charge of the foreign letters which come through the Chicago post-office was evidently cut out for one. If not, his experience has been such as amply to fit him for the profession of deciphering unintelligible signs and hieroglyphics. Many of the superscriptions which come through his hands are among the most mysterious of ciphers—unintelligible from the writer's not knowing what he wanted to write, rather than illegible through carelessness in writing. When a countryman of Gustavus Vasa, for instance, still hibernating upon his native hills, sends a letter to his brother in this country, and, writing from memory, and a memory not much trained in letters at that, superscribes it "Seedarabst lenco Ia," he has succeeded in mystifying the average human mind considerably regarding the intended destination of his missive. Not at all the post-office clerk, however, who at once sees that "Cedar Rapids, Linn County, Iowa," is meant. So, too, when from the Bremen bag a greasy packet flutters out, addressed to "Hafts Lac Co Ill," it is not difficult to discern, after the letters of the legend have been involved from the chaos in which a stiff fist and a villanous pen have left them, that the packet is intended for some one in "Half Day, Lake County, Illinois," and thither it therefore goes. But when the only address to be made out from another—and that by no means sure, so vague are forms of the letters—is "Chollyhutville Co Ill," then it is that brains tell in the distributing business. Brains finally result in a solution of the palimpsest, and "Joliet, Will County, Illinois," is the interpretation thereof. In like manner "Verseaux incauque Co Amerika"—a superscription which could have emanated from nowhere else but France—is decided to mean "Warsaw, Hancock County," and it is found that Illinois has such a town in such a county; so the letter is forwarded thither, and has doubtless gladdened or saddened the heart of its object before now.—*Lakeside Monthly.*

We think the clerk in the Philadelphia post-office, who put a letter addressed to "Ela Goda" in our box, deserves some credit. We suppose the translation to be thus: "L. A. Godey."

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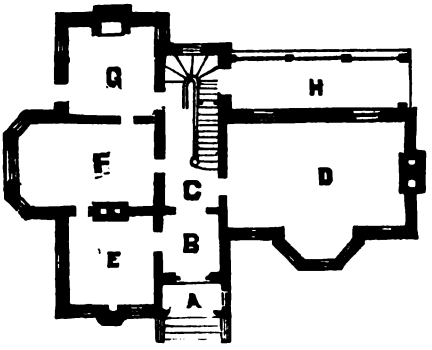
RESIDENCE IN THE ENGLISH GOTHIC STYLE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, *Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

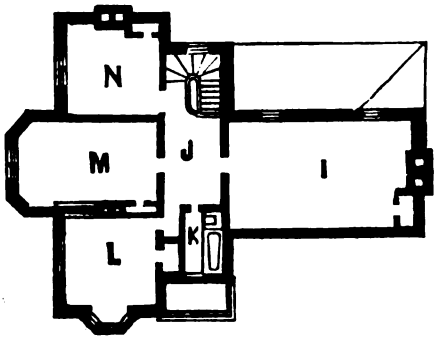


THE above design is in the style of English Gothic, drawn in the proportions of the Ovo order, which give it a degree of refinement that suits the fresh ideas of the American people. The principal floor contains a fine parlor, dining-room, sitting-room, kitchen, stair hall, and vestibule, with one inclosed hall under the tower. There is a rear porch or verandah, entered from the hall by a door and by windows reaching to the floor on the parlor. The second floor has four fine apartments lighted by dormer and gable windows, not shown in this view. The cost of the building erected in the spirit of the design, will be $4500.

As there are a great many people who do not understand the duties of an architect, and as we receive many letters from parties asking us to build their houses, we beg to state that our duty consists of making designs and drawings for the whole house, and so arranging all the details that an intelligent artizan can see at once a direct, cheap, and proper way of executing them. In our experience of hundreds of buildings, we know where to look upon the plans to overcome the difficulties which continually occur to those without experience, thereby saving labor, and obtaining beauty by the mere shape of the object. An architect also stands as an umpire over the work, and protects the owner from fraud and imposition.



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

First Floor.—A vestibule; B enclosed hall, 8 by 8 feet; C stair hall, 8 feet wide; D parlor, 15 by 25 feet; E sitting-room, 12 feet six inches by 12 feet 6 inches; F dining-room, 12 feet 6 inches by 20 feet; G kitchen, 12 feet 6 inches by 12 feet 6 inches; H porch.

Second Floor.—I bed-room, 15 by 25 feet; J stair hall; K bath-room; L bed-room, 12 feet 6 inches by 12 feet 6 inches; M bed-room, 12 feet 6 inches by 20 feet; N bed-room 12 feet 6 inches by 12 feet 6 inches.

Address letters to residence, 804 North Eighth St., Philadelphia.

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FROM the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:—

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Always improving, this magazine has made a start for the new year which surpasses anything yet accomplished by the enterprising publisher. Many new and attractive features have been introduced. The principal of these is a series of etchings of society, the subject being 'Miss Lollipop's Party.' The first of them is furnished in the present—the January—number, and represents the family—the mother, her two daughters, and an irrepressible boy—in consultation over the knotty question, 'Who shall be invited?' It is a spiritedly drawn and effective picture. The draughtsman is Mr. E. B. Bensell, and the engraver Mr. Lauderbach. The etchings are to be nine in number, one being given every month. Steel engravings, wood engravings, colored fashion plates, a page design of parlor ornaments printed in colors, pleasant and instructive stories, sketches, and essays, together with much reading of peculiar value to housekeepers, make up the best number yet issued.

ALL the departments of the LADY'S BOOK for 1872 are conducted with unusual vigor.—*Times*, Bath, Me.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. M. O.—Sent bonnet by express December 20th.
Mrs. W. S.—Sent gold pen 20th.
Mrs. R. H. M.—Sent rubber gloves 20th.
Mrs. J. S. P.—Sent rubber gloves 20th.
Mr. S. F.—Sent silver spoons by express 20th.
Mrs. J. R.—Sent pattern 20th.
Mrs. E. J. F.—Sent breastpin 20th.
Mrs. C. E.—Sent hair jewelry by express 22d.
Mrs. N. E. N.—Sent gold ring by express 22d.
Mrs. Y. H.—Sent articles by express 23d.
Miss E. W. K.—Sent pattern 28th.
H. J. G.—Sent lead comb by express 28th.
Mrs. E. H. W.—Sent articles 28th.
Mrs. A. L. R.—Sent pattern 28th.
Mrs. E. B. B.—Sent Britannia tea and coffee sett by express 29th.
M. A. L.—Sent articles by express January 2d, 1872.
J. S.—Sent curls 2d.
Mrs. C. H.—Sent initial paper 2d.
Mrs. Dr. W. H. H.—Sent breastpin 2d.
Miss E. F.—Sent rubber glass 2d.
Miss E. D. M.—Sent pattern 2d.
Mrs. S. J. K.—Sent lead comb 2d.
Miss M. J. P.—Sent pattern 4th.
Mrs. J. A.—Sent pattern 4th.
K. M. D.—Sent pattern 4th.
Mrs. L. V. McK.—Sent curls by express 8th.
Miss M. A. D.—Sent hair jewelry by express 18th.
Miss M. L. W.—Sent hair wire 18th.
Mrs. P. E. S.—Sent pattern 18th.
S. E. S.—Sent hair jewelry by express 18th.

Agnes.—Your first business should be, instead of asking questions about your behavior to young men, to learn to write and spell, and pay a little attention to grammar.

Corinne.—Make the waist plain, and cover with narrow ruches from the throat down to the shoulders; elbow sleeves.

D. A. B.—Within fifteen miles.

Miss A. C. T.—Mizpah, a sentinel, or a witness. You will find the word in *Gen.* xxxi. 49. "And Laban said: This heap is a witness between me and thee this day. Therefore was the name of it called Galeed; and Mizpah; for he said, the Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."

Rosa.—Your case is not an uncommon one. In most instances parents form the more correct estimate, and you will in all probability find your gain in being guided by their decision.

Maria.—You can renew your old crape by passing it to and fro through steam eight or nine times; pin it out lightly on a clean cloth, so as not to unduly stretch it, and allow it to dry.

Mrs. M.—Not unless you know it would be agreeable to both parties.

Amy.—You should call on your young friend to welcome her to your neighborhood.

Butterfly.—It is always more polite to answer an invitation of whatever kind.

Julia.—We cannot answer questions relating to medical topics.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of its transactions; and whether the person sending the order, is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dinner dress of peacock-color silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a row of black thread lace, headed by a ruche of lace; the upper skirt is trimmed to correspond, with bow of ribbon and lace at the sides. Basque waist; open sleeves. Point lace collar and flowing sleeves.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of black silk; black velvet basque, trimmed with lace and satin folds. Black velvet hat, trimmed with flowers and black and white lace.

Fig. 3.—Reception dress of heavy black silk, made with a court train, and trimmed with narrow ruffles, edged with Valenciennes lace. A piece of silk is turned back *en revers* at the sides, edged with a wide lace. Bands, trimmed with lace, and bows trim the front breadth. Basque waist; open sleeves, trimmed to correspond with skirt.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress; the underskirt is of heavy white silk, made with a train, trimmed with a *point appliqué* flounce, headed by bands of pink silk, and puffs of pink silk at the side, edged with lace, and divided by bouquets of flowers; pink silk overskirt and low basque corsage, trimmed with lace and flowers; short sleeves. Hair arranged in puffs, with half wreath of flowers.

Fig. 5.—House dress of purple silk, made with one skirt, trimmed to simulate two with lace, quillings of black silk and passementerie. Basque waist; open sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 6.—Dress for child of six years, made of light brown silk poplin, made with two skirts, and trimmed with velvet ribbon and bows. White cloth sacque,

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bound and faced with black velvet. Hat of the same color as dress.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of black silk, made with two skirts, and a basque waist, trimmed with folds and fringe. Hat of black silk, trimmed with velvet and flowers.

Fig. 2.—Visiting dress of lilac silk, trimmed with a deep ruffle of same, trimmed with a narrow ruffle plaited. Overskirt and basque of velvet, or of silk of a darker shade, trimmed with fringe. Bonnet of the two shades, trimmed with flowers and feathers.

Fig. 3.—Dress of black silk, made with one skirt, with a casaque of the same, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with white lace and pink flowers.

Fig. 4.—Street costume of brown silk poplin, made with one skirt, trimmed with a deep ruffle, scalloped and headed by three puffs of silk. Basque sacque with cape, trimmed to correspond. Brown silk bonnet, trimmed with flowers.

Fig. 5.—Dark blue serge dress, made with a ruffle, put on to simulate a court train; the front breadth is covered with ruffles. Short black velvet sacque, bound with silk braid. Blue velvet hat, trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 6.—Black Cashmere dress, the skirt trimmed with a ruffle, trimmed with two rows of guipure lace and velvet, with a row of each where the ruffle is sewed on. Black Cashmere mantle, open in the back, fastened at the waist by a ribbon bow, and trimmed with fringe. Black hat, trimmed with black feathers.

Fig. 7.—Suit for boy of twelve years, of navy blue cloth, white Marsellies vest, blue cloth hat.

Fig. 8.—Dress for little girl, of blue and white striped poplin, made with two skirts; white cloth sacque, trimmed with blue velvet. Blue velvet hat, and feathers.

Fig. 9.—House dress of cuir-colored silk, the underskirt being of a light, and the upper skirt and waist being of a darker shade. The underskirt is trimmed with black lace; the upper one with plaitings of the same, and feather bands.

Fig. 10.—Dress of gray poplin, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with velvet, the upper one trimmed with fringe and plaitings of silk. Basque waist, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 11.—Dress for child of a year old, made of Nainsook muslin, trimmed with an embroidered ruffle.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—The Macgregor mantle in black Cashmere. This mantle is richly braided with black soutache. It consists of a long, loose, sleeveless *paletôt*, with an opening at the back, and fastening the entire length of the front. It has a large cape open at the back almost to the neck. Both *paletôt* and cape are edged with rich black silk fringe.

Fig. 2.—Costume of little girl of six to twelve years. Blue foulard skirt, trimmed at the edge with a narrow gathered flounce, and blue silk bows on the front of the skirt. Foulard polonaise, striped blue and white, open in front, with *revers*, and trimmed with blue silk. Heart-shaped bodice. Sash and rosette of blue silk. Long sleeves, with cuffs falling over the hands. Muslin cravat. Straw hat, with tuft of flowers placed in front.

Fig. 3.—Dress for a little girl of two to six years, of white percale, trimmed with bands of *broderie Anglaise*. A flounce of the same is placed at the bottom of the petticoat. Round bodice and sash ends, trimmed to match. Toque hat, with bow of ribbon and tuft of feathers.

Fig. 4.—Dress for girl of ten years, of dark gray Irish poplin. The first skirt trimmed with two rows of black velvet. Pointed tunic, with bretelles; sash and basques bound with the same velvet; long sleeves. Gray hat, with feather and bow.

Fig. 5.—Boy's dress from eight to twelve years. Brown cloth costume, stockings striped brown and white, brown cloth boots, with Spanish leather tops. White waistcoat. Oval hat of white canvas, and trimming of black woollen braid.

Figs. 6, 7, 8, and 9.—Headdress for morning. This headdress is a very simple manner of dressing the hair. Two braids of hair are tied on the head by a piece of tape; the waved hair passes over this. Fig. 7 shows the manner of arranging the braids, Fig. 9 shows the front placed already on the rolls, Fig. 8 shows a back view of the chignon. Draw the hair backwards, excepting a very slight portion, which is rolled up at the ear, and fasten the waved front hair under the braids. The ends of the ribbon on which the front hair is arranged are tied together underneath the back hair. Then comb the waved front hair towards the sides from Fig. 9, fasten the ends of the same underneath the back hair; then comb upwards that part of your own hair which has remained unnoticed, fasten the ends likewise underneath the back hair, which is rolled up and fastened. Then fasten the chignon from Fig. 8, covering the tape of the front hair. Complete the headdress with jet pins, having the shape of stars.

Fig. 10.—Hood for waterproof cloak, which can also be worn over the head.

Fig. 11.—Apron with bib. This gray linen apron is made with *revers*, buttoning to the apron, as seen in the illustration, and is trimmed with a plaited frill and a narrow band of ribbon, embroidered with scarlet wool. The bib is also made with *revers*, meeting in front, where the points are fastened with a button. The shoulder-straps are of double linen, embroidered to correspond with the bands.

Fig. 12.—Mantle of black Cashmere for an elderly lady, trimmed with a plaiting of the same, headed by a plaiting of silk. Bows with fan-shaped ornaments in the back.

Fig. 13.—Tournure of hair cloth, made with two rows of puffs, edged with a plaited ruffle all around.

Fig. 14.—Sacque for girl of three years, made of white cloth, bound with silk. The hood is lined with silk, and trimmed with silk cord and tassels.

Fig. 15.—Spring overcoat for boy of six years, made of very light cuir-colored cloth, and bound with a silk braid.

Fig. 16.—Hat of black straw, trimmed with black velvet, lace, pink flowers, and feathers.

Fig. 17.—Gentleman's scarf, made of purple silk.

Fig. 18.—Ladies' morning cap, made of muslin, embroidered and trimmed with a bow of colored ribbon.

Figs. 19 and 22.—Collar and cuff of fine linen, with the edge finished with fine embroidery.

Fig. 20.—Nursery pinafore of gray linen, with back and front breadths, scalloped around the edges, and ornamented with braided strips of linen stitched over the shoulders, and extending nearly to the bottom of the skirt.

Fig. 21.—Ladies' flannel skirt, scalloped on the edge, and braided above it with silk braid.

Fig. 23.—Front and back of a sacque for little girl of one year, scalloped on the edge, and finished with embroidery above it.

Fig. 24.—Fashionable draperies and curtains. The curtains are of blue satin, with a border in *appliqué* and embroidery of blue velvet on a stone-colored

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satin ground. The white curtains are of plain net, with the pine pattern of point lace.

CAPS, COLLARS, BASQUE, ETC.

(*See Engravings, Page* 228.)

Fig. 1.—Collar and chemisette of embroidered muslin, trimmed with lace.

Fig. 2.—Sacque of embroidered muslin, trimmed with a plaiting of plain muslin; the back is trimmed with loops and ends of pink ribbon, and the sleeves the same. This can be worn with a low-necked dress for a dinner costume; the ribbon should correspond in color with the dress.

Fig. 3.—Collar to wear with a surplice dress, of embroidered muslin, edged with Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 4.—Fancy cap of black lace, trimmed with blue velvet and different colored convolvulus.

Fig. 5.—White muslin basque for evening wear, trimmed with a puff of muslin, colored or black velvet, and Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 6.—Fancy cap of white lace, trimmed with pink velvet and carnation pinks.

Figs. 7 and 9.—Sleeve and collar to wear with open dress, made of worked and Valenciennes insertion, and edged with Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 8.—Cape to be worn of colored satin, trimmed with lace, to be worn with a black silk dress; it is embroidered with black silk.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

We have reached the first spring month, and, perhaps, we may dream of soon needing lighter clothing; but the cold blasts still make us wrap our winter clothing more closely about us, and we set the idea aside as not being required for some time. But it is well to be somewhat prepared for the mild days which will eventually follow. Black silk or Cashmere suits will supply this need. Many persons have been employing their leisure time this winter in embroidering or braiding a suit of the latter, and now have it ready for the season approaching. A new overskirt, that is much admired, for silks, woollens, and for muslin over silk, is longer in front than behind, requiring the back breadths of the dress to be flounced very high. To construct it, take three front widths of silk a yard long, and two back breadths only three-eighths long. It opens behind, the back widths being in double box-plaits to form a postilion flounce, and the long apron breadths being gathered down the side seam. *Modistes* have devised a plan for lengthening the short skirts of street dresses, so that they may trail on the floor when worn in the house. Make the six-gored skirt of ordinary walking length—just escaping the ground—cut the placket hole in the middle of the back, sew the three front breadths with slight gathers to the belt, and finish the belt with hooks and eyes, leaving the three back widths hanging. Then face the upper part of the back widths, and put in a drawing-string. When the skirt is to be worn in the street, draw the back breadths up to the belt; when it is required to train slightly in the house, let the fulness droop low over the tournure, and the overskirt or polonaise will conceal the loose hanging breadths. Kilt plaiting is the trimming that meets with most favor on lower skirts. It is made straight, is lined with foundation muslin, the lower edge is hemmed with loose stitches on the wrong side, a bias band holds the top flatly, and a row of stitching is placed straight around three inches above the edge.

A standing ruffle of Valenciennes lace, with a large jabot or oval rosette in front, is worn instead of a collar with dressy street *toilettes* in the evening. These are becoming, and more dressy than the linen collars and muslin frills worn with colored ties in the daytime. Softly folded China crape, edged with Valenciennes, is formed into large collars, called fichu collars, to wear with black and dark silk dresses in the house.

Among the double capes, or sacques with cape now so popular, the one with the Watteau fold on the sacque is attractive for its fulness over the tournure; while the talma cape is permitted to fall open, it gracefully displays the trimmed Watteau fold. The length of the cape is a matter of taste, as many garments have capes but a finger length shorter than the sacque. Soutache interspersed with jet, passementerie, or silk bands on the cape and sacque, with fringe edging each, are the fashionable trimmings. These capes for spring wear can be made without the sacque underneath, and in making one to match a Cashmere skirt (either braided or embroidered), the capes are literally covered over with work.

Marvels of beauty in intricate and costly work are offered for inspection by our superb jewelry establishments. Necklaces are twisted rope chains, or else the cable chain, or large round links of pale Etruscan gold. Some of these necklaces are made with pendants of antique stones cut in intaglio, mosaics, or onyx set in precious stones. Everything in antiquity of style is eagerly sought after. Lockets are exquisitely beautiful, with beautifully carved mythological heads. The popular gold bracelet is a thick, heavy-looking band of Etruscan gold an inch wide, with light Greek ornamentation or else a floral design in colored gold. The gauntlet bracelets, three inches wide, shaped like a great cuff of gold, are new, but are not generally admired. Gentlemen's lockets are of stone, cameo, or of onyx, with monogram. In sets of jewelry those of gold are most popular for general wear, as they are appropriate for all occasions. The designs are copied from the antique, with yellow gold for the base, ornamented with the red and green golds that are colored by acids. Pale blue turquoises are probably the most popular stones for blondes: they are frequently set with pearls. Pink coral sets, worn alike by blonde and brunette, are preferred in balls, square blocks, and pear-shaped pendants, rather than in the carved floral designs. Coral cameos, set with diamonds, are also fashionable. Cameos set in gold and pearls are also shown. Among the precious gems are dark sapphires and great square emeralds, lightened by settings of most brilliant diamonds. Sets of pearl have large rose-pearl centres, from which extend rays of gold, while below are swinging pendants of diamond and pearl. Necklaces are of two or three strands of strung pearls beautifully matched in size and color. Diamonds are not set heavily and in close clusters, but are placed far apart in light gold settings, to display the beauty of the stones. An exception to this is the ribbon necklace of diamonds, in which the stones are adjacent to each other without visible setting, and the necklace is made as flexible as a ribbon by means of springs underneath.

We pass on from jewelry to lace, the two greatest luxuries of the *toilette*. Lace has quite usurped the place of French needlework for all the nicer and more elegant requisites of the *toilette*; chemisettes *à la* Pompadour, sleeves and ruffles in endless variety. A beautiful bridal evening dress was of white *poult de soie*, trimmed with an Undine green, overlaid with tulle, an enchanting combination, uniting an air of fresh youth with the inevitable dead-whiteness appertaining to that interesting period. The jewels were emeralds and diamonds, a simple water lily for the hair. But the style, *par excellence*, is tulle of snowy whiteness.

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Nothing can be more exquisitely fairylike and elegant than the tulle ball dress of trained skirt, and overdress extremely bouffant, ornamented with marabout trimming. Another style is that of having many light silken flounces beneath the tulle, trimmed with delicate branches of white lilac, a fringe of white jessamine, sprays of acacia, or frayed ruchings of crape; the corsage of puffed tulle, garnished with flowers. A magnificent dress of white *gros grain* was literally covered with black lace, the dusky fabric so Spanish in its suggestiveness that, as one looks upon it, the vision of a dark-eyed donna arises as to its rightful owner. Still, black lace is becoming to all; it shades and relieves the *trop prononcé*, and yet lends a newer grace to the most faultlessly elegant.

The corsage is extremely *décolleté* this season, but fichus, capes of Valenciennes, or some pretty invention, generally covers the neck, the beauty, half hidden, enhanced by its light drapery. The imported lace collars are enlarged to Vandyke-like expansion, and naturally cost accordingly. Amongst the beautiful assortment of lace seen is an overskirt of cluny lace, beautifully fine, a shawl of *point d'Alençon* of finest design, with convolvulus flowers in the border. In gazing upon these beautiful laces, one readily credits all the old stories of how the secrets of their fabrication were kept as heir looms in families, their sole inheritance, perchance, taught as the richest dower from a fading parent to a blooming child, who, in her turn, grew pale, and wan, and blind over the fatal gift. The snowy fleeciness of lace envelopments is hazardous to many complexions; indeed, only a lady sure of her high bred tone may employ it in great profusion. Combinations of lace and silk in neckties are very fashionable, and ingenuity is exhausted in the multitude of designs in this respect. True lovers' knots of twilled silk, and edged with fine Valenciennes, the ends falling over an oval piece of Swiss muslin, trimmed to correspond. Standing frills of muslin, finished with edging, of the Marie Antoinette style, rival collars; also the broad Elizabethan ruff, which is sold by the yard, is quaint and becoming, lending a softness if made of lace, never found in sets of linen.

Broidere en relief upon a silk dress is quite one of the *nouveautés* of the season, and is one of the most effective, both upon light and upon dark grounds. The *jardinère* patterns, in all colors, over black silk, are very stylish for indoor dresses and jackets; but for *toilettes de sortie*, the designs *en camaieu*, shaded of the same color as the dress, are in better taste. Black embroidery over black silk gives a particularly ladylike look to a *toilette seriеuse*, while for brides white upon white is chastely elegant.

For the evening we have noticed a dress of pale salmon-colored *faille* silk, embroidered with a rich pattern. The *manteau Dauphine*, which completed the train-shaped dress, was embroidered to correspond. The bodice formed a low corselet with bretelles, all covered with embroidery work, with inner trimmings of fine Valenciennes lace.

The fireside and *robe de chambre* are such pleasant things in this cold, blustry weather, that we do not wonder at the number of coquettish morning costumes we see just now. One of both the most comfortable and elegant of these is the Marguerite *robe de chambre* of gray Cashmere, trimmed with an embroidered border of pink Marguerites. This border is worked above a band of pink quilted silk around the train-shaped skirt, up the fronts, and around the bodice and wide sleeves, which are lined with pink plush or satin. The bodice remains slightly open in front to show the delicate embroidery and flutings of the chemisette. The pretty daisies are large and worked in *point au passe* with floss silk. It is quick and easy work, and may tempt many a lady of leisure, for its result is most effective.

We have received so many inquiries from young mothers on the subject of infants' clothing, that we feel we cannot do better than devote our remaining space to that topic. Dresses, slips, shirts, nightgowns, skirts, and double wrappers, are the garments most difficult to make; the smaller articles are much easier of construction. It is best to procure patterns for the garments desired; it saves time, trouble, and expense, for with a pattern it is easy to calculate the amount of material required. Dresses come first on the list; those high-necked and long-sleeved are most in favor at present for infants. This is a sensible fashion, as it dispenses with sacques, which are sometimes left off through carelessness, so that the child takes cold. However, one, if not more, dressy robe, with low neck and short sleeves, is always included in a wardrobe; this dress is usually made of the finest Nainsook or mull, and can be as elegant as the fancy of the mother desires. High yoke slips for every-day wear are the simplest and prettiest of baby dresses. Thicker Nainsook and dimity are used for these. The yoke may be of the dress material, fitted smoothly, and finished by a ruffle or edging, or it may be formed entirely of lengthwise puffs, bands of insertion, tucks, or of Valenciennes medallions and needlework. The two widths of the skirt are sometimes straight, sometimes sloped slightly towards the top, and are seven-eighths of a yard long. The sleeves are coat-shaped; either a ribbon sash or an insertion belt can be worn, or it can be left to hang loosely; the latter is most generally preferred. The night-gown is merely a long sacque, buttoned behind or before as the mother chooses. If buttoned behind, many mothers make it serve for a day dress in the nursery. They are generally made of cambric muslin, with simple edgings for trimming. For skirts but little directions are necessary; two breadths of jaconet muslin, or two of flannel are required; the latter are simply scalloped for every day wear; embroidery or braiding is added for better ones. For muslin ones, ruffles, insertion, tucks, or puffs, are used; the waist is a double piece of linen or muslin. The shirt is a dainty little garment, made of the finest linen lawn, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; the smallest, smoothest, softest seams should be seen on all infants' clothing, but especially on the shirt, which comes next to the tender flesh, except where the flannel band comes. These are of doubled flannel, with a broad band of elastic inserted down the front. A blanket or shawl (a square of merino or fine flannel) is added to all wardrobes, and can be embroidered as elaborately as the taste of the owner suggests. The best bibs for ordinary use are of white lawn, slightly wadded and quilted. The quilting is far apart, in double diamonds, a tiny figure being embroidered in each diamond, and the edge is finished by a scallop. Cloaks are made in two large capes, with a hood. White cloaks are preferred. For summer the material is *piqué* and white lawn; for winter, white merino; for dressy occasions, plaid flannels for greater warmth and ordinary use. Braiding, embroidery, and fringe are the trimmings for *piqué* and merino. Caps and turbans of Valenciennes lace and needlework are chosen for both boy and girl babies; soft, fleecy wool knitted caps, braided merino caps, and little lawn bonnets for summer, are all worn. Sacques are not as much used as formerly, when all dresses were low in the neck. They are made of finest Cashmere, braided or embroidered. Berlin wool sacques are still softer, and exquisitely shaped.

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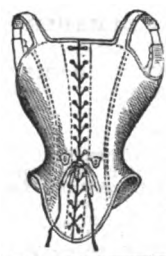
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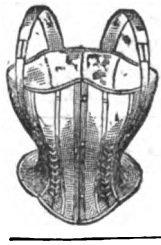
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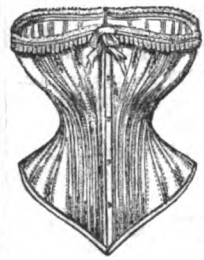
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Do you know what day to-day is?
Mother, 'tis our wedding-day!

"Just as now, we sat at supper
When the guests had gone away:
You sat that side, I sat this side,
Forty years ago to-day!

"Then what plans we laid together;
What brave things I meant to do!
Could we dream to-day would find us
At this table—me and you?

"Better so, no doubt—and yet I
Sometimes think—I cannot tell—
Had our boys—ah, yes! I know, dear;
Yes, He doeth all things well.

"Well, we 've had our joys and sorrows;
Shared our smiles as well as tears:
And—the best of all—I 've had your
Faithful love for forty years!

"Poor we 've been, but not forsaken;
Grief we 've known, but never shame—
"*Father, for Thy endless mercies*
Still we bless Thy Holy Name!"

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In the garments here pictured, the "Standard Trimmings used are the Standard Puffings in the different single widths and Double Puffings; Standard Bias Tuckings of different numbers, Standard Alternate Insertions; Standard Plaitings—Swiss; Bias and Scalloped; Standard Scalloped Plaited Trimmings, and Standard Combination Trimming pattern "F."

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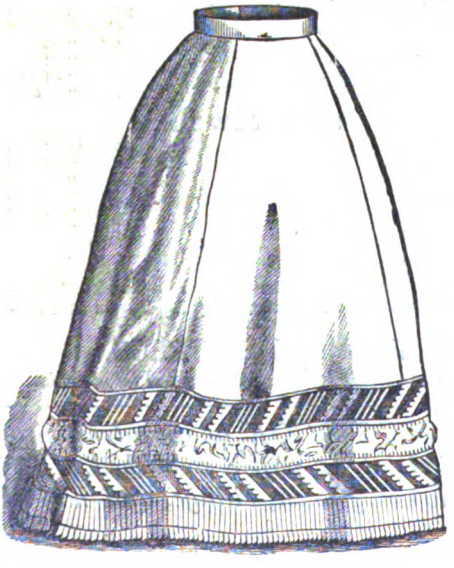
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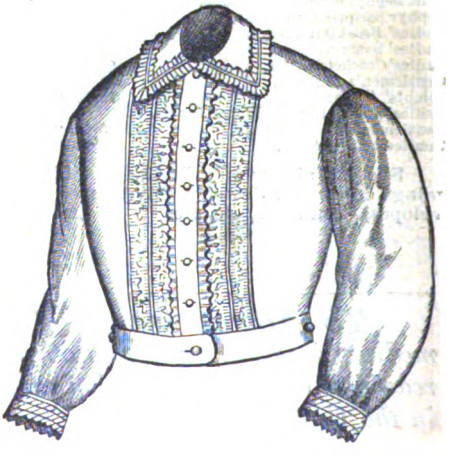
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VOL. LXXXIV.
No. 502.

APRIL.

FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

Now is the Time to Make up your Clubs.







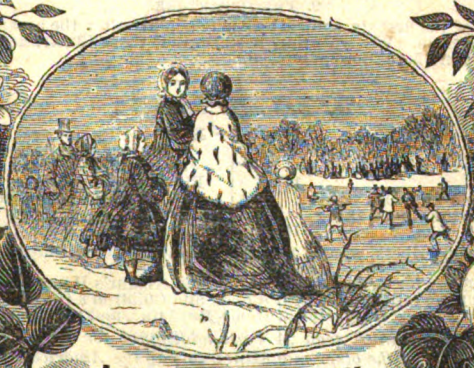
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,

L. A. GODEY.

1872.



LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILADELPHIA.

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1872. **Volume 84.** 1872.

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BEAUTIFUL STEEL PLATES

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3. RECEPTION OF THE COMPANY. 4. GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING-ROOM. 5. THE BALL.
6. THE SUPPER-ROOM. 7. AFTER THE LADIES. 8. QUIET FLIRTATION.
9. THE DEPARTURE.

After the publication of the first six subjects we may slightly alter the arrangement of the remainder, and perhaps add others to them. We can safely promise that these illustrations will be entirely different and superior to any of the kind heretofore published.

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One copy, one year	$3 00	Eight copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making nine copies	$21 00
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☞ The money must all be sent at one time for any of the clubs, and additions may be made to clubs at club rates. The LADY'S BOOK will be sent to any post-office where the subscriber may reside, and subscriptions may commence with any month in the year. We can always supply back numbers. Specimen numbers will be sent on receipt of 25 cents.

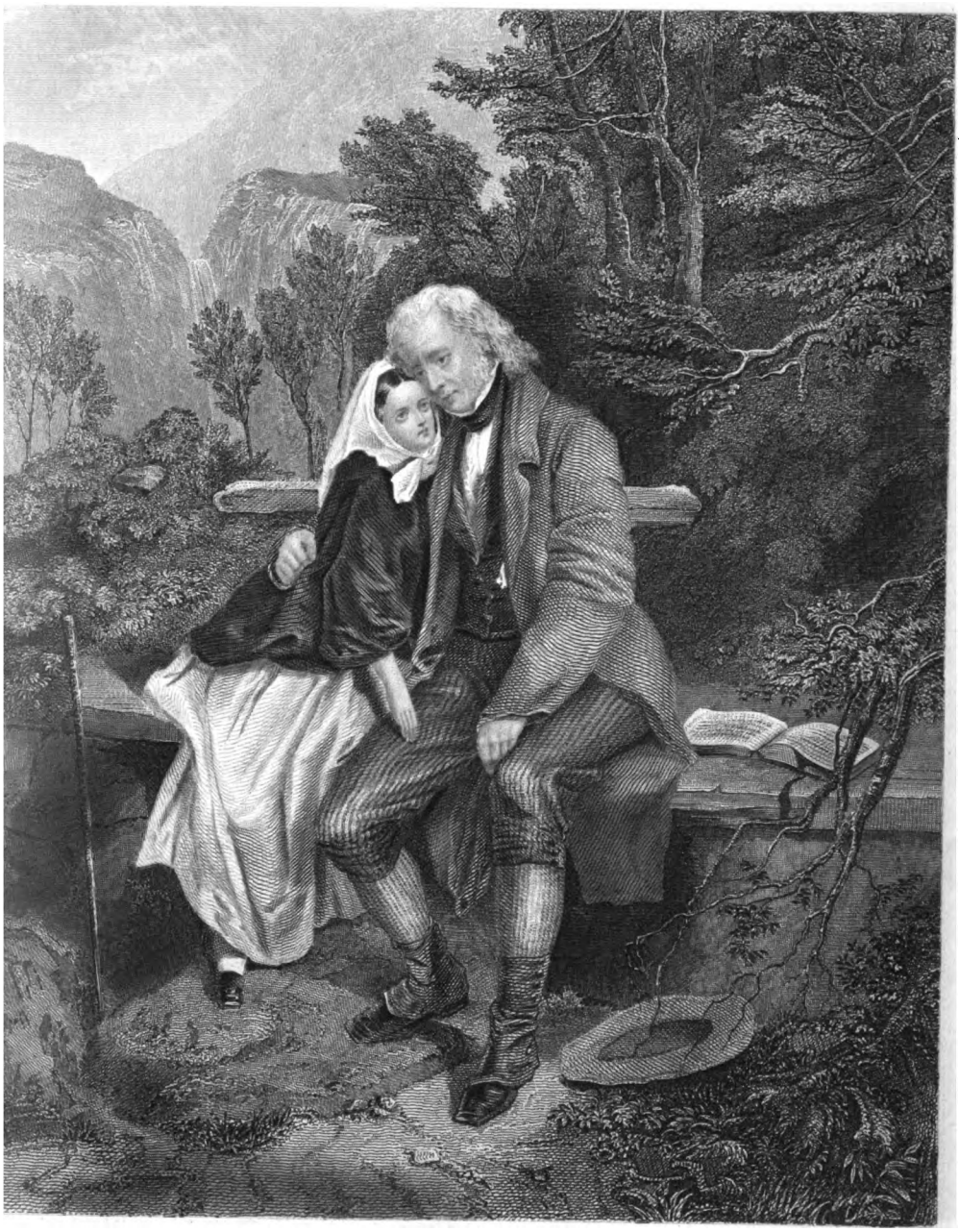
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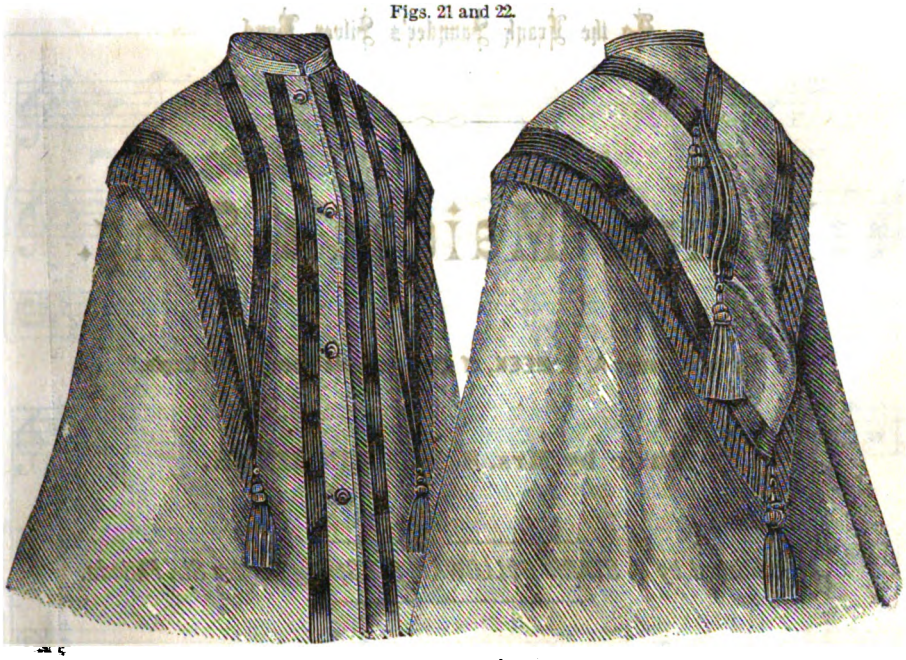
For Description of Engravings on this Sheet, see Fashion Department.



Fig. 1.

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Figs. 21 and 22.



Figs. 23 and 24.



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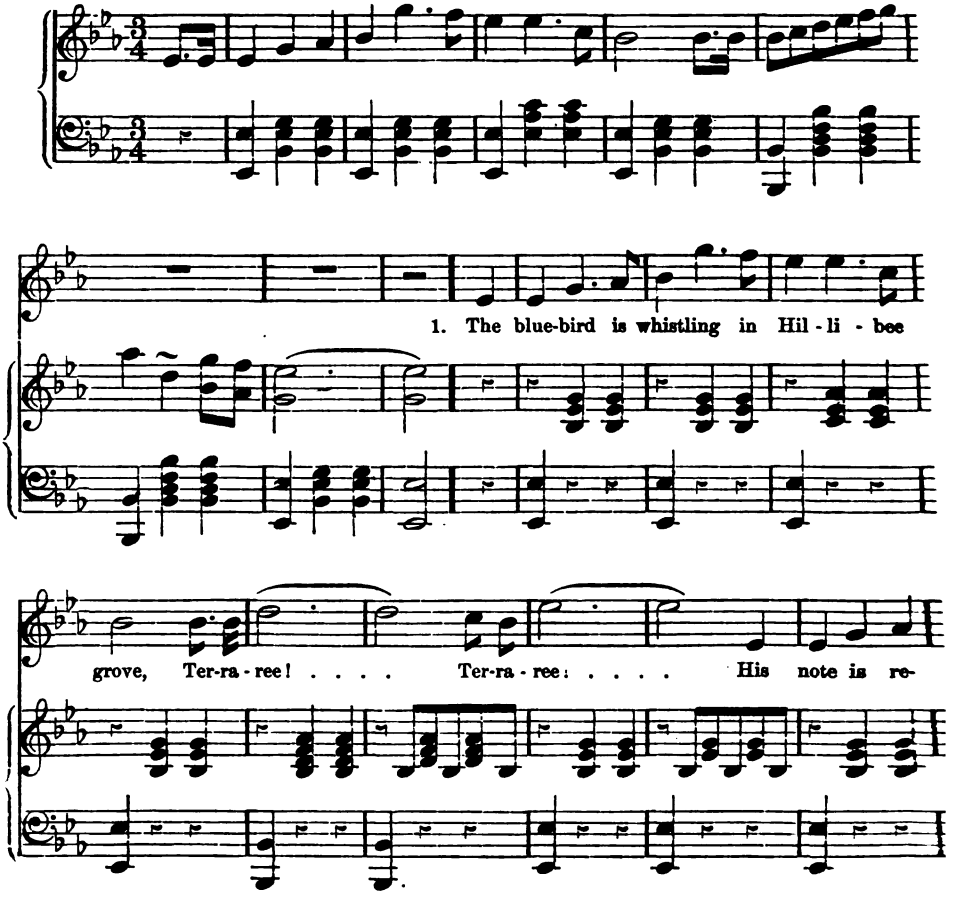
To the Frank Saunder's Silver Band.

Indian Maiden's Song.
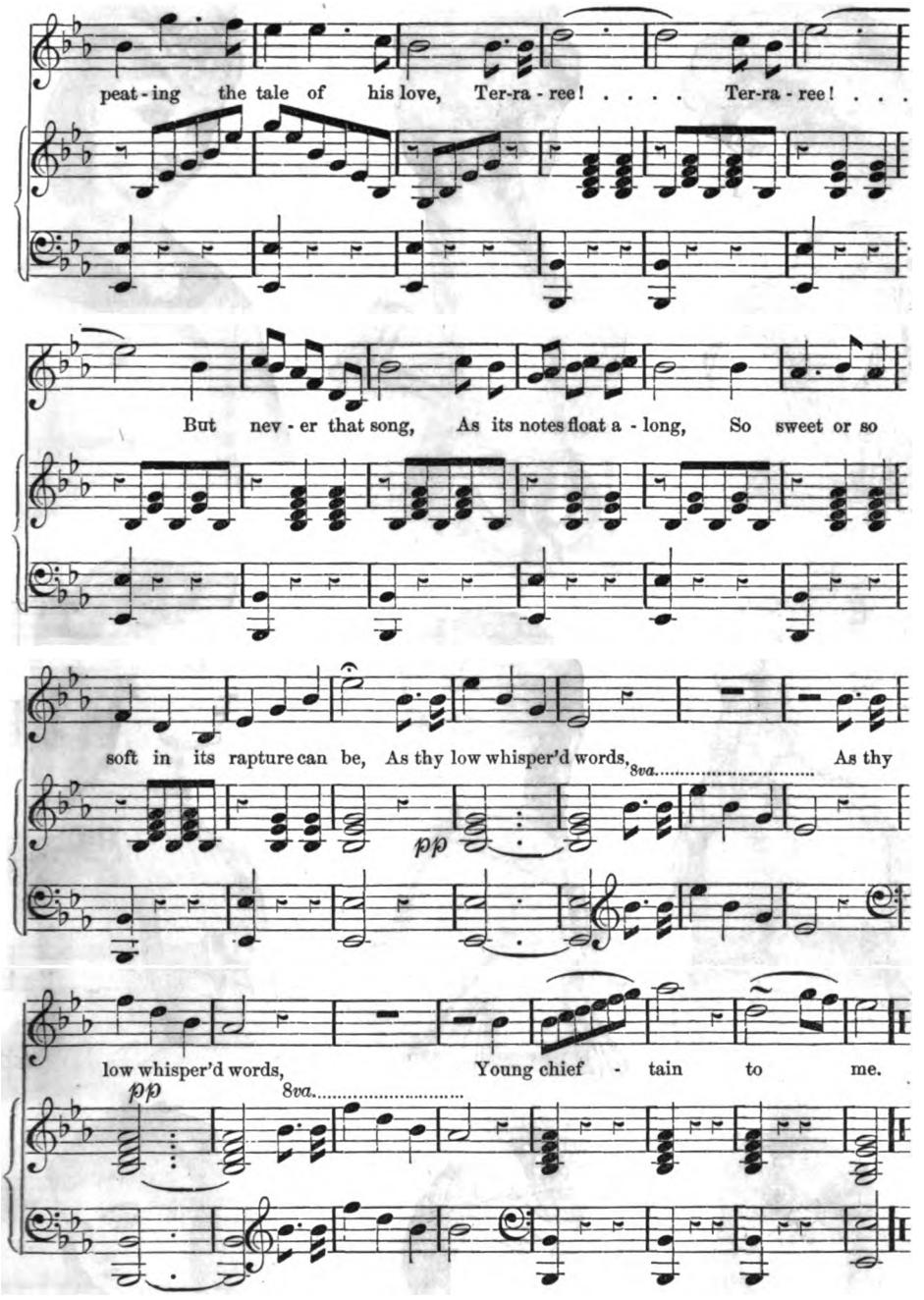
Words by Judge A. B. MEEK, of Ala., from his Poem, "Red Eagle."

Music by Mrs. S. B. HAUGHTON.

As published by J. STARR HOLLOWAY, 811 Spring Garden St., Philada.



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2.

Deep, down in the dell, is a clear, crystal stream—
Terraree! Terraree!
Where, scattered like stars, the white pebbles gleam,
Terraree! Terraree!
But deep in my breast,
Sweet thoughts are at rest,
No eye but my own in their beauty shall see;
They're dreams! happy dreams! young chieftain, of thee!

3.

The honey-bud blooms, when the spring-time is green
Terraree! Terraree!
And the fawn, with the roe, on the hill-top is seen,
Terraree! Terraree!
But 'tis Spring all the year,
When my loved one is near,
And his smiles are like bright beaming blossoms to me;
Oh, to rove o'er the hills, young chieftain, with thee.

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FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.—(See Fashion Department.)



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GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIV.—NO. 502.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1872.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

(Conclusion from last month.)

THE intrusive thought did not leave her; lent a shade of soberness to her countenance, as she arrayed Robbie for his play upon the sidewalk.

"Does your head ache, mamma?" he asked, eyeing her solicitously.

"No, darling. Mamma is only thinking," she smiled. "Run away now, but do not go out of sight of the door. I shall call you in at five o'clock."

She made her own afternoon toilette with neatness and despatch, and sat down to the "Report" she was to write, still "thinking." What was the thief of her time? Not her own procrastination, for she did herself but justice when she said that she had learned from experience the most economical division and employment of her working hours. In her prospectus of each day, duty dovetailed into duty with scarcely a seam or perceptible joint. In the retrospect, these were crowded awkwardly together, with here and there a gaping rent, showing where one had dropped out entirely. Sensible of these shortcomings, she had looked more narrowly into her ways and means; her opportunities of labor, and manner of performing set tasks.

"I ought not to be overworked," was her invariable conclusion, "but I *am!*"

The Report was half done when the door-bell pealed sharply—she could have fancied maliciously, through the quiet house. She reproached herself for the start with which she heard it.

"This is unreasonable!" she reflected. "The afternoon belongs of right to my friends. It is the loss of the morning that forces work upon me, when I should be at leisure to enjoy their society."

The visitor was Mrs. Starke, a notable manager in most of the public charities of the day and city. She was a portly dame, with blonde curls that twisted very tightly on either side of a determined visage; a moustache upon her upper lip, and unequivocal symptoms of a beard upon her chin. A warrior when with men; a very martinet among her own sex; she prided herself upon "carrying through" whatever she undertook, and upon never accepting "No" for an answer to demand or petition. Mrs. Letsome's heart died within her at sight of a bundle upon the carpet beside the lady's chair, and a book in her hand.

"My dear creature!" she began, without needless preliminaries. "I am in a strait, and have come to you for help. I have been around collecting the clothing distributed for making up, at the last meeting of our Industrial Circle. The cases to be supplied were very urgent, as you may remember, and, in my capacity as First Directress, I was careful to give work to no one excepting such as would pledge themselves to complete the garments entrusted to them within a specified time. The poor people for whom they are designed are actually suffering for the want of them. That woman with the twins not a week old, needs hers most of all. I saw her yesterday, and promised positively that the flannels, etc., should be at her house this evening. Yet—would you believe it?—Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Richards have failed me utterly! Mrs. Jones has had company all the week, and has not touched her bundle of work. Mrs. Richards has been busy getting her two girls off to boarding-school, and has but half-finished that which she took home. Neither 'can look at the things for a week to come,' they assure me."

"But they *promised* to do it—did you say?" faltered Mrs. Letsome, with dim, but unerring perception of what was coming.

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"Solemnly, my dear! And I, who should have known better than to trust those whom I had not tried and proved faithful to their work, was beguiled into this fatal blunder! I am sick of the women of the present day! Not one-fifth of the managers of our charitable institutions attend one-half of the meetings held in their behalf. They like the honor of the position, and to see their names in print, and all that, but as to work and responsibility, they have no more conception of it than a yearling baby. And as to keeping an engagement—not one in ten of the dear, dressy dolls knows what it means. I told Mrs. Jones that I was terribly disappointed, and she got angry. As if I cared for her fuming! I put it to Mrs. Richards pointedly if it had been absolutely *impossible* for her to perform what she had engaged to do. 'Suppose your own interests had been at stake, instead of those of the widowed and fatherless,' said I, 'would your action have been the same? *I* sat up three nights until twelve o'clock, in order to finish the work I took home. The offering is valueless that costs one nothing.' She was offended, too, but I didn't mind that either. Mrs. Jones's work I shall do. I want you to finish what Mrs. Richards has left undone."

She took up the bundle and began to untie it.

"Indeed, Mrs. Starke," remonstrated the horrified victim, "I cannot do it! I brought home a large parcel as my share of sewing from the meeting you mention, made the garments, and sent them last Saturday to the address you gave me. I am very much pressed by my own work just now, and it does not seem just that those who have attended to the duties they have assumed should be overloaded because others have been remiss."

"That's the law of the world, child! If one member sins, the whole body suffers. If the whole team were to draw steadily and faithfully, the leaders would have an easier time. Of course you are busy! You will be until you die. But you've got eternity to rest in! Women who are good for anything are always 'overloaded.' That is because there are so many worthless 'ornaments of society' littering up the houses of our (so-called) better classes. 'Those who will do, *may* do,' is a homely proverb, but a true one. The working-day of a true-hearted, energetic woman, who fears God and loves her neighbor as herself, is like an omnibus—there is always room for one more duty!"

"If it be a duty incumbent upon *her!*" Mrs. Letsome tried to say it firmly. "In this instance there is, to my mind, room for doubt."

"For doubt!" Mrs. Starke's eyes settled stonily upon her. "Think of that young widow, barely twenty years old, lying helpless in her bed, with the naked babies, fatherless before their birth, beside her, trembling in the cold of a night such as this is likely to be—and put yourself in her place! *That* is my test—the Scripture test of capability!"

"But is there no one else"—

Mrs. Starke's interruption was prompt as before.

"I have been driving around town two hours looking for some one who would undertake the job for sweet charity's sake. Everybody is 'wild with work' already. To hear the wretched slaves of prosperity talk, one would imagine that Pharaoh's overseers had come to life again and stood over them, night and day, with their whips. I knew you were busy, my friend, but I felt, also, that I could depend upon your reason to see the emergency, and your benevolence to meet it. The case is one of hard, unromantic need. There is no peradventure here. If the children are not warmly clad, they will perish in that miserable hovel. Think of it! And this is a Christian land, and a missionary age!"

She unrolled the unmade garments. Something in the sight of the small flannel skirts and tiny double wrappers went to Mrs. Letsome's heart as the First Directress's eloquence had not done. With the strange, nameless yearning so nearly allied to pain, yet which thrills like pleasure the breast of every real mother at beholding or handling "baby clothes," she put out her hand.

"I will finish them," she uttered, almost before she knew what she said.

"I was sure I could depend upon you," repeated the visitor, with a satisfied nod. "When can they be ready? Remember, mother and children are in peril of death for want of them."

Mrs. Letsome examined the articles.

"I can do most of the work upon the sewing-machine. If possible, you shall have them to-morrow afternoon."

"Good! There is some meaning in your 'If possible.' *Now!*"

She opened the volume she had brought in with her, which looked like a grocer's pass-book.

"Mrs. Elkin went out of town yesterday, and left this for me. It is her list of subscribers to the Charitable Society. She has not collected ten cents in as many months, and has gone South now on a pleasure trip for five or six weeks. We have next to nothing in the treasury, and the poor are freezing and starving all about us. I have had similar returns from four other of our conscientious collectors. Two of the neglected districts I shall canvass in person. Mrs. Todd kindly takes the third; Mrs. Mead the fourth. The hardest-worked of our board, you see. The same old story, over and over again. And the delinquents have means and leisure in abundance. The Lord forgive them! You can go over the ground in three hours. I wouldn't impose a heavier circuit upon you. They are all reliable

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subscribers—prompt pay, and no words about it. I'll leave the book with you. You can give it to me on Thursday afternoon. Good-day! Your time is valuable; so is mine. I have six other calls to make before dark. And I need not have had one but for the culpable negligence of my lazy or indifferent co-workers."

"O Mrs. Starke!" gasped the bewildered hostess in anguished appeal, "I cannot take this! I cannot spare three hours! I have not one to give to any new enterprise!"

"'He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord!'" quoted the manager, cheerful and remorseless. "I shall rely upon you."

"I declare," said Mrs. Letsome, left to herself, with the book between her loathing fingers and the work on the floor at her feet, "this is the tassel upon the top of the climax of unjust imposition! Am I to fill an untimely grave because other women have no perception of moral obligation? cannot see the connection between promise and fulfilment? If tears would mend matters, I would have a good cry and be done with it. I have felt like a caryatid this great while. I shall rival Atlas if this goes on much longer."

True to her principle of finishing one thing before beginning another, she gathered up the flannels, carried them off to her sewing-room, put away the book in her desk, and forced herself to go on with the Report. For half an hour she was allowed to work without molestation. Then a note was brought in.

"DEAR MRS. LETSOME:" it said, "I have got into a desperate snarl with my crocheting. I *cannot* remember the new stitch you were so kind as to teach me last week. I ought to have obeyed you, and practised it before I slept that night, but I didn't. I didn't touch the work for three days, and now find that the stitch has gone from me entirely. *You* would study it out for yourself, but I am *so* lazy and stupid I have not the courage to attempt it. Will you have pity upon me and help me out of my affliction if I run in to-morrow forenoon with the shawl? I am *so* anxious to have it done by mother's birthday. This is an unpardonable trespass upon your priceless time and good-nature. I would not dare offer the petition but that I knew the latter to be invincible. Who has tried it oftener—who loves you better than does CARRIE?

"P. S. I suppose I shall see you at the lecture to-night."

The reader laid the billet aside with a smile that was weary to bitterness.

"*That* is out of the question," she murmured. "Recreation is for butterflies, not for workers. 'To her that hath shall be given.' This giddy girl finds the day too long, time too heavy for her. Leisure is with her *l'embarras des richesses*. Nathan! Prophet of Israel! Thou wert wise in thy generation, skilled in knowledge of human nature, when thou didst relate how the rich man took the one ewe-lamb of his neighbor! I shall have not one little hour I can call my own to-morrow."

The street-lamps were lighted, and the evening was so raw she would not risk Robbie abroad, but left him in Mary's care, when she set out upon her benevolent errand, accompanied by the elder boys. They were in fine spirits at having her as a playfellow in their gambols along the lonely street leading to the abode of the doctor's charity patient. The child was better, she learned at the door; and leaving her basket of delicacies, she threw care to the free winds that fluttered her ribbons and shawl, and sent the blood through her veins with the joyous bound of health and vivacity. A brisk walk in the open air always "woke her up," she was wont to say, and that the time spent in this exercise was well-bestowed. She talked, laughed, and frolicked with her protectors in their homeward flight, until, recalled to a sense of the frustrated expectations of the day, the disappointment of the evening, by the first glimpse of the lighted windows in her own house, she acknowledged the efficacy of the prescription for incipient vapors.

"After all," she mused, while Bertie and Horace left her side for a moment to slide upon an inviting gutter, "what is pleasanter or more replete with solid satisfaction than a busy evening at home? There will be snow soon—there is a flake now! The lowering night will keep visitors away, and I may yet redeem the time squandered by others' folly. To-morrow, so soon as Robbie's lessons are over, I will fall to work in earnest upon Mrs. Starke's bundle, get it off my hands and conscience. In the afternoon, unless it should be very stormy, I will 'do up' Mrs. Elkins's district. Nothing is impossible, little is discouraging to a determined will. Philosophy and religion should keep from me such attacks of the doldrums as have threatened me to-day. I wish I were less mercurial. Come, boys! Papa is at home before us, I believe. There is a light in the library."

She opened the outer door with her pass key, entered the library with a rich color in her cheeks, a smile upon her lips. Doctor Letsome was not there; but in his favorite arm-chair, kept sacred to his use by wife and children, sat a figure she knew only too well, as did the boys, who exchanged a grimace indicative of extreme disrelish behind their mother's back. An old lady read the evening paper under the doctor's Argand burner. She was fleshy; she wore a chocolate-colored merino, and a veritable cap, not a headdress, trimmed with chocolate ribbon, bordered a broad, florid face.

Aunt Henny Bliss was "a decayed gentlewoman," or spoke of herself as such, and there were those in her circle of acquaintances who did not scruple to express their regret that the

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process of decadence had stopped short of actual dissolution. I use the term "circle" advisedly. She swung around it with the regularity, but not the silence of the planets in their orbits. Her nominal residence was with a sister, who had "demeaned herself" by marrying a master-mason. So Aunt Henny put it, and found in her discontent with the alliance and the uncongeniality of her surroundings ample excuse for visitations to those "of her own kind," although not of her blood. She belonged to the large and pertinacious class of human limpets, who have claims upon next to everybody, and who cannot be dislodged by anything short of downright rudeness. Few, who were conversant with her capacity for taking offence, and for resenting an imaginary insult by every means at the disposal of a tattling busybody, cared to resort to this method of ridding themselves and their households of a pest. She loved eating—did this discomposed relic of gentility—and she frequented the boards of noted housewives, and was fed with the fat of their larders. She revelled in gossip, and her entertainers dared not rebel when she wormed herself into the private history of every family, morally certain as they were that she would make her acquisitions public property. Her claims upon the Letsomes was that, in an evil hour for them, she had elected the doctor to the post of her confidential physician. He had attended her through a spell of bilious fever, an attack of pleurisy, through rheumatism, ague, and a seizure resembling apoplexy, induced, as he had not scrupled to tell her, by over-feeding. By virtue of the intimate acquaintance he had gained with the wheels, springs, and valves of the inner woman, she considered that she was entitled to make herself almost as much at home in his house as she did in that of her pastor, and that was saying a great deal.

"I've invited myself to stay to tea, you see," was her salutation to Mrs. Letsome. "I'm going out of town to-morrow, to spend a week with my friend, Mrs. Bainbridge, and I felt I *couldn't* leave without having one more sociable evening with you and the dear, blessed doctor. I've been in his office looking over the orders on the slate. It's nearly full, I see, as usual. Well, if people don't patronize him, they stand in their own light, that's all! Mrs. Vandeventer has sent for him again, I notice. I do hope he charges her well, for her airs and notions would wear out the patience of a saint. Does he think she is really diseased?"

"I cannot say, Mrs. Bliss. It is a point of honor with physicians not to talk about their patients' ailments, you know. Bertie, dear, will you take my hat and shawl up-stairs? What a disagreeable evening it promises to be!" shivered Mrs. Letsome, drawing a chair close to the register.

The glow had left her face and veins; hope ceased to warm her heart. There was a double meaning in her exclamation, hardly recognized by herself, but which quick-witted Bertie caught at once.

"That is a fact!" he half-whispered, as he received the shawl from his mother's hand.

She laughed, in the midst of her discouragement at this new stumbling-block set in her path, and set her hat above his chestnut curls.

"Be off, you sauce-box!" she ordered, feigning to box his ears.

"You are as partial to that boy as ever." Aunt Henny had been observant of the by-play, and shook her head disapprovingly when he had obeyed. "And Robbie is the doctor's idol. I feel sorry for Horace sometimes, and other people are very severe upon your favoritism. Now, I always defend you and the doctor, through thick and thin, when they say the boy is neglected, and downtrodden, and all that. I know you're both too kind-hearted to maltreat a dog on your hearth, but I'm afraid Horace don't quite get his dues. He isn't so bright at his studies as Bertie, nor so handsome as Robbie, but there are many worse boys, I can tell you."

"We do not need to be told that," was the quiet rejoinder. "He is a noble fellow, and his father and I are so blind as to think him fully the equal of his brothers in beauty and native sprightliness. But parents are seldom fair judges on these points."

"Just so!" assented the other, unabashed by the courteous disregard of her accusation, yet feeling that this channel of gossip was closed for the time. "What have you been doing to-day? Been busy as common, I suppose?"

"I generally find enough to do to keep me out of mischief," returned Mrs. Letsome, lightly.

"I'll venture to say you do. It aggravates me to hear the things people say about your being a literary woman—a blue stocking, and all that. No longer ago than yesterday Mrs. Morris asked me, knowing how intimate I was here, if you understood *anything* about housekeeping. She'd heard, she said, that everything in the kitchen and nursery went at sixes and sevens, for all you managed to keep up a fair outside show. *Didn't* I set her down, though?"

"I am sorry you took the trouble to do it. I never torment myself with speculations as to the opinions held concerning me outside my own home. I am accountable to my own family and to my conscience for my actions—to no other earthly tribunal. What a very severe winter we are having! And there is a prospect of another snow-storm—the fifth this month!"

Aunt Henny disdained the lure.

"Mrs. Morris pretends to be your friend, too. But I can't say I ever had much faith in her. She's too sweet and sickish-like for my taste. I *was* surprised and hurt, however, to

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hear a conversation that took place at Doctor Whitman's last Wednesday night, when I was taking tea there. I make it a rule to dine or tea at my pastor's at least once a week. Mrs. Whitman would think the world was coming to an end if I didn't. She sets a deal of store by me, and I always thought by you, until that night. Jule Martyn—she was in there for a little while (how those girls *do* gad!), and she was talking about some story or other you 'd published, and how she 'd sat up until past one o'clock in the morning to read it.

"'That 's more 'n you ever did to read the Bible, I'll warrant,' says I, for she is awfully giddy for a church-member, and I thought a word in season might do her good. 'We are to sow the seed in the morning, and not to withhold our hand in the evening.'

"'Indeed, I never did,' she says, and laughed in my face.

"Well, after she had gone, Doctor and Mrs. Whitman, and Mrs. Whitman's sister—they got to discussing you and your writings, and the effect they and your example were likely to have upon the young people in the church, and I was really amazed to find what narrow-minded notions they had upon the subject. I shouldn't have believed it of persons of culture in this enlightened age. It was such a pity you prostituted your talent to writing fictions and light, amusing stories, when you might get up such excellent tracts and Sunday-school books if you 'd a mind to. This was the doctor's notion, but his wife and her sister reckoned they wouldn't *pay* so well, and that was what you looked to. I had a hard battle to make them listen to reason."

Mrs. Letsome was settling herself with her work-basket by the centre-table, and answered, carelessly:—

"I have a good constitution, and can survive almost any amount of adverse criticism. I wish I had no heavier burdens to carry. Is not this a pretty design?" showing a square of canvas, with a bouquet of pond-lilies in the centre.

"Lovely! What is it for?"

"A foot-rest."

"For your husband?"

"Of course. I should not take the pains to work one for any other gentleman alive."

"You are a wonderful woman!" ejaculated the gazette. "I always proclaim that. People laugh at me when I tell them that you leave nothing important undone, if you do find time for fancy-work. That reminds me of what was said the other day, after you left the Industrial Circle. Mrs. Bonsall—we met at her house, you know—was showing the lovely Afghan you had made for her baby.

"'Isn't that shaded crimson stripe just *too* sweet?' says she.

"'Not to my taste,' says my Lady Starke, in her deep, solemn voice, that made everybody stare. 'To me, it is red with the blood of murdered *time!* It is criminal for any immortal being to waste so many of the hours the Lord hath given for His work in such folly as this.'

"I took up the cudgels for you, for it is a principle of mine to uphold a friend, right or wrong. But to tell the truth, Mrs. Letsome, and I am never mealy-mouthed with those I like, it does seem kind of queer to me to see a woman who has been married as long as you have, and has her hands as full of business, spending so much time upon worsted-work and the like. How do you reconcile *that* to your conscience?"

Mrs. Letsome met the thrust with calm dignity, that betrayed nothing of the wounded feeling excited by the unfriendly strictures she doubted not were, in this instance, correctly reported.

"My conscience says that even I have a right to amuse myself for ten, fifteen, thirty minutes a day. I pick this up while I am waiting for my husband to come in to supper—at no other time. My boys talk to me none the less freely because my fingers are busy. The twilight has been the 'children's hour' ever since they were babies. They confide to me what they have done, suffered, and enjoyed during the day, and what they propose and hope for the morrow. I tell them stories, sympathize with and advise them. Meantime, I am preparing a birthday surprise-gift for the one I love best upon earth, and indulging my taste for the graceful handiwork in which I excelled when a girl. My conscience is not so sensitive as to feel that there is impropriety, much less sin, in this. But I do not blame others for thinking differently. There are many and various ideas of duty in the world."

"Just so!" commented the listener. "And, for my part, I think backbiting one's neighbor is more wicked than novel-writing or needlework. I had a mind to say as much to Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Starke when they were going over you at such a rate. Now, when I abuse a person, I do it open and above board, to their face."

"I suppose," resumed Mrs. Letsome, without replying to this remark, "that those married ladies who are addicted to the failing of crochet and other light fancy-work are often influenced, as I am, by the dislike to appear overwrought by the regular duties of the household when their husbands are at home." Her eyes were quite serene again, and her voice even. "'Coming home' is their recreation, and we would not have it seem like an exchange of workshops."

She had no hope, in making this explanation of her motives and actions, of altering the opinion or habits of her present auditor. But, knowing her to be a leaky vessel, she now and then committed a minute grain of wisdom to

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her keeping, trusting that it would sift out in time upon good soil, and bring forth fruit.

The uncomfortable colloquy was ended by the entrance of the master of the house; and while he amiably submitted to his share of persecution at Aunt Henny's hands—or tongue—the mistress slipped from the room. She must see that an additional plate was set, more ham and cake cut, and the tea made very strong, to suit the requirements of the guest.

"Don't your girls grumble at having to bake for supper on Tuesdays?" queried the friend of the family, regarding complacently the generous triangle of hot "Sally Lunn" the doctor laid upon her plate.

"This is my manufacture, replied Mrs. Letsome, "and it baked itself."

"Well!" with uplifted hand and admiring shake of the head, "you do surpass all. Where you ever get the time puzzles me."

"She makes *that*, too." Doctor Letsome glanced affectionately at his wife in answering.

She returned the look, but her lips said nothing. Her heart groaned piteously: "Oh, if I could! If I could!"

It had not cost her a regretful thought, but given her sincere pleasure, to bestow ten minutes to the mixing of a palatable dish for her husband's supper. She did grudge the hours passed in the society of this vain, meddlesome, ignorant woman, as if each had indeed been golden, and herself a miser. It was not for this that she had resolved to give up Saxe. The presence of a deaf and dumb idiot would have been preferable to that of the gossip, for then she could have used her sewing machine, and enjoyed her own thoughts. She followed her husband into the hall, as he went to fulfil the engagement that kept him away from the lecture, and his look and phrase of sympathy had nearly lost her the battle she was waging with her reproving heart.

"I am very, very sorry for you, love," he said, drawing her close to him. "Nothing less important than a consultation, upon which may hang life or death, should have induced me to fail you. Why not take the tickets and invite her," nodding toward the library, "to accompany you?"

"Not if I never heard another lecture! She would chatter to me the whole time. She *tries* me, Andrew." Her head drooped, and there was a visible struggle.

"Tries you, my blessing! She is a trial of faith, patience, and flesh to anybody who has nerves, brains, and any sense of the minor moralities. I wish I could help you through the purgatory—but, courage! Maybe she will go home earlier than usual."

With this particle of comfort as all that even his loving alchemy could extract from the occasion, and with a shirt of Robbie's—a sensible and legitimate object of maternal industry—in her hand, she returned to Aunt Henny. That personage lolled in the doctor's great chair, her feet upon a stool, her fat hands folded, intellect and tongue ready, after her excellent supper, for "a real cosey chat."

"I didn't know you ever touched plain sewing," was the beginning. "Somebody was asking me a little while ago how you could afford to put out so much as you did. There ain't many in moderate circumstances who would feel that they had a right to."

"Doctor Letsome has several poor patients who will not accept his services unless allowed to make some return for them. It is kindness to them, no less than a convenience to myself, to let them assist in my family sewing."

She might have added that the stitching of "seam, gusset, and band" was the least remunerative occupation she could pursue; that the evening at her desk she had coveted as eagerly as Aunt Henny had desired the warm supper she had devoured, and the dish of gossip she was about to serve, would have brought her in money enough to pay for all the plain sewing she would need to have done for three months to come. Thus much for the economical side of the question. The comparative mental and spiritual advantages of the two methods of passing the hours that must elapse before bed-time needed no discussion.

The mother excused herself for ten minutes that she might look over the lessons the boys were studying for next day, and to see that Robbie was put comfortably to bed. The remainder of the time she yielded, without reservation, to her visitant.

"She is an unmitigated nuisance!" said Bertie, testily. "But it 's harder on you than anybody else, mother, dear."

"I guess she is a near relation of the man I once read of, 'who sot, and sot, *and* sot!'" growled Horace. "It's my opinion she has taken root. If you 'll let me, mother, I 'll get a spade and dig her up."

"Sot, and sot, *and* sot!" The expressive vulgarism recurred often to Mrs. Letsome's mind before the ordeal by boredom was over. The doctor did not get home until eleven o'clock.

"It is snowing hard," he said, as his wife unclosed the library door. "Have you had company all the evening?"

"Until half-past ten," was the spiritless reply. "I believe she would have stayed until morning when she found that the storm had fairly set in, but I did not encourage the notion. I offered overshoes and waterproof cloak instead of a bed. Her brother-in-law brought an umbrella."

"Send for the articles you lent, early in the day, to-morrow," suggested the husband, with affected anxiety. "It would be a pity to put her to the trouble of bringing them home in person."

Mrs. Letsome tried to smile.

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"You look quenched, dear!" remarked the doctor. "I don't wonder at it. Mrs. Bliss (what a misnomer, by the way!) is a wet blanket to the flame of any spirit-lamp—even yours."

"It isn't that only, Andrew!"

Mrs. Letsome had sunk into her sewing-chair, and leaned her cheeks upon her hand, her eyes grave to sadness, her lips relaxed in desponding lines very foreign to them.

"It isn't that alone that depresses and disheartens me. Such visitations as hers are common to all humanity—to the feminine part of it, at least. They are temporary evils that tax one's patience for a little while—not daily stumbling-blocks to progress. You must bear in mind that she seldom shows herself until the heavy work of the day should be over; when, disagreeable as is the task of entertaining her, it ought not to interfere with real and stated duties. I have been thinking of it all, since she went away. I was too tired to do anything else. I believe I am thoroughly demoralized! I see more clearly than ever before how little provision is made by what are called the better classes for regular work; the systematic use of time, by women of their own caste. The washerwoman by profession does not spend her mornings in receiving her neighbors' visits, or there would be no bread in the pantry at night. If inconsiderate Mrs. Flynn, who is a slatternly ne'er do weel, drops in before three o'clock in the day to chat with Mrs. Murphy, who hasn't a lazy bone in her body, and takes in fine washing, she must raise her voice to drown the scrub! scrub! of the washboard, and take her chances of being spattered with the suds. Mrs. Murphy's wheel must turn. So with the professional seamstress, the shop-keeper, the schoolmistress. It is the lady by education or position; the woman whose work should be worth most to herself and her kind, who is denied the right to have any real business to attend to. I want room in which to turn *my* wheel without bruising the shins and elbows of my visitors, in literal phrase, touching their temper and feelings. I haven't it! I fear sometimes I never shall!"

"Men are subject to interruptions and annoying hindrances in all ranks and professions," said the doctor, consolingly. "They are a part of the burden of daily life."

"Men are not obliged by the customs of society to submit to them. Nor do they!" rejoined Mrs. Letsome. "How many times have I said to those who paid you friendly or business calls, 'Doctor Letsome is engaged just now with a patient in his private office! Will you leave your regrets—or message—with me?' How many more times have I seen you look at your watch, jump up, and, with the briefest possible apology to your guests, rush off upon a round of calls?"

"The nature of a physician's engagements is the excuse for the seeming rudeness," the doctor slipped in.

"The same practice obtains in other professions. Look in upon Mr. Martyn when he is engaged with a client, or just as the hour for his attendance in the court-room approaches. Has he any scruples in dismissing you with a polite explanation of the state of the case? Not a bit of it! 'You see how it is, my dear Letsome,' he will say. 'Business is a tyrant!' and he is flying around the corner before you can reply. Our mercantile friend, Mr. Thier, would use even less ceremony were you to present yourself in his counting-room during business hours. 'How dy'e do!' he would say. 'Family all well? Fine day for the season! What can I do for you this morning?' He takes it for granted—reasoning after the manner of men—that you would not interrupt his daily round without good and sufficient cause. Otherwise, it is an intrusion. But Mrs. Thier walks into my library at nine o'clock A. M., saying, with the coolest grace in the world, 'I know you don't want to see me in the forenoon! But I happened to be in the neighborhood, and couldn't pass you without a word! Which word is two hours long. Or—as she did last week when I was straining every nerve to finish a magazine article which was already overdue—and as she has done at least one dozen times before—'You don't look overjoyed at the sight of my work-bag! But after the children go to school in the morning, I am lonely. With so many efficient servants as I have, there is very little to do at home. So I concluded to inflict myself upon you until luncheon-time! Yes, I understand that you are dying to go back to your writing, but I am determined to break you of these old-maidish ways that make you so different from other women. You 'll get so set in your notions by-and-by that you will eat and drink by rule—so many swallows per minute. I haven't a bit of system about me! Where is the use!' I like her, and enjoy her lively rattle when I am not haunted by the ghosts of neglected duties. I do not resent the liberty she takes with my time, but it *is* an infliction—sheer robbery—and it would be, were my sister the offender. Hear an abstract of the history of one day, and the morrow promises to be like it, and yet more abundant."

Her native sense of humor was aroused by this time, and she joined in her husband's laugh at the close of the story.

"This is the disease, doctor," she said. "What is the cure? Or is it hopeless?"

"I think not. You should bring a fair show of moral courage to bear upon the intruders, especially when the offence is of so atrocious a character as was Mrs. Morris's visitation. Excuse yourself fearlessly. Assume that you have stated employments at stated hours; that these cannot be interfered with without causing you much discomfort and probable loss, and

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advertise these facts among your friends. If they are so impertinent or unfeeling, after that, as to impede the revolutions of your wheel, keep it going, and frighten them off with the hum."

"O Andrew! Andrew Letsome! You are but a man after all, and have but a man's knowledge of the way of woman with woman. There was not one of those who blocked my wheel to-day who did not preface her action by an apology, and gild that with flattery. One and all, they agreed in pronouncing me a 'wonderful woman,' and begged to know how I got through, under and over such mountains of work. I heard a story told once of the author of the hymn, beginning, 'I love to steal awhile away,' which came into my mind this morning while Mrs. Morris was drowning me in syrup. Mrs. Brown, the writer of the lines, was a plain, elderly lady, who had known much of trial, poverty, hard work, and bereavement. She had, in some way, incurred the dislike of a neighbor who found many opportunities of showing this feeling, and greatly embittered the good lady's life. When the hymn appeared, and was traced home to the lowly widow, who had never been suspected of any literary proclivities, her enemy asked her, sneeringly, 'Who helped her write it?' 'I believe you did,' was the meek reply. I longed to tell Mrs. Morris how rapidly she, and others like her, were developing my talent for making an inch of time do the work of an ell."

"They have no just appreciation of the value of time, or they could not fritter it away so heedlessly," commented the listener.

"You have touched the sore, my love! There is something radically wrong in the constitution of woman's mind, or in her education. Her golden hours are worth no more in her sight than so many dead leaves. And the slight valuation of these leads to the murder of other people's time. There is no use talking to such of enlarged spheres of labor for the sex; of loftier heights which they should climb while they do not fill the positions they now hold, and cry out with pain and discouragement at every hillock in their path.

"'If they have run with the footmen, and they have wearied them, how can they contend with horses?'"

THE advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them. As many days as we pass without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost.—*Montaigne.*

HINT TO FORWARD PRETTINESS.—How beautiful are retired flowers! How would they lose their beauty were they to throng into the highway, crying out, "Admire me, I am a violet!" "Dote upon me, I am a primrose!"—*Keats.*

GRUMBLERS.

GRUMBLING is a disease which, once caught, is seldom got rid of again; a habit that sticks like a burr, and grows like a mushroom; a Nessus garment, which, when put on, cannot be taken off and hung up in the wardrobe at pleasure, but which clings to the devoted flesh with immovable tenacity, and resists every effort from the outside to tear it away. Nothing but the most resolute will can conquer that habit when formed; but resolute will, though strong enough when dealing with other folks' weaknesses and tempers, is wonderfully incapable when acting as a curb on oneself. And when the question comes of doing anything disagreeable to flesh and blood for the good of one's soul, resolution is apt to melt away from marble to mud, and will to go quavering off into uncertainty of judgment, justifying its defection by "What does it matter? There is no need to bother about it."

Yet, if the grumbler only knew how disagreeable he makes himself! It is to be presumed that we all like to be loved, save those few eccentric people who boast of their ability to live without the sympathy or charity of their kind. But, taking mankind *en masse*, and making no abnormal exceptions, we all desire the esteem and good feeling of our fellows, and most of us condescend even to underhand meannesses to ensure consideration. But the grumbler, without intending it, makes all who come in contact with him so uncomfortable, that they only long to escape him; and he wearies even the stoutest affection by time. So far from seeing that any cloud of his has a silver lining, to his way of looking at things, the brightest silver throws a sable shadow; and, instead of the longest lane having a turning at last, the shortest that he may have to traverse is as if endless. Whatever good things he has, are overtopped by their corresponding disadvantages, and his lean kine eat up his fat ones at a sitting. If you praise his children, he points out to you their faults; if you tell him his garden is pretty, he laments the trouble and expense of keeping it up; if you envy him the sunny aspect of his flower-clad house, he counts up to you the cost of the faded carpets and curtains which a southern aspect involves, and sighs over earwigs in his tea and greenfly on his roses. Whatever you see in his surroundings to admire or approve, he is sure to expose to you the defects; he shows you the seamy side of the velvet, and the flaws in the crystal; and if he has to choose between admiring a flower or lamenting a weed, the weed will come in for the lamentation and the flower will go unregarded.

The grumbler is as the daughter of the horseleech, insatiable. Give him ivory, and he grumbles that it is not ebony; endow him with gold, and he would rather have had silver;

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ply him with wine, and he asks you plaintively for beer. Do for him what you will, you cannot charm him out of his groove of grumbling, which is an enchanted line where he is held fast by a superior power; and even if you shift your own sails to suit his, he is sure to find that you have shifted them awry, or with a wrong purpose somehow—very sure not to find in your complaisance any reason why he should cease to grumble. That, indeed, he can only do when he ceases to breathe. We have known a grumbler of this sort set high up in literature—counting the number of steps beneath him—bemoan his hard fate in not being a ploughboy, a game-keeper, a navvy, anything, no matter how unintellectual, which would keep him in the open air, and suffer him to lead what he chose to call a natural life. Things turned ill with the grumbler in the path he had chosen and where he had gone ahead with creditable diligence; and he found it convenient to shift the scene to one of the colonies, where all his work was in the open air, and where the life of the muscles, not of the mind, was the one he had to lead. Do you think this realization of his often expressed desires satisfied him? took the sting of discontent out of him? caused him to cease from grumbling, and to shout an Io Pæan instead? Not a bit of it! All his lamentations went now to the other side like a flock of sheep; and the misery of the poor grumbler's days was contained in the gross materiality of his work, the want of refinement, of culture, of intellect in his life, and in fruitless regrets for the time when he sat among the chiefs of literature as one of themselves, and tasted and enjoyed the Attic salt that seasoned their meetings. Now that he has to deal with navvies and gross persons, the "men of nature" he once envied—now that he is "in the open air" all his time, as he used so passionately to desire—he has not left his bad habit behind him skewered through and through with the goose quills which were once assumed to contain all his woes; he is still and ever the same, and will be to the end of his life, the inveterate grumbler at things as they are.

Another man of the same sort, an artist of no common power in his own line, gave himself too up to grumbling as his daily food. Art, at least that branch of it wherein he was supreme, was mere child's play; any other trade was better, and literature was best of all. He spent his strength, therefore, in writing mediocre verses and frothy declamations, while the gold and the gain lying in the work of his hands as it should have been wrought, was suffered to waste from disuse till at last the cunning forsook him, and he dwindled from a master unapproached to a journeyman distanced by many. Then he grumbled still more at the hackwork to which he was bound in the literary chains he had forged for himself; and to this hour sings the old distressful song, set in a minor key, with its never-varying burden: "If only black was white, and the moon shone when the sun was at noonday, how much better everything would be!"

One drop of water cannot do much, falling upon a slab of granite; but a succession of drops? countless ages of continual dropping? Well, then the granite yields, and the drop wears itself a channel within which each day, each hour, it sinks deeper and forms itself a more convenient run. So of grumbling. Naturally every one grumbles at times—all of us who are not Mark Tapleys, luxuriating in the balminess of a stout nor'-wester, or the downy softness of a Jacob's pillow. But a spell of grumbling now and then does not do so much harm. It may not be wise, and assuredly it is not dignified; but a man or woman must be exceptionally impatient who cannot bear to hear the bitter overflow at times, and when there is really something to grumble at. When it becomes a habit, it is very different. The habitual grumbler leaves nothing untouched. He is like the fabled Harpy, soiling what he does not consume, defacing with his complaints what to others looks fair and well-fashioned enough. In politics no man inspires him with respect, and he gives in his adhesion to no measures that are proposed; in theology, he is sure to have a store of private renderings of texts which do not agree with any translation known, and which no minister of any denomination would deign to indorse; in medicine, he is either the follower of a local and illiterate herbalist, or he tries everything and grumbles at all; as for literature, we have not a man fit to wear the mantle of any one of the deceased giants, and he maintains that the penny press has ruined the mind and morals of the time, and that men ceased to be gentlemen and scholars when books became cheap. But propose to him to subscribe to a work which will consist only of a small number of subscribers' copies, and he grumbles at the expense, and asks peevishly of what good all this exclusiveness, and why not throw the thing open to the public, and so be able to offer it at a lower rate? He falls foul of the music halls and all popular places of entertainment, as the temples of the devil and the places where young souls are ruined and undone; but when he has to deal as a magistrate with cases of drunkenness and low debauchery, he blazes out in virtuous indignation against a government and state of society which can leave the people unamused, and with only vice for their recreation. When Mr. Selfmade, the wealthy tradesman, comes down to the "Arcadia" he calls his home, he grumbles loudly at this overflowing of a muddy stream into the sacred stagnation of the local society; but when no one appears to break up the dull monotony of Arcadian life, he grumbles just as loudly at that

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monotony, and may be heard to wish frequently that such and such a field was bought and built on, and that the indigenous society of the district was enlarged by foreign additions. If he has parish work to do, he grumbles at the interruption to his favorite pursuits, and the time he is obliged to spend thereon; if he is passed over by the nominating authorities, he grumbles at the neglect implied, and asks how it is that he has been set aside this year, and why was Smith or Brown elected, instead of him?

If he is a master, or *à fortiori*, a mistress of grumbling, then there is no end! Whatever the unfortunate domestics may do, it is wrong; whatever they do not do, they should have done. They may work with zeal and intelligence, but the grumbler sees only slackness and stupidity; and whether they obey orders literally, or disobey them for good reasons, they are equally in fault. Very likely the grumbler has a good heart underneath this miserable perversity of temper, and a generous hand to counterbalance the sour speech—but what of that? Almost all of us would rather live with a sunny face and a cheerful temper, though the purse in the kindly hand is as lank as an empty wind-bag, than with a man or woman who grumbles lustily and gives liberally. Grumbling takes the heart out of a worker. It all comes to the same thing in the end, he thinks. You may work your best, and do to the utmost of your ability; there is no praise—only a sullen, half-suppressed grumble, and no small dissatisfaction that salient faults cannot be discovered. What more will you get if you take things easy, and work only at half pressure? Grumbling follows the best course as the worst, and all that lies between; and unless you are specially conscientious, and a lover of good work for its own sake, the temptation to "scamp" becomes almost irresistible. Almost? entirely so with many; and more than one faithful worker, who in the beginning wrought well all through, has been made by sheer grumbling the indifferent eye-server, doing just as little as he or she can to save his reputation and preserve his place. It would be well if habitual grumblers took to heart the fact that they make sinners, and ruin morals as well as happiness!

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles, and kindness, and small obligations given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.—Ferdinand, king of Spain, used to say that he could distinguish a wise man from a fool by the following marks: Moderation in anger, government in household affairs, and writing a letter without useless repetitions.

THE OUTLOOK.

BY SUE MURDOCK.

COME, Donald dear, stand with me here,
At this open door in life;
Together we 'll scan each blessed year
Since you have called me wife.
Full forty years ago, my dear,
That day, so filled with light,
When love's bright sun shone out anew
To guide my steps aright.

It led me first through meadows green,
And over the drooping stile,
With quick'ning pulse and blanching cheek
All burdened with love the while—
To sacred threshold, through the door,
To the altar, pure as snow,
The man of God his blessing gave,
And registered each vow.

Through all the years from that to this,
As step by step we 've passed,
Its light ne'er set, is o'er me yet—
'Twill not fail me at the last.
When o'er the bier of our sleeping child,
We bent in a worldless woe,
Your love was precious, and a shield
Throughout the valley low.

And whether good or ill were ours,
In sickness or in health,
It proved its right to lighten care
By its unfailing wealth.
Ah! sure was never one so blest
With love of human kind;
One love alone exceeds, and that
Gave eyes unto the blind.

And now adown the shady side
Of life's uneven way,
Our steps go faltering, till we reach
The evening of our day;
And glancing backwards o'er the vale
And up the sunny slope,
We see the waymarks we have left
O'er many a buried hope.

But from it all I can but learn
The lesson thou hast taught,
That from the remnants of this life
Our future will be wrought.
And if within the crucible
There shall no gold remain,
Then have we failed in good intent,
And have we lived in vain.

But from this standpoint we can see
In front as well as rear,
And just beyond *a little way*
There runs a river clear;
And o'er the river, on the hill,
The city of the blest
Stands crown'd with beauty, rare and bright—
There, Donald, is our rest!

GOLDEN RULE.—In reflections on the absent, go no farther than you would go if they were present. "I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule, the observation of which would, at one stroke, banish from the earth flattery and defamation.

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MR. DAWSON'S HOLIDAY.

BY MRS. ANNA C. ADAMS.

A QUICK step was heard in the hall, then the sitting-room door was thrown open, and Mr. Dawson—a beaming smile on his face—entered into the presence of his family.

"Well, my dear," he said, addressing his wife, "I have all the money at last, and to-morrow our home will once more be our own."

A general shout followed this exclamation, which, though not unexpected, still announced the fulfilment of their fondest hopes, the end of a long and anxious struggle.

"And a happy day it will be," returned the wife, blithely. "But I believe I rejoice more for your sake than our own."

"'To-morrow will be the happiest day of all the glad new year,'" sang out Charlie, the eldest son, a lad of thirteen.

"Will't be as happier as merry 'Tistmus?" put in baby Sue, looking up from the block-houses her sister was arranging for her on the floor.

"Yes, three-years'-old," answered Charlie. "Happier for *us*, but not for you. You are too young to understand anything."

"Did you have any trouble in getting your money from Lawrence, as you feared you might?" asked Mrs. Dawson.

"No, dear. For once fortune has smiled. Lawrence said he was aware it was an important time with me, and was very glad he was not obliged to ask further extension of time, but, instead, was prepared to take a receipt in full. This was better than I expected. Now, let us have something a little extra on the strength of it."

"Certainly. The best the house affords. To-morrow you will take for a holiday, will you not?"

"Indeed, I will. I have already arranged for that."

Mr. Dawson was a fine-looking, somewhat elderly gentleman, of much respectability, and once owned, unincumbered, the nice little home, near the outskirts of the town, which he now occupied. In consequence of a succession of misfortunes, he had, five years before, been obliged to heavily mortgage his little estate; and, in order to redeem it, he and his family had practised a rigid economy never before known to them. Now, by means of what he had thus been enabled to save from a moderate salary, and money obtained from a debtor, whose protested note he, as security, had paid, he was prepared to cancel the mortgage, the last payment of which would fall due on the morrow.

The next morning Mr. Dawson, at the earliest possible hour, hurried away from his home to the business portion of the city, his mind almost wholly intent on what, to him, was the great business of the day. Yet his heart was so light and happy that he entertained a friendly feeling toward all mankind, and was not too much abstracted in his own thoughts to exchange a pressure of the hand, a bow, or a smile with every acquaintance whom he encountered. Indeed, if the truth were told, he surprised several mere "passing acquaintances" that morning by an extension of the hand and a cordial clasp, whom he had heretofore only noticed by a bow. He was expecting some important letters, and, in order to call at the post-office, deviated somewhat from his more direct route to the place where his payment was to be made. This done, he hastened to the office of Messrs. Brown & Co.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, addressing the two partners who occupied the room, "I have come prepared to finish up matters with you to-day. I expect, before I leave, to be again the owner of an unincumbered house."

"We are very happy for your sake that such is the case, Mr. Dawson. It is much more pleasant for us to congratulate you than to be obliged to foreclose."

"No doubt of it, no doubt of it at all, gentlemen," answered Mr. Dawson, blithely, at the same time thrusting his hand into the depths of his coat pocket. In an instant his countenance changed; his face grew deadly pale, his lips blanched, while he yet nervously fumbled in his pocket. At length he drew out his hand, and, with a groan, sank upon the nearest chair.

"What is it, Mr. Dawson? Are you ill? Are you faint? What is the matter?" questioned one of the gentlemen, jumping up from his papers, and approaching him, while the other hastened to offer him a glass of water.

"Oh, my poor wife! my poor children! What *can* I do? It's *gone*—my pocket-book is *gone!*"

"Gone!" repeated the gentlemen. "How? Lost?"

"Yes—yes—it must be! I put it with my papers in this pocket," indicating the pocket. "The papers are here, but the wallet is gone, and it had five thousand dollars in it, just seventy-five dollars more than is needed to settle with you. I don't see how I could have lost it."

"Perhaps your pocket was picked," suggested one of the gentlemen. "I observed that the streets were unusually full this morning."

"No, I think not. I never had my pockets picked even in the night, and I think it could not be done without my knowledge, especially in the daytime." He was a little conceited, poor man! "No, I have lost it some way, but *how* I cannot imagine."

'There is no hole in your pocket?"

"No."

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"Did you have recourse to it any time between leaving home and reaching here?"

"No—let me think! Yes, I believe I did. Yes, I did. I went around to the post-office before coming here, and, just after leaving there, I remember I had occasion to use my handkerchief. It was in the same pocket with my papers and money. I must have drawn out my pocket-book with it somehow. How could I have been so thoughtless? Oh, I never shall see my money again! We shall lose our little home. This is too much; I cannot bear it! It's not for myself I care, but for them, you see," and the great tears rolled out from that strong man's eyes, and rested on his cheeks.

"Do not despair. Perhaps you may recover it."

"No, I have no hope of that. It was undoubtedly picked up in less than a minute."

"But it may have fallen in the hands of an honest person, you know," continued the gentleman.

"Why, yes—to be sure—that is possible! Why didn't I think of that before?" Mr. Dawson had brightened a little. "But even if I should find it," he added, with returning despondency, "I fear it would not be in time to save my home, and no other place would seem to me like that."

"Perhaps it may be recovered in time. But you should advertise at once."

"I will do so. Mr. Brown, will you write out an advertisement for me? I believe I am too much exhausted to attempt anything of the kind."

"Certainly. And, Mr. Dawson, allow me to advise you to hereafter keep your money in a safer place than the back pocket of a loose coat. It is as convenient a place as a pick-pocket could desire. Besides, in pulling out one article, you are liable, unconsciously, to draw out others with it, as you must have done this morning."

"I suppose your advice is good, and in future I will endeavor to follow it. But I have always carried my banknotes, and sometimes even coin, in just such a pocket, and have had no fear of having anything taken from it without my knowledge, and I still think it could not be done. I have thought, too, I was in no danger of losing anything from it." Mr. Dawson did not like to give up a point. "But I now see that it is possible for me to lose articles by my own thoughtlessness."

A few moments later Mr. Dawson, with an advertisement in his hand, and with only a faint hope in his heart, left the office. Leaving his orders with the nearest printer, he sauntered slowly homeward.

The elastic step, the bright smile of the early morning were gone; even the glimmer of hope that had slightly animated him a few moments before seemed to have been left behind, with his advertisement, at the printer's. What were his thoughts, as, with his hat drawn down almost to his eyes—the better to avoid the recognition of his friends and acquaintances, he passed on?

He was thinking of how confidentially he had promised that morning his son Charlie that his mother's piano, which for a year or two had been rented out, should that very day be returned to her; and how he had communicated to him his intention of surprising that beloved lady with a present of a costly black silk dress; how he had told him he could commence school at the academy the next week; and that his sister should at once commence taking lessons in music. These and other things that he had intended doing for the pleasure or comfort of his family filled his mind. But good, kind, unselfish man! not one of the several little comforts he had promised himself entered his thoughts. It was, indeed, not for himself he cared, but for "them."

The parlor window-shutters had been thrown open, and as Mr. Dawson entered the hall, he saw, through the partly-opened door, that a bright fire was glowing in the grate—not an everyday occurrence—and his favorite chair drawn up near it. The poor man groaned aloud.

"Dear heart!" said he, to himself, "she little knows what a disappointment is in store for her."

He heard the gleeful voices of his wife and children in the sitting-room, talking of the grand dinner they were to have, by way of celebrating the occasion; and could not bear the thought of disturbing their happiness, but knew it must be done. While he stood in the hall, deliberating as to whether it were better to go into the sitting-room, and break the matter at once to both wife and children, or call his wife to a private interview, thus exciting the curiosity of the latter, the question was decided by the voluntary appearance of Mrs. Dawson in the hall.

The hum of a pleasant song was on her lips, but it suddenly ceased, and an expression of alarm overspread her countenance when she beheld her husband, and observed his pale, troubled face. She uttered no exclamation, for Mr. Dawson had placed his finger on his lips, thus indicating his desire for silence, but she pointed to the open door of the parlor. Mr. Dawson passed in, she followed and closed the door softly after them, then turned to her husband with "My dear, what is it?"

He told her.

She neither wept nor murmured. After a moment's deliberation, she asked:—

"Did you look for it at all?"

"No," he answered. "What would have been the use in a city like this, and in the most frequented part, too?"

"True, very true," murmured Mrs. Dawson,

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musingly. Then, suddenly: "Which pocket-book did you take your money in this morning—your old or new?"

"In my old one, to be sure. It holds much more than the new one, and was more convenient for my purpose this morning."

"That is good. Now, go right off and get it."

"Get it?" and Mr. Dawson stared at his wife as if he feared her brain was becoming disturbed.

"Yes. Don't you know it's All-Fool's Day? Nobody will pick up such a stuffed-out pocket-book as that for fear"—

What more she would have said Mr. Dawson did not wait to hear, but rushed from the house, and jumped into a street car that was about passing. In less than five minutes he was landed in front of the post-office. Here he stood for a moment looking about him.

At a little distance from him, just where he thought he was passing when he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, a group of boys were gathered. They had formed themselves into a ring, and seemed in high glee.

Mr. Dawson moved rapidly forward, but, before he could reach them, an elderly woman approached. The boys parted for her to pass, but watched her intently. Suddenly she stopped, and was about to pick up something from the ground; but loud shouts of laughter, and repeated cries of "April Fool!" caused her to desist, and hasten on her way.

Mr. Dawson at once decided it must be his old pocket-book that the boys, apparently for their own amusement, were so jealously guarding. The next moment he was in their midst. There, on the sidewalk, covered with dirt, and looking more shabby than ever, lay his lost treasure. With an exclamation of joy he seized it.

"April Fool! April Fool! April Fool, old fellow!" screamed "Young America," and, as he passed, several lads caught him by the coat. But he broke from them, and hastened to the office of Brown & Co., which he shortly after left the happy owner of an unmortgaged home.

"Mother," said Charlie Dawson, that night, in a confidential tone, "you know father always said that no good could possibly come out of playing at April Fool. You just ask him what he thinks *now*."

COUNSEL.—Be always at leisure to do good: never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.—*Antonius.*

THE PLAINEST ROAD.—Choose ever the plainest road; it always answers best. For the same reason, choose ever to do and say what is the most just and the most correct. This conduct will save a thousand blushes, and a thousand struggles, and will deliver you from those secret torments which are the never-failing attendants of dissimulation.

DECIDED BY FATE.

BY J. GUILLAUME LA ROE, JR.

"Now, don't bother me with your nonsense, Nell. Your friend may be as beautiful as you say she is, but then it hardly seems probable," and, saying this, handsome Will Mortimer turned to his paper, with an impatient gesture.

"If you'd only see her, Will! Just the sweetest little woman you ever saw, and she writes such delicious poetry!"

"What a warm admirer she has, to be sure! Writes poetry, hey? Well, that's enough to condemn her. Shall I describe her? A tall, lanky woman, with black hair and eyes, and brown complexion, with a tragical air, and forty if she's a day."

"Nothing of the sort, Will!" a little angrily. Then, with a hearty laugh at the figure Will's imagination had conjured up, Nell Clifford adjusted her hat, and proceeded to the carriage waiting without. As she neared the door, she said: "So you won't come with me to see Miss Livonia? Well, so be it."

Will uttered never a word, until he saw his sister enter the carriage. Then he got up, saying:—

"I wish I'd never come here. How anxious Nell is to secure me a wife! Thinks I'm such an old bachelor as to require her help. Very considerate of her, if she'd get some other object besides 'Livonia.' Writes good poetry, to be sure, but a man can't have a decent meal on the strength of that."

A few nervous strides over the parlor floor, and then Will remembered an engagement at eleven. It wanted but ten minutes of that hour, and, thinking this, he found himself the next minute on his way through the hall.

"Whew! what a wind! Luckily I'm near the end of my journey. Give me summer to travel in, but then, of course, business is business."

The speaker was Will Mortimer, and that speech found him on horseback, a hundred miles from home, near the end of a bitter January day. A note from his lawyer, in regard to some property of his in Brockdale, had called him hastily away.

"Let's see! This is the programme laid out: I'm to stay at Farmer Jennings while this matter of the law is adjusted. Has the advantage of privacy and quietude as contrasted with the village inn, according to that astute lawyer of mine, Chamberlain. Well, according to his description, this must be the house, and mighty glad I am of it," and, saying this, Will Mortimer gave a joyful spring from his horse. The next minute he had tied it to a friendly tree, and was advancing up the gravelled walk to the pretty little cottage.

A moment's scrutiny was necessary in order

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to find the old-fashioned knocker. Grasping it in his hand, a loud, reverberating sound was the result. This had hardly died away, when a man appeared with a light.

"Mr. Jennings in?"

"Yes, stranger, I'm to hum. Come in, dew!" and the good-hearted farmer covered the flickering light with his hand as he moved in the direction of the "sittin'-room."

Only too glad, Will Mortimer followed his host, and found himself in the presence of the farmer and his wife, the latter bowing profusely.

"You be the gentleman from the city, ben't you?" she asked, as her husband found their guest a chair.

"Yes, ma'am," simply.

"I kinder thort so, for Mr. Chamberlain said he expected you this evening."

After this there was silence for a few minutes; then, with a smitten conscience, Will remembered his faithful horse without.

"Can't you send some one out to take my horse to the barn, Mr. Jennings? You'll oblige me, for it feels so comfortable here after my day's journey."

"Sartin'," and then the farmer ordered his son from out of the kitchen to do it.

After this interruption, there was a long, unbroken silence, and, before he knew it, Will was nodding in his chair.

"I believe I'm getting sleepy, good folks. This fire is too much for me, and, with your permission, I'll retire."

A candle was lit, and, preceded by his host, he was taken to his room. Left to himself, he viewed the room, and its look of genuine comfort gave him a drowsy, comfortable feeling. In a twinkling he had laid his weary head upon the soft pillow, and was gradually losing his senses. The sound of feminine voices in the next room aroused him.

"I wonder if that gentleman has come, Milly? He was to come to-night, you know. I'd like to see him, wouldn't you?"

"Not particularly, and don't bother me any more. I'm so tired"— After that there was silence.

"The farmer's daughters, no doubt. That one who expresses so little curiosity to see me is engaged to some country boor, of course," and, with this complacent thought, Will's eyes closed, and he had commenced his journey in dreamland.

The next morning proved to be another cold day without. Thinking it very early, and it was for him, he entered the little dining-room. To his surprise, he found the breakfast and family awaiting his appearance. After bidding them all good-morning, he sat down among them.

"That's right; make yourself to hum. My darter and my niece Milly, and here's my son John, Mr."—

"Mortimer, at your service," Will said, then he arose and bowed. As he did so, the remembrance of Milly's words on the night before made him look in that young lady's face. A mutual blush was the result.

"What a classical face she has! Pity that she must waste it on these country gawks," and this thought was uppermost in Will's mind as he ate his breakfast.

After that meal George Chamberlain, the village lawyer, called and took up Will's time until dinner. After that they went out together to attend to further business.

So the days passed, and, despite the trouble that had called him to that part of the "wilderness," and which took up most of his time, he managed to see a great deal of Milly Merton. Always busy about the house, he noticed, very silent, and without a beau! This was settled in Will's mind after two weeks had passed pleasantly over his head.

"Now, if she had a beau, wouldn't it be perfectly natural for him to make his appearance at least twice a week? There's her cousin; she seems to have met her destiny."

Will Mortimer saw this latter pair of lovers together nearly every night in the week. On these cold wintry nights they were allowed the kitchen, for, of course, their city guest must have the "sittin'-room." As he sat, night after night, reading an old file of the *Brockdale Monitor*, he would sometimes look up and watch the rosy-cheeked Milly. Then by some accident (?) their eyes would meet, and such a blushing time would ensue!

But why prolong the story of the love which Milly had brought to Will? The business of his farm had been settled a week ago, still he lingered. At last he determined to make a bold stroke of it, and tell her what she was to him. Within the past few days he had only seen her for a moment at a time, as she flittered past him on some household errand. It was understood that Will was to go home next day. In their homely way the farmer and his wife were sorry.

"And to think of two going away at the same time! I've coaxed and coaxed her, and yet Milly won't stay," and Belle Jennings's face wore a saddened expression.

"Miss Merton going away?" Will arose from his chair hastily. "Why, I thought she was one of your family."

"Bless you, no! She just come to see us, to have a rest from"—

But Will only remembered that she was going. Excusing himself after awhile, he went up-stairs, fully intending to write a note, and tell her all.

As he was about to pass Milly's door, he saw it was partly opened, and he looked in. He saw her busily packing her trunk. In his present mood he forgot all his bashfulness,

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and called her name. Perfectly cool was the speech she made as she came to the door:—

"Do you wish to speak to me, Mr. Mortimer?"

"Milly—mayn't I call you thus?—don't act so coldly. Will you be my wife?" There! it was out, and awkwardly enough, too.

"Be your wife? What put that idea into your head, Mr. Mortimer?" with a look which drove all the hope out of his heart.

"Alas! Milly, don't you love me? Consider it. I'm perfectly in earnest."

She saw it very plainly, but there was a look of anything but hate in her eyes.

"You must give me a little time. What do I know about you? Perhaps you don't like women with black hair and eyes, and brown skin, and who walk with a tragic air, and"—

"As if you had sallow skin!" Then there came memory to his assistance. He looked up at the merry face before him. "You are 'Livonia?'" he said, simply. Then he joined her in a hearty laugh.

"Yes, I'm she, and you know that you cannot conscientiously ask a poetess to be your wife."

"Conscience—but that hasn't anything to do with my happiness. I admit to have been beaten by fate. Dearest Milly, won't you be mine? If you will, I'll change my mind with regard to poetesses forever."

The answer must have been satisfactory, for they resumed their journey to the city together, and it was only the commencement of that life which was "decided by fate."

FAITH.

BY L. H.

See the mother bending lowly
O'er her infant's cradled bed;
Hear her how she weeps and moaneth,
When they say her darling's dead;
See her kiss his marble forehead,
Ere they lay him 'neath the sod;
Hear her doubt our Father's goodness—
Ah! she cannot "kiss the rod."

Home her steps the mother turneth,
Sitteth by her lonely door,
Listens vainly for the footsteps
She will hear on earth no more;
Sitteth till the shadows darken
In her heart and in her room;
Not one ray of light she seeth—
All before her's blackest gloom.

Soon she hears a gentle rustle,
As of some one in the room;
A ray of light breaks o'er her vision,
Breaks through all the clouds of gloom,
And a stranger stands beside her,
With a face so heavenly calm,
Clad he was in flowing raiment,
And a cross was in his hand.

I am Faith; the Saviour sent me,
Sent me, sorrowing one, to thee;
Follow me, then, weeping mother,
And a vision thou shalt see."

Gently as the moon's soft shadow
Breaks the darkness of the night,
So he gently bore her upward
Through a realm of cloudless light.

Bore her far beyond the shadows
Of this dark and sinful life,
Placed her by the heavenly portal
Where there ends all weary strife;
And she saw a heavenly vision,
Saw the blessed saints of light,
Casting on the jasper pavement
Crowns of gold so dazzling bright.

Soft she heard the angel voices
Swell aloud the glorious strain—
"Worthy to Thee, our King, our Saviour,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain."
Eagerly she looked among them
For her little baby son,
Looked in vain among the angels—
Could not find her darling one.

And her heart then beat so sadly,
And the mother's eyes grew dim:
"He was so young, so pure, and guileless,
Surely our Father let him in?"
Then again she scanned those faces,
And her heart soon throbbed with joy—
Close within the arms of Jesus
Lay her darling little boy.

Oh! so lovingly he nestled
In those soft and tender arms;
All life's wars for him are over,
Past are all the dark earth's storms.
Then the song of glad rejoicing
Floated through the angel band—
"Another soul is saved from sorrow,
Gathered to the better land."

With a start the mother wakens,
Finds her beauteous vision gone,
The shadows into darkness deepened,
It was night—she was alone.
With true faith she wipes the teardrops,
That no more shall dim her eye;
For could one word restore her child,
Would she call him from on high?

Here the lips with anguish quiver,
There they sing the angel's song;
Here the heart would grow so weary,
There it's happy, ever young.
Cheerfully she does all duties
That in life falls to her share,
Smiles to think when all is over
She will find her darling There.

Thus true Faith would ever bless us,
Turning all our night to day,
Whispering comfort when we're weary,
Hope when dreary seems the way;
It will lead the heart that trusteth
To the bright and blissful shore,
Lead it to the silent valley
Where death and parting are no more.

WOMEN'S TEARS.—Never witness a tear from your wife with apathy or indifference. Words, looks, actions—all may be artificial; but a *tear* is unequivocal; it comes direct from the *heart*, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature, and sincerity.

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GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

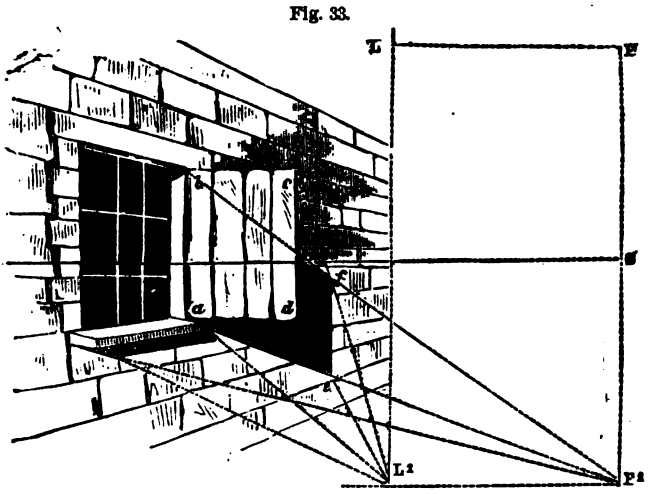
LESSON XXIII.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (*Continued.*)

SHADOWS on vertical planes are determined by the same rules as when the shadow-plane is horizontal; care being taken that the line from the luminary denoting its foot, where it cuts the shadow-plane, be at right angles with that plane. Thus, in Fig. 33, to find the shadow of the window-shutter, as thrown on the wall from the sun's place, L, in front of the picture, ing each other respectively at *e* and *f*; join *e* and *f*, and *e f a b* is the outline of the shadow, part of which is hid by the shutter.

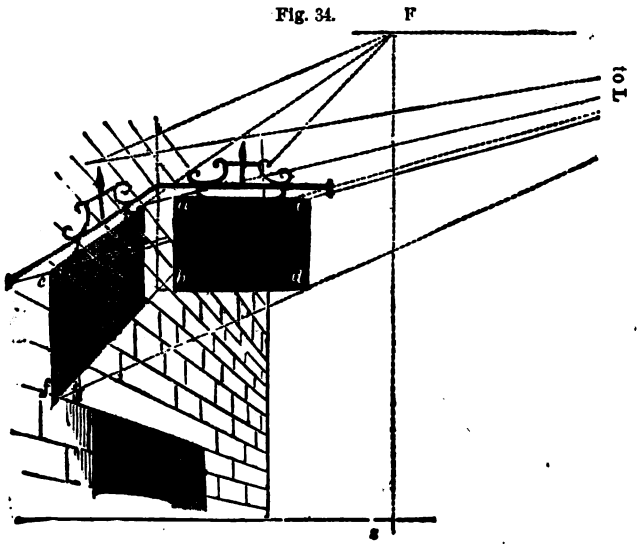
The same rule applies when the shadow is thrown towards the spectator from a luminary behind the picture, omitting the inversion of the luminary. In Fig. 34, L being the sun's place, F the foot, and a sign-board the object whose shadow is required, produce the object

Fig. 33.



draw L F perpendicular to the shadow-plane, cutting it at F, which is the foot of the luminary. The shadow being in this case thrown *from* the spectator, invert the luminary. as in Fig. 30. Draw F'*a*, F'*b*, and L'*c*, L'*d*, cross- to the shadow-plane; draw on the shadow-plane F *a*, F *b*, and the rays L *c*, L *d*, intersecting each other respectively at *e* and *f*; join *e* and *f*, and *a b e f* is the outline of the shadow.

Fig. 34.

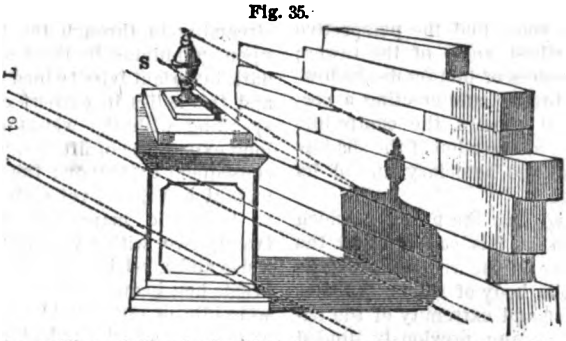


When a shadow falls partly on a horizontal and partly on a vertical plane, the points at which the rays intersect the vertical plane, in conjunction with vertical continuations of the lines on the horizontal plane, determine the

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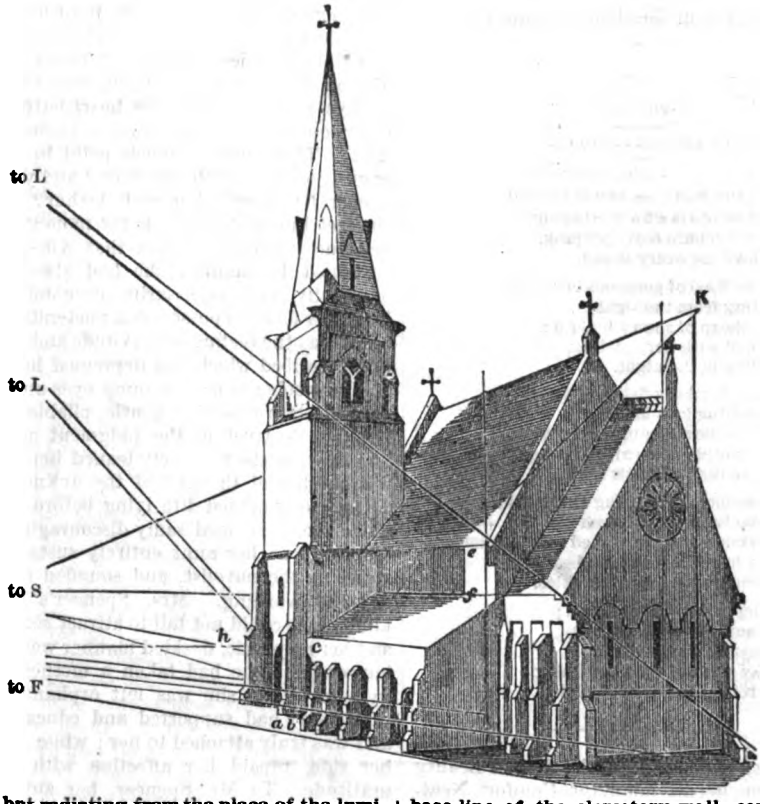
outline of the shadow. Let the shadow of the point (Fig. 35) be intersected by a vertical plane; the sides of the shadow continued vertically upwards will intersect the rays at points, by joining which the outline of the shadow is completed.

Fig. 35.



When a shadow falls on an inclined plane, the rays must be drawn, as before, parallel with each other, if parallel with the picture-plane, but radiating from the place of the luminary if oblique with respect to that plane. In Fig. 36, which is another view of the same church as Fig. 32, required the shadow of the tower on the slopes of the roof, L being the luminary's place, F its foot, and the shadow being thrown rather towards the spectator, the rays being at a small angle with the picture. From F draw *a b* across the ground-plane, from the front corner of the base of the tower, through the side of the church; on which carry up *b c* parallel with the angle of the tower to the roof of the side-aisle at *c*. From the point *d* on the ground-plane, where *a b* intersects the base-line of the clerestory wall, carry up *d e* parallel with *b c*, intersecting the top line of the lower roof at *f*. Join *c* and *f*, which gives the shadow's outline on the inclined plane of the lower roof; next find the perspective cen-

Fig. 36.



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tre-line of the plan of the church, perpendicularly under the ridge; and where *a b* intersects it, erect a perpendicular to *k*, intersecting the ridge-line at *k*. Join *k* and *e*, which continues the shadow's outline over the second inclined plane of the upper roof; find the perspective position of the farthest angle of the tower; and by the same process of finding its shadow-line on the ground-plane, and erecting a perpendicular where it crosses the centre-line under the ridge, the intersection of the shadow with the ridge and the boundary line of its other side are found.

It will be observed, that the principle which has been acted on in this case to find the shadow of the tower on the irregular shadow-plane formed by the body of the church, has been to find the base and extremity of the triangular perspective plane, previously alluded to, in the position it would have assumed had the body of the church not intervened, and then by perpendiculars at proper points on that base to find the points at which that plane would intersect the building; by which means the irregular line into which the hypothenuse is thrown by the irregularities of the shadow-plane is found thereon.

TWILIGHT.

BY GEORGE C. FOLEY.

I LOVE to be alone in the twilight,
When the darkness gathers round;
And the shade is slowly creeping,
And the stars are coyly peeping,
And hushing every sound.

When the flood of gorgeous crimson
Is fading from the sight;
And the heap of snowy building,
All flecked with fiery gilding,
Is hiding in the night.

When the feathery flakes of violet
Are melting into brown;
And the mellow gleams are parting,
And the purple mists are starting,
To form the twilight's crown.

In this moment of hushing and waiting,
The day's proud monarch dies;
The darkness has triumphed; the gladness
And joy have departed, and sadness
And mourning drape the skies.

The king of day has perished;
And now his bride of light,
With royal robes adorning,
Yet gray and sad with mourning,
Will reign the queen of night.

ORDER is a lovely nymph, the child of Beauty and Wisdom; her attendants are Comfort, Neatness, and Activity; her abode is the Valley of Happiness. She is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when contrasted with her opponent—Disorder. —*Johnson.*

A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

BY MRS. HOPKINSON.

A PLEASANT morning room—the sunshine streaming in through the large bay-window, upon geraniums in their scarlet bloom, and dark luxuriant ivies twined around and above, and two ladies in earnest conversation. One speaking with the widest consciousness of a long experience of fifty years, and the wisdom consequent thereupon; the other listening, reluctant to believe, yet with habitual deference in look and manner—a pretty girl, about twenty-two, with a very attractive air of good sense and good humor. A work-basket stood beside her, heaped with sewing, but her hands were idle, or rather held a new half-open magazine, from which she had just read the opening story, which had awakened their lively discussion. The clever, brilliant authoress seldom wrote without a deep meaning interwoven with the fascinating progress of her tale, and her works were always eagerly sought for by Alice May. And the subject of this short story was one of the most interesting possible to her, for in a few short weeks she would be married, and was it really true, as Marion Harland had written, that there was always restraint and sore heart-burnings on the money question between husband and wife? There was so much point in the sarcasms, so much truth, she feared and yet could it ever be so with her and Arthur? Should she feel humiliated to ask for money, and he be reluctant to give? Not that Alice was accustomed to luxury; she had always been habitually and necessarily economical, and knew her lover to possess but moderate means; but it was the feeling of servitude and humiliation described which had depressed her spirits and now sobered her laughing eyes and merry speech. She was of a gentle, pliable disposition, apt to trust in the judgment of others, and now, as she pensively leaned her head on her hand, and thought of the unknown wilderness of married life lying before her, the guide-boards seemed sadly discouraging, more especially as her aunt entirely sustained the views of the novelist, and sounded the same note of warning. Mrs. Spencer's shrewd, kindly face could not fail to attract confidence, and her emphatic, decided manner was always impressive. She had taken a mother's place to Alice when she was left orphaned at an early age; had supported and educated her, and was truly attached to her; while Alice, on her side, repaid her affection with devoted gratitude. To Mr. Spencer, her aunt's husband, to whom she felt under great obligations, she often tried to express a grateful sense of them; but, though he listened approvingly, and evidently thought it a correct proceeding on her part, he seldom made any reply, and

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escaped as soon as possible, while Alice drew a sigh of relief. Indeed, it was a practice of Mr. Spencer's to escape from his home to the office, where he spent the long days absorbed in business. To Alice he seemed almost a stranger, so little did she see him.

Mrs. Spencer had been delighted with her niece's engagement to Arthur Hart, a young merchant just started in the world, but with so much energy and capability to add to his small capital that she felt no doubt of his success in the world, and Alice vouched earnestly for his possessing every good and noble quality. And so the days sped by, filled with busy preparation for the time which should take Alice to a new home. Her aunt's sympathy and active assistance had never been wanting —a worldly woman many called her—a warm-hearted, devoted friend, many others knew her to be. She prided herself on being intensely practical, never blinded by romantic views of men or things, and was always sure she could give an excellent reason for the faith that was in her—on every subject, great or small. On this subject of the morning's discussion she was as positive as on every other.

"Not in the least exaggerated, my dear. That writer knows what she is talking about, and it is true, if it isn't romantic. Many 's the family I have seen like that one. Any married woman will tell you the same thing, and you had better look it squarely in the face."

"But you, auntie, do you feel so? I beg your pardon!" for Alice saw the crimson flush rise over cheek and brow.

"You need not. I am willing to tell you. I am one of a thousand women in the same position, and I do not expect to alter facts to suit my fancies. Your uncle is the best man in the world—you know I think so—but he always doles out money to me as if every bill were a bit of his own skin! Wants to know what it is for, and how much, and hums and hahs till I am past all patience. It is a kind of discipline to keep me from being extravagant, I suppose, and certainly I always wait and put off asking to the last minute, it is so disagreeable. All men are alike about that, I believe. But now, Alice, I have something for you besides preaching. Your outfit is complete, and here is a United States bond for five hundred dollars. It is but little, I know, but the coupons will be something for you to turn to when the time comes that your husband can not or will not give you money for something you want. This will be a little independent resource of your own. You needn't thank me a bit. I only wish it were fifty thousand! Your uncle was most happy to give it, and we want you to get a little enjoyment out of it. That will be all the thanks needed."

She spoke briskly, but heartily returned Alice's warm embrace.

"You are the best aunt in the world! Well, I will not say any more, so don't begin to look savage; but I shall thank Uncle William."

"Very well, so you will let me alone. But, Alice, you are crushing your LADY'S BOOK!"

Alice sprang up. "So I am. Well, it was so dreadfully discouraging, and crushed me first! I don't know anything about Arthur in money matters. Oh, dear! what a risk is marriage!" and Alice's look was half-comic, half serious.

"That is true to some extent, but I think a mean man is pretty well understood. There are so many occasions where men are applied to for subscriptions, and in business circles it is very well known who are open-handed and who are not. Your uncle says Arthur is always liberal enough. Of course, men have sometimes claims on them, which prevent their contributing much in a public way, but, as I said, a man's character is made known in a thousand ways."

"I wish so much, auntie, that I had a fortune!" said Alice, sorrowfully.

"So do I. The next best thing is to arrange matters as easily as possible in your married life, so as to be in some measure independent of your husband. Get him to make you an allowance. Tell him at once that, as he knows what he can afford to expend annually on housekeeping, you wish him to pay you the sum quarterly. Then ask him to make an allowance for your personal expenditures. Tell him you will be satisfied with whatever he is willing his wife should spend in dress and other luxuries. I don't know whether Arthur smokes—he doesn't? Well, he does something —it is likely he has some pet expense. He ought to be willing to allow you what he takes himself. But suppose he doesn't allow you more than half; if you can count on that as certain, with what you can manage to save in housekeeping, you will do. Only make him allow you a definite sum, and not keep you always asking—asking, like a street beggar." Mrs. Spencer spoke bitterly.

"Dear auntie, I am sure if my uncle only knew how painful it is to you to ask for money, he would find some way to make it less humiliating."

"I don't think he would, Alice; and yet I brought him ten thousand dollars, which was quite a fortune in those times. But I never asked him for money that he didn't make me feel like a beggar. He 's a good man, but he hasn't pretty ways, and he 's too old to change now. Sometimes I do so wish I had the keeping of the cash book, and put down, 'Paid husband $10.00;' 'paid husband $2.00.' Wouldn't he enjoy seeing, 'Paid husband's segars, $10.00;' 'Paid glass of soda and lunch at Coburn's, 75c.,' and so on?' I think his appetite would fail him!"

"I guess it would," said Alice, laughing at her aunt's vexation. "Yet, what a kind uncle

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he has been to me, who am no blood of his! And here is this $500!"

"Yes, he does things very nicely now and then, even in money matters, and I do believe it is only to me he has this pinching, stingy way. He gave me the money for your outfit without my asking; and when I said I wanted to give you this other sum, he was as ready and cheerful as possible."

"He is very kind," said Alice, again. "But oh! what shall I do if Arthur isn't willing to give me a separate allowance? I shall do my best to have him"—

"Tell him you are convinced it is the only way to get along harmoniously. Let him settle your money affairs at once, and then never let the subject be mentioned between you."

"It is a little odd," said Alice, "but I think the subject of fortune or money has never come up for discussion. I remember Arthur's once saying that he wouldn't mind marrying a rich girl if he loved her; he didn't see why a man should hesitate out of pride; and we agreed that riches, except as a possible convenience, had nothing to do with the matter. But yesterday, when we were driving, we came to a toll-gate, and Arthur asked me if I had any money—he had left his purse at home; he paid the toll with a very easy, satisfied way, and afterwards made me buy some berries of a child. Something in his way of doing it all was very pleasant to me, as if our purses were one. However, we will see."

"And don't fail to settle matters fully."

Arthur Hart and his wife had returned from their wedding tour and settled down to begin housekeeping. Their dwelling was small, but near the common, for Arthur said good air was the first thing, and he would give a high rent for a healthy position. He had furnished the house very simply, and as it had to be done exclusively from his pocket, Alice was not willing to express an opinion, though she had one, touching the chairs and tables that Arthur's mother had selected.

The pair had talked freely on all subjects, except pecuniary ones. These, from a natural sensitiveness, Alice always avoided, and somehow or other the matter of expenditure had been habitually tabooed between them. Still her aunt's warning counsels haunted Alice's memory. There had been other and pleasanter things to talk of in their fortnight's journey, so full of pleasure and novelty, and now they had taken their first meal in the new home, talked a world of nonsense over the teacups, and examined every room afresh, and the evening lay before them. Now, Alice felt, was her time to speak of that allowance; now, before she had spent a cent for housekeeping or dress, or even omnibus tickets; now, before there was any jar in their harmony; now, to make that harmony sure and safe from any financial discord. And yet Alice hated to begin, and deferred it from moment to moment till, to her inexpressible relief, her husband introduced the subject himself, drawing her to the sofa, with the information:—

"Now I am going to be serious, Pussy, and ask you to be so likewise. I have never talked with you about money affairs."

"No," said Alice, blushing, "but I wish you would, for you know, Arthur, if I only knew exactly what your resources are, I could always bring our expenses, at least my part of them, within our means."

"Spoken like a model housekeeper, dear. I have been wanting to tell you about it, and this is a good time. My resources are unequal. In my business I am liable to frequent losses, and although I can tell with tolerable certainty what I can afford—I mean the sort of style we can live in—I cannot positively count on a certain revenue, as if I were a salaried man, for instance."

"Oh, I wish you were a salaried man! Then we could tell precisely what to do, and what not"—

"We should be obliged to choose, even then, some disagreeable economies. For instance, whether to go without an additional servant, or a new gown. You know, my love, that I would be glad to give you the stars in the sky, if I could."

"I feel so sorry, Arthur, that I had nothing to bring you! If I had only brought enough dowry to buy my own clothes! But to come *so* empty-handed!"

"Nonsense! I don't regret it, and why should you? Of course, if you had it, there would be so much more for us to spend, but I married my Alice, and not her money."

"That's very clear," replied Alice, with an uncomfortable little laugh. "Nevertheless, it is always a pain and a mortification, I have been told, for a wife to ask her husband for money. I don't know how it feels yet, as my uncle's present is not exhausted, but I am sure I shall *hate* so to ask you whenever the time comes. I wish there could be a drawer full of money to which we might both have a key, and then you should take what you want, and I would take what I want, and there should be no mine and thine between us."

"And suppose you were to go some morning and find it empty?" said Arthur.

"Well—I don't know what then. Oh, I'll tell you! You should not put in too much, so then there would be no danger of my exceeding the proper bounds."

"Think of my feelings when I am all ready to buy myself a new coat, to find but five dollars in the purse of Fortunatus!"

"You would be obliged to wait a little, till the purse filled again."

"And all this machinery to save you the pain and mortification of asking for what is

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your own? Cannot you ask me for twenty dollars as freely as I ask you for a cup of coffee?"

"It is a pretty way of putting it, Arthur, and I wish I could, but I don't believe I should ever feel so. I know my aunt always hated to ask for money, and yet my uncle was what you would call generous. That is, he always gave her what she wanted. But it was necessary to state the amount. Ten? twenty? how much? And then a few days after, the old question, 'Can you spare me some more money?' Now don't laugh at me. I am really in earnest, and I want to say it now, before we have the least bit of a quarrel."

Alice's cheeks were glowing, and there could be no doubt of her seriousness.

"What time is it *en règle* to begin on that bit of a quarrel, Alice? There, dear, I am not laughing; at least, I will try not to even smile in future. Let us return to our subject. Didn't your uncle always give her the money?"

"O Arthur, that makes no difference! It is the feeling of dependence; the continued asking, asking, that is so vexatious. And very soon comes the wish to separate one's personal expenditures from household ones. Oh, I have witnessed some very painful scenes in families entirely from this cause."

"So have I, Alice, and it is one reason why I want to begin our married life with a clear understanding between us."

"Oh, but even you, Arthur, cannot make it pleasant to be continually receiving. Why, I can never make you a Christmas present except out of your own pocket!"

"You could if I could make you a certain allowance. You could go without a pair of shoes that you really needed, and buy me a toy."

"Oh, how you spoil it, Arthur!"

"That is because it pleases my wife to talk nonsense," said Arthur, tenderly. "But now, say, Alice, does it disturb either of us to be 'always receiving' from God? Of course not, because we know He loves to give us, even more and better things than we ask. So it isn't the receiving that disturbs you, but the feeling of dependence on a human being is irksome, you say. That is natural enough, especially when we have not unlimited bounty to call on."

"Yes. Well?"

"When we were married, Alice, did I not say, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow?' What do you suppose I meant?"

"To say truth, I only thought it a form of words. Of course, you don't give me all your property?"

"Of course I do. And if in so doing I am not left a beggar, it is because, being no longer two but one, I am comfortably provided for. I know you will never see me suffer while I am a part of you."

"Now, Arthur! You know all this is only theory. When we begin to practise, it will be the same old story."

"Why should not our practice be like our theory, Alice, if we set out with the right feeling? You will be obliged to give me a little extra confidence, dear, because you do not understand my business quite so well as I can yours. I mean that though you may bring your figures out even, and show me your accounts perfectly balanced, I shall often perhaps be obliged to tax your faith in my business abilities, when you see what losses I have induced by my bad management. Having a certain sum within which to bring our household expenses, you will be able to spend here and economize there, so as to bring up all square. What will you think of your poor husband when he tells you he has lost in one day as much money as he has gained in three months? And yet I must ask my wife to have this confidence in my good intentions, and even my business abilities. Besides, I shall invest injudiciously, as I have already done. In short, there will be plenty of room for you to find fault with my management of our joint interests."

"Arthur! Just as if I could reproach you with your losses, if you had any!"

"And just as if I should grudge to give my wife money!"

"I suppose you would always be willing, if you had it."

"And if I am pressed or embarrassed, do you want it?"

"Certainly not."

"Then if I say I cannot spare it, it will give you pain, because you will doubt my word."

"Never, Arthur. I am certain you would not say so if it were not true."

"Then, again, if you believe me, why should it be painful to you to have me say I cannot give you money?"

"I don't know, Arthur."

"I will tell you. You, as well as I, have been witness to cases where a husband had no money to give his wife for her luxuries, but sufficient for his own; or possibly he considered his own necessary. Segars, billiards, hotel dinners, and theatre tickets, soon make up the price of a new dress; but as they are ephemeral pleasures, they do not make the same impression on the husband's mind. At least, so I have often accounted for the selfishness and extravagance of some husbands."

"I dare say you are right," said Alice, listening with all her might to the words of wisdom from this eloquent preacher.

"Now, Alice, I consider that I have no more right, if money runs low, to expend on myself than on you. When I have no money on hand for you to buy a new bonnet, I shall go without a new hat."

"But suppose that I should not be a skilful

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manager, and should exceed your—I mean our—allowance for household expenditures?"

"Then, if I cannot make it up to you—as perhaps I cannot, having possibly administered quite as unskilfully in my own department—I don't see but you must go without your new bonnet, as I my new hat."

"Well," exclaimed Alice, sighing, "I shall do my very best, and it is quite a comfort to know that men are sometimes bad managers. I never before knew one to allow that he could possibly fail in judgment or skill."

"That is because women, knowing nothing of the uncertainties of business, are very likely to judge harshly; to confound unavoidable misfortunes with a lack of business talent. If women knew something of affairs, they would be more reasonable and charitable, and their husbands' hearts could safely trust in them. Now they are obliged to keep up an impression of infallibility."

"How silly! How much better if men would tell their wives! Women ought to know about business, don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do, and I hope you will learn something of it; then I shall enjoy telling you of my ups and downs. Meantime, seeing that there are unavoidable losses connected with other people's successes or failures, and no way depending on one's own ability, wives should at least confide in the good intentions of their husbands."

"Yes, indeed," said Alice, warmly.

"Now, then, this is my plan. I shall be ready for all ordinary occasions of expenditure, and shall give you quarterly the sum which I have thought we are able to expend. Of this I want you to keep an account, and at the year's end we will look it over and see if we must retrench or add. But, as I know less than nothing of what is proper to spend, or how to spend it, you must look up some judicious person to help you if you want help. Perhaps you will need none. Only one thing I shall insist on, and that is, if you ask me for money for other purposes, and I say, 'None this morning,' you must believe me just as fully and confidently as you would believe yourself if you looked into your empty pocket-book. Can you feel this entire unity with me in my affairs, and that all mine is yours, as yours is mine?"

"I do think I can, Arthur. Now that you have put the subject in this light, I no longer desire what I had intended to ask you, that is, a separate allowance. It would make me uncomfortable to have it. I prefer to share your adversity as well as your prosperity."

"That is my true wife," said Arthur. "There shall be no shadow between us on this question, Alice darling, or on any other. I do think we are two pretty sensible people."

Alice heartily agreed to this conclusion, and although she could never convince her aunt of the superiority of this plan to hers, either by her own eloquence or by quoting Arthur's, which she did most untiringly, she rested content, and certainly appeared to be resigned to her lot.

"And as long as the child is happy," said Mrs. Spencer, "I don't know that it is of any consequence."

HAIL STONES,

(For all Weathers).

BY MARSHALL A. SMITH.

See them racing, chasing, turning,
As they glisten in the sun;
See them bounding, hear them sounding,
When their rapid race is run.

See them skipping, tripping, leaping,
Like the wild and agile fawn;
Hear them pelting, see them melting,
As they fall upon the lawn.

See them thumping, jumping, glittering
Upon the cottage and the mill;
Hear them falling, see them crawling
On the mansion on the hill.

See them dripping, slipping, creeping
From the carriage in the street;
See them finding, see them blinding
The eyes of all they meet.

See them wearing, tearing, ripping
The long blades of the corn;
Hear them crushing, see them brushing
The leaves from flowers newly born.

See them laying, flaying, beating
The sweet clover and the grass;
Hear them crashing, see them smashing
Through the window-panes of glass.

Hear them sighing, crying, wailing
With the mourners at the grave;
See them smiting, see them fighting
On the field with warriors brave.

Hear them preaching, teaching, singing
At the chapel in the glen;
See them stealing, see them reeling
By the wicked in their den.

Hear them goading, croaking, lying
With the silly as they meet:
Hear them talking, see them walking
With the wise and the discreet.

Hear them moaning, groaning, grieving
With the outcast on his way;
See them dancing, see them prancing
With the children in their play.

See them caressing, blessing, kissing
With fond lovers ere they part;
See them smiling, see them beguiling
With the mean and false at heart.

See them greeting, meeting, laughing
With the poor and trustful crowd;
See them hiding, hear them chiding
With the suspicious and the proud.

MOST arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all—that of pleasing—requires only the desire.

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TOM HALIFAX, M. D.

BY "THE SECOND."

"HERE is a pretty look-out!" said Tom Halifax, M. D., with ironic grimness. "A remarkably jolly look-out! Four months and not a single patient! Oh, yes! there was one—the old lady who aroused me in the middle of the night, to ride five miles and draw a tooth, and then offered to pay me 'in a settin' of goose eggs.' Well, of course, that was something. Not as much as a fellow might wish for, but it all goes to make up a reputation, goose eggs and all." And Tom Halifax, M. D., burst into a jolly laugh, which really did him great credit under the circumstances.

Tom Halifax, M. D., was *not* a near relation to John Halifax, Gentleman. Indeed, I have my doubts whether the two had ever made each other's acquaintance. Tom Halifax, M. D., had come to Dorning four months before with the fixed intention of carving out for himself a wonderful name in the medical world. He was to make his fortune, of course, and it was to be a very large one; something rather out of the common way; something which should make A. T. Stewart and J. J. Astor look rather insignificant than otherwise. Not that making people appear insignificant was the youthful M. D.'s specialty, but because in his exuberance of life and buoyant spirits the world looked so full of hope; seemed to hold forth so much of promise for the future. For the first few days after his arrival at the little town, he had been too fully occupied with his new arrangements to think of anything else, and, after that, a few days had been very pleasantly spent in the elevation of those charming architectural constructions known as *Châteaux en Espagne*, but as three weeks passed and brought nothing of reality to him, the young gentleman began to wonder. A month and no patients; five, six, seven weeks, and the *Châteaux en Espagne* were several stories lower; two months, and they had disappeared one by one like the joints of a telescope.

This was the fourth month, and with the one solitary and not very promising exception, our hero was still an M. D., minus practice. But he was not inclined to melancholy. Indeed, in that respect he was anything but heroic, being naturally apt to take things easily, have a good appetite, laugh when he was pleased, and look rather fierce when he was vexed. Dreadful qualifications for a hero, but as fate gave him into my hands, I must make the best of him.

This evening, perhaps, he was a little more despondent than usual. His cigars were out and so was his money, and, altogether, prospects were not very flattering. Still, he thought over his troubles in a very matter-of-fact way, not despairingly, in spite of the unpromising appearance matters wore.

"Never mind," he soliloquized, cheerily, "I dare say it will all come right in the end, and as I can't afford Havanas, I will content myself with a meerschaum." And, having lighted the article in question, leaned back in his chair the better to enjoy it. It is astonishing the effect the little weed has on a man. Before long, as the blue smoke wreathed itself around him, he forgot his disappointments, and the telescopic castles actually began to draw out their joints again.

One, two, three raps at the door; pretty brisk ones; evidently the summons of one who had not much time or patience to spare. One, two, three again, and Tom shouted *sans cérémonie*:—

"Come in!"

Enter small white-headed boy, in a high state of excitement.

"What 's your name? What 's the matter?" said Tom, turning in the smoke wreaths, and smiling good-humoredly.

"Name 's Wash'nton Pike, and the keers is run off the track."

Tom gave a great jump, and flung down the meerschaum, only just finding time to check a rather inconsiderate "Good!"

"Where is it? Anybody hurt?"

"Right at the depot. Right smart of 'em. Men a-cussin', an' women a-hollerin', an' children a-screechin'. Man sent me here. Said you was to come straight along."

Washington Pike was a youth of few words, and Tom could not learn much from him, but on the way to the scene of the accident he was able to glean that there was less real injury than fright in the case.

"Colonel Ashby was on," confided Master Pike; "an' Miss Bessie an' her aunt. I know Miss Bessie, an' she 's a nice girl, she is."

"Is she pretty?" queried Tom, with excusable curiosity.

"She 's got curls," said Washington, tersely. "An' she gives us candy."

"Generous young lady!" laughed Tom, and instantly began to build another story to the castle to put Miss Bessie Ashby in it.

There were no very dangerous hurts at the depot; still, the M. D. found plenty to do. The men stopped "cussin'" at the sight of his good-humored face, and the women became calmer, and even the children, under the influence of his jolliness and sweet temper, forgot their fright.

When every one seemed attended to, and the excitement was over, Tom found himself wondering about Miss Bessie; he had not seen her. Perhaps she had gone home. Well, she would be at church on Sunday. But just then some one touched his arm. It was Washington Pike

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"You are to come over to our house," he said. "Miss Almiry Ashby says her neck 's broke."

"*Says* her neck is broken? All right," said Tom, and followed his leader across the street into a large frame house.

In the kitchen by the fire stood a young lady in a coquettish travelling dress. Travelling dresses are not generally coquettish, but this one was. Deep maroon brown, with miraculous scarlet adornments; a very witch of a scarlet plumed hat; and a wonderfully tantalizing little boot, patting not a trifle petulantly on the boarded floor. It was evident that the young lady was not in the most seraphic of tempers, for the decided frown on her forehead was only equalled by the decided pout on her mouth.

"Miss Ashby"—began Tom, hesitatingly, but she stopped him, giving her pretty brown curls quite a haughty shake.

"No. Miss Bessie Ashby. My aunt is in the parlor. Doctor Halifax, I presume?"

Tom bowed, and Miss Bessie led the way into the next room.

"The doctor, aunt," she announced briefly, and taking a seat, began the petulant patting again.

"Do you suffer much, madam?" asked Tom, feeling somewhat awkward as he bent over the gaunt form on the sofa.

"Oh, no, not at all!" snapped the lady, with ferocious jocularity. "Oh, no! Only my neck happens to be dislocated, and my ribs fractured, and my arm crushed as flat as a pancake, and my backbone wriggling like a caterpillar, and I've lost my new silk umbrella. I *told* David Ashby how it would be, but he wouldn't believe me."

Oh, how the little foot did patter then! Its sound checked Tom's inclination to laugh. He bent over his patient again to examine her injuries. They did not extend farther than a few bruises he found, and if a lively use of the tongue be any proof of strength, Miss Almira was certainly not weak.

"I told David Ashby," she reiterated, "but he wouldn't believe me! I came here to keep house for him, and take care of that child," nodding at Bessie. "And now I 'm crippled for life, and it 's a mercy if I don't go distracted! My goodness! That bran new umbrella I paid five dollars for! Well, well, it all goes to prove Scripture. We ought to lay up treasures in heaven, where there 's"—

"Aunt!" exclaimed Bessie, with an emphatic little stamp, and I am sorry to say that her pretty white teeth shut up with a snap which was quite suggestive of a disposition to bite somebody. It was very evident that Miss Bessie was rather proud, perhaps a trifle spoiled, and consequently did not like this open display of her relative's weaknesses.

Tom saw this, and turned the conversation with adroit good humor, and really with great success. After a while the pretty, clouded face began to clear, and by the time Miss Almira was consoled and soothed into quietness, our M. D. began to think that, taking all things into consideration, Master Pike had exhibited good taste.

"Your aunt is not much hurt," he said, as he took up his hat. "Only a little shaken. I will call to-morrow, but stay—shall I find you here?"

"Not if you think she may be moved. Papa went to arrange about the carriage an hour ago. Come to the house. Colonel Ashby's, you know. Good-evening, Doctor Halifax!" and Miss Bessie bowed him out of the door.

"Colonel Ashby is one of the F. F. V.'s, I hear. Strictly speaking, Miss Ashby is charming. The old lady eccentric!" mused Doctor Halifax, as he went on his way rejoicing.

The next morning, in obedience to commands, he made his call. Miss Bessie was on the piazza superintending the training of a rebellious vine. Coming up the street, Tom caught sight of her and smiled. A pretty figure, rounded and slender, a sweeping wrapper ornamented with insinuating frills, pretty hands holding up the vine, and a pretty slippered foot scarlet rosetted.

"Good-morning, Miss Bessie!"

Looking back on her cordial good-night, he was hardly prepared for her greeting. A slight turn of the head over her shoulder, tossing back the veiling curls, and then a cool little nod.

"Oh, good-morning, Doctor Halifax! Walk into the parlor. Aunt is there. A little more this way, Jim!" And Miss Bessie was as deeply occupied with her work as though there had been no Doctor Halifax in existence.

Of course it was somewhat annoying, but the M. D. was pretty well balanced, and took it philosophically. Miss Bessie was as capricious as she was pretty, that was very plain; and besides—perhaps Tom's face did flush a little as he thought it—even in republican America there is such a thing as caste, and an insignificant young physician, with his fortune to make, is scarcely an eligible acquaintance.

"Pshaw!" said he, inwardly, and marched into the parlor with his head very erect.

Miss Almira had come to the conclusion that it was not her neck which was broken, it was her back; but apart from this, and a slight attack of yellow fever, which she said she had caught from a fellow traveller, she was improving. She was rather a trying old lady, on the whole, to a person with a keen sense of the ridiculous, but by dint of a strong effort, Tom managed to keep his countenance, and leave a tolerably good impression.

"A very worthy young man!" decided Miss Almira, when, after he had taken his departure, her niece entered the room.

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Bessie shrugged her shoulders contemptuously. Not being a very dutiful young lady, and rather impatient of control, her aunt's eulogy was quite enough to stamp any one as intensely disagreeable. Besides, considering how she had condescended in her high position as lady patroness, she thought the "worthy young man" had been rather too cool and self-possessed.

"I don't see anything very entertaining about him," she said, coldly. "And I am sure he was dreadfully shabby. His coat was quite threadbare, and Mrs. Pike says he has no practice at all."

Tom had been quite right in concluding that Miss Ashby was spoiled and capricious. She was accustomed to being admired and looked up to, and could not understand people who wore shabby coats meeting her on a polite equality.

I have made an apology for my hero; here I must make one for my heroine. Heroines should be perfect; mine is not. Only a pretty, spoiled girl, whose natural goodness is pretty evenly balanced against the old Adam; having plenty of temper and plenty of impulsive warm-heartedness. As I said of my hero, I say of my heroine: Here she is; make the best of her.

The next time Tom called on his patient, Miss Bessie was in the room. Influenced by a new whim, she tried to patronize him, but he was not to be patronized. He had taken her snubbing with polite good-humor and indifference; but the patronage was another thing, and in putting it aside, easily and coolly, he incurred her great displeasure. By the time he made his adieu, he had come to the conclusion that it was a pity that Miss Bessie was not as amiable as she was pretty.

Miss Almira Ashby was rather a troublesome patient, but in time Tom found that she would, in all probability, prove a profitable one. People who had not been willing to trust him before were quite willing to follow the lead of the aristocratic Ashbys; and, influenced by their patronage of the young doctor, patients began to drop in slowly. Colonel Ashby himself, making his acquaintance, became wonderfully prepossessed in his favor. How could he help it? An honest, handsome, manly young fellow, with a kind heart and a sweet temper, cannot fail to win friends, and in time Tom Halifax won them. Young men, who were members of the best families of the small town, forming friendships for him, voted him "a good fellow," and, inviting him to their houses, introduced him to their prettiest sisters. Of course, this was an improvement on the old dull life, and Tom enjoyed it very much. He attended the parties and picnics, and danced with the belles, and, perhaps, flirted with them a little in a certain gay, genial style. He was quite equal to it.

In society he met no one oftener than Bessie Ashby; but for some reason Bessie Ashby and the M. D. did not agree very well, acting upon each other very much as lucifer matches act upon rocks—with a result of fire and smoke. Bessie was the belle of Dorning, and it was clearly every one's duty to be awe-stricken by her perfections. Tom Halifax, M. D., was not. He would not be patronized, and consequently it was difficult to snub him.

Miss Ashby felt injured, and informed her friends confidentially that she thought Doctor Halifax was a little presuming, considering his position. Of course, this was very pleasant news for Doctor Halifax to hear, but it did not appear to disconcert him very much. He might possibly have been a little cooler on the occasion of his next meeting with his fair enemy, but that was all. But matters got worse and worse; and, reaching a climax, became almost open war. At last one of the "dear five hundred," in a charming spirit of friendliness, confided to Bessie the fact that Doctor Halifax had made some remarks concerning mushroom aristocracy. This was all that was needed. She would "cut" him.

The next evening they met at a concert given by an amateur society. On the seat before her sat her enemy, talking to a lonely and not very interesting young lady, who had no one to take care of her. It was rather difficult to "cut" him, when he turned his handsome, smiling face towards her, but she did it. Nothing could have been more politely blank than her expression, nothing more icy than the well-bred stare with which she returned his pleasant bow. He looked astonished at first, but by no means embarrassed. Tom Halifax, M. D., was cool by nature, and he bent over his companion again, *débonnaire* as ever.

The concert over, Bessie repaired to the dressing-room to don her wrappings; and, to her chagrin, found they had disappeared, and, after a long, fruitless search, returned to the hall, shivering. The passage was entirely vacant. Her first glance told her that her friends had left the hotel without her. Here was a nice state of affairs. Given, a cool autumn night, a young lady in a thin evening dress, and minus protector, at eleven o'clock. At first she felt inclined to be indignant, but second thoughts showed her that her friends were not to blame. Supposing that she had returned with one of her numerous admirers, they had left the building. What could she do? No alternative presented itself but to walk home alone. Of course, it was hardly a pleasant prospect, but it seemed as though the ordeal must be passed through; so, making the best of a disagreeable position, she stepped into the street.

The loungers at the door stared and whispered; people turned on the pavement, looking at her wonderingly. But this was not the

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worst. Turning a corner, she came upon a group of young men standing together. A few words, a low laugh, and one of them stepped up to her, touching his hat with mock politeness.

"If I might have the pleasure, miss"—he began. But Bessie drew aside, throwing her pretty head back in hot anger.

"How dare you?" she said. "I don't know you, sir!"

"Which, of course, I regret deeply," said the man. "Pray permit me to improve the acquaintance!"

Poor Bessie! She glanced up and down the dimly-lighted thoroughfare, but saw no means of escape. She had almost made up her mind to beat a swift and undignified retreat, when a gentleman, who had been standing on the opposite side of the way, crossed with a quick, decided step. Tom Halifax, M. D.!

"This man is annoying you, I see," he said, quietly. "Excuse me, Miss Ashby!" And the man lay on the pavement, stretched there by a charming illustration of that charming science, whose first rule is to "strike from the shoulder."

It was so coolly done, and there was so little of excitement in it, that Bessie was in a perfect state of bewilderment, and was only brought to her senses by her protector's voice:—

"You have lost your party, I perceive. Allow me to offer you my shawl, and if you will accept my arm, I think I can take care of you."

I really must say "Poor Bessie!" again. Only an hour ago she had slighted this man openly, and now he had made her eternally his debtor; and yet, as he folded the shawl over her shoulders, she had not a word to say. It was no use to struggle for dignity and self-possession. She had lost all control over herself. A few steps she took trembling and almost choking, then, in a little impulsive rush, her excitement broke forth.

"O Doctor Halifax!" she said. "O Doctor Halifax!" and burst into tears.

When first he came to her rescue, Tom had some very natural ideas of being rather dignified, and, indeed, I think he would have managed it very well. But the trembling hand on his arm, the pretty, drooping head, were rather too much for him, and the burst of girlish tears served as a finishing stroke.

"Never mind," he said, soothingly. "Don't let us talk about it, Miss Bessie."

"But it isn't that," said Bessie, in a burst of impetuous penitence. "I have been so horribly rude to you. I don't see how you can excuse me. You ought to hate me, Doctor Halifax."

"I don't think I ought," said Tom, smiling. "What does the Bible say, 'Love them that hate you?' And I think you have hated me."

His good-nature removed Bessie's embarrassment, and by the time they reached home, she had changed her opinion on the subject of Doctor Halifax's presumption.

After he had bidden her good-night, he held her hand a moment, looking down upon her half-quizzically.

"Is it to be peace or war, Miss Bessie?" he asked.

"Peace, if you please," she said, with a very becoming blush. "And—and I think I ought to tell you that—that I am very sorry, Doctor Halifax."

From that time forward the M. D.'s star was on the ascendant. Miss Ashby never did anything by halves, and her admiration for her former enemy became as great as her dislike had been.

Doctor Tom himself began to wonder at the blindness he had displayed in not discovering her many perfections before. How charming she was, how warm-hearted, how sympathetic, how very much prettier than he had ever imagined. Altogether, he was in rather a dangerous position.

In time people began to speculate and gossip, and the wisest of the village critics to shake their heads sagely, as the young doctor dashed by on horseback with Miss Bessie, radiant in flying curls and sweeping habit, and wonder "what Captain Housted would say." But Bessie Ashby had not stopped to think of Captain Housted. Dorning was dull sometimes, and Doctor Halifax was entertaining, and it was very pleasant to have a witty, intelligent companion always on hand.

But one day, returning from a long ride, she ran up to her room to change her dress, and was suddenly reminded of him. A tiny branch of coral-hued leaves clung to her curls, and as she passed the mirror, their brightness caught her eye. Tom Halifax had placed them there half an hour ago. This was the first time she remembered Captain Housted; and as she remembered him, she glanced at the scarlet leaves, with her cheeks glowing, and patting her foot with the old petulant emotion the M. D. had noticed the first time he met her.

"Nonsense!" she said, contemptuously, a moment after. "Doctor Halifax and I are good friends, that is all."

I have told you that my heroine was not perfect, and that you must make the best of her. I wonder if you will blame her very much when I tell you the whole truth about Captain Housted.

Captain Housted was her cousin and her slave, had been her slave for a year. When she had returned from the North, she had left him behind her, giving him some hope that she would welcome him at Dorning. Captain Housted was handsome, pleasant, aristocratic, and—rich. He adored her, and was "eligible" in every sense of the term; so she had allowed him to play the devoted cavalier, so long as he

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did not interfere with her arrangements. For a few months this had been all very well, but now an obstacle had arisen in the shape of Tom Halifax, M. D. It was rather strange, for, unlike the gallant captain, Doctor Halifax had not made decided love to her. He had even dared to contravert her pet theories, and once or twice had politely contradicted her. Still, he was an obstacle. Of course, this would never do. All sensible people know that brains stand a very poor chance when thrown into the scale of society to balance against the powerful dollar, even if a warm heart and a pair of eloquent eyes are flung in as make weight. Doctor Halifax and the Dorning practice *versus* Captain Housted and ten thousand a year. Pshaw! The Dorning practice would hardly supply her with bonnets, and any one who looks at things seriously will acknowledge that bonnets are a grave consideration. Besides, there was the "position." No, it was not to be thought of (remember my heroine is far from perfect); so Mademoiselle Capricieuse tore the red leaves into tiny atoms, and, flinging them out of the window, watched them as they fluttered to the ground. But still one cannot snub one's friends, she decided, and, receiving the M. D., day by day, with all fascinations in full play, allowed him to fall much more deeply in love than was quite right, considering the unfortunate Dorning practice.

But sometimes, in spite of appearances, Tom did not feel quite at ease. Bessie Ashby was capricious and self-willed, that he acknowledged; still, the knowledge hardly reconciled him to the fits of imperious indifference by which of late she had been so often ruled. One day all brightness and sweetness, the next full of whimsical, almost petulant, coquetry. Handsome Tom did not like it, and at last, in his own honest, frank way, he remonstrated with her.

"It ain't fair to me, Bessie, you know." (It was always Bessie now.) "And—and"—with the warm color rising to his face—"it hurts me."

They were standing together at the gate at the close of an evening call, during which Miss Bessie had been more than usually trying. To tell the truth, she had heard from Captain Housted the day before, and had been thinking pretty deeply on the subject of the visit he proposed making. It was clear that the Dorning practice would not pay, so in spite of its pleasant accompaniment (how very pleasant it had become to her, she had lately begun to discover), the Dorning practice must go overboard. I dare say you are inclined to cry shame on her! but keeping in view the fact that she was only an average angel, remember that her life and surroundings had from her birth been very different from what she could possibly expect from such a future, for beside herself, there were two sturdy brothers at West Point to look for her father's patronage in life. Was she very mercenary? Perhaps so; but, to a practical mind, love in a cottage, on a trifle less than nothing a year, is *not* an alluring prospect. But how long I am keeping the M. D. waiting for his answer!

"It isn't fair to me, Bessie, you know. And —and it hurts me."

Bessie shook the brown curls back over her pretty shoulders, and began to play with the gate latch.

"I am very sorry, I am sure," with a little half frown. "But I don't see why it should."

Tom glanced at the soft, restless hand with a half-annoyed expression.

"I think you know very well why it should," he said; "and why unkindness and caprice on your part always hurts me. Why do I care for you, Bessie?"

Why did he, indeed? The curling lashes drooped very low on Bessie's cheek. Ah, me! if the Dorning practice had only been more remunerative!

"I don't know why again. I am sure it is very strange, considering how capricious, and stupid, and disagreeable"—

"Bessie!" exclaimed Tom, with an authoritative ring in his voice, which was new to her. Fred Housted had never made her heart beat with a changed tone. Women must be the strangest of contradictions, for if she had never loved him before, she loved him then. It needed quite an effort to regain her equilibrium.

"You have no need to be so dreadfully cross," she said, resorting to feminine tyranny by way of making her position more secure. "You know you *did* say so. Not that it matters," raising her pretty arched brows. "Of course, I don't care."

Here I must again remind you that my hero is only a commonplace mortal, because at this point I am sorry to say that he lost his temper. She did not care, and could say so after he had told her how her whims wounded him.

"Well, of course," he said, coolly; "if my opinions are of no value to you, I can remedy my past intrusion by ceasing to trouble you with them. Thank you for your candor! Good-evening, Miss Ashby!"

"Don't mention it," said Bessie, with stinging sweetness. "And do call to-morrow. Fred—Captain Housted will be here, and I am anxious you should make his acquaintance. He is *so* nice!"

Tom Halifax, M. D., whirled around on his heel as he touched his hat, feeling shockingly profane. That was the secret, was it? A few days ago he had heard of Captain Housted, and only that evening he had come upon his *carte de visite*, placed in a graceful juxtaposition to Miss Bessie's own.

This was the first time the gallant captain crossed his path, but it was by no means the

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last. Once or twice before he had had little squabbles with his lady-love, and they had passed into oblivion without second mention; or, better still, with such pretty contrition as made them almost a pleasure, but this one was doomed to a more serious end.

The next morning, as the train came puffing into the Dorning depot, Doctor Halifax stood upon the platform watching it, and smoking a cigar. It was interesting at any time to study the different faces as they entered or left the cars, but this morning the M. D.'s interest may have been a little deeper than usual. One old gentleman with an umbrella, one lady with a bundle, one child in a large bonnet, and—yes, that must be Captain Housted.

Captain Housted certainly had every advantage of good looks. He was stylish and well-proportioned, and had an extremely good-humored and good-featured face. Friendly and off-hand he looked, and friendly and off-hand he proved to be; for, reaching the platform, and seeing our hero standing alone, he saluted him, and began to chat easily.

"Never been to Dorning before," he said, at last. "Only know it by repute. Are you a citizen of the burgh?"

"Resident physician," Tom said, smiling. "Doctor Halifax, at your service."

"And I Captain Housted. Of course you are acquainted with Colonel Ashby?"

Tom bowed.

"And—and"—with a merry, half-confused laugh—"Miss Bessie?"

"Yes."

"See here!" laughing again. "She is my cousin. I am an amiable youth; dutiful, and all that sort of thing. Come down to see my uncle."

"You will find him at home," answered our M. D., feeling, in spite of his predisposition for the gay, genial young fellow, as if he would like to strangle him. "Could you bear it if you did not?"

"No," with great solemnity. "I should sink to the earth, entirely overpowered by the agonizing disappointment. How many cases of spontaneous combustion have there been since mademoiselle came home! Charming as she is, Miss Bessie is like the rest of the angels. Uses men as we do cigars—puff, puff, puff, until the fire is drawn out, and then throw away the ashes and try another."

As he walked home that morning, after leaving his rival, Tom's thoughts took a new vein.

"I don't believe Bessie is a flirt," he would say, over and over again, as though trying to convince himself that he spoke the truth. "She is naturally coquettish, but I don't think she is a flirt."

But by the time he reached his office, he appeared to have changed his mind.

"Confound it, yes!" he said, energetically slamming the door after him. "There is only one alternative; the captain or the civilian goes to the wall."

It was a week before he called on Miss Bessie again, though he had the pleasure of seeing her every day. Pleasure did I say? Well, perhaps so. Riding with the captain, driving with the captain, walking with the captain, and waltzing with the captain, in the little whirlpool of gayety in which the arrival of that hero had involved the small city. But at last the call was made, and being made, was hardly satisfactory.

In the course of your experience, have you ever heard of a phase of treatment designated by the term "Strawberry ice?" If you have not, permit me to explain it. It is the grand climax or finishing stroke on all special occasions, and it is effectually demonstrated by an extremely sweet and remarkably cold demeanor. As a bon-bon it is delicious, but rather apt to make a victim's teeth chatter. To a dish of the delicacy our hero was treated. Miss Ashby's greeting was something remarkable as a specimen of politeness; her grace and dignity throughout the evening almost an impossibility of perfection. But Doctor Halifax did not understand it, and coupling it with the memory of their last meeting, he became not a little indignant. As I have said before, the call in itself was anything but a success, and an addition in the shape of a remark from Miss Almira made it a wretched failure.

"That would be a good match for Bessie," said the old lady, eyeing her niece complacently. "If she expects to hold her position (as of course she does), she must marry money. You know the colonel has Frank and Dane to provide for, and Captain Housted is worth ten thousand a year."

Half an hour after, Tom took his departure.

"If Bessie expects to hold her position," he repeated when he got into the street, "(and of course she does) she must marry money. The position a country physician holds is hardly a magnificent sinecure, and—Captain Housted is worth ten thousand a year. The civilian goes to the wall, I see," with a bitter sigh. "And Miss Ashby proves to be a flirt after all."

From that day the old friendship became a thing of the past. There were confabs and rides as before, but it was not Tom Halifax who took part in them. Captain Housted did not discuss Rembrandt, Murello, and Salvator Rosa with his cousin; neither did he read Tennyson and Byron to her, or mark passages of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer. On the contrary, he gave it as his opinion that the old masters were a bore, and frankly confessed that he knew no more of poetry than a tame oyster, which was rather a forcible comparison. Did Bessie ever look back regretfully? I think it is likely that she did. But then in these days there had grown between herself and her old friend a cold restraint, and

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on her melting moods Doctor Halifax acted as a refrigerator. She had given him no cause for annoyance, she decided (though not without some twinges of conscience), and if he chose to slight her, she would certainly meet his coolness half-way. So by degrees cooling friendship became a cooler intercourse, limited sometimes to bows, sometimes to frosty politeness, or frostier smiles. Tom began to think that his estimate of Miss Ashby had been placed rather too high, and ignoring his six months of happiness, became very attentive to the Dorning practice.

In his own particular style, Captain Housted was enjoying himself very much. His intellect may not have been stupendous, but he was certainly well poised, and in every other respect of heart, manner, and bravery, was perfectly Tom Halifax's equal. His tastes may not have been æsthetic, but they were refined, and as a courageous and loyal gentleman few could equal him in anything; indeed, but that I have a hero already, I should have great pleasure in recording his success with my heroine. Why should I not? Women have married such men, and do marry such men, and love and revere them, and thank God every day for the blessing their warm-hearted strength proves through life.

Captain Housted had decided that his cousin was bright and pretty, and would make him a bright and pretty wife. Under these circumstances nothing was to be done but gain the young lady's consent. But this did not prove such an easy matter. Captain Housted was on the field ready for action at any time, and Miss Bessie was not in a hurry, even if she decided to marry him, which as yet she had not quite done. True, the star of the M. D. was no longer on the ascendant, and its brilliancy was somewhat paled, for say what you will of eternal misery as connected with love, my experience teaches me it is to a great extent a poetic fiction.

Despair lasts, on an average, three months in the winter, with an impaired digestion; two months in the summer, in a healthy state of body. For the first two weeks, we think of taking the veil (figuratively) and retiring from the heartless world; two weeks after, we conclude it would be better to hide our wounds in the dissipations of society. Month No. 2 we become interested in Pompadour hair dressing and the latest style of fichu. Month No. 3 we burn up our love letters, sighing over their ashes perhaps, but still finding spirits to peruse our invitations immediately afterwards, and enjoying our dances with Fitzgallope the next evening immensely. Twelve months after, suddenly reminded of our past experience, we smile amusedly, saying: "Dear me! it was a year to-day since Frank married Miss Shoddy. How odd it was I should admire a man with a red moustache!" Twelve months ago we implicitly believed that moustache was golden, or, as we delighted to call it, "blonde."

So it was with Bessie. The M. D. seemed to have ceased to interest himself in her; so, if any little ache thrilled in her heart, it must be mastered and hidden away under the admiration she really felt for her kind-hearted cousin. It was not pleasant to be obliged to forget that Tom Halifax had been a lover, now that he was less than a friend. It was a little difficult to sing the old tender songs in his presence as if they were selections from Mother Goose; it was rather hard to give him the tips of her fingers in the grand chain, and pirouette independently through the final square. Still it was the *rôle* she must enact, and which she brought to such perfection as to convince her victim that she had even less heart than he had imagined, and make him exceedingly wroth and perhaps a little indifferent.

Of course, I have no doubt but that they would both have outlived it in time, and in all probability been very comfortable and happy; but, marriages being made in heaven, in this case fate interposed.

For several months there had been a great deal of sickness, and, in his professional rounds, Doctor Halifax had met with several severe cases of smallpox. At first this had seemed nothing remarkable; but as the cases became more numerous and severe, fears were entertained that the disease would prove epidemic. For some time it had been warded off; but on returning home one night from a party, Tom found a note waiting for him. It came from the doctor of a small town about four miles from Dorning.

"Come quickly!" he wrote. "At least a dozen cases of smallpox have broken out during the day, and I wish to consult with you at once. The disease begins to wear a dangerous aspect."

Without waiting to make any preparations, Tom mounted his horse, and in twenty minutes was galloping towards Rossville. Not a dozen cases—two dozen, three dozen; in the course of a few days at least sixty.

Women turned away from their children, sickening; young men came home from their work, pale and deathly, and took to their beds; old men sank down; and little children stopped their play, and fell to the earth, stricken with the dreadful pest. Never had the country suffered such a visitation before. All the strength and vim in Tom Halifax was brought into play. Backward and forward, from sick-bed to death-bed, from death-bed to sick-bed. From fair little children, wailing and shuddering, to strong, sturdy men, fighting and struggling with the great reaper. From frail, young mothers, with dead babies in their arms, to old, old men, sinking weak and wordless into the Valley of Death. Riding through the silent streets in the daytime, under the scorching sun; riding

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through the darkness at night, when the click of his horse's hoofs seemed like a terrible warning. Holding strong hands battling in delirium; and touching the slender fingers of sweet-faced girls, who only paled and paled, and seemed at the last but to sink into peaceful sleep. Catching a few moments' heavy sleep, as some anxious one took his place as watcher; snatching a hurried meal, standing, with his saddle pockets in his hand, ready to start afresh. This was work for him, such work as he had never seen before, such work as brought out all the manly strength and powerful purpose which was innately his. He was a brave man and a chivalrous one, and loved his profession as holding something of glory, and so felt no fear. Sometimes, indeed, his heart failed him a little. It was when the wild, haggard, watching faces turned to hear his verdict on the sufferer, who was so dear to them; when they waited, not daring to speak, to hear whether hope or despair lay before them. It was in such hours as these that the young doctor won his name, won it by his impulsive tenderness and utter self-abnegation.

Through the town the plague crept from house to house, from street to street; through the country from homestead to homestead, from hut to hut. Only a few miles journeyed in a week, and it had reached Dorning. Then Tom's labor was doubled. Night and day, night and day, it seemed almost an impossibility to perform the tasks laid before him, but the brave spirit dashed through it all. I think I must stop now and retract my old assertion as regards Tom Halifax not being a hero, for in those long weeks of terror he proved himself one. The whole country-side rung with the sound of his praises. His kindness, his warm heart, his skill, his patience, and the wonderful strength and energy, which seemed almost unconquerable, all won the loving eulogies of those he had befriended.

In her pretty parlor Bessie Ashby sat day by day, every new-comer bringing some fresh story of the young doctor, and with every word raking to stirring life the something she had tried to kill. And then, in days after, when the cloud of death thickened around the place, the pretty parlor became a place for thought. How noble he must be to risk all this danger and wretchedness! How much he had sacrificed in his true-hearted bravery! And as she compared his conduct with her own, she saw that she had been selfish and mercenary.

"Halifax is in town again," said Captain Housted, one morning. "Bessie, that fellow is a hero, body and soul."

"What is he doing?" asked Bessie.

"Doing! Working day and night for pure nobleness and charity. Broiling in the dirtiest hovels, toiling without rest, and living through what would have killed an ordinary man."

"Does the sickness spread as much as ever?"

The captain looked grave. "I am afraid it does. You must be very careful, Bessie. It is a horrible thing."

After he was gone, Bessie took a seat by the window, feeling heart-sick and weary. Yes, it was a horrible thing. Two months had made the gay little town silent and gloomy. With danger and terror filling the air, those who were not sick or watching hardly dared to venture forth, unless compelled by necessity, so that the once busy streets were almost entirely deserted. Bessie's eyes filled with tears as she looked up and down the road. Death was on every side. Friends and acquaintances had drifted out into the ocean of eternity, passing silently into the mysterious darkness, and making no sign. Little children whose faces had been familiar to her, and whom she had loved, girls who had been as full of bright gracefulness as herself, had sickened one day, and the next folded their white hands in the long sleep "which is death." In one house, she knew, lay a pretty, waxen baby, whose flower face she had kissed, girl-like, a thousand times; in another an old man, who had held her in his arms when she had been a child. Here a husband watching over his young wife, there a young wife wept over her dying husband. The girl's lips parted in a little, pitying prayer, as she thought of the grief which as yet had not directly touched her.

She hardly knew how it was, but through all the fear and excitement her heart had been turning with a faint, sad thrill to the tender story she had but half-read. She had closed the record with a light, firm hand, perhaps not feeling any great sense of loss; but now, when solemn grief and pain were near her, she knew that each unturned page would have been a sweeter revelation. She would have sacrificed a great deal then to have listened to the clear, ringing voice, and felt the clasp of the strong, kind hand on hers. She was very young, and the desolation around her filled her with a wild longing for sympathy and helpful strength, and this strength and sympathy she felt that Tom Halifax could have offered.

"Why cannot I do something?" she said to herself. "There must be some work for me to do. Oh! why am I so useless?"

She had asked herself this question again and again in a little wondering sorrow at her own inability, but this morning it was answered in an unexpected manner.

She had been resting her head upon her hand, full of thought, when suddenly she heard the sounds of horse's hoofs clattering down the street. She looked up, wondering who the rider could be, and looking up half-startled. It was Doctor Halifax himself, and as he reached the gate, he slackened his speed, and, dismounting, came up the garden walk with a hurried step. She did not wait for the servants, but, stepping into the hall, flung open

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the shade blinds in response to his summons, and stood before him.

He certainly had not expected to see her, but he did not wince, merely bowing, and coloring slightly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Ashby," he said. "But I have come to solicit charity on the behalf of one of my patients. I am not a rich man myself," with the calm, handsome eyes on her face, "and your father told me that I might rely upon him in this terrible trouble."

"I am very glad to be of service," said Bessie. "What is most needed, Doctor Halifax?"

He made a few such suggestions as he thought proper, and, under his directions, she filled a large basket with food and wine. It seemed as though he was at least ten years older, and Bessie's heart grew very full at the sight of his pale, grave face as she completed her task.

"Can I do nothing more?" she asked, as she gave him the basket. "O Doctor Halifax, if I only could!" And in spite of herself, the thick, gathering tears filled her eyes.

He looked surprised, and then his face softened. "Thank you!" he replied. "I will remember what you have said."

When Tom Halifax mounted his horse again, it was with a thrill of pleasurable pain and a backward glance at the slender figure on the piazza. He had looked down upon the pretty face beneath its veiling curls, the wet lashes, and tremulous mouth, thinking a little sadly of the days when her eyes would have met his with a warmer glow. Yes, it all came to the same thing in the end. The old wound was not completely healed, and a soft glance from the girlish eyes had set it throbbing again almost as fiercely as ever. That night he came upon Captain Housted.

"Cannot I help you, Halifax?" said the kind-hearted fellow. "You are killing yourself. Let me do something, if it is only to grind powders."

"You must not run the risk of infection," said Tom. "You have something at home to take care of."

"Yes," said Captain Fred. "But I don't think the little somebody cares much." His voice had stopped a tone or so, and he was tapping his boot with his whip as though musingly.

"Ask her," suggested Tom, with a short laugh, that almost choked him.

"I am going to ask her to-night," said the captain, raising his head suddenly, with a half smile. "It's all a lottery, you know. It remains to be proved whether my prize is a blank or not."

Three hours after Bessie stood with her cousin in the garden.

"It is no use," she said, with impetuous tremor. "I don't love you, Cousin Fred—at least, not as I must love the man I marry. I thought I did, but lately"— She stopped, drooping her face, and then added, almost in a whisper: "I have been very wicked and foolish. Please forgive me!"

The captain looked down a little gravely. "When did you change your mind, Bessie?"

"A few weeks ago. Since this dreadful plague. It made me think, and I saw that—I had not been doing rightly."

It was fully three minutes before Fred Housted spoke again.

"See here, Bessie!" he said, at last. "I am learning something, too. I never believed the gossip before, but now"— A moment's pause, and his smothered doubt burst forth: "Bessie, why did you quarrel with Tom Halifax?"

"O Fred, don't!" she said.

"Don't cry," said Fred. "I want to know the truth."

I have said Bessie Ashby never did anything by halves. In her grief and excitement she forgot that she had flirted with her cousin; forgot about the "position;" forgot everything, but that she was frightened, and miserable, and tired of acting.

"I have been so horribly selfish!" she sobbed. "I didn't think I cared so much, and —and he was so poor, and then we quarrelled, and I thought I could like you well enough. I don't think I should have been so wicked, but he was so proud, and things got worse every day, but lately it has all come back, and I can't help it."

"You have not treated me well, Bessie," said the honest young captain, after a short silence. "Men don't want women to marry them because they 'think they can like them well enough,' but I think you see how you have wronged me. It is all over now, so we will say no more about it."

I have said before that hearts do not break. They may stretch, and perhaps suffer a little in the rebound, but really breaking is out of the question; and warm and true though our brave captain might be, it was not likely to disgrace the general India-rubber reputation by snapping, even in this painful strain, so pray do not blame poor penitent Bessie for any misfortunes which may hereafter befal him.

The next morning Doctor Halifax met his rival in the street.

"I prophesied rightly, old fellow," said the gentleman, quietly. "The affirmative proves to be a negative after all."

"Mademoiselle is changeable," said Tom. "I hope I am not going to have you for a patient, Housted. You are as pale as a ghost."

"Broken heart," laughed the captain. "No, I don't think you will. The warmth gives me a slight headache; that is all."

But there was something more. As the day grew, the slight headache became a severe one, throbbing and pulsing, the pale face flushed, and the strong limbs failed and trembled as they had never done before.

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At about six o'clock, as Tom sat in his office writing out some prescriptions, Captain Housted entered the room and staggered into a chair.

"I am afraid you *are* going to have a patient, Halifax," he said, smiling feebly. "I feel rather faint." And as he said it, he dropped his deathly face upon the table, and lay there without moving.

He had braved it a long time, but the dreadful pest had come upon him at last. Tom sent for Colonel Ashby, and the sick man was carried home. At the door Bessie met them, with a pale face, but steady eyes.

"She ought to have been sent away," said Tom.

"But I am not afraid," she answered, firmly. "Please let me stay?"

I dare say you will decide that Doctor Halifax was shockingly unstable when I tell you that from that time his mind began to waver as regarded Bessie Ashby. Meeting her every day in her cousin's sick-room, it was not easy to feel cold and stern. She was so sweet and girlish in her new humility, now the old capricious coquetry was thrown aside, and in all her appealing obedience to his orders he could not fail to see a little sensitive fear which sometimes troubled but always stirred his heart. He must take care of her too; every shadow that crossed the pretty face must be inquired into. He was not going to fall in love again, of course; he was merely doing his duty as a medical man. Still, it was rather interesting.

Captain Housted was the last serious case of sickness, but it was a very severe one. For months the poor fellow's life lay trembling in the balance—one day fevered and delirious, the next seemingly sinking into death. But in time he began to struggle through it, and, thanks to Tom's skill and patience, the shadowy face began to light with a faint glimmer of returning strength.

Gradually the fearful scourge weakened its power, and little by little seemed passing away. There were still patients to be visited, and work to be done, but the awful rage of the pestilence had swept by. Then it was that Tom Halifax began to reap his reward. People who had never heard his name six months before, sent for him in all critical cases. Men of wealth and high standing in society courted his acquaintance as "the brave young fellow who did his work so nobly throughout the sickness at Dorning." Men and women pointed him out to each other on the street, saying: "But for him I should have been laid in my grave." "He saved my children for me." "When my old mother died, he was the last man she knew." "When we were in trouble, he worked for us day and night. God bless him!" Had there been nothing else, the warm, loyal young heart would have thrilled with tender thankfulness at the simple gratitude of the humble sufferers to whom he seemed almost a Saviour, but apart from this, reality came to him.

There was no lack of practice now, and the name and fortune that had seemed so far away a year ago, became a promise of truth. Of course as yet they were not quite perfected, but still each day brought them nearer, and showed something of solid advancement in life and prospect. The *Châteaux en Espagne* were beginning to stand on a substantial foundation. Perhaps this might have made him very happy. Naturally he felt thankful, but being a very warm-hearted and (in some things) a very unscientific M. D., he could not feel quite restful.

The truest of all truths is, that whatever we love, we can forgive, and whatever we forgive, it is not difficult to love. Bessie Ashby had refused Captain Housted. Why had she done it? Could it be that her foolish little heart was subdued at last? It is easy to be magnanimous when one has been injured, and it is hard not to be magnanimous when the injurer is a pretty girl whom one has loved. If this were more than a simple record, I should certainly decide that my hero could not forgive my heroine under any circumstances, and consequently should doom them both to misery and despair. But as it is, I am compelled to say that Tom Halifax, M. D., forgave Bessie Ashby, for the simple reason that, in spite of her faults, he loved her.

And Bessie? During her cousin's sickness she had learned the extent of the M. D.'s power. She had found out that she could look up to him and rely upon his strength; that she could trust him implicitly. She began to discover that he had a higher object in view than the regard for self, which had been the one ruling power of her life, and his example taught her the true nobility of generous sacrifice. Still, in spite of the change in the hearts of both, they had not advanced much outwardly from the old coldness. But in the second month of Captain Housted's illness, the *dénouement* came as a *dénouement* always comes, unexpectedly.

One evening there had been a slight return of the fever, and after a heavy sleep the patient awakened, restless and wandering. Bessie was standing at one side of the bed, and Doctor Halifax at the other, holding the captain's hand as he opened his eyes.

"It was you she loved after all, Halifax," he said, smiling faintly. "I am 'only Cousin Fred.'"

The blood rushed into Bessie's face. The handsome eyes told her they understood; told her with one glance that burnt her cheek and set her heart beating swiftly. The next moment she had brushed by him and left the room.

Half an hour after, Doctor Halifax came

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down stairs and walked straight into the parlor as though with some object in view. A very pretty figure stood revealed in the dusky light by the window—a pretty head, with long, shining curls, resting upon an equally pretty hand. I wonder if Miss Ashby knew what was coming? Certainly her pulse fluttered very fast, and she looked out into the garden quite resolutely.

"Bessie!"

She did not move.

"Bessie!"

He certainly was a determined gentleman this Doctor Halifax, for he drew the pretty hands away and turned Miss Ashby to the light.

"Was it true?" he whispered, bending very low over her.

The long curls drooped a little nearer. It really looked as if Miss Ashby was going over to the enemy.

"I—I think it was," she said, very softly. "I think it has been true for a long time, Doctor Halifax."

It was dreadfully undignified, but Miss Ashby had positively made an unconditional surrender, and the curls lay in a shining heap against Doctor Halifax's broad shoulder.

"My dear little girl," he said, tenderly kissing the pretty, tremulous face. "My dear, dear little girl, how happy you have made me!"

What more have I to say? I have ended my record, bringing both hero and heroine through their adventures, and leaving them in a properly dramatic position. I have only to tell you that Captain Housted proved my theory of the elasticity of hearts, and recovering from his sickness, recovered from his disappointment in a very sensible and decorous manner. In all probability he forgot his penchant for brown eyes and married a blonde. If he did, could there be a better proof that love is a lottery, and "variety the spice of life?"

WORDS.

STRANGE, mysterious things are words. The representatives of mind; the embodiment of thought, feeling, sentiment, and passion are they. The eye may discourse a language eloquent and impressive; there may be a recognition of an invisible, spiritual essence surrounding us, an intuitive perception of unspoken thoughts and feelings; but words, with magic skill, clothe this invisible presence, these subtle operations of mind, and present them, as it were, in tangible form.

Words have a fearful power. Swift-winged messengers are they for good or evil. Could each human soul possess a tablet upon which, by some mysterious agency, words might be engraven in appropriate characters, how varied and full of meaning would those characters be, and how potent their spell! Light words, the interchange of friendly civilities, the little occurrences of everyday life, would be but faintly impressed and recognized, only by the charm investing them. Gay words, the pointed and brilliant scintillations of wit and fancy, sparkling as just dropped from a diamond point. Bitter words, stinging, withering words of reproach and scorn, engraven as with a pen of iron, and darkly enveloped with gloomy shadows. Noble words, the embodiment of the glowing thoughts and conceptions of genius, set with gems, and enriched with a halo of glory. And words of mercy, loving words of sympathy, burning with a radiance mild and lovely as the breathings of an angel-presence. This is not all fancy. Words are indeed engraven upon more enduring tablets than those of ivory or brass; that of immortal minds. Take the continual interchange in the particles of matter; particles thrown off from one substance filling the places in the formation of another. So words are the particles which minds are throwing off, to become incorporated with other words, to be as unperishable as the mind itself.

It becomes us then to consider well the power of this influence for good or evil in our keeping. That careless, thoughtless word of thine may carry with it a thrill of agony almost too bitter for the sensitive spirit to endure. A kindly word may awaken in some soul energies which shall burn on forever; or its opposite crush to earth some timid soul, and destroy within it the power to rise. A word of encouragement, fitly spoken, may cause the sweet flowers of hope and joy to spring up in the heart, and sweetly lure the bright buds of promise to unfold in beauty. One little word may touch some chord, which shall vibrate tones of joy or sorrow through the endless ages of eternity.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY M. R. LE WAHL.

HERS was the first, the sweetest kiss
My infant brow e'er felt;
And hers the fondest, purest wish,
Whispered to God as she knelt—
As she bent o'er the form in the cradle, to trace
God's silent work on my baby face,
And blessed, as she knelt in the self-same place,
What *some* called "a parcel of cambric and lace."

And when my lisping tongue could speak,
I bowed in infant prayer,
And "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Were the words I whispered there—
The words *My Mother* taught me, in tones so low and soft—
The same sweet, simple, childish prayer, old, and repeated oft;
But the list'ning angels heard her, and musical and soft
Are their voices up in heaven, as they raise the prayer aloft.

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TWICE AN APRIL FOOL.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"WHAT are you doing, Bert?"

Herbert Ireton looked up from his occupation. He had been carefully penning a few lines upon a sheet of snowy paper, and evidently trying to disguise his handwriting.

"Copy that for me, that's a good fellow, and I will tell you all about it."

"Give me your pen and a fresh sheet of paper," replied Mark Leslie, his friend, and in a few moments he tossed over the result of his labors.

"Now direct this envelope to Herbert Ireton, Esq."

"Yourself?"

"No. 27 Elm Row."

"Oh! your uncle."

"Now, I will fold and seal this, and then tell you all about it."

"Read it, and see if it is all right."

"DEAR SIR: Will you oblige me by accepting a hamper of live game, which I will send to your residence this afternoon?

Yours truly, A. P. RILFOOL.

April 1, 1850.

"All right. Do you know my uncle, Mark?"

"I have heard you speak of him as an old bachelor of rather crusty temper, who resides with a maiden sister as cross as himself."

"Correct, as far as it goes. Uncle Herbert, for whom I was named, is not so very old, about forty years of age, and Aunt Mattie is five years older; but they have lived alone so many years that all the milk of human kindness is being curdled in their veins. Sister Amelia and myself have come to the conclusion that it is time they were coaxed out of their seclusion, and, with mother's permission, we are going to try our luck as doctors for the mind diseased. Last month our washerwoman died, leaving a babe seven months old, a pretty little girl, bright and active, but, alas! the eleventh blessing in the family. Her father has gladly consented to let us have her. Mother and Amelia have made her abundance of clothing, and we are going to pack her in a hamper, and send her to Uncle Herbert. Walt, my little brother, nine years old, is crazy to be the messenger, and, after dark this evening, he and I will carry the hamper, sending the note by mail this morning."

"Sure enough, it is April Fool's Day! But suppose your uncle won't accept his live game?"

"Mother and Amelia will take her. They will probably have the most care of her, at any rate. Aunt Mattie was always very kind to us, and mother thinks she will be perfectly happy to have a baby to pet, now Walt is outgrowing jumping-jacks and nine pins. She is always lamenting that he is not a girl, and ever since father died has been lavish of pennies and sweetmeats for the young scamp."

"If you want to get that precious document in this morning's mail, it is time you started it," said Mark, and the two young men strolled out together to the post-office.

No. 27 Elm Row was a lovely home, situated about five miles from the heart of a great city, but easily accessible by stage or carriage. It was not a very large house, a cottage in style, but substantially built, and finished with every convenience and comfort taste could suggest or money procure. The grounds surrounding it were large, and flowers, fruit, and vegetables grew there in profusion. The fancy little stable accommodated a cow as well as the two sleek horses and family carriage, and about the whole establishment there hung the air of staid respectability that will hover around single people no longer young. The only break upon the quiet monotony of the house was when the three young Iretons—Herbert, Amelia, and Walter—came to visit their uncle and aunt, which was not very often, as they were averse to the rather strict rules regarding flowers, fruit, and the use of the best furniture.

Mr. and Miss Ireton, if truth must be told, although fond of their brother's widow and children, only half-enjoyed any break in the calm monotony of their existence; and even Walter, his aunt's favorite, was watched with terrified eyes when near his uncle's library or his aunt's pets. Books were the companions sufficient for the happiness of the gentleman; and birds, rabbits, cats, and goldfish for that of the lady. They lived in perfect harmony, each giving full scope to his or her peculiarities, and each having an ample income for their own comforts and many acts of charity; for they were kind-hearted, even if in manner their gay nephews and nieces found them formal and precise. On the momentous first of April, when such important machinations against their peace were in progress, they were seated at luncheon, calmly unconscious of impending ills.

The gentleman, short, stout, and florid, had been superintending his gardener in some horticultural mysteries; and the lady, also short, stout, and florid, had been finishing an elaborate piece of embroidery destined to cover a pair of ottomans for the drawing-room. The conversation naturally turned upon their occupations, and Miss Mattie said, half-sighing:—

"Sister Grace and the children are coming to-morrow to pass the day, Herbert." Little did they guess the reasons for the proposed visit.

"Dear me! I hope that young scamp Walter will let my young pear-trees alone. He almost ruined the apricots last year with his penknife—the penknife you gave him, Mattie."

"He's only a boy," said Miss Mattie, indulgently.

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"You spoil him," said the gentleman.

"Who gave him a shovel this week, with which he dug up all my carnations?" retorted the lady.

Where the discussion would have ended it is impossible to say, but at that moment the door opened, and the staid old waiter man, who remembered the childhood of the brother and sister, handed in a letter. Mr. Ireton read it with a puzzled face.

"Do you remember any body named Rilfool?" he asked his sister.

"Rilfool! Rilfool! What a queer name!"

"He is going to send me some game. I think it must be a mistake. No, here is my name and address, as plain as print. What kind of game can it be at this season?"

"When is it coming?"

"This afternoon! There! read the note."

It would be useless to deny that Miss Mattie was in quite a flutter over the note. Live game! Perhaps some rare birds, that would be a fresh ornament to her aviary. She was quite determined Herbert should never kill them, if they were golden pheasants, lop-eared rabbits, or any rarities of that kind. She took her work to the front window to watch for the express wagon, but to her disgust it was driven right past the window. It was long past dinner-time, and was quite dark, before the long-expected ring was heard.

"If it is a hamper of game, bring it in here, Joseph," said Mr. Ireton, as the man-servant crossed the hall to open the door.

"A hamper, sure enough, it is," said Joseph, and obeyed orders.

There was no flutter of wings, or moving of tired feet, as the cover of the hamper was thrown back. Mr. Ireton started back with a cry of positive horror, but Miss Mattie knelt down for a nearer view of the unexpected present. Never had she seen a prettier sight than the sleeping babe upon the soft pillows that were in the hamper. Its rosy cheeks were shaded by a hood of soft white zephyr, and a white cloak covered carefully the round little limbs. One dimpled hand had escaped from the folds of the cloak, and was thrown across the breast. The parted crimson lips showed two tiny pearls of teeth, and the long, dark eyelashes suggested dark eyes. A little card was pinned to the cloak, and on this was written: "My name is Sadie Williams."

"Isn't she pretty?" whispered Miss Mattie.

"Take her away! Put her in the almshouse!" cried the gentleman. "Live game! By Jove, Mattie! it's the first of April. Rilfool! A. P. Rilfool! April Fool! We were a pair of old fools not to see through that signature before. Take the hamper to the almshouse, Joseph."

"No, no! It is too late to-night. Let her stay to-night. Take her to my room, Joseph."

Joseph obeyed, muttering, as he did so: "I'll eat my head if this is not one of Master Herbert's or Miss Amelia's pranks."

Much to Mr. Ireton's disgust, he was obliged to retire without his game of backgammon.

"Miss Mattie says she won't be down again this evening; the baby's crying," was the message sent in answer to his summons.

Miss Mattie found she had work till bedtime; undressing the foundling, sorting out the clothing under the pillows in the hamper, filling the bottle also there with warm milk, feeding the little one, and hushing it again to sleep. By the time the sun rose, and the little hands had nestled all night in her bosom, Miss Mattie would have killed every pet in her aviary before she would have sent Sadie to the almshouse.

It took longer to overcome her brother's prejudices. He hated babies! He despised girls! There would never be another hour's peace in the house! Mattie was crazy! He would send for a policeman to take the child away! and a thousand other objections and threats, to all of which Miss Mattie listened calmly; and washed, dressed, and fed her new pet with renewed devotion, repaid by its crowing laugh of pleasure at her caresses, and the clinging clasp of the baby arms.

Eighteen years passed before I again introduce Miss Sadie Williams to my readers. Herbert and Amelia Ireton are married, and Walter is a flourishing young lawyer, with a fair share of practice.

But there is no greater change in all the family than can be discovered by peeping into 27 Elm Row. The prim, staid, old-fashioned furniture is all gone; and the sauciest of chairs, *tête-à-têtes*, and lounges fill its place. Dainty mats are under the prettiest of knick-knacks, silvery clock-chimes sound the hours from the prettiest of clocks, windows are only covered by lace curtains, shutters are open to the full flood of sunlight, regardless of the possible damage to bright carpets. In place of staid, sober dinner parties twice a year, the parlors are now often filled with young people, who dance, sing, flirt, tease Miss Mattie's pets, and toss about Mr. Ireton's choicest volumes.

The change in the brother and sister is as marked as that in their house. They have grown young again in the loving care they have given their adopted child; for Mr. Ireton, early in the fall following Miss Sadie's arrival in his home, took her also into his heart, and legally adopted her, to the great delight of Herbert and Amelia.

A brighter, prettier girl never gladdened a home than Sadie Williams Ireton. Pretty as a picture, with a graceful figure and bright, brunette beauty, she had her warm Irish heart and vivacity only kept in check by her love for the uncle and aunt who had adopted her. Petted, humored, and loved, she had never been spoiled.

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Her education had been always conducted at home, for neither Mr. Ireton nor Miss Mattie would listen to the suggestion of sending her to school, and she was a credit to her teachers. Mr. Ireton guided her reading and studies, after Miss Mattie had piloted her through the mysteries of the alphabet, spelling book, and reader. For music she had a master, but languages she learned also from Uncle Herbert, as she was taught to call Mr. Ireton.

Eighteen years of unclouded happiness had passed over her head, and the little lady had awakened to the fact that she was no longer a child, and that she had a lover. Whether Walter Ireton left his heart in the hamper on the night he assisted in carrying Sadie to Elm Row, he never knew, but it is certain that from that hour he was her most devoted cavalier. He pulled her baby carriage around the garden, he took her for drives upon his sled, when he was her patient horse; he spent his pennies to buy her candies; and as she grew older, he brought her flowers, books, music, till one day he too realized the fact that Sadie was a young lady, and he loved her.

A very pleasant state of affairs for the young people! But there was an odd combination of emotions awakened about that time in another heart, that would have made Sadie open her eyes wide with astonishment, and probably sent Miss Mattie into hysterics.

Mr. Herbert Ireton, in the sixtieth year of his age, had fallen in love with his adopted niece, Miss Sadie Williams Ireton. He had petted her babyhood, indulged her childhood, looking upon her as a pretty plaything and bright pupil, when, without any warning, he found his heart was in her hands, and she, all unconsciously, was playing with the precious gift.

He could not credit his own sensations at first, but it was not long before he took what he deemed a "sensible view of the case." She had never known any other home, and certainly had no other lover; therefore he would speak to her at once, and install her mistress of his home as soon as Mattie could arrange the wedding finery. He could hear her now singing in the drawing-room, so he would go at once and have it over.

He had forgotten the fact, but it was now eighteen years to the day since Sadie came into his house. He found her in the drawing-room, singing gayly as she arranged and watered a stand of favorite flowers. In her pretty spring dress of soft gray, trimmed with the narrowest lines of cerise velvet, with ribbons of bright cerise in her black, glossy hair, she was herself the prettiest flower there. There was nothing subdued about her; she was all flash and sparkle, vivacity and brightness. How such a gay heart had expanded in the quiet old house had been a mystery to more than one of the friends of the old people; but there she was, smiling and happy, without one shadow to cloud her fair young face or heart. Mr. Ireton hesitated a moment in the doorway, then came in and sat upon the sofa.

"Sadie, my dear," he said, "I want to have a few moments' serious conversation with you."

"Yes, dear uncle. Let me tie up this geranium, and I will come. There! Is it not a beauty? Now, I am all ready."

"Ahem!" said the old gentleman. "You know, my dear, you are no longer a child?"

"No?" she questioned.

"Certainly not. You are now eighteen years of age, nearly nineteen, in fact, as you were some months old when you came here. A young lady of eighteen may with propriety begin to think of her future life."

A little crimson flush came on Sadie's cheek, and her eyelids drooped.

"Have you ever thought, my dear, of being married?"

No answer.

"Your Aunt Mattie has instructed you well in all household matters, so that you can preside over a house of your own. Don't you think Mrs. Sadie Ireton would be a pretty name, dear?"

Then it was Walter! How kind her uncle was to prepare her for his proposal! Sadie lifted her eyes, and said, softly:—

"Yes."

"Then, my dear, we will have a wedding?"

No answer, only a deeper blush.

"I will see Mattie now, and come and talk to you again. You have made me the happiest man in the world."

Sadie accepted the kiss with quiet grace, finding no novelty in the habitual caress, and the old gentleman trotted off to electrify Mattie.

What bird whispered to Walter Ireton that somebody else was coveting his idol, I can only guess; but certain it is that, whatever instinct prompted him, Sadie was not alone five minutes when Walter put his handsome head in at the door.

One love scene is surely enough to describe, so I spare my readers a second. No reference was made to Uncle Herbert, but Sadie gave a more cordial reception to the suit of her lover, feeling so certain of her uncle's approval. Walter, proud and happy, was putting a ring upon Sadie's finger, his arm around her waist, and his lips on her cheek, when Uncle Herbert led the fluttered Aunt Mattie into the room.

Walter drew off a step or two before the old gentleman's astonished eyes, but Sadie said, softly:—

"Uncle Herbert told me this morning you were coming, Walter."

"Told you I was coming?"

"Why, brother Herbert," said Aunt Mattie, "I thought you said"—

"Hush! hush!" whispered the old gentleman. "I've been an old fool." Then aloud

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he said: "Accept my best wishes, Walter. You have won a charming bride, and Mattie will see to the wedding. Come, Mattie, leave the young folks together!" Once outside the door, he said: "That's twice I've been fooled by Miss Sadie on the first of April."

SOFT AND LOW THE BREEZES MURMUR.

BY TILLIE LAUBACH.

Soft and low the breezes murmur,
And the clouds are light and small;
And the moon, in silver radiance,
Throws her fair smiles over all;
And the brooklets, with the breezes,
Join their rippling cadence sweet,
As the babbling waters, passing,
Almost kiss a lover's feet.

Ah! that lover has been fickle,
He has left one he loved dear;
And his love-dreams are returning,
As the music courts his ear;
And he is retrospective living
Over all the past again;
Lo! his grief has joined the music;
See his tears—they fall like rain!

Ah! too late is his repentance,
For his loved one's lying low;
Like a rose she drooped and faded,
Wasted like the melting snow.
But in that dark hour of sorrow,
There is still one beacon given;
Soft and low the breezes murmur,
"Strive to meet her up in heaven."

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?—*Swift.*

Abuse of Names.—It is by giving fair names to foul actions, that those who would start at real vice are led to practise its lessons, under the disguise of virtue.—*Scott.*

Counsels for the Young.—Never be cast down by trifles; if a spider break his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you; if the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eye on heaven. With God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful. Mind what you run after; never be content with a bubble that will burst, firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Fight hard against a hasty temper; anger will come, but resist it strongly; a fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury; if you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend; you may not win him at once, but try again; let one kindness be followed by another, until you have compassed your end. Whatever you do, do it willingly. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, will be the man of action.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATIVE ART.

EMBROIDERY.

Of all the stitches used in embroidery, the long stitch is that in most general use, and all shaded work should be done in it. In the somewhat fashionable "Breton work," however, shaded forms are filled in with short stitches taken promiscuously, instead of long stitch. In using it, all stitches should be taken from the outside edge of the figure, and worked towards the centre. In a figure of equal sides, the first stitch should be taken from the very centre of the edge, and the work be proceeded with from first one and then the other side of this stitch. In working leaves and scrolls, the stitches ought, invariably, to be taken in a slanting direction. The lighter parts of the leaves are first worked in from the edges, and the darker shades towards the central veins filled in afterwards, the veins themselves being put in last; gold should not be applied till after the silk-work is done. The last thing is to put a neat and careful outline to the leaves. In shaded work, the upper side of the design, upon which the light would be supposed to fall, should be worked in the lightest shade, and the high lights should not be so dark by four degrees as those shades next to them. In leaves, scrolls, or conventional forms, a small number of shades, and those arbitrarily used look best, but more may be introduced with good effect in draperies. In Fig. 1 we give a

Fig. 1.

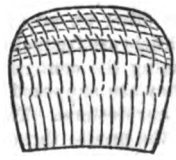


Fig. 3.

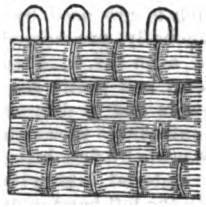


Fig. 2.



diagram of shading in long stitch, from the petal of a flower, in old English embroidery. Satin stitch is most useful for making raised leaves, etc., as in the Chinese conventional flower, Fig. 2. The chain stitch, which is an imitation of the old tambour stitch, is formed by carrying the thread at the back of the fabric,

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catching it through, and laying it along the surface with a fine crochet-hook, which is, under a modern name, the same instrument as the old tambour-needle. Basket-stitch (Fig. 3) is formed by laying any even number of rows of twine, from four upwards, upon the foundation, and securing them there; the silk, etc., is carried over these two at a time. This is useful for borders. Couching was much used in old work. Passing or gold thread is frequently applied in this way, being laid over the ground and secured by short stitches in colored silk over each single thread. These last are sometimes introduced promiscuously; sometimes so arranged as to form a variety of diapers and patterns, as in Figs. 4, 5, 6, and 7. Sometimes, as in Fig. 8, instead of these short

Fig. 4.

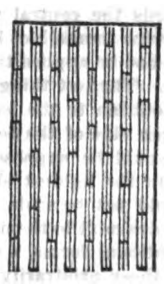
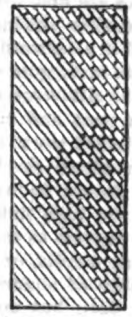


Fig. 5.



stitches passing over every thread, the couching is accomplished by other threads crossing at right angles, and secured by stitches. Twist-stitch is produced by working equal stitches diagonally, one behind the other on an even line, as in Fig. 9. French knots are frequently useful and pretty for forming the centres of flowers and in diapers; they are supposed to be introduced in several of our designs. They are made by first bringing the needle through the material, taking the thread and holding it with the left hand midway between the needle

Fig. 6.

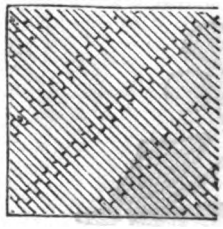


Fig. 8.



and work, and with the right hand twisting the needle around the silk in such a manner as to form a loop; this having been slipped down to the point of the needle, the latter can be repassed through the stuff, close to the place where it came through, and while it is drawn down by the right hand, the silk is held by the left, till the loop settles into a knot upon the surface.

Nearly all embroidery is, when circumstances will permit, best worked when stretched in a frame, and lengths which are too great to be stretched at one time, may be put in the frame in successive pieces. The best kind of frame for canvas is one in which the material is secured by blunt points, attached to the sides and covered with a wooden bar, cut half round, and having a groove, of the same width as the points, running along it; the canvas is stretched and the sides secured by screws. But all other materials would be injured by being fixed by such points, and must, therefore, be secured to the frame by being sewn to webbing. A frame capable of holding a piece of work three feet square is a convenient size. It is better that the frame should exceed the size of the work by some inches, and it is well, to secure a good purchase, that the material should not be sewn

Fig. 7.

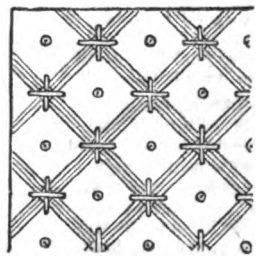


Fig. 9.



to the extreme end of the webbing on either side. The selvage sides of the material should be sewn to the webbing, so as to leave an equal space at either end, with strong, double thread, in stitches of six to the inch, and a piece of tape to secure them, stitched along the woof ends of the material. The frame is then put together, stretched and secured by its pegs, and the woof ends are in their turn secured by sewing through the tape and over the opposite bars with twine.

In working at the frame, there will, at first, be some difficulty experienced in using the left hand simultaneously with the right, and particularly in bringing up the needle from beneath in the exact spot. The power of doing this can only be attained by perseverance, and the beginner should practise till the needle can be used as well with one hand as the other. The worker should sit in as upright a position as possible, and the frame should be fixed accordingly; as regards light, a side light is best. In doing long stitch or gold bullion embroidery, both hands are rarely required above the frame; in couching, one hand guides the silk along the material, while the other sews it down, and in applying nearly all edging cords, the hands are occupied in the same way. While working with floss-silk, it is necessary to keep the hands smooth, or they will catch it, and it is not well, for the same reason, to

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wear rings. Perfect cleanliness of the hands is, of course, indispensable.

The implements required are needles, which should be large in proportion to the silk they have to carry, and with large, round eyes; from 7 to 9 are the sizes most in use; the former for sewing-silks, and the latter for crochet and other coarse silks. Nos. 8, 9, and 10 are good sizes for gold bullion. Pins of a small size will be found requisite. As both hands are employed, two plain silver thimbles should be provided, scissors, etc. A stiletto will be required, and a steel piercer rounded and pointed at the end, and then becoming flat-sided, will be useful for regulating gold bullion, passing, pearl-purl, etc.

The silks to be used are floss, Dacca, Berlin, three-cord, crochet-twist, purse-silk, and seedings. In the best old work, floss is the silk chiefly employed, either in vertical lines kept down by cross rows of fine gold thread, or split fine for flesh and hair; sometimes a thick line of it is used for outlines, while at others, rows of twisted silk sewn down with it are used for that purpose. Dacca is a floss-silk, so made as to be easily divided into two filaments or plies, which can again be subdivided to any extent which is necessary, besides being more easily split than floss. Dacca is made in more shades; the English is best, the French being deficient in softness and brilliancy. Berlin has a smooth, loose twist, and is well adapted for flat masses of color, as also for scrolls and leaves. Three-cord is a close-twisted silk of three plies, and best simulates gold bullion. The apricot shade is very beautiful, but, as it turns white, the more metallic yellows are to be used in preference. Three-cord is made in other colors than gold, but not in such variety as Dacca or Berlin; the French is not equal to the English. Crochet-twist is also of three plies, but is coarser and less tightly twisted than the above. It is most valuable for large designs to be used in imitation of gold, and may either be applied in modern embroidery over card, or couched, either single or double, by stitches of purse-silk, or it may be used as a substitute for cord in edging *appliqué*. Purse-silks are of three sizes—coarse, medium, and fine. The first is used in places where three-cord would be too clumsy; the second when a strong, even, and tolerably fine silk is needed; the third for such purposes as couching crochet-silk on an even surface. In sewing-silk, there is only one first-class quality, which should always be used (drapers' silk on reels is valueless), and the best is bought in hanks of from half an ounce to an ounce. Passing, that is gold thread, should be couched with sewing-silk.

Where twist-silk is being used, it is not possible to fill gaps with extra stitches, as in using floss; every stitch must, therefore, be laid with regularity, the piercer being constantly used to keep it in place; care should be taken that the stitches are of uniform tightness, and a needleful should never be gone on with when the silk dulls or strains, but another should be taken at once. A large-eyed needle should be used, and never too great a length of silk—twenty-seven inches is a very good length for a needleful.

Pearl-purl is gold cord, which resembles a close string of beads, and is used for edging bullion embroidery; it should be sewn down with single silk, previously waxed, and the stitches concealed. Spangles are frequently useful for enriching embroidery; they are made both flat and concave, the latter have the best effect. Passing is a bright, smooth thread, formed by silver-gilt wire spun around yellow silk. Generally speaking, it should not be pulled through the material, but should be couched and sewn down with colored silk.

At the present day, an important employment for the various kinds of embroidery we have described, is the decoration of church furniture; for which, indeed, such methods of work are alone properly applicable. The number of domestic purposes to which, also, it is now growing fashionable to apply them, is very large, some of the most favorite being as borders for curtains and table-cloths, as hangings for mantelpieces, and, in narrow strips, to be affixed to various articles of furniture.

CALM.

BY LOUDON ENGLE.

Oh, south wind, sighing over shifting sands!
Oh, murmuring zephyr, gently going o'er
The green grass, growing on the lowly lands
That lie so close unto the pebbly shore!

Kiss with thy placid breath my forehead bare,
Smoothing away each wrinkle and dark frown;
Lift thou the lead-like burden of dull care,
And draw dear dove-like peace all gently down.

Lo! on the shore where the ocean surges,
Battle so fiercely for the yielding earth,
Oft have I sat and sung the mournful dirges
That from the billows had their watery birth.

But now, sweet south and whispering western wind,
The waves' wild sayings vex my ear no more,
For quietly thou calm'st my troubled mind,
And on my aching heart rare comfort pour.

Serene as sleeps an infant on the breast,
That gave it life-blood and that gives it life,
So by thy influence do I sink to rest,
Free from all fear, lost to all sense of strife.

MAN.—Man is an animal formed for and delighting in society; for in this state alone his various talents can be exerted, his numberless necessities relieved, the dangers he is exposed to can be avoided, and many of the pleasures he eagerly affects enjoyed.—*Fielding.*

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PRETTY DORA BRAMPTON.

BY ZAIDEE JONES.

DORA was my favorite of them all, but she was a sad little scapegrace; forever plotting mischief, and always in trouble. She was quite a little creature, with great dark eyes, that had a way of looking so very innocent, and a profusion of wavy brown hair, which was constantly falling down about her pink cheeks and dimpled shoulders. Her sisters were all dark. Juno, a perfect brunette, with bands of jetty hair bound around her stately head. But Dora was a sunbeam—a little darling—full of winning ways.

I had not seen the child for several days, and, as I sat out on the porch, enjoying a cigar, and listening with closed eyes to a distant band, I thought how long a time it seemed. At length footsteps stole softly towards me, and a shower of rose-leaves swept my face.

"Dora!" I cried, with certainty.

"Yes, Dora," mimicingly, and with a silvery laugh the saucy girl stood before me.

I caught both her hands and drew her towards me.

"My little sunbeam, where have you been all this time?"

"Not where I belong," with a mischievous glance.

"I do not imagine it," I replied.

"No? But really I have been *very* bad lately. More so than ever!" with a half-triumphant air.

"Really! 'More so than ever!' Can that be possible?"

"Now don't be satirical, Doctor Dane. I could not help it! You see," taking a seat beside me on the steps, and slipping her small hand confidingly into mine, "I ran away!"

"Ran away!" I cried, with a sudden nameless fear seizing me, as I thought of all the Wills and Johns forever hanging about.

"Wait a minute, won't you? I mean I wanted to go to Mrs. Thornton's party, and they would not let me, so I ran away."

I breathed again, relieved.

"Well, what about the party?" I asked.

"Oh, that was splendid! I danced nearly all night—and flirted, too—just a little bit!" with a half-frightened look in her great eyes. "But then I got into trouble towards the last—of course," pettishly, and tossing back her heavy curls.

"How?" I inquired, fearlessly.

"You know Jackson Menton? Well, he asked me to take a sail on the lake. And it was perfectly charming—all moonlight, and that sort of thing—and I was looking down in the water to see Undine, and enjoying it so much, when"— She paused, and gazed steadily at the fountain playing on the terrace.

"Go on, please!" I cried, mercilessly. "I am greatly interested."

Her cheek grew so red that in compassion I looked away. Presently she continued, though somewhat incoherently:—

"He asked me to be his wife, and I told him I was very much obliged, but I did not think I could. And then he looked so pained that I was afraid I was cruel, and so I told him 'perhaps I would.'"

"Dora Brampton!" I exclaimed, indignantly letting go her hand.

"Oh, dear, Mr. Dane! don't be angry, please," raising her dark eyes beseechingly to mine. "Indeed I could not help it. I did not know *what* to say," and her lips quivered.

"I could not be angry with you, child, if I tried," I said, gravely. "But I cannot deny that I am very much surprised."

She hung her pretty head penitently.

"I do not love him," she said, at length.

"Then you surely will not marry him!" I asserted, eagerly.

"I do not know," slowly. "I cannot think what I ought to do now."

"Whatever your *heart* dictates," I said, I am afraid coldly. I saw her change color and bite her lips.

"I can see that you are displeased with me," she observed presently.

"No; only very much grieved."

"Juno is very angry, too," she went on, hurriedly, in a depressed tone, but suddenly exclaimed with her old wilfulness, "Not that I *care!* If I once make up my mind to marry him, *no one* could prevent it!" and her eyes flashed defiantly.

"No one!" Then not I, of course! But I said:—

"Little Dora, you will not! You are too young—only seventeen!"

"Young in years, Mr. Dane, but very old in feeling. You say so yourself."

"Yes, you are old in that way, but O Sunbeam, too young for marrying!"

"Advise me," she said, at length. "I came to you to-night for advice."

"I cannot!" I exclaimed. "You must judge in such a case for yourself."

"Oh, then, I shall marry him!" she faltered, "for it would not be right not to do so, since I have promised."

"You have made up your mind?" I said, in a voice which was strangely husky.

"I think so. But, O Mr. Dane, I don't want to!" And the golden head was bowed low.

How I longed to say, "Do not!" But I had no right. I could not say a word, but must see my darling (for she was my darling!) married to a man whom I was sure she could not love, all for a childish sense of duty. She rose to go.

"Good-by!" she said, without looking at me.

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"Good-by!" gravely.

"Are you so *very* angry?" with a sort of sob, and a quivering of the long lashes.

"Have I not told you I could not be angry with you, my child?"

"And you won't blame me if"—

"If you marry him?" I interrupted.

"Yes," and she gazed beseechingly into my face.

"I have no right," I answered, in my hopelessness.

"Thank you! *Do not* blame me!" and this time her soft fingers were laid in mine.

I do not know what madness tempted me to be so rash, but, stooping suddenly over her, I kissed rapturously her fair white forehead and her beautiful eyes. The moment it was done I was sorry, for, giving me a startled look, she fled down the garden path. So fleet was she that she had arrived at her own door before I overtook her. She invited me in, but when I declined, she again extended her hand to me in farewell. Holding it between both of my broad palms, I said:—

"Dora, is this decision with regard to Mr. Menton final?"

She blushed painfully, and then grew very white, and trembled so I feared she would fall. I put my arm around her, whispering:—

"Sunbeam, do not be rash. If you truly love this man, marry him; but if not, for the love of those who love you, do not—*do not!*"

Just then a dark figure approached, and, disengaging herself from my arm, Dora stood erect, and went forward to meet him.

"Mr. Menton," I heard her say softly, and then I saw a tall, handsome fellow take my little girl's hand in his and raise it to his lips. I was standing in the shadow, so the young man probably did not see me; at least, he betrayed no consciousness of the presence of a third person, for he distinctly lavished all the most tender epithets on Dora until I could see her cheeks glow in the moonlight. I leaned back against the pillar, and through the vines jealously watched them. How pretty Dora looked that night, in her white dress and blue ribbons! I did not wonder that Jackson Menton gazed upon her so admiringly.

"Is my fate decided?" he asked, in a tone confident of success.

"It is, Mr. Menton," I heard my sweet girl reply.

"Favorably, I hope?" in the same assured voice.

"I trust it may prove so to both."

"Ah!" advancing towards her with such conceited satisfaction in his air that I could have collared him on the spot. "Then it is 'yes?'"

"No." As Dora uttered this monosyllable, simply and distinctly, I saw the man start and change color.

"You are not in earnest?" he said, beseechingly.

She turned her head away, and though her answer was spoken low, it was given without hesitation.

"O Dora, Dora!" he cried, staggering back, with his face buried in his hands, "you have broken my heart."

"Oh! what have I done?" the child cried, impulsively. She could never bear the sight of another's pain. "Oh, forgive me! I do not mean it. It shall be as you wish."

Then I saw her taken in his arms, and her dear face showered with kisses; and with my heart too overflowing with sorrow and bitterness, I stole quietly away. I was too utterly wretched to go home, so I spent the long, endless hours of the entire night in pacing the desolate cliffs overhanging the lake.

I never met Dora Brampton again; for I hastened from home under pretence of business, in order to divert my mind, was absent several weeks, and, when I returned, she was Mrs. Menton, and had left Silverton.

Six years had elapsed since that evening when Dora came to me for advice, and sat like a child at my feet, with her hand in mine. During that period our pretty village had seen nothing of the far-renowned beauty—Mrs. Menton.

The Bramptons spent a great portion of their time with her at the South, whither she was compelled to remain on account of her husband's ill-health, and their house had been closed for months. It seemed as if they were all dead, and I believe that, then, I would rather have had it so.

At length came a day when it was said, "They have come." How well I remember it! I had visited many patients, and was very weary, with a feeling that life had grown all duty and no pleasure, when, as I entered my own porch—that little porch dear to me since that evening when we two sat there together—Margaret drew me quietly into the cool, shady parlor, and forced me, in her gentle way, into an easy-chair.

"What is it, my Margaret?" I asked, wearily.

She kissed my forehead as she stood behind my chair, and said:—

"The Bramptons have come. And, oh, Edward! Dora has been a widow two years."

The room suddenly grew dark, and I suppose I turned very pale, for I felt a tear of Margaret's fall on my brow.

"Dear boy!" she said, tenderly, and her fingers trembled as she passed them through my hair. "The gray hairs have come pretty fast; but," in a more cheerful tone, "never mind, they shall come no more. I prophesy your future will be very happy."

I shook my head despairingly.

"Oh, nonsense!" she cried. "We shall see.

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And, now, take yourself off for a good rest, for you do look as if you needed it."

I did take a long rest, lying on my own lounge, and thinking of Dora—pretty Dora!—free again. And when I went down to tea, I found Phil Tracie seated comfortably in my arm-chair at the head of the table, enjoying some of sister Margaret's delicious waffles.

"We were so hungry—at least I was—that I couldn't wait any longer for you," said Margaret, pouring me out a cup of chocolate.

"'The woman tempted me, and I did eat,'" quoted the irreverent Phil. "But before any more of these waffles deaden my memory, let me say what I was sent here to say. My wife is going to have some kind of a party Friday night in honor of the fascinating widow, Mrs. Menton, and you and Margaret will come—won't you, doctor?"

"I cannot, but, of course, he will," answered Margaret, decidedly, before I had time to reply.

"Yes, I will come," I said, with forced calmness, and changed the subject.

Friday night arrived, and with it—too late—my repentance for having consented to go to Mrs. Tracie's. How could I meet her—Dora Brampton, for she was always that to me—for the first time in six years, without betraying my unchanged feeling?

I was weak enough to hesitate about going, when Margaret came to tell me the carriage was waiting. She looked flushed and tired.

"See!" she said, holding up two tea-roses, surrounded with dark purple heliotrope. "I have searched the whole garden for these."

How kind and thoughtful! She had not forgotten they were Dora's flowers. Her fingers trembled, and her upward gaze into my face was anxious, as she fastened them in my buttonhole.

Evidently I was late; for as I neared Mr. Tracie's house, I could hear the band playing the maddest galops, and through the lace-shrouded windows beheld light forms floating through the dance.

I had been some time in the crowded drawing-room, repeating senseless platitudes about the weather and the present scene, and had become excessively weary of it all, with the sickness of hope deferred, when a low murmur of interest announced some new-comer; and my arm was suddenly grasped by Phil, who whispered excitedly:—

"Look! There is the widow, more charming than ever."

I followed his glance, and beheld, in the beautiful, dignified woman who was being presented to our hostess, my Dora, my sunbeam. How dim it all grew! I leaned against the wall, and closed my eyes. Recovering myself with an effort, I ere long found myself in her presence. On recognising me, her eyelids drooped, the color faded from her cheek and smiling mouth. I could not speak. I extended my hand in silence.

"Why, my dear fellow," exclaimed Mr. Brampton, cordially, "I am truly glad to meet you! Where have you kept yourself in days past that I have not seen you?"

"In Silverton, most of the time. But I have visited very little in the last six years," I responded, my eyes instinctively seeking those of the pale beauty at his side.

"A thorough old bachelor, eh? Well, break through your settled habits, and let us see you often."

"Thank you!" I said, slowly, hoping to hear Dora second the invitation; but no words came from her lips. She stood like a beautiful statue, watching the dancers, apparently unconscious of our remarks.

Phil interrupted us to claim Mrs. Menton for a promised waltz. In a moment she was floating gracefully down the room, causing others to pause and admire.

Mr. Brampton, watching her, said: "You have not seen Dora before since she became a widow?"

"I have not seen Mrs. Menton since she was seventeen," I replied.

"Is it possible? That was before her marriage."

"Yes, I am aware of the fact."

"She has changed a great deal."

"She has become very beautiful," I observed, coldly.

At that moment she drew near us. How exquisitely she looked! Her brown hair coiled in a wavy mass around her well-formed head, her large eyes dazzling bright, and her cheeks glowing.

"It was delightful!" she said to her father, in something of her old tone. "I don't know when I have enjoyed a waltz so much."

Mr. Brampton looked charmed. "Go on!" he cried. "Don't stop! Dance some more!"

"No," just then catching my eye, "I am very tired," and, with her color fading, she sank into a chair, with a dreary sigh.

"May I get you some water, Mrs. Menton?" I inquired, seeing her fingers tremble as she endeavored to replace a flower in her hair.

"I should like some."

I brought her some, nicely iced, and offered it to her. In doing so, my roses became loosened, and fell into her lap. She crimsoned, then grew white, recognizing them as her favorites.

"Come!" I cried, hurriedly, "let me take you into the air. Shall we go upon the veranda, Dora?"

At that name she arose, obedient as a child, and, with some of the confiding way of old, put her hand within my arm for me to lead her out.

There in the starlight we sat again, side by

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side, as we had done in years gone by, only now her hand was not within mine. Neither of us spoke for some time, and I do not know how long the painful silence might have been prolonged, but that I could bear it no longer.

"Sunbeam," I breathed, softly, "little Sunbeam!"

She looked at me wonderingly, then mournfully, as if memory were a pain.

"Darling, do you think I love you less now than I did six years ago?" I cried, passionately.

With a glad cry, she nestled closely to me, her little hand laid in mine.

"Did you love me? Do you love me now, Edward?"

"More than my life, my own little Dora—mine at last!" and I pressed her fervently to my heart.

With a contented little sigh, she lay there; her eyes closed, and her lips parted with so happy a smile, I could not resist the desire to kiss that sweet mouth; and she hid her blushing face on my shoulder.

After that night we saw each other constantly; for our engagement was duly announced, and many were the delightful drives or walks we took on the cliffs or lake shore. Each morning that I drove over to her house, I found her awaiting me, frequently on the porch-steps, looking day by day, to my imagining, more beautiful and irresistible. She had laid aside her mourning, and wore fascinating little jackets of scarlet, with ribbons to match, over her white dresses, on cloudy mornings; but on fair days, when the sun was glowing, and only a faint breeze rippled the lake, she appeared in some neutral tint, with white daisies to fasten the lace at her throat. During these days we talked over her past life, and reluctantly she told me of all her unhappiness with Jackson Menton.

"I wish," she said, earnestly, "that my experience could be a warning to young girls, that they might be brought to believe that there should be but *one* motive when one marries, and that not a worldly one, to gain a position or riches, nor out of spite or wounded pride; or—like mine—through *a mistaken idea of duty*, but with the great feeling filling one's soul which comes but once, and never changes."

She had told me falteringly how she had loved me—even at that time when she came to me for advice, and I had dared to kiss her. And then "that she should never have married Mr. Menton, but that having impulsively *promised*, she felt she was in honor bound to do so." My poor little Dora, my love should compensate for all these sorrowful years!

The 27th of August dawned clear and cloudless. Our wedding-day—faultless in every respect! An early hour found me gazing at her window, looking impatiently for some signs of Dora. Presently she came, blithely singing, down the garden path, her hands filled with dewy roses and purple heliotrope, all forgetful that their freshness was fading. A delicious hour was spent out in this sweet morning air; vows were renewed, and new promises made for the future. And twilight found us in our own house. Dora—my wife—standing beside me in the dim light of a new moon, her head resting on my shoulder, my arm about her, perfect peace and trust—because perfect love—filling and overflowing each heart.

THE HOLOCAUST TO MAMMON.

BY MISS A. C. WENTWORTH.

LIKE every other ten-acre section of America, our county in Eastern Virginia had its aristocracy. Some had gained admittance into this magic circle by virtue of being descendants of the original settlers; others based their pretensions upon their undoubted air-line descent from Pocahontas, causing meditative people to believe that the Abrahamic promise as to seed had been made good in the history of the posterity of this celebrated princess; and others—well, nobody knows how they came to be numbered at all with our first people. But they were, and there they must be accepted.

The Barnetts were of this last class. Mrs. Grundy could well remember when the Barnett ancestors owned but one cow and a calf; and when the Fleetfoots, Mrs. Barnett's predecessors, could not even afford to wear calico, but were obliged to array themselves in Osnaburg; yet now the Barnetts were somebody, and looked down upon Mrs. Grundy, while she, though not condescending to kiss the hem of their garments, dared not remind them of their former insignificance. So it came to pass that Mrs. Barnett's poor relations, whose name was Legion, were slighted by their haughty kinswoman, and when her brother visited her, after an absence from the country of twenty years, old Mr. Barnett charged him for his two weeks' board, in order to deter any of the other Fleetfoots from a similar attempt. When Miss Barnett, the eldest, married a Rashleigh, of a still more aristocratic family than her own, the aforesaid kindred of Mrs. Barnett were bidden to the wedding, with the promise, however, of a "mighty heap of good things" if they would not attend. Good things being at a premium in their poverty-stricken dwellings, all remained at home, and so the Rashleighs were not suffered to come in contact with the Fleetfoots.

Miss Barnett the second in vain sought for position by flaunting her velvets and satins at the Springs, at the seaside, and at levees and soirees innumerable, and finally condescended

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to wed the rich Mr. Travers, who had no claim upon the aristocracy, save that derived from an inordinate love of good wine and pretty women; consequently Mrs. Travers repented of marrying for money, before the honeymoon had waned, and heartily wished she had married the poor school-teacher, whom she certainly loved.

Adeline Barnett, with whom we have to do, not having her nose quite as much turned up as her sisters, received the attentions of one Short, a man whose ancestors came directly from the poorer class, and who was short in purse as well as in name. Old Mr. Barnett had made all his money by gambling and trading in stock, and could not look with favor upon any one whose conscience forbade a like manner of obtaining wealth, therefore he prohibited Miss Adeline from receiving Mr. Short's visits. As usual, however, opposition only fanned the flame of love; the ordinary round of stolen interviews and moonlight walks followed, and one day, when old Mr. Barnett's back was turned, Miss Adeline and Mr. Short were made one, and set up for themselves. Succeeding well in business, Mr. Short soon partially gained the favor of the worldly-minded parent, and received from him a few cattle as Miss Adeline's dowry. Adding to these such as he from time to time could buy, Mr. Short became a flourishing planter.

Mrs. Short, however, could never quite forgive her husband for not being of the aristocracy; hence the children she bore him were petted or slighted according as they inherited the swarthy complexion, dark hair, and black eyes of the Barnetts; or, the fair cheeks, golden ringlets, and blue eyes of the Shorts.

Like many another individual, Mr. Short was spoiled by prosperity. From a genial, warm-hearted man, he was soon transformed into a harsh exacting master. His selfish and ambitious wife exerted no good influence over him, and all who were dependent upon them were brought into subjection as far as possible. Domestic animals, servants, children, and even guests, felt the depressing influence of this spirit of domination, which often reacted on Mr. and Mrs. Short themselves, causing bitter warfare between them. Indeed, so rife was this contention that many a guest left their bountifully-spread table, mentally repeating the words of the wise man, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Governesses were employed; but they either wanted too many maids at their command, or were so attractive as to excite the jealousy of Mrs. Short. At length the climax was reached in the person of Miss Town, who was summarily dismissed, when, provoked beyond endurance at the meddlesome intervention of the parents, she tartly replied to Miss Hattie's threat of appeal to her father and mother:—

"Your father and mother are beneath my contempt."

So the plan of home education was abandoned, and the children were sent away to school, where they learned more evil than good; and where Miss Hattie, following in the footsteps of her mother, accepted the attentions of a poor but worthy young man, for which act of rashness she was immediately remanded home. Leaving her heart behind her, she obeyed the summons, firm in the belief that neither threats nor commands could ever make her swerve from her allegiance to her young lover. But she did not know her parents. They had higher views for her; and so her every movement was watched, her letters to and from her lover were intercepted; until he lost faith in womankind, and in despair penetrated into Western wilds, where he lived in solitude—a woman-hater.

Meanwhile poor Hattie was persuaded, by the wily insinuations of her parents, that he had been trifling with her affections, and very reluctantly consented to become the wife of a wealthy planter, who had long desired to win her. A splendid wedding was made for her, at which no Fleetwood dared to show his face, and where the bride alone seemed sad and dispirited. The parents exulted over the triumph they had gained, and thought that Hattie's spirits would revive under the tender care of her husband. But she had no heart for him, and soon drooped and died, a youthful sacrifice upon the altar of Mammon.

Mrs. Short, to whom she was very dear, she having inherited the Barnett characteristics, did not long survive her. But death came not to the relief of the almost distracted father, and he still lives—a prey to the bitterest remorse in which human nature can indulge.

ELOQUENCE, when at its highest pitch, leaves little room for reason or reflection, but addresses itself entirely to the fancy or the affections, captivates the willing hearers, and subdues their understanding. Happily, this pitch it seldom attains.—*Hume.*

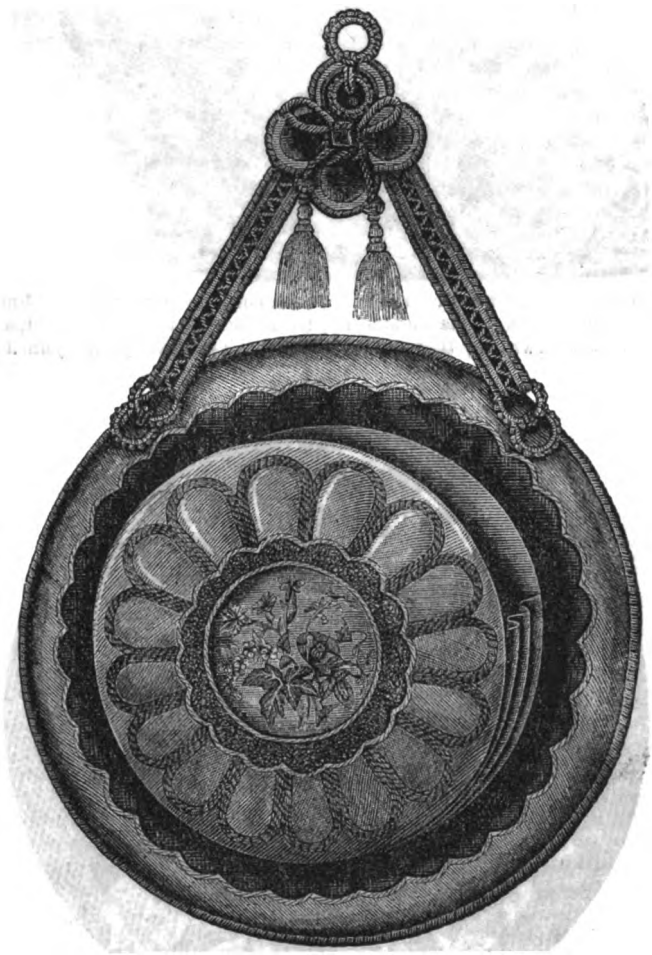
RULES OF CONDUCT.—1. I never lose any time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. 2. Never err the least in truth. 3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so. 4. Never be irritable nor unkind to anybody. 5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary. 6. Do all things with consideration; and when thy path to act right is most difficult, feel confident in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers so far as they go.—*Mrs. Fry.*

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WORK DEPARTMENT.

WHATNOT FOR HOLDING NEWSPAPERS.

This round whatnot is made of card-board, covered with brown cloth, brown silk, and watered paper, and is ornamented with velvet, embroidery, silk cord, and tassels. Begin by cutting two circular discs of card-board, fourteen inches in diameter, and cover the one intended for the back on the outside with American



cloth, and inside with watered paper, leaving a rim two inches wide around it. Then cut out of the other side, intended for the front, a disc twelve inches in diameter, and cover the ring thus produced with brown silk with a layer of wadding or soft woollen material underneath. Now cut a second ring of card-board corresponding with the first ring in the size of the inner circle, but only one inch in width, and divide the outer edge into thirty-two equal scallops. Cover this ring on the outside with brown velvet; sew a fine gold braid, or thick gold thread, round the scallops, and gum the ring over the larger disc according to illustration. Now proceed to cover the upper smaller disc; cut out of cloth or flannel sixteen separate pieces of the shape indicated in the illustration, edge these with gold braid, and embroider the upper one with a bouquet of flowers in colored silks. Join this front disc on to the back one by thick paper laid in plaits, which forms a sort of hinge; this makes the place to hold the papers. Fasten a strap on the under side to hang up by which has been embroidered, and is finished by a rosette and cord and tassels.

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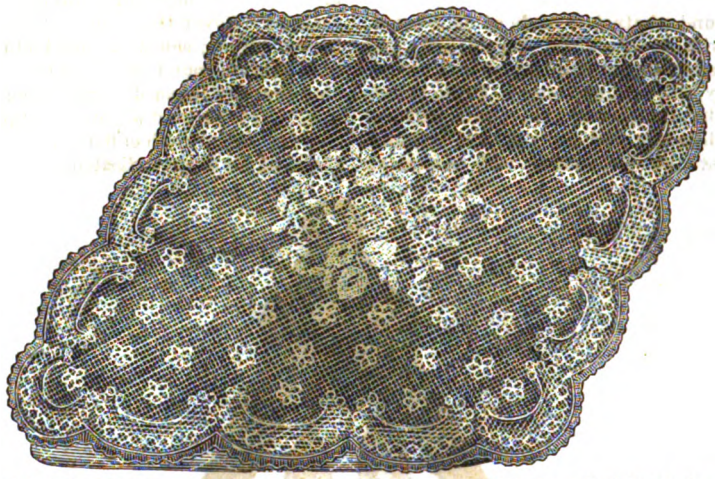
SACHET.

TATTING AND EMBROIDERY WITH LACE STITCH UPON IT.

THE sachet consists of a wadded cushion, nine inches and a half square, covered with sarcenet quilted in three-quarters of an inch cross squares with pink silk. The outside is covered with sarcenet sewn together on two sides. The lace covering, ten inches and a half square, is worked upon the finest net.

Fig. 1 represents the finished sachet, Fig. 2 the middle piece, Fig. 3 the corner of the outer border in the proper size. The whole space may be easily filled up, and an Arabesque border added according to design. The little tatted flowers that fill up the net as far as the middle pattern consists of five closed scallops,

Fig. 1.



each containing four double knots, one picot, twelve double knots, one picot, and four double knots. The scallops are joined to each other by their picots. The same flowers are repeated in the middle bouquet. For the large rosette flower make a ring of twenty-four double knots with twelve long picots separated by two

Fig. 2.



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Fig. 3.



double knots. Upon this work a row of double scallops—of these the small ones of sixteen double knots after the eighth double knot, are joined to a picot of the middle ring. The large outer scallops, joined by their side picots, contain five double knots, one picot, twelve double knots, one picot, five double knots. The applique is so arranged that the picots of the middle ring appear a little twisted. For the stalk stitch and Arabesque pattern another layer of net must be put on, which must afterwards be carefully cut away outside, but must be left inside the leaves and rounds, as shown in Fig. 2.

The little tatted scallops which are sewn on to the buttonhole stitch contain four double knots, one picot, eight double knots, one picot, four double knots joined together by their side picots. The finished cover is easily fastened on to the sachet.

TRAVELLING BAG WITH BELT.

This bag is meant to be fastened on to a waistband and worn round the waist in travelling. It is meant to contain money and different articles useful in travelling. It is made of brown leather cloth, lined with brown calico and bound with brown silk braid two-fifths of an inch wide. The bag has several pockets; it is fastened on the waistband by loops of elastic ribbon, which are fastened on to short strips of leather cloth, as can be seen on illustration. The binding of the bag is fastened on with herring-bone stitch of brown silk. The strips of leather cloth are four inches long, four-fifths of an inch wide, they are taken double and ornamented with herring-bone stitch. At the upper end of the strips fasten a brass ring and a loop of elastic ribbon. The



waistband is drawn through the latter. The bag fastens with buttons and loop of elastic ribbon.

LAMP-MAP OF CARD-BOARD AND WORSTED BRAID.

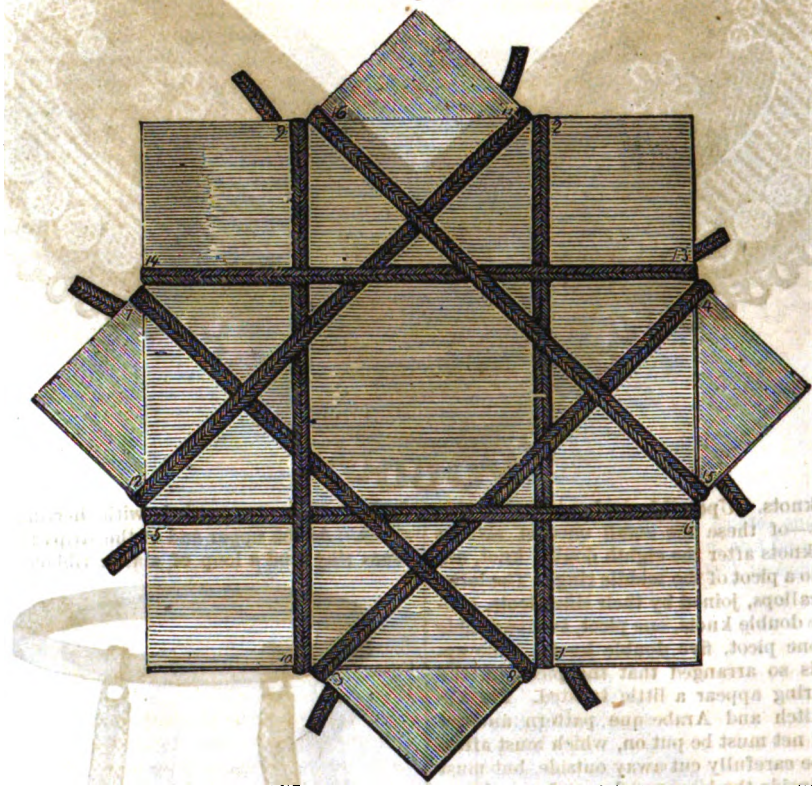
Materials.—Green worsted braid, thick card-board, black cloth, green purse silk, large black beads.

This mat can be used for hot dishes, lamps, vases, etc., and is made of card-board and green worsted braid. It is alike on both sides. Take two pieces of card-board eight inches square, which must be covered with dark green paper on both sides. Both parts are then

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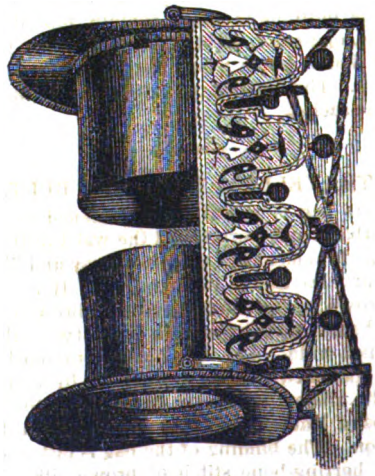
pasted on, one over the other, so as to obtain the star-shaped pattern seen in Fig. 1, with points. At each point insert a black-headed pin; these are meant to keep down the last windings of the braid. Then paste on the middle of each of the pasted on board a piece of cloth four inches square previously stitched with green purse-silk from illustration. Then take 8 balls of thread, write the numbers seen on Fig. 1 on the piece of card-board, fasten the braid of one ball at No. 1, wind the braid upwards, once around the card-board, from 1 to 2, following the numbers, as can be seen on Fig. 1, fasten the winding with a pin. Fasten another ball at No. 3, wind the braid in the same manner from 3 to 4; take a third ball and carry it from 5 to 6; fasten another ball at 7, wind it round the card-board, and carry it from 7 to 8; carry the next ball from 9 to 10; take a new ball and fasten it at 11, and carry it from 11 to 12. The seventh ball is fastened at 13, and carried from 13 to 14; the last ball is carried from 15 to 16. Then begin again at 1, work in the same manner as before till the outer edge of the card-board is entirely covered by the braid. The ends of the braid are fastened with green silk; then ornament the mat at the edge with large black beads, as in Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.



STAND FOR GENTLEMEN'S HATS.

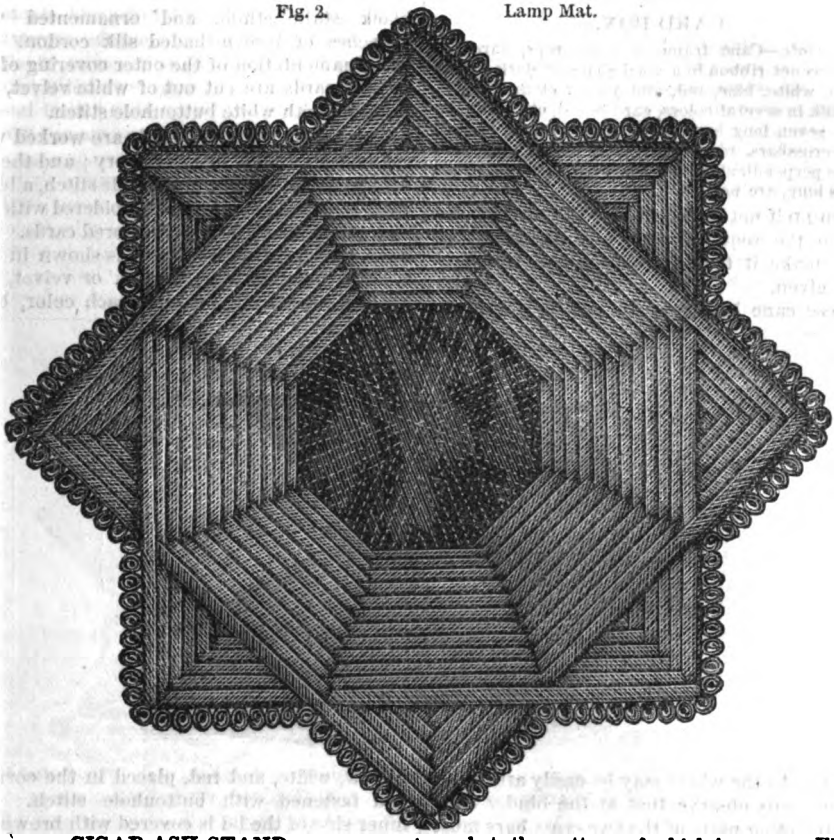
This neat contrivance is of German invention. We illustrate it to show to what purpose a pretty vallance may be applied. The hats rest on two small wire supports fitted in the



wooden stand; the vallance of our model is an *appliqué* of cloth.

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Fig. 2. Lamp Mat.



CIGAR-ASH STAND.

Materials.—Light green, red, white, black, and maize-colored purse-silk.

THIS pretty little stand for ashes is ornamented with a strip of Berlin wool-work or crochet, the pattern of which is seen on Fig. 2. Always alternate one red square with one white one. The strip consists of 21 rows: it is 145 stitches long. ■ Red. ■ White. ▣ Green. ⊞ Blue. ▩ Yellow. ■ Black.

Fig. 1.

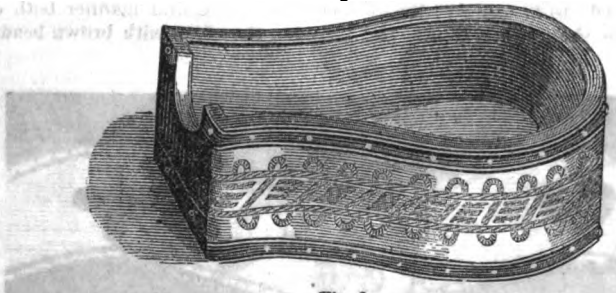
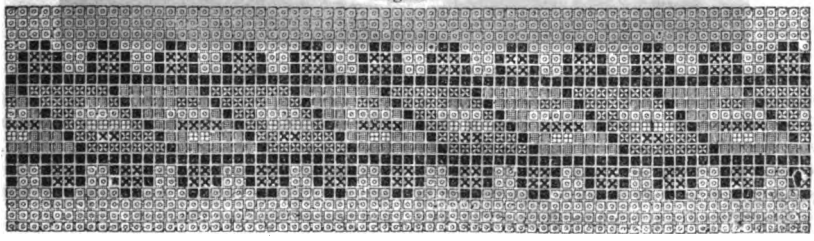


Fig. 2.



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CARD BOX.

Materials.—Cane frame, woollen reps, sarcenet and sarcenet ribbon in a good shade of dark coffee-brown, white, blue, red, and yellow cloth, embroidery silk in several colors, card-board, etc. For the frame seven long bars, measuring fourteen inches, eight crossbars, nine and a half inches long, and twelve perpendicular bars, three and three-quarters inches long, are needed.

SHOULD it not be found easy to purchase the box in the required size, any basket-maker could make it from the design and measurement given.

These cane bars may be cut by a basket-maker. As the whole may be easily arranged, we will only observe that at the hinder edge the projecting parts of the two cross bars must be cut off close to the fastening, so that there may be no impediment to the cover being laid quite back. Pins, with black heads, must be pushed in to ornament the ends. The inner box, which is made of card-board or paste-board, also the separate little boxes for the counters, must be made to fit exactly; the divisions for them are shown in Fig. 1. The outer box is covered with brown woollen reps, and the outer edges are ornamented with a border, as shown in Fig. 2. The ribbon that takes up the different suits of cards is of white velvet, and the cards are laid in red or black cloth, according to their color. The ribbon is fastened with fine white buttonhole stitch and black stalk stitch, and ornamented with branches of brown-shaded silk cordon. For the ornamentation of the outer covering of the lid, the cards are cut out of white velvet, and fastened with white buttonhole stitch.

The marks upon the cards are worked with red and black silk in embroidery; and the figures have, besides the buttonhole stitch, a black stalk-stitch edge, and are embroidered with silk and gold threads, like well-colored cards. The border of brown-shaded silk is shown in Fig. 2. The counters are of cloth or velvet, and are cut separately, three of each color, blue, yellow, white, and red, placed in the corners, and fastened with buttonhole stitch. The inner side of the lid is covered with brown sarcenet, which is drawn on before the outer covering is put on, and two straps are placed for admitting a tablet. The edge is ornamented with narrow cut scallops of brown leather canvas fastened with buttonhole stitch of the same color. The card and counter boxes are ornamented in a similar manner both outside and inside; the edges with brown beads, as shown in full size in Fig. 1. These inner boxes, which are covered with brown sarcenet, must be placed quite close to each other, about a quarter of an inch lower than the inner box. The box being finished, the cover is made secure by brown ribbon hinges, and bows of the same are placed to close the box.

Fig. 1.

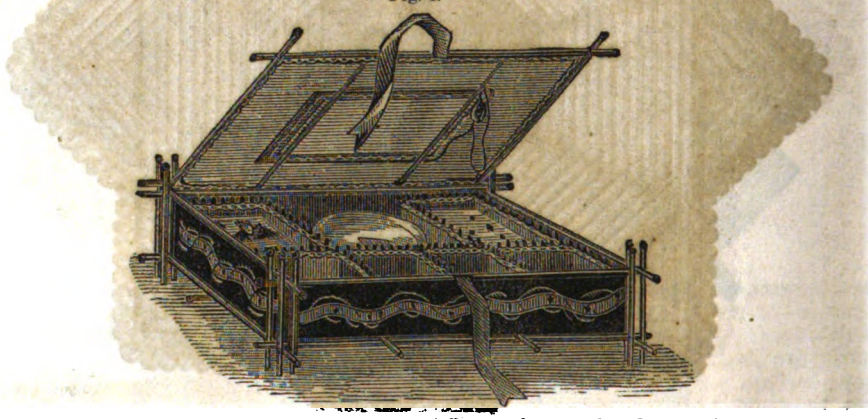
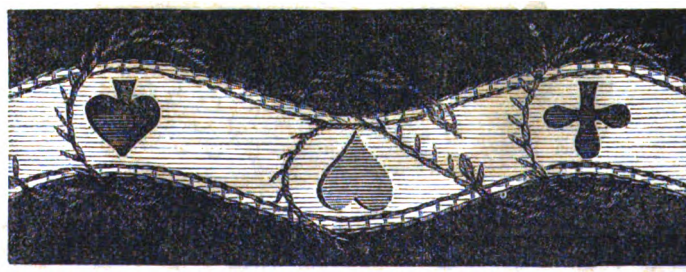


Fig. 2.

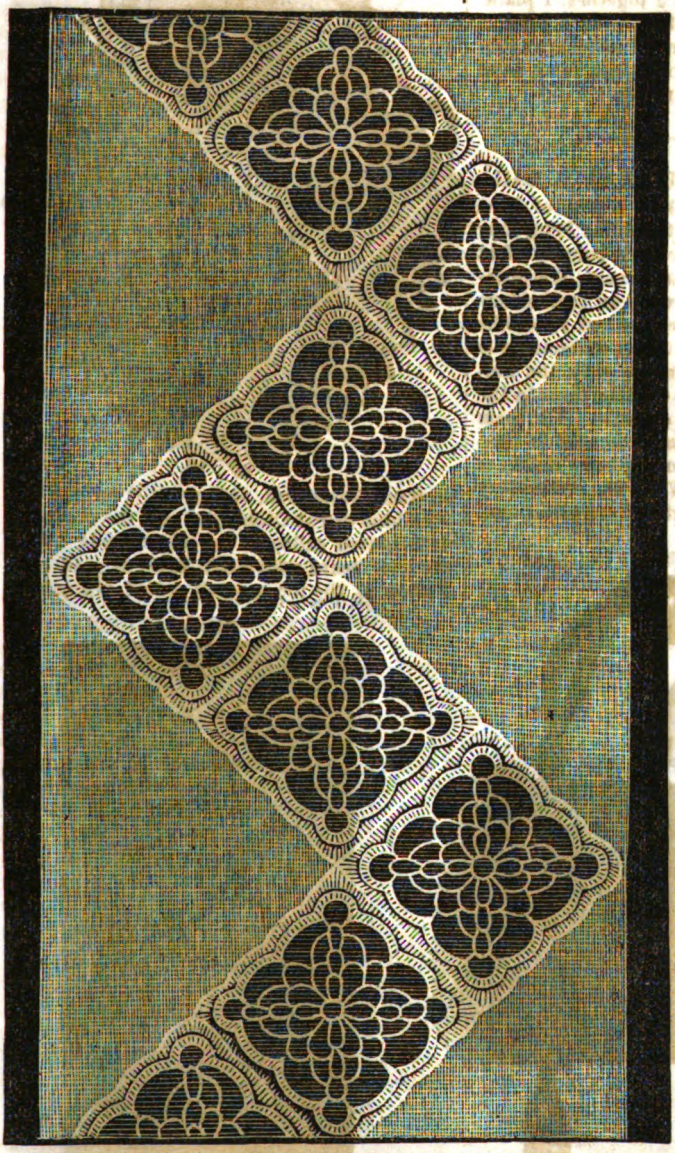


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SAXON INSERTION FOR PETTICOATS.

Materials.—Cotton No. 20, and a fine hook.

No. 20 cotton, 7 chain, unite in a circle; * 5 chain; 3 double crochet *u*, or under this circle; repeat from * three times more. Do not fasten off till the square is completed.



2d. 2 double crochet up the 5 chain; * 5 chain, double crochet *u* same 5 chain; 3 chain, double crochet on the centre of the 3 double crochet; 3 chain, double crochet *u* 5 chain; end with 2 double crochet *u* 5 chain; repeat from *.

3d. * 5 chain, double crochet *u* same 5 chain; 3 chain, double crochet *u* each 3 chain for twice; 3 chain, double crochet *u* 5 chain; repeat from *.

4th. * 5 chain, double crochet *u* same 5; 7 chain; 7 chain, double crochet *u* 2d 3 chain; 7 chain, double crochet *u* 5 chain at corner; repeat from *.

5th. 3 double crochet *u* same 5 chain; 1 chain; 4 more double crochet *u* same *, 9 double crochet *u* each 7 chain; 4 double crochet, 1 chain, 4 more double crochet *u* 5 chain at corner; repeat from *.

6th. A row of double crochet all round, making 1 chain at each corner; fasten off.

Make as many of these squares as are required; sew them together in the same form as in engraving. Either tack them along the skirt, where it is desired to have insertion, or tack the crochet on to a strip of calico; then overcast the edges on to the calico, and cut away at the back that portion of the latter which is under the work.

KNITTED ANTIMACASSAR IN COTTON.

It is a leaf pattern in columns, with stripe and open work between. Needles No. 10 and cotton No. 8 or 10, three thread. Each pattern requires 21 stitches, and five being sufficient for the width of an ordinary sized antimacassar, cast on 109 stitches, to allow of two edge stitches on each side, which are not included in the pattern. Commence with four plain rows and then begin the pattern. *1st row.* 1 plain, knit 2 together, over twice, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together from the back, 3 plain, 1 purl, 3 plain, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over twice, knit 2 together, 1 plain. *2d.* 3 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, 1 purl, over twice, purl 2 together, 2 purl, 1 plain, 2 purl, purl 2 together, over, 1 purl, 1 plain, 1 purl, 3 plain. *3d.* 1 plain, knit 2 together, over twice, knit 2 together, 2 plain, over, knit 2 together from the back, 1 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 2 plain, knit 2 together, over twice, knit

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2 together, 1 plain. *4th.* 3 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, 3 purl, over, purl 2 together, 1 plain, purl 2 together, over, 3 purl, 1 plain, 1 purl, 3 plain. *5th.* 1 plain, knit 2 together, over twice, knit 2 together, 4 plain, over, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over, over, 4 plain, knit 2 together, over twice, knit 2 together, 1 plain. *6th.* 3 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, 5 purl, 1 plain, 5 purl, 1 plain, 1 purl, 3 plain. Commence again at 1st row. Finish with four plain rows, as at the beginning before casting off.

NEEDLE-BOOK IN SHAPE OF A BAG.

THIS needle-book is made of a piece of Java canvas, eight inches and two-fifths long, four inches and four-fifths wide; it is pointed off at one end by turning back the corners; it is ornamented along the edges with an embroidery pattern of purple chenille at about two-fifths of an inch from the edge. This embroidery is worked from Fig. 2, beginning with the herring-bone stitch, and then darning these in the middle with two pieces of chenille. The seam which joins the turned-back corners is likewise ornamented with herring-bone stitch, as can be seen on Fig. 2. When the embroidery is completed, the work is fringed out all around.

Fig. 1.



Inside the book fasten some pieces of flannel; these can also be fringed out, or worked around with loose buttonhole stitch of purple purse-silk. Lastly, plait the work in the manner seen on illustration, and provide it with button and loop. A handle of a double piece of chenille and chenille tassels complete the book.

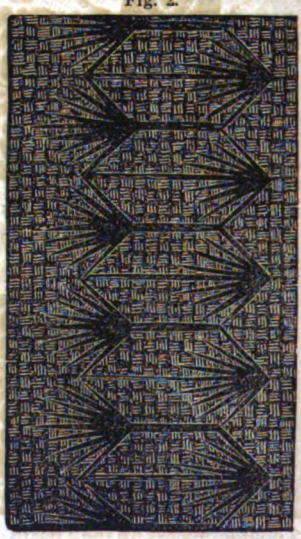
SCISSORS CASE.

CUT out a piece of card-board of the shape



seen on illustration, and cover it on one side with blue or red Cashmere. On the other side with glazed calico of the same shade. Edge the card-board with a silk braid or gold cord. Fasten at the top a small raised pincushion,

Fig. 2.



covered and edged like the card-board; then cut out three pieces of Cashmere for the three pockets for the scissors; embroider them in long stitch with silk, and sew them on to the Cashmere ground. The case is completed with a bow of ribbon and a small circle placed at the top, as seen on illustration.

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Receipts, Etc.

BOILING MEAT.

THIS is one of the simplest and most economical modes of preparing food. Meat loses less weight in boiling than in any other process of cooking, and the water it has boiled in can always be turned to good account; besides which, although it may be an open question whether boiled meat is more nutritious than roast or broiled meat, it is beyond dispute that it is more wholesome and easily digested.

Without entering upon the theory of the chemical process which takes place in the operation of boiling meat, I propose to dilate upon the practical part of the operation, which naturally divides itself into three heads: (1) When the object is to extract the juices of the meat, which is not itself to be used; (2) when both the broth and the meat are to be eaten; and (3) when the meat alone is to be served. The two first constitute the process of making stock, broth, or soup. Of this I have treated on former occasions, so I shall here confine myself to the last head, in which the mode of operation differs from that used in the making of soup in the very material point that, whereas in the former the meat should be put to cook into cold water and then heated gradually, in this the meat should not be put in until the water is hot; but yet in neither case should the meat ever be allowed to boil fast: what is called simmering is the thing. And here let me observe once for all, that water cannot be heated beyond a certain temperature, and, therefore, when once the water boils, to increase the fire can only accelerate evaporation, but it will not make the water hotter; on the contrary, it will not only retard the cooking, but will help to make the meat tough, and is therefore pure waste. The talent in boiling a piece of meat consists in so regulating the fire as to keep the water always at the same temperature, and this should be a gentle simmer. When meat is put to cook in hot water, the scum will not rise in such quantities as in the process of making stock; but it should be as carefully removed, and no salt put in until the water is perfectly free from scum; then also should be added a due proportion of certain vegetables, such as carrots, onions, celery, and also sweet herbs, according to the kind of meat which is being boiled, but by no means in such proportions as would be used to make soup. The next point which demands attention is, that the piece of meat be completely covered with water; and if during the process of boiling it should evaporate so far as not to cover some part of the meat, more boiling water should be added. The time that a joint of meat should boil is set down usually at the rate of fifteen to twenty minutes for every pound which the joint weighs; but this is a very rough rule to go by. The only reliable rule is that which the experience of the cook supplies. A very good way to boil meat is to boil it in the pot in which stock is being made. It should be put in after the stock has gone through the process of skimming and all the vegetables have been added to it. The joint should always be neatly trimmed and tied up with twine before being put to boil; and the English practice of salting beef which it is intended to boil should be avoided. Such a practice cannot be too strongly condemned; for, while it impairs the wholesomeness of the meat and makes it less digestible, it considerably diminishes the nutritive properties of it, and, boil it as you will, a piece of salted beef is never as tender as a piece of fresh beef. The same principles apply to boiling all kinds of meats, and likewise poultry. In the case of the latter, and such joints as it is desirable to get quite white when boiled, washing and even soaking in cold or lukewarm water before they are put to boil is resorted to, and the water in which they are put to boil should be boiling hot. The washing and soaking take away some of the nourishment of the things so treated, but usefulness must sometimes be sacrificed to appearance. In order to preserve the whiteness of fowls in the process of boiling, various methods are suggested. Some cookery books recommend a slice of stale bread being put in the water with them; others that they should be tied up in a floured cloth, or in a cloth without flour, or inclosed in a tin made for the purpose, and this plunged into boiling water, which latter process I should call steaming, not boiling. To preserve the whiteness of a fowl or a turkey that is to be boiled, the one essential point is to wash it well in tepid water with a lemon squeezed in it, and then rub it all over with a lemon cut in half and put in to boil. When all the scum that may arise is removed, a round of buttered paper should be placed over the pot, and the lid put on close. Poultry cannot boil too slowly. Onions, sweet herbs, and whole pepper, as well as salt, should always be put in the pan with any kind of poultry. An old French way of boiling a fowl is to parboil it first, then pack it up in slices of fat bacon tied on with a string, and then put it in boiling water with vegetables, etc., to finish cooking. To use instead of water either stock or the liquor in which a joint of meat has been boiled, provided it is strained and free from fat, can but be an improvement to boiled poultry. This is one of the uses to which the liquor meat has been boiled in can be put; but the chief use of it—and if it has been used to boil a fowl, all the better—should be to make stock proper, by being boiled with all the odds and ends of meat and poultry which are at hand, and a proper addition of vegetables and spices. Again, there are more elaborate forms of boiling poultry, calves' head, etc., such as what is called a *blanc;* but these would come more properly under the head of braising.

CREAM DAINTIES.

Italian Cream.—Boil two quarts of milk, with sugar, salt, and some ground cinnamon. Then pour it into a dish, and mix with it about ten raw eggs beaten up, and bake it in an oven at a moderate heat. This dish will be much improved by the addition of a little cream.

Maiden Cream.—Beat some raw eggs into a froth; put them in a saucepan with milk and sugar, and a little cinnamon to flavor it, and pour it into a shallow dish, and bake it.

Sherry Cream.—Simmer a pint of cream; add to it gradually three spoonfuls of sherry wine, and then stir it continually that the cream may not curdle. Afterwards flavor it with sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg.

Orange Cream.—Take half a dozen oranges, grate the peel into a pint and a half of water, and beat up with it four eggs. Sweeten the liquid, pass it through a strainer, then simmer it until it becomes of the consistence of cream, and pour it into glasses.

Hasty Cream.—Take a quantity of milk, fresh from the cow if possible, put it in a pan over a moderate fire, until it begins to boil, then take it off, and put it on one side until a quantity of cream collects on the surface. Remove this, and put it in a dish. Repeat the boiling, and again remove the cream from its surface, until the whole of it has been taken away. Then sweeten it with loaf-sugar, and send it to table.

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MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Ham à la Croquemitaine.—Melt a small piece of butter in a stewpan till it is browned, and put into it as much ham, finely minced, as would cover a large round of buttered toast, add as much gravy as will make it quite moist; when thoroughly hot, stir in quickly with a fork one egg. Place it on the toast, which cover with it, and cut the toast into pieces of any shape according to taste.

Eggs au Beurre.—Well beat up four eggs. Put three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, a little grated tongue (or beef), pepper and salt, and three ounces of butter into a stewpan until quite hot, when add the eggs, stirring all the time until quite thick. Have ready a slice of bread toasted and well-buttered, spread the mixture over it, and serve very hot.

Bullock's Heart.—A bullock's heart, stuffed in the usual way, should first be gently simmered for an hour or more according to size; then roasted slowly, being basted continuously, as all meat should; if preferred, it may be larded. Thus managed, it is an excellent dish.

Bœuf à la Mode.—Lard a large piece of beef quite through with squares of bacon as large as your finger, dipping each piece in vinegar with well-beaten mace, cloves, and pepper in it; if you choose to add bruised garlic, you may. Put it in a pan that just holds it, with sliced turnips, carrots, and onions, pour over it the seasoning and vinegar in which the bacon was dipped; add salt to your taste, and more vinegar if needful, as the beef is to be nearly covered, but not quite, and if too acid add water. Cover it with a thick flour and water crust, and bake seven or eight hours, according to the size of the meat. Take out with great care, lest being tender it should break. Serve it with all the gravy and vegetables. It is equally good cold as hot.

Lobster Cutlets.—Pound the flesh of a lobster in a mortar with the fourth part of its bulk of fresh butter till you reduce it to a smooth paste; season with pepper, salt, and nutmeg; add two yelks and one white of egg; melt a small piece of butter in a saucepan; mix with it a tablespoonful of flour, and then the lobster paste. Perfectly amalgamate the whole, and when warm spread it out on a marble slab to the thickness you wish your cutlets to be. When cold cut out your cutlets, dip them carefully in beaten egg, and then bread-crum them with fine baked bread-crums. After the lapse of an hour or so, repeat the operation; then fry a nice gold color; insert in each cutlet a short piece of the small claw or of the antennæ of the lobster. Serve with plenty of fried parsley.

Minced Mutton.—Take some meat from a joint of roast, boiled, or braised mutton; remove the skin and outside parts, mince it very fine; put a small piece of butter into a stewpan, when melted add half a tablespoonful of flour; stir two or three minutes over the fire; add a gill of well-flavored stock, when boiling put in the mince; add salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, a few leaves of thyme, and the yelk of one egg; stir all on the fire for some minutes; then serve with bread sippets or croquettes of potatoes. If put aside until cold this mince can be used in various ways.

Rissoles of Mutton.—Make a short paste with half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a pinch of salt, one whole egg, and two yelks; mix all into a paste, roll it out to the thickness of a penny piece; place the mince at equal distances, say an inch and a half; egg lightly, cover with paste of a similar thickness, press the paste around each piece of mince, and cut it out with a crimped cutter. Egg each rissole, and pass it in bread-crums; fry in hot lard, and serve on mashed potato.

Eggs à la Solferino.—Boil some eggs hard, cut them in two, take out the yelks, and beat these up with a little parsley, pepper, and salt, and replace into the whites, of which cut previously the under part a little, so as to make them stand in the dish, and serve up with a nice white sauce around them. Let them be quite hot when served.

Fish Rissoles.—Take some fish, either fresh or that has been cooked, shred it, and let it stew with some butter, covering it over until sufficiently done. Soak a roll in milk, beat up the fish and this together in a mortar with a little finely-chopped mushroom and three eggs, season with salt and pepper. Mix all well up, bake in small cups, first buttered, and turn out. Serve with or without sauce.

Beefsteak Pie.—Have your steak cut up and placed in its dish (nearly covered with water) in the oven for an hour and a half, with a cover over the dish. The oven should be about the heat for rice pudding. Open the door if likely to dry the gravy. When cooked take it up, and after properly flavoring it, and adding a hard-boiled egg cut up, lay on the crust, and replace the pie in the oven until the paste is properly cooked.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Neapolitan Cake.—Half a pound of flour, six ounces of butter, two ounces of loaf sugar, two ounces of sweet almonds, finely pounded. Rub all well together, and mix it with one egg. Put it in a cool place to harden; then roll it out to a thin paste, and cut it by an oval quart mould; then bake the pieces in an oven. Whilst warm, place layers of different sorts of jam between layers of the paste. Ice it over with white of egg and sugar, and ornament to your taste.

Pancake Pudding.—Make a few thin small pancakes, fry them a light brown, spread them with currant and apricot jam alternately, and roll them. Place them all around a mould, make some custard, and pour into the middle, strewing it with the bits of the pancakes cut off in fitting them around the mould, cover the whole with a small thin pancake, and *steam* it for two hours.

Sweet Sauce for Puddings.—Mix half a pot of any jam with a cupful of water; warm it on the fire, add a wineglassful of sherry, pass through a fine hair sieve, and pour around the pudding.

Chocolate Cream.—Mix the yelks of six eggs strained with two ounces of pounded loaf sugar and three ounces of grated chocolate, add a pint of milk; set the mixture on the fire in a double saucepan, the outer one filled with hot water, and keep stirring till the cream thickens; dissolve in a little milk a quarter of an ounce of isinglass, previously soaked; add this to the cream, strain it, pour it into a mould, and put it in a cold place or on ice to set.

Wafer Gingerbread.—Half a pound of flour, half a pound of the coarsest brown sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, one dessertspoonful of allspice, two ditto of ground ginger, the peel of half a lemon grated, and the whole of the juice; mix all these ingredients together, adding about half a pound of treacle, so as to make a paste sufficiently thin to spread upon sheet tins; beat it well, butter the tins, and spread the paste very thinly over them; bake it in rather a slow oven, and watch it till it is done. Withdraw the tins, cut it in squares with a knife the usual size of wafer biscuits, and roll each around the fingers as it is raised from the tin.

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Waffel Cakes.—Rather less than a quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and a teacupful of milk, or sour cream is better, and a little salt and nutmeg; wash the butter well, beat it to a cream, then mix the yelks with it; add the flour by degrees, and then pour on the cream at once; beat the whites of the eggs separately to a froth, and add them to the other ingredients just before baking; rub the irons with butter, or let them get saturated with fat in the dripping-pan previously, pour in the batter so that all the holes are filled, bake them a light brown. If the irons are pushed into the fire itself, a couple of minutes will brown them and cause them to rise.

Omnibus Pudding.—Take six ounces of fine flour, six ounces of fresh suet shred fine, six ounces of raisins stoned, four ounces of treacle, four ounces of milk. Mix well, put into a basin, tie a cloth over, and boil for three to four hours. Serve with brandy sauce.

Cocoanut Biscuits.—Grate the flesh of a cocoanut, add the same weight of powdered lump sugar; moisten with the white of one egg well beaten; drop in small lumps on wafer paper, and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown.

Knead Cake.—A good-sized cake requires half a pound of butter, one pound of flour mixed with milk, a little salt and currants if desired. The paste is rolled to about half an inch thickness, and placed on a griddle which has been previously heated; the fire must be a very clear one. When done, the cake is cut into diamonds or rounds, split open, well buttered, and served hot.

CONTRIBUTED.

In the February number of the magazine a young housekeeper asked for a method to prevent flannels from shrinking in washing. We have received the following in answer:—

First soak them an hour or two in clear cold water. Wring out and wash in cold suds with the hands, washing on a board tends to shrink them. Rinse in cold water and blue. In cold weather I put a very little hot water in the suds, to take the chill from the water, but never use hot water. MRS. F. A. G.

Have ready two tubs of warm soap-suds (if very much soiled have three), dust the flannel well, wash each piece separately through each tub by squeezing and turning, but not rub; then rinse in a tub of warm suds made very blue. Shake the flannel till cold, and hang out to dry. This process should be used with each piece before taking the other. When the flannels are dry, iron on the wrong side. E.

Use soft water only as hot as the hands can bear it, use good soap freely (it should have little or no resin in it), cleanse the garments thoroughly, rinse in hot water, shake well, and hang up to dry.

MRS. J. P. P.

Everyday Cake.—One cup of sugar, one large tablespoonful of shortening, three-fourths of a cup of sour milk, one half teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and flour to make stiff as drop-cakes. Sprinkle a layer of sugar and cinnamon over the top.

M. B. C.

Strawberry Cakes.—One quart of flour, one pound of butter, six eggs well beaten, one cup of nice sugar; knead these well as for pie pastry, then roll out the dough and cut in biscuit, bake brown in a quick oven. When cold, slice open and spread over them nice ripe strawberries, already mashed and sweetened, lay on the top piece of each cake, and now spread icing thickly over the tops and sides of the cakes. Before the icing is entirely dry, place some of the largest strawberries (not sweetened) on the top of each cake in any ornamental way, a circle, for instance, placing the largest berry in the centre of the cake. S. A.

Small Lemon Cakes.—Break up a pound of fine loaf-sugar, and on some of the lumps rub off all the yellow rind of four lemons. Then powder all the sugar. Beat to a stiff froth the whites of three eggs. Mix the sugar gradually (a teaspoonful at a time) with the beaten white of egg, so as to make a paste, stirring it very hard. Spread some white paper (cut exactly to fit) on the bottom of a square hollow baking-pan. Place equal portions of the paste at regular distances on this paper, making them into round heaps, and smoothing their surfaces with the back of a spoon or a broad-bladed knife, dipped frequently in cold water. Put the cakes into a moderate oven, and bake them a light brown. When cool, take them off the paper. You may make orange cakes in this manner. MRS. R.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to Fumigate Fever-infected Dwellings.—It is sometimes necessary to fumigate dwellings in which the inmates have suffered from dangerous fevers and other infectious complaints. Sulphur, commonly known as brimstone, was at one time much employed for this purpose. When this substance is burnt, either by itself, or mixed with nitrate of potash (saltpetre), it combines with the oxygen of the air, producing a compound known as sulphurous acid gas, and possessing powerful disinfecting powers. When this gas meets sulphurretted hydrogen in the atmosphere, it at once decomposes it; the oxygen the acid contains uniting with the hydrogen to produce water, while the sulphur of both is set free. But if it come in contact with any organic infectious matters, it destroys them, it is thought, by depriving them of any oxygen they may contain, the sulphurous acid gas being thus converted into sulphuric acid. The vapor of nitrous acid is another very powerful disinfectant, which was formerly much employed. To use it, nitrate of potash (saltpetre) is placed in an earthen-ware dish, and a sufficient quantity of strong sulphuric acid is poured over it. The sulphuric acid immediately enters into union with the potash, forming sulphate of potash, while the vapors of nitric and nitrous acids are evolved. These acid vapors act by oxydizing all poisonous gases or other organic matter they may meet with.

To Clean and Renovate Velvet.—With a stiff brush, dipped in a fluid composed of equal parts of water and spirit of hartshorn, rub the velvet very carefully. When the stains have disappeared, the pile of the velvet may be raised thus: Cover a hot smoothing-iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet spread over it. The vapor will raise the pile of the velvet, with the assistance of an occasional whisk from a brush.

Best Way of Making Gum-water.—Take half an ounce of gum arabic, put it in a wide-mouthed bottle, and pour upon the gum a gill of hot water; let it stand for a day, frequently stirring it, then add a wine-glass of gin. Shake the mixture well together, and cork the bottle tightly, covering it carefully with leather. Gum made in this manner will keep for a very long time without becoming mildewed. If it should become too stiff, add more gin.

An Easy Way to Clean Silver Articles.—Set fire to some wheat-straw, collect the ashes, and, after powdering it, sift it through muslin. Polish the silver plate with a little of it applied to some soft leather.

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Editors' Table.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.
ST. MATTHEW XIX. 14.

BRING the little children,
Let them have their place;
In the Heaven their angels
See my FATHER'S face.
Bring the little children,
Lay them on my breast;
They are of my Kingdom—
I will give them rest!

O Divine compassion
For the human race!
Christ was made of woman,
And His loving face
Drew her little children,
Like sweet music's tone,
To His arms—His blessing
Made them all His own.

Buds of life from Heaven,
Little children come
To be nursed and ripened
In a human home.
Screen the flower, unfolding,
From the blight of sin;
Watch the rich fruit growing,
Lest the worm creep in.

All inferior creatures
Hold the life of earth,
Bear the stamp of Nature
Linking death with birth.
Into man his Maker
Breathed a living soul:
Gave him love immortal,
Gave him earth's control.

Can the wealth of nature,
Or the works of art,
Claim the worth comparing
With a noble heart?
Would we sell the glory
Of our Washington,
Were the gold all proffered
Found beneath the sun?

Homes—where little children
Hear what Christ hath taught;
Homes—where all the children
Learn what God hath wrought;
Homes—that rear a nation,
Serving God and right,
These will give us glory
While the stars give light.

Suffer little children
When the Saviour comes,
They are of His Kingdom,
He will bless their homes!
O Divine compassion
To the mother given,
Christ will keep her jewels
In the light of Heaven.

A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS.

The destruction of the poor is their poverty.
PROVERBS X. 15.

THE idea of universal education for the people has become a doctrine of our age. Where shall the work begin? Who are the appointed agents to initiate this great movement? The culture of children begins at home, and woman is the first teacher of mankind.

But there are little children that have no homes. In all large cities is found a class of the very poor that seem incapable of supporting a home. The father and the mother each go abroad to daily labor, and no one is left to take charge of the little ones. The parents are good, honest, hard-working people, but either they have not thrift, or they are so ill paid, that both must spend the day in toil that their children may be fed. These children must be cared for, and here the promoters of popular education should begin by smoothing the way to intellectual and moral improvement. We are happy to say that this has already been done. A society numbering forty ladies, and called the NURSERY AND CHILD'S HOSPITAL, of New York, has been in active operation since 1854, with an ever increasing sphere of usefulness. The primary object of that society is to provide a home for "children whose parents labor away from home," including those of wet-nurses. The working of the institution will be best seen from an extract which we make from a letter written by a New York lady to *The Press* of this city:—

"Each nurse has the care of two children—her own and that of another, who is termed, in the language of the institution, 'a nurse-child,' the mother of whom is employed as a wet-nurse in some wealthy city family, who pay her the stipulated sum of twenty-five dollars a month, ten of which she pays to the institution for its care of her offspring, and she can very well afford to do this, and yet retain a fair amount of her wages. Persons obtaining wet-nurses are required to pay five dollars premium, which greatly augments the revenues and assists in defraying the expenses. These nurse-babies are really boarders, as one may say, the mothers paying at least something towards their support, while the foster-mother and her babe are cared for, clothed (if they are too poor to furnish decent garments), fed, and rendered in every way comfortable, for the services of the latter in taking care of her own and a 'nurse child,' serving for both, and herself, should she find time, and keeping her share of the great room clean and neat.

* * * * * * * * *

The house is spacious, well-ventilated, and admirably lighted, and in every particular perfectly adapted to the purpose for which it was built, combining plenty of room, light, and air, with the everywhere-aspect of cheerfulness and comfort. Wide halls, double doorways, broad stairs, excellently-arranged bath-rooms, laundry, and kitchen, commodious dining-room, and pleasant yard and play-ground.

* * * * * * * * *

A finer-formed, healthier and handsomer lot of little ones were never seen. Many of them were perfect models of infant beauty, all rosy and white, and dimpled and playful, and not one of them the least bit afraid of strangers. They seemed to take great pride in their toes, and diligently clawed up their exasperatingly long drapery, gleefully exhibiting the pink members as if they expected us to consider them the greatest wonders in creation, and the most attractive portion of their dainty anatomy. Babies

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never admire anything that is expressly made for them, and invariably throw away the best of rattles, magic balls, and stiffest of rubber dolls for some clumsy tin basin or other unwieldy article as hard to manage as they are themselves. Many of these had abandoned every species of proper plaything, and were earnestly tugging at their bright tin feed cups, as I suppose they were, from the array placed on the stand, beside each bed. The sweet little mouth, dewy and fragrant as a morning rosebud, puckered into all sorts of funny, uncalled-for smiles, the large young eyes following every motion in round amazement, and every inch of the little form quivering with a strange, helpless eagerness that appeals to the heart as no strength ever does."

We take from the annual report the numbers of women and children in the institution from March, 1870 to March, 1871:—

Children	702
Adults	331
Total	1083

The system of this "Nursery" seems to us almost perfect. Those who can pay, are required to do so; those who cannot, are cared for gratuitously, and expected only to do what nature itself ordains for the support of the little ones. A woman is taken in and helped through her time of poverty and suffering, a situation is got for her, and thus she can set apart a portion of her wages to the support of her child, who is meantime cared for by a tender foster-mother. The institution is at the corner of 51st Street and Lexington Avenue, N. Y. Mrs. A. S. Sullivan, 114 West 11th Street, is the Secretary. We hope that every year may see it increasing in means of usefulness, and that many institutions like it may arise in our land.

HINTS ON LANGUAGE—NO. 9.

EFFECT OF CLIMATE ON SPEECH.

THERE are certain peculiarities of utterance prevalent on opposite sides of the Atlantic, which are ascribed by the best authorities to the influence of climate on the human frame. The moist atmosphere of the British Islands is said by physiologists to favor what is called, in learned speech, the deposition of adipose matter—or, in other words, to make people, as well as sheep and cattle, tend to grow fat. By this growth of fat the air passages are liable to become partially clogged, and a thick, wheezy, indistinct pronunciation is the result.

On the Western continent, along the Atlantic seaboard, the air is dry, and not favorable, it seems, to adiposity. The passages of the voice remain clear; and as one of them leads through the nose, the result is apt to be that the pronunciation is not only distinct, but has a nasal twang, which our English friends declare to be even more unpleasant than their wheeziness can be to us.

It is a matter of taste; and the best exercise of taste would undoubtedly be for each fault-finder to get rid of his peculiar fault, whichever it may be. To accomplish this desirable object, nothing is requisite but care and practice. It is satisfactory to know that the fault on each side is connected with what is, or should be, a peculiar excellence. The English thickness of speech becomes, when properly corrected and subdued, a softness and smoothness of utterance, which, in their best speakers, is peculiarly agreeable. The American twang, on the other hand, gives place, in the cultivated voice, to a resonant and often a melodious clearness of utterance, which, for a public speaker, is of great advantage. When O. W. Holmes, in one of his admirable poems, referred to Edward Everett as an orator who shook the Senate

"With the silver tone
The groves of Pindus might have sighed to own,"

he indicated, with apt precision, this peculiar excellence. Next to clearness of thought, distinctness of utterance is important to any one who would influence an audience; and the two qualities are very apt to go together. One reason why Americans in general have an inclination for oratory is doubtless because they are confident of being able to make themselves heard and understood. The national clearness of utterance, due to the dryness of the climate, has, perhaps, nearly as much to do as our institutions with making us a nation of "stump-speakers."

There is a notion that the "nasal twang" belongs more especially to the North-eastern States, and its origin has been ascribed to a "Puritanical drawl." The idea, however, is contrary to the fact, as every experienced observer will readily admit. The same peculiarity of utterance prevails, among the less educated class, along our whole Atlantic coast, gradually diminishing as we go Westward, where the air is less dry and clear. This dryness of the atmosphere results from the effect produced upon the prevalent westerly winds by their passage over the mountains of the interior, where their moisture is condensed, and falls in rain. The winds from the Pacific thus lose their moisture in the Rocky Mountain chain, and, stooping down upon the plains east of that chain, make them a parched desert. Passing further east, they gather fresh moisture from the great rivers and lakes, which is again lost in the Alleghanies and the New England mountains. Probably the air of the New England seaboard, when west winds prevail, is somewhat drier than that of other portions of our Eastern coast.

On the Pacific slope, the same winds come laden with moisture from the ocean, as in the British Islands. We should expect that the same effects would follow as in those islands, and that in time the States along that coast would be peopled with an English-looking race, endowed with burly forms, ruddy faces, and wheezy voices. The Indians of the Oregon coast are said to have a remarkably thick and indistinct utterance, which is probably due to this peculiar influence of the climate on the human frame.

On the opposite side of the Pacific is a country situated, as regards climate, much like the Atlantic portion of the United States; and it is a curious fact that the whole pronunciation, or "sound system," of the Chinese language is based upon the mode of utterance which with us is considered so great a defect. Chinese pronunciation is a sort of nasal sing-song, carried on with a perpetual succession of twanging inflections, the strict observance of which is essential to determine the meaning of the words uttered. Their entire language expresses but a few hundred words, all monosyllables; and without these distinguishing inflections, their speech would be unintelligible, even among themselves. Our varied and copious tongue, happily, requires no such lugubrious aid; and it may be hoped that a natural sense of euphony will, with the advance of education, enable our people of the Atlantic States to keep their pronunciation free from this unpleasant modulation, while preserving that distinctness of speech which the influence of the crisp and bracing atmosphere assures to all who know how to profit by this advantage. N.

A BOOK FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

WE have lying before us a book, upon a very old topic, but filled with new illustrations and instances, which we venture to make the basis of an article. It is called "Dogs and their Doings," by an English clergyman, and is published by Harper & Brothers. To the old stories of canine fidelity and intelligence,

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the author has added many most striking anecdotes. One or two we will give of those so well authenticated as to silence doubt. The first was elicited in the hearing of a summons for a dog tax. In 1858, some nine years before the hearing, a poor man was buried at Edinburgh, at Old Greyfriars' Churchyard. His dog was one of the most conspicuous mourners. The next day he was found lying on the new-made mound, and driven away by the curator. The next morning he was there again, and the next, until he had established his right to remain. From that time he never spent a night away from the grave. Often, in bad weather, attempts were made to keep him within doors, but he howled so dismally that he was let out into the churchyard. He had many friends, and was fed pretty well; finally a restaurant keeper provided a daily dinner for him at noon. He knew apparently that on Sunday the restaurant would be shut, and saved during the week enough for a dinner, which he hid beneath a tombstone. On the ground of harboring the dog, a summons was issued against the restaurant keeper, but was dismissed by the court after hearing the circumstances.

The second story illustrates how well a dog can reason. A gentleman having ridden sixteen miles in the winter, followed by his faithful dog, the poor creature, wearied with his journey, fell so fast asleep before the fire that his master went out of the room unperceived by him. On his return, the gentlemen in the travellers' room said to him: "We have been much amused, sir, by your dog. When he awoke, he was in great trouble at finding his master gone. He, however, went around the room, and smelled at all the great-coats hanging against the wall; and, when he found his master's great-coat, he returned to the fireplace, and composed himself for another nap, as if he had reasoned with himself, and come to the conclusion, 'My master won't go away without his great-coat.'"

This handsome book is appropriately dedicated to Miss Burdett Coutts, as a Patroness of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. All over this country, and especially in New York and Philadelphia, we have similar societies formed to protect the animals, to whom man owes so much, from abuse and neglect. We know no better incentive to join in so good a work than the perusal of this book. It seems incredible that the love, the fidelity and the sagacity of our brute helpers should be requited so often with cruelty. Women should be foremost in vindicating their cause. We are glad to hear of the growing strength of the Women's Branch of this noble society, whose labors have already so much diminished animal misery, and saved men from sinking into the degradation of tyranny.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

THE LITERARY PROFESSION.—Although the profession of literature—that is, of editing and writing for newspapers and other periodicals, and writing books—is followed by many thousand persons—perhaps as many as pursue any other profession—it is remarkable that no college has, until recently, offered any special means of instruction to students to fit them for this occupation. At Yale, however, where so many improvements in education have been made, a course of study has been lately established for this special object. It is known as the Department of Political Science, or School of Journalism. The course comprises political economy, international law and polity, history, and English literature. For college graduates, the course occupies two years, and for undergraduates three years. A like department, it seems, is to be established at Cornell. Might not such a course be introduced with much advantage in our ladies' colleges? The number of women who follow literary pursuits is at least as great as of those engaged in any of the other professions, and the chance of success in any calling is much improved by previous good training.

ELOCUTION.—Miss Emily Faithfull, well known in England as a writer and lecturer, has commenced in London a course of lectures on elocution, especially for ladies. Good elocution—that is, the art of speaking and reading distinctly and well—is an accomplishment which every woman should possess who has, as many have, children of her own or of others to teach. Such a course of lectures, by a competent person, in any of our large towns, should be well attended, and would be likely to be useful.

THE DOCTRESS IN INDIA.—Our readers will probably recollect that in the autumn of 1870, about eighteen months ago, a medical missionary—Miss Clara Swain, M. D.—was sent out by the Methodist Board to Northern India. This lady was to establish a Medical School for native women. She began her labors in the "Orphanage at Bareilly." We take the following remarkable sketch of her success from the letter of Mrs. Thomas, who with her husband, Rev. Mr. Thomas, have charge of the institution. They had been earnestly wishing to purchase an estate belonging to a Mahomedan ruler, and had been advised to apply to him personally.

Extract from Mrs. Thomas's Letter:—

"Rampore is forty miles from here; and the Nawab, when he heard we were coming (although he had boasted that Christian missionaries never dared make their way into the city of Rampore), sent out twenty-four horses for us, so that at each of the six stages of the route we had four fresh horses, and drove in a grand old carriage, with coachman, two grooms, and an outrider. Wasn't it a grand way to go a-begging? And at his highness's expense too! At the last stage, we had three cavalry men to escort us into the city. As we entered the gates, the Nawab's subjects made low salaams, the children cried, 'Long life and prosperity,' etc. We were then driven to a house that is kept up especially for European travellers by his highness. There we found servants in attendance, and everything on the most magnificent scale for our entertainment. You can fancy how these poor beggars suffered, when twenty-four different dishes were served up for breakfast, of fish, flesh, fowl, eggs, vegetables, etc. At dinner we left off counting and eating, too, in despair.

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"The next morning we were up, bright and early, and his highness's carriages and horses were again sent for us. Brother and sister Parker, Miss Swain, husband, and I took our seats for the eventful interview with royalty.

"We were first taken to several palaces and gardens (to prepare us, I suppose), and at last drew up in front of the royal residence. We entered the gateway right in the face of a great cannon. Five royal elephants made their salaams to us as we passed. We went up the steps and into the *presence* with some trepidation; but felt reassured when his highness arose, smiled, and extended his hand. After making the usual salaam, he gave me a seat at his right hand, in a gorgeously embroidered chair. The doctress next (Miss Swain), then Mrs. Parker. The gentlemen came next, then his prime minister, then his chief magistrate. We talked a little about things indifferently, praised his gardens and palaces, complimented him for his taste, etc., while his highness smoked his hookah, and looked more and more pleased. Finally, the prime minister arose and whispered something to him, to which he assented. The minister then told Mr. Thomas to make his request, which he did with as much shyness and blushing as a schoolgirl. He said we wanted to procure, upon some terms, the estate belonging to him (the Nawab), in Bareilly, for the purpose of building a hospital for women. He had proceeded only thus far, when his highness graciously smiled, and said, 'Take it, take it; I *give* it to you with much pleasure for that purpose.'

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"The estate is worth at least $15,000. There are forty-two acres of land, an immense brick house, two fine old wells, and a garden.

"So we are to have a woman's hospital in India, a thing so important to the interests of our work among the women of the country, that the benefit and good influence to be derived from it is beyond calculation. Miss Swain's medical work is one of the most encouraging movements of our mission."

Readers of the LADY'S BOOK for 1851 may remember how we urged the sending out of women as medical missionaries to the heathen of her own sex. It is with a grateful heart that we recall the work of the last twenty years, and thank God we have lived to see this great realization of our desires.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles have been accepted: "The Tables Turned"—"The Girl Who would not be a Duchess"—"May"—"An Epistle to Young Ladies" and "That Nurse."

The following are declined: "My Friend"—"Bob and I"—"Forget-me-Not"—"The Intercepted Letter"—"Only"—"My Broken Rosebud" and "My Journal."

"Carrie," Milton, N. C.—Wrote you on the fourth of January. Letter returned to us uncalled for.

"Lillie's Last Flirtation."—No stamps.

"Mille Bradford's Repentance."—No stamps.

"Etta's Reward."—No stamps.

"Grandmamma's Story" and poems.—No stamps.

Anna E. Adams, Mobile, Ala.—Wrote you Nov. 7, 1871. Letter returned to us, not called for.

Such is the general result in writing to authoresses. They seldom take our replies from the post-office.

Literary Notices.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE SYLVESTORS; *or, The Outcasts.* By M. de Bethan-Edwards, author of "Kitty," etc. We have here an English novel, yet differing essentially from the usual pictures of English life. Its heroine is a beauty and an heiress, who falls in love with a man who is a Red Republican, and a member of the Internationales. A Fourierite figures prominently in the story, and is one of its most genial as well as amusing characters. The impracticability of socialism is well demonstrated, and the whole story has evidently been written with a purpose.

THE HIGH MILLS. By Katherine Saunders, author of "Gideon's Rock," etc. A somewhat sorrowful and affecting English story, which, however, has a pleasant ending.

THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN. By George MacDonald, author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," etc. If Mr. MacDonald had never written anything but juvenile stories, and the book before us was his only one of that class, this book would be sufficient to gain him popularity as a writer. We always liked his stories for grown folks; we are not sure but we like this little story even better. It is a goblin and fairy story, full of quaint conceits, wonderful adventures, and hair-breadth escapes; yet with lessons of truth and beauty interwoven all through it. It is a book young and old will read with equal delight.

HOW WILL IT END? *A Romance.* By John C. Heywood, author of "Herodias," etc. An American novel of mediocre ability, having its scene of action laid in the border States during our recent war.

A LEAF IN THE STORM, *and Other Stories.* By "Ouida," author of "Folle Farine," etc. We are not, in ordinary, an admirer of Ouida's writings. She handles her pen with a certain bewitching grace, but under this outward beauty and charm of style there generally lurks the subtle poisons of cynicism and of immorality. The stories which form the present volume are, however, as far as we have examined, in a great measure exempt from these characteristics. They are pleasantly told, and even pathetic, and show what their gifted author might accomplish in the world of literature, if she did not see fit so often to prostitute her talents in pandering to a false and demoralized taste.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Phila.:—

MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH-BOOK. By Charles G. Leland, author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads." The success of the "Hans Breitmann's Ballads" have seemed to justify the republication of an earlier book by the same author. It is, however, a book which has some merit in its own right, and at the time of its publication in 1855 received the approval of no less a literary personage than Washington Irving.

AUNT PATTY'S SCRAP BAG. By Caroline Lee Hentz. A republication of a novel by a once popular American author.

LOVE IN HIGH LIFE. By T. S. Arthur. This is the first volume of a new, cheap, and popular edition of the celebrated "Household Stories" of T. S. Arthur, now in course of publication by the Messrs. Peterson.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR. *A Novel.* By Samuel C. Warren.

A RENT IN A CLOUD. *A Novel.* By Charles Lever.

FRANCATELLI'S MODERN COOK. *A Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches.* By Charles Elma Francatelli, pupil to the celebrated Carena, and late *Maître d'Hôtel* and Chief Cook to Her Majesty the Queen of England.

CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK; *or, The "Third Series" of the "Mysteries of the Court of London."* By George W. M. Reynolds.

From CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

MUSINGS OF A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN. By Ailenroc. The "Middle-aged Woman" strings together a number of pleasant little essays upon "Snow," "Patchwork," "Hobby Horses," and such themes, somewhat in the style of the "Country Parson." The book is vivacious and readable.

From PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

OUR ENGLISH BIBLE AND ITS ANCESTORS. By Treadwell Walden, D. D. "The design of this little volume is to give a descriptive narrative of the long and remarkable struggle of the Bible into English, through policies of State, through dogmas of the church, through crudities of public opinion, and through changes in the language: with a view, first, to suggest a greater reverence than ever for a work so wisely and heroically produced; and, secondly, to prepare the ordinary reader to form an intelligent idea of the movement toward a more perfect and readable Bible." In it is traced "the singular evolution of Bible out of Bible till the present noble version was achieved," and at the same time some few of the mistranslations are shown which have led to the effort for a more correct rendering. The book is beautifully printed and bound, and the contents extremely attractive. Without committing ourselves upon the side of change, we have read with great interest the argument for reform. We are glad to see so handsome a volume from a Philadelphia publisher.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., and CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SOUL AND INSTINCT, *As Distinguished from Materialism.* By Martyn Paine, A. M., M. D., LL. D. This book is a revision and an amplification of a work bearing a similar title published originally in 1848, and subsequently passing through several editions. The author has been actuated in the publication of this work by a supposition "that a service might be rendered to every contemplative mind, to the materialist himself, by affording reliable evidence of the existence of the soul as an independent, self-acting, immortal, and spiritual essence." * * * * * "But more than all, the author has supposed that if the doctrine of Materialism can be shown to be erroneous, and a perfect conviction of the existence of the soul as an independent, self-acting agent can be established, it would hardly fail to enlarge and strengthen our conceptions of Creative Power, of our dependence upon that Power, and of our moral and religious responsibilities."

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF REV. JOHN WESLEY, M. F., *Founder of the Methodists.* By Rev. L. Tyerman, author of "The Life and Times of Rev. S. Wesley, M. A." In three volumes. Vol. I. The author has intended to make this "Life" fuller, more reliable, and more impartial, than any of the many "Lives" of the eminent divine already published. This work is the product of the labor and accumulation of seventeen years. The author says: "My own mass of original manuscripts is large. Thousands of Methodist letters have been lent to me. Hundreds, almost thousands, of publications, issued in Wesley's lifetime, and bearing on the great Methodist movement, have been consulted. Many of Wesley's letters, hitherto published only in periodicals, or in scarce books, have been used; and not a few that, up to the present, have never appeared in print." It cannot fail to be an interesting volume, not only to Methodists, but to the religious world in general.

WATER AND LAND. By Jacob Abbott. In this volume science is instilled into the minds of the young in the form of a narrative. The book is pleasant and profitable reading, and is, withal, handsomely illustrated.

THE LAND OF DESOLATION: *Being a Personal Narrative of Observation and Adventure in Greenland.* By Isaac I. Hayes, M. D. In 1869 Mr. William Bradford, an artist, visited Greenland in a steam yacht, accompanied by a small party of friends, for the purpose of making sketches of Arctic scenery. Dr. Hayes, one of the voyagers, gives a readable account of the incidents and adventures of this journey. He not only gives descriptions of the incidents of travel and of the country, but of the people as well. He introduces us in a familiar manner to the homes of the Greenlanders, and we see them around their domestic hearths (if they may be said to have any), at their occupations, and their merry makings. The volume is profusely illustrated.

THE AMERICAN BARON. *A Novel.* By James de Mille, author of "The Dodge Club," etc. Those who have read Mr. de Mille's previous novels will hardly need to have this one described. Humorous in his style, almost to the point of burlesque, he presents us American characters with the concomitants of Italian scenery, brigands, and adventures of all sorts. There is enough tragedy in the way of pistol-shooting, burial alive, fires, avalanches, captivity, and volcanic eruptions, if economically managed, to supply half a dozen sensational novels; but there is a triumphant pairing off of miraculously rescued and preserved people in matrimonial pairs, and all goes "merry as a marriage bell."

CHARACTER. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," etc. Considered as a volume of truisms concerning honesty, industry, economy, etc., this volume will be found indisputably dull reading. But incidentally, in illustration of the teachings of his book, Mr. Smiles has introduced numerous anecdotes of noted persons and their families, which, as giving an insight into the lives of these persons, and possibly indicating something of the causes of their greatness, make the volume a not unattractive one.

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. This edition of *Henry the Eighth* has been prepared on the same plan as those of *The Merchant of Venice* and *The Tempest*, which we have already announced. A brief but careful review of that portion of history to which the play relates is first given, then the play itself, with notes and comments.

MISTRESS AND MAID. *A Household Story.* By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. A new edition of one of Mrs. Muloch-Craik's most excellent novels.

BLADE-O'-GRASS. By B. L. Farjeon, author of "Joshua Marvel," etc. The author of this story has attempted to awaken sympathy for the deplorable condition of the English poor, in depicting the lives of two sisters, one of whom is left to grow up in wretchedness and neglect, while the other is adopted by kind people, in whose house she develops into refined and gentle womanhood. The story is delicately told, enlivened at times by touches of humor, which again give place to pathos. If we have a fault to find, it is with the name of the wretched little heroine, a name which is forced and unnatural.

PATTY. *A Novel.* By Katharine S. Macquoid, author of "Rookstone."

FAIR TO SEE. *A Novel.* By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart.

Two English novels of average ability and interest, which will repay perusal.

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From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE WONDERS OF VEGETATION. From the French of Fulgence Marion. Edited, with Numerous Additions, by Schele de Vere, D. D., LL. D. There can scarcely be a more interesting or varied subject than the one chosen for this book. The volume does not attempt to go deeply into the science of botany, but confines itself rather to information in relation to the wonders of the vegetable world, and its descriptions are greatly aided by its numerous illustrations. The volume belongs to Scribner's "Illustrated Library of Wonders."

WILD MEN AND WILD BEASTS; *or, Scenes in Camp and Jungle.* By Lieut.-Col. Gordon Cumming. This claims to be a true record of life in India, albeit it is so full of incident and adventure as to read like romance. The volume, which is handsomely illustrated, belongs to the "Illustrated Library of Travel and Adventure," edited by Bayard Taylor, and now in course of publication by Scribner & Co.

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MOHAMMED ALI AND HIS HOUSE. *An Historical Romance.* By L. Mühlbach. Translated from the German by Chapman Coleman. Madame Mühlbach may not be the most powerful or accurate of historical writers; but her stories are readable, nevertheless, and the little information which they

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do convey incites a desire on the part of the reader to obtain more from reliable sources. This story of one of the most remarkable and powerful of Eastern princes will awaken an interest in the land of the pyramids and the Nile.

TWO PLUNGES FOR A PEARL. *A Novel.* By Mortimer Collins, author of "Marquis and Merchant," etc. A lively and entertaining society novel, in which theatrical managers, editors, and earls seem mixed up in a way to confuse our American ideas of English life.

BALLADS OF GOOD DEEDS, *and Other Verses.* By Henry Abbey. These poems have been gathered by their author from the first-class magazines and journals of the day, where they originally appeared, and have been collected in a neat and handsome volume. They will please by their refined and delicate sentiments, no less than by their poetic graces.

—

From HOLT & WILLIAMS, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

THE MYSTERY OF ORCIVAL. By Emile Gaboriau. A story of deep and sustained interest, which, though intensely sensational, is yet developed with more than ordinary artistic power. The characters are strongly marked, and drawn at once vigorously and delicately. We are not especially well pleased with the *dénouement*, however; though, perhaps, it may not be inconsistent with French notions of the fitness of things.

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From THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York, through J. C. GARRIGUES & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE LITTLE GIRL IN BLACK. By Margaret E. Wilmer. A pleasant and instructive story, inculcating temperance principles.

—

From J. W. SCHERMERHORN & Co., New York, through J. A. BANCROFT & Co., Philadelphia:—

GOOD SELECTIONS, *in Prose and Poetry.* By W. M. Jelliffe, Teacher of Elocution. These selections are made from the best modern American and English writers, and are intended for use in schools and academies, lyceums and literary societies, and private entertainments.

—

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

STELLAFONT ABBEY. By Emma Marshall. This is an English story, which will be welcomed here. It is written simply and plainly, makes the characters talk naturally, and is pointed with the good moral never absent in this author's works.

ST. PAUL IN ROME. By J. R. Macduff, D. D. Dr. Macduff spent the spring of 1871 in Rome, and preached in the Porta del Popolo the sermons which make up this book, upon the events of St. Paul's life in the great city. He has prefaced the work with an introductory chapter, and it will no doubt find a warm reception with the author's many readers. This and the preceding volume are beautifully bound and printed. Messrs. Carter are now among our most substantial publishers.

—

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston:—

THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES. By Peter Mark Roget. Edited by Barnas Sears, D. D. Roget's Thesaurus has established its character as a standard work of reference. It is the only book, so far as we know, which supplies the composer with a copious store of synonyms upon all the ordinary English words and phrases. The value of such an aid will be known by all who have felt in writing an article, or even a letter, the poverty of the memory. We use a word, and in the next line have to employ the same idea again; or we wish to convey a certain thought, and our treacherous brain refuses the right word. A book like this will then be invaluable. We turn to some synonym of the fugitive, and find him, as it were, hidden in the house of his friend. The arrangement of the work is so excellent, and the index so thorough, that we doubt whether it can be improved upon. The American editor has confined himself to placing at the end of the volume certain French and English phrases before included in the body of the book, and to omitting a number of words and synonyms which he describes as "trite and vulgar." Every literary man, every copious letter writer, ought to have this work by his side.

—

From LORING, Boston, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

THE HARTWELL FARM. By Caxton, author of "Marion Berkley." A lively, chatty, gossipy story of American life, which condescends to discuss details of dressmaking, bareges, and India muslin, flounces, trains, overskirts, and what-nots in a way that will interest every young lady into whose hands the book may chance to fall. Do not understand us, however, that the book is given up entirely to subjects of this sort. It describes a young girl's summer at the seaside, and ends in a very pretty love story.

—

From R. W. CARROLL & Co., Cincinnati:—

JUNE ON THE MIAMI, *and Other Poems.* By W. H. Venable. A volume of poems whose melody will please the ear, and whose tender and poetic sentiments will appeal to the fancy and the heart.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

APRIL, 1872.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—The steel plate, "Grandfather's Pet," is really a sweet picture. The tinted cut, "Sports of April," is well adapted to the season. "Miss Lolipop gives a view of the gentlemen's dressing-room. Another large sheet of braiding patterns is presented to the subscribers. With the rich fashion plate this number is equal to its predecessors this year.

—

LOUISIANA.

To tell the truth, friend Godey, I do not see how a man, with feelings of refinement to the least extent, or one who is blessed with the presence of ladies in his household, could possibly do without the LADY'S BOOK. This is no flattery. I mean just what I say, and really consider it an ornament to any parlor.

W. A. N.

—

WE call the attention of our readers to "Cash's Snowdrop Trimming," manufactured at Coventry, England, spoken of in the Chitchat for this month. We cordially recommend it, being able to speak of its merits, and advise our readers who desire a pretty and good wash trimming to send for it to the agents, Wm. H. Horstmann & Sons, Fifth and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia.

—

WE respectfully inform the Pittsburgh man, who wrote us the affectionate letter about "mild tea," that we were not deceived by the swindle, although we perceive that several papers were.

—

DREER'S Catalogue of Bulbs, Roots, and Seeds is out. Write to F. J. Dreer, 714 Chestnut Street, for one. It is invaluable.

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GIVE THEM A LIFT.—Early in November, 1871, we received a letter, of which the following is a copy, and we publish it as a caution to others. We were not taken in by such stuff:—

NEW YORK, *November*, 1871.

DEAR SIR: We are about publishing an elegant quarto-volume of some 700 pages, to consist of sketches of the lives of men of progress and self-made men of America. Will you please furnish us with a sketch of your life at your earliest posible convenience, also a photograph from which to engrave your portrait on steel. The portraits are engraved by our best artists. The work will be the finest of its kind ever published, either here or in Europe. We would ask your early attention to the matter, as much of the material is now in the hands of the printers and engravers.

Yours, very respectfully,
N. Y. & HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO.,
per DUNCAN.

It will be seen that the letter does not call for any money, but our biography and portrait are to be published simply because we are so eminent a person. To make assurance doubly sure we wrote on the 9th of November, asking if there would be anything to pay. No reply. We wrote again on the 24th of the same month. Still no reply.. The gentlemen, we presume, saw that we could not be imposed upon. We may add that their letter contained an excellent engraving of Dickens. Our head was to have been engraved, we suppose, in the same style. The New York *Tribune* of February 1 contained the following, which explains the matter a little:—

SPRINGES TO CATCH WOODCOCKS.—David once said in his haste that "all men were liars," and it has been considered an excellent jest ever since to say that he might say it now at his leisure. But David was, after all, right in recanting his rash utterance. If all men were liars, lying would cease to be profitable. It is the favorable conjunction of the rogue and the honest man which gives to villainy its temptation and its opportunity. Mr. Carlyle was perhaps nearer the truth when he said of his own country that it numbered forty millions of inhabitants, mostly fools. The ease with which the most gross and vulgar forms of knavery flourish in intelligent communities is a strong argument in favor of the theory of the great cynic.

A dozen times we have exposed one of the most imbecile swindles of New York, the so-called "New York and Hartford Publishing Company." They have come to us and begged of us to desist, saying we were ruining them and their business. Yet the only effect of the fullest publicity is to embarrass their operations for a week or two, by which time the public has forgotten all about it, and the old rascality comes out again to its work. It must be confessed that this particular knavery has a firm and enduring foundation in the vanity of men. Any enterprise which can successfully appeal to this master passion is sure of easy gains. A provincial banker, a member of the Washoe Legislature, a new-fledged Doctor of Divinity from some sweet-water seminary, a brevet Brigadier of 1865, comes to the city and goes to his accustomed tavern. He feels a little lost and strange in the bustle and whirl of this vast metropolis. He is wounded and dazzled by a glare of life that makes his own importance and achievements seem a small affair. But during the first day of his sojourn he finds this mysterious note in his room, with an imposing display heading:—

DEAR SIR: Would you be good enough to call at our N. Y. Office at your earliest *posible* convenience. We wish to see you on a matter of importance, which can only be fully explained in a personal interview. It is almost *imposible* to find a guest at his hotel unless by appointment, is our *appology* for not calling again. Yours very respectfully, N. Y. AND HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO. (opposite City Hall and Astor House), per DUNCAN.

After reading this impressive note, he feels less forlorn. He hurries down to Park Row and finds an affable person who is delighted to see him, who has long known and admired him at a distance, who blesses the hour that has given him this unexpected honor. The village Hampden is delighted, and begins to think the world is not so unappreciative as it seemed. This opinion is fortified when the Publishing Company gently and timidly broaches the purpose of the interview he has demanded. He wants to take the Life of the obscure celebrity; he is about to publish a Record of the Men of Progress of the Century; such a work would be shamefully incomplete without the history of the village Hampden. Sometimes a saving common sense steps in and carries the rural hero out of the office, but often he listens, and weakens, and signs a contract to furnish a biography and take a large number of copies of the work when it is finished. He is then asked for a slight advance on account, "to push the work of engraving," and he often gives this, and then he goes away a prouder, poorer, but not much wiser man. He finds out after a while how he has been handled, how his waxen nose has been moulded at the mercy of his ungrammatical admirer, and he feels too much disgusted to talk about it. He is sure that all his friends will laugh at him for his folly. He can make no "posible appology" for his own fatuity. He puts the investment to profit and loss, and the N. Y. & H. Pub. Co., per Duncan, go on their way ravaging the hotels, and taking every day their half dozen young and tender celebrities to their ogre's castle in the solitudes of Park Row. The fate of such is a dreadful warning to all who neglect a punctual reading of their *Tribune*.

MRS. A. M. KERR, at Mrs. Faire's, 268 South Ninth Street, will give lessons, as visiting governess in schools and private families, to teach French, English, Italian, or Belle-lettres. The best references given. Also her daughter will give lessons in English, French, and Music.

TENNESSEE.

I WAS only delighted to think that I could get up the club. I, for one, would not be without GODEY. It has been in our family as long as I can remember.

T.

ART RECREATIONS is the title of a book which is a complete guide in all kinds of drawing, painting, and artistic work. Without a teacher one can learn with its easy rules and illustrations, pencil-drawing, crayon-drawing, and painting, Grecian painting, antique painting, Oriental painting, etc. etc. Also leather work, moss work, feather work, wax work, cone work, shell work, etc. etc. How to preserve birds, how to make aquariums, magic lanterns, paper flowers, vases, etc., in fact a perfect encyclopedia of all that is ornamental and useful. The publishers, J. E. Tilton & Company, will send it post-paid to any address on receipt of $3.

ELECTRO MAGNETIC CURLING COMBS.—As there is no responsible names to this advertisement, we would suggest to those who want one of these combs to order it, and pay for it when received.

THE DEAN'S PARROT.—Dean Stanley, who writes such charming "Memorials of Westminster Abbey, London," has a very intelligent parrot, of an observing mind, who has picked up a number of pious phrases in the course of his experience in the dean's house. Doctor Stanley has too much good sense and good taste to teach a parrot sacred phrases. One day lately the dean lost his interesting bird, and Lady Augusta was disconsolate at the truancy of her light-hearted prattler. The dean was entertaining a party of clerics, amongst whom was the accomplished and popular Doctor Vaughn, Master of the Temple, when the discovery was made of the absence of their familiar guest, and the party rose and set out in the dean's garden to hunt up the wilful absentee. At last he was discovered perched in a secluded tree. When the little party of clerical searchers arrived, and surrounded the branches of the parrot's retreat, he looked down very gravely at the array of white neckcloths and black coats, and concluded—being a parrot given to reflection—that they meant business, and leaning forward on a branch where he was perched, he said, in a most comical manner: "Let us pray!"

QUEER advertisement under the head of "Wants" is the following: "Wanted, women to sell on commission."

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WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

February 12, 1872.

DURING the past month, society has been rushing onward like a swift stream. As Lent approaches, receptions, balls, and masquerades crowd upon each other, many making their arrangements to attend several in the same evening. Yet we are happy to say that there are other parties, of a more intellectual character, some of which, at least, will not be closed with the beginning of the Lenten season. Three or four gentlemen of our city, noted for their learning and taste, have been giving literary, musical, and art receptions, which have attracted together all the authors, poets, sculptors, painters, musicians, and newspaper correspondents, together with statesmen and politicians, and even the President and Vice-President, so great has been their popularity among the higher classes of society. Hon. Horatio King, the Professors Loomis (brothers), Mr. Thomas Taylor, and Mr. A. S. Solomons, deserve the honors for these delightful entertainments. Fine essays, poems, recitations art dissertations, exhibitions of specimens of art, with music and social converse, form the features of these meetings.

The receptions of Madame Garcia, on Saturday afternoons, are very brilliant. She is wife of the Argentine Minister, and is a beautiful and highly cultivated lady. She is author of a novel, founded upon scenes in Mexico, which won the highest praise from Victor Hugo. She dresses in mourning with ornaments of jet. She has a pure olive complexion, with fine large black eyes, and raven hair. Lady Thornton, wife of the British Minister; Mrs. Russell Gurney, wife of the British Claims Commissioner; and Señora Freyre, wife of the Peruvian Minister, with her daughters Señoritas Rosa and Victoria Freyre, have also held elegant receptions during the season. Mr. Mori, the Minister from Japan, whom we have often met in society, is a gentleman of high culture and intellectual attainments. He is not yet thirty, and has passed three or four years in Europe, studying the manners, customs, and languages, yet it is said that he was a member of the Japanese Congress before he left the empire, and had also written several books.

Mrs. Grant wore, on her reception of the 16th of January, a crimson silk, trained, and trimmed with rich black lace; a black lace *fichu* around her shoulders; coral jewelry. Mrs. Senator Conkling, who assisted her, black velvet and point lace; and Mrs. Pullman, of Chicago, who also assisted her, a rich white silk, with costly point lace shawl. The rooms were closed and the chandeliers lighted, which gave a much finer effect to the dresses, and especially showed off the diamonds, which some of the ladies wore in profusion.

At her reception of the 30th, Mrs. Grant wore rose-colored silk, with point lace, and pearl and diamond jewelry. Mrs. Eugene Hale, who assisted her, wore a blue silk overdress, train of blue and white, striped, with necklace and earrings of gold. Miss Nellie Grant wore pearl-colored silk, trimmed with light-blue satin. At the President's reception the following Thursday evening, Mrs. Grant wore blue silk, with ruffles and point lace; Mrs. General Sickles, the Spanish beauty, a delicate green silk, trimmed with muslin flutings, edged with lace, and a Spanish veil fastened to her hair with golden stars, and falling behind.

At Postmaster-General and Mrs. Creswell's evening reception of the 22d of January, everything that art could invent or wealth procure for the enjoyment of the guests, was furnished. Mrs. Creswell wore a salmon-pink *gros grain* silk, with ruffles and point lace. Hair dressed high and powdered. At the reception on the following evening at Secretary Belknap's, Mrs. Secretary Fish wore black velvet train, with point lace and diamonds; Mrs. General Butler, green velvet, with white lace flounce; Mrs. General Banks, black velvet, *décolleté*, trimmed with satin and lace; and Miss Florence Hildreth, a dress of black illusion, wrought with gold, which was much admired. At a reception at the Attorney-General's, Mrs. Williams wore a pearl-colored silk train, trimmed with cherry; Mrs. Pullman, of Chicago, a delicate pink silk, almost covered with point lace; Mrs. Fish, black velvet and point lace, with the most magnificent diamonds in the room.

Besides all these, there have been *bals masques*, evening receptions and sociables, a great many dinner parties, Germans, and wedding parties. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the gayest month ever known in Washington society.

M. E. N.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—Mr. Gilbert Brown, of Williamsburg, N. Y., bought a $55 WHEELER & WILSON Machine in 1856 (price then $100), borrowed most of the money to pay for it; has supported his family with it, bought and paid for a house and lot, paid taxes, church dues, etc., besides doing his family sewing. During the war he averaged daily eight infantry frock coats, or ten cavalry jackets, or eight military overcoats. Since then he has earned at custom work from $3 to $5 per day of nine hours, and would not now sell his machine for the price he paid for it.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS:—

On one occasion "Casting your pearls before swine" was printed: "Casting their pills before sunrise." Again, on the description of a building, it was written: "It had sixty fancy windows." In type it read: "The establishment contained sixty faded widows."

A certain Jenkins, also, was the victim of an aggravated assault, because when, in his report of a wedding, he declared that "the bride was accompanied to the altar by *eight* bridesmaids," the types made it that "the bride was accompanied to the altar by *tight* bridesmaids."

An editor wrote: "The Rev. B—— is a pretty-aged minister." It was printed: "The Rev. B—— is a putty-eyed monster."

A New York editor, remarkable for his bad penmanship, wrote: "Women now manage most of the public libraries in Massachusetts, and the compositor read it: "Women now worry most of their public babies by mastication."

A poet wrote: "Her bosom was tossed by respirations wild." The printer made it read, "Her husband was bound with perspiration mild."

"BE ye therefore steadfast," is well, but when it is printed "Be ye there for breakfast," it is not so well.

A CHICAGO paper says: "The era has come of plain and wholesome food, plain and decent clothes, plain and honest ways. Vanity must be crucified. Amusements must be largely home-made and inexpensive."

We hope it will extend to other places. It is much needed here.

THE New York *Mail* asserts that "many fashionable ladies who are partial to low-necked dresses, and have not a pretty neck, wear a false neck of wax or alabaster, which, when a heavy necklace is worn with it, can hardly be detected from the real article.

We think the above almost improbable, even for New York.

RATHER curious advertisement:—

A LAD will be educated in one of the best private schools in exchange for a driving horse. Address ——.

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HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY *for April* contains two beautiful new songs; a new piano fantasia by Brinley Richards, now for the first time published in this country; a new piece for learners in their first lessons; and a capital arrangement of Mack's popular Wyoming March, as a duet for two performers. Good piano duets are scarce, and this one is excellent. It should create a demand for hundreds of copies of this number of the *Monthly*, especially as the whole number is furnished at a less price than the duet will cost when published in the usual separate form. Let every piano player or singer send 40 cents for this number, or $1 for the last three numbers. Yearly subscription only $4. Address orders only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—Oh, Would I Were a Girl Again! beautiful new soprano song, by Neilson, 30 cents. Only Thee, fine sacred quartette, by M. W. Hackleton, 30. The Earth is Beautiful, new song and chorus, by Barrett, 30. Leaves That Are Fairest, Stewart's most exquisite song, 30. Oh, Say That You Ne'er will Forget Me! very pretty sentimental song, by Stewart, 30.

Also, Ringlet Waltz, Scherzer, very pretty, 30. Graceful Schottische, Beckel, 30. Spring Garden Schottische, Rudloff, brilliant, 35. Ohio Mazourka, by Henri Sutter, very showy and elegant, 50. Robin Rough, brilliant transcription, by Barrett, 75. Little Amazon March, by Ohm, beautiful picture title, 50. Address orders to Mr. Holloway, as above.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

L. A. GODEY, ESQ.: I have been a subscriber to your LADY'S BOOK for sixteen years. Since I was thirteen years of age up to the present time, a kind brother has sent to me, regularly every month, your Book. It has been my constant companion through the varied changes of my life during those long years. D.

PICTURES OF GOLD FROM PARIS SOURCES.—Two of Henri Regnault's pictures, "General Prim" and "A Moorish Execution in the Alhambra," have been bought by the government for the gallery of the Luxembourg; and in reference to this the *Figaro* has an interesting article showing the high prices of paintings lately, at a moment supposed to be so disastrous to art and artists, and how, while some men are sighing despairingly "tout est fini," others are quietly hanging on the walls of their galleries treasures bought at magnificent prices. Foreigners have come over to purchase, but they have not captured and carried off all they coveted, for their rich offers are opposed, and often successfully. A picture dealer came over from New York to purchase Meissonier's "Charge of Cavalry" for 150,000 francs ($30,000), but found he had been forestalled by Mr. Richard Wallace, who had become possessor of the work before it had left the easel for 10,000 louis d'or ($40,000), while M. Delahante has just refused $20,000 for Meissonier's "1814," which he bought for less than $15,000. M. Gavet has sold part of his fine collection, and Delacroix's "Crucifixion" was purchased by a French amateur for four times its original cost. The fine "Marino Fallero," by the same artist, has become the property of an anonymous purchaser (the Duc d'Aumale, it is supposed), and his "Tasso in the Madhouse" has also been exchanged for a heap of notes. It once belonged to Dumas *père*, who was once on the point of letting it go for $240, when his son, who happened to arrive at the very moment, prevented the consummation of this piece of folly by buying the picture himself. Later, Khalil-Bey saw it at the house of the younger Dumas, and, all his virtuoso's eagerness being roused, he won it from him, and considered it one of the treasures of his splendid collection.

WHAT a big garret:—

"More than six thousand pictures were recently discovered which have been hidden away in the garret of a Florentine palace since the time of the Medici."

RATHER a novel method of celebrating the advent of leap year has been adopted at a town in Kentucky, and one quite unpleasant for the victims. This is nothing more or less than a public sale of the bachelors and widowers of that enterprising town by the young ladies of that vicinity. They brought the following prices: Lawyers (an inferior grade), $5 a head; farmers, from $4.25 to $5.50; doctors (common stock, and evidently "drugs in the market"), $5; widowers, $1000, bidding spirited; bachelors without any distinctive professions or trades, 75 cents to $1.05, and the bidding slow; editors were in great demand, for the ladies supposed by marrying an editor they would be deadheaded over all the railroads and to places of amusement. The high price paid for the widowers seems unaccountable to the bachelors. It is a pity to hold up so strong an inducement for men to wish to be widowers.

"BUSTLE! bustle!" Shakspeare says, but he does not refer to the following kind of bustle:—

"A Pittsfield feminine Sunday-school teacher recently, while engaged in the administration of her duties, lost her Bible and didn't know where to find it. When she got home the book of books was found wagging along on the bustle behind her, where it had been placed by a member of her class."

By stiffening the article a little, teachers can carry small and invalid children on them. We propose this. Good also for rainy weather, for one umbrella will cover the party.

"A VISIONARY newspaper, writing of the honeymoon, is trying to persuade young married people that it is better for them to stay quietly at home, and not go wandering off on exhibition. As if any bride would forego the blessed privilege of leading her prize around with a blue ribbon tied to his neck in a hotel or other public places where brides most do congregate. But there is a legend, unauthorized, told somewhere of a young bride who brazenly tried to pretend she had been married years, and thought to deceive people by saying aloud and snappishly to her husband of a half a day, 'I wish you would not always be walking on my dress.'"

You can't succeed in persuading them. Why, in our own city, they would rather go over to Smith's Island than stay at home.

NOT CATCHING.—A lady school-teacher in Omaha, having an inordinate dread of the smallpox, sent home a little girl because she said her mother was sick, and had marks on her face. The next day the girl presented herself at the schoolhouse, with her fingers in her mouth, and her little bonnet swinging by the strings, and said to the teacher: "Miss ——, we 've got a little baby at our house; but mother told me to tell you that *it isn't catchin'*." The teacher said she was very glad, and told her pupil to take her seat.

A LADY complained that her husband was a deceiver. Upon being asked why she thought so, replied, with some hesitation: "Why, I have discovered that all the love letters he sent me were the very same as those he sent to his first wife."

COMPLIMENTARY.—A country rector once complained to the celebrated Doctor Routh of having received only five pounds for preaching a sermon at Oxford. "Five pounds!" said the doctor. "Why, I wouldn't have preached that sermon for fifty!"

IT is related of Coleridge that while walking down the street one day in profound meditation, he found himself face to face with a baker's boy, carrying a large basket. He seized the urchin, took him solemnly aside, and declared to the astonished and bewildered youngster: "I never knew a man good because he was religious; but I have known one religious because he was good."

EUPHEMISM.—A spittoon is now called a cuspadore.

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EXTRACT from "Letters of a Traveller:"—

A MOORISH WEDDING.—In due time we arrived at the bridegroom's house, where men were screaming and firing guns. An old Moor seized me by the shoulders and pushed me into the doorway. I thought I might as well go in and see all that was to be seen; and so I ventured in. On Mr. Y—— trying to follow me, he was seized by half a dozen stalwart Moors and detained outside, and none of the men were allowed to enter; the rest of the ladies came in in fear and trembling, though there really was no danger. In the house there was a terrible row; seven or eight women were beating drums of various dimensions, and screaming, at the highest pitch of their voices, "Al, al, al!" in the shrillest of tones. In another room were women cooking on the ground, over charcoal earthenware fireplaces. They have no table or chairs, and it was very strange to see the women with their plates on the ground, stepping about over them with their bare feet and legs. The entrance to the bridegroom's room was closed by a curtain.

I had just time to notice all this when we heard loud screams of "Al, al, al, al, al!" and in came four men carrying the box containing the bride. They deposited the box in the curtained room, and expeditiously retired; all the women having hid their faces when the men entered. We tried in vain to see into the room and catch a glimpse of the bride. An old slave held up her blanket before the door, and would not allow any one to look in. Presently a man came in and carried out the empty box, which Mr. Y—— says was immediately hoisted on to the roof and left there. Then the men outside commenced firing into the house; and we, finding no one but the bridegroom could see the bride that night, and, being half suffocated with smoke, determined upon trying to make our exit, and in a lull in the firing rushed out as fast as we could run, for fear of being shot, for they were aiming straight into the house, and marking the walls and door.

We ladies afterwards went and saw the bride. She was seated on a kind of bed, covered with a thick gold and silk shawl or veil, and looked like a pyramid. In front of her on the bed were four women holding candles, and on the ground some eight women playing Moorish music and singing in a doleful minor about the charms of the bride. When they saw me looking steadily at the pyramid, they slowly raised the veil, and I beheld the bride. She was most gorgeously dressed in gold and scarlet; gold chains around her neck, huge earrings in her ears, and a cloth of gold headdress. Her face was excessively painted; two large triangular patches of scarlet with blue and white and black patterns on the cheeks, a blue cross on her chin, her eyebrows and eyes blackened, and the latter glued shut for three days. Her hands were traced over with India ink in wonderful patterns, and the insides and nails dyed orange. There she sat like a great doll while we stared at her. Some of the women were very anxious to paint me, but I shook my head and ran away.

We have also seen a Jewish wedding in which the bride was most magnificently dressed. The cap of pearls and jewelry on her head were worth more than £100 (as the bridegroom told us), besides other splendid gems.

We ladies have also visited several harems, the bashaw's among others; and we have had tea at one—such tea! It is considered a great luxury, and is given as a great compliment. To be offered it and to refuse is an unpardonable insult; so of course we had to drink it. The sugar, six huge lumps, were put into the teapot, and the chief wife calmly stirred it with a spoon for about five minutes, then three times over poured out a cup and returned it to the teacup, and finally gave us each a cupful of the weak syrupy tea. The slaves handed us horribly nasty Moorish sweets and cakes. We had to pretend to eat, and some we managed to swallow, but glad enough were we for the ceremony to be over.

"In condemning late hours for dinner, a medical journal says that within four hundred years the dinner hour has gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M."

A minister in London was asked by a person to dine with him at 7 P. M. "You must excuse me," said he; "I am engaged to take supper with the bishop at 6."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The record of GODEY hardly finds a parallel in the literary world—forty-two years old, and not a number lost, or a change of editors! It has been made better and more attractive as the years have come and gone, and it stands to-day without a successful rival in the land. On our arrival in Jeddo, Japan, in 1862, the first American journal we saw was a copy of GODEY! The arrangements for this year embrace many new and attractive features, and it is pleasant to know that Godey *always* fulfils his promises.—*Register*, South Jackson, Mich.

We send many copies to India, and in every part of the world you will find the LADY'S BOOK—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

GODEY.—Its corps of writers has a reputation for excellence above that of any other. Its literature is pure, fresh, and glowing with the inspiration of genius. Its fashion-plates are the most correct; its steel plates the most beautiful; while in original music, model cottages, and drawing lessons GODEY is without a rival. It contains a horticultural and health department, and the invaluable receipts for the boudoir, nursery, kitchen, house, and laundry contained in a single number are worth more than a year's subscription.—*Herald*, Lawrensville, S. C.

GODEY has many departments that are not to be found in any other magazine.

GODEY FOR JANUARY.—Parties wishing a *useful* magazine—one that exactly fills the bill—had better subscribe for GODEY for the coming year. We guarantee they will be satisfied every time.—*Locomotive*, Stuart, Iowa.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—What glorious *young* old people Godey and Mrs. Hale must be. Here are forty-two years they have been consecutively publishing the LADY'S BOOK, and this year it displays more vim, and vigor, and *freshness* than it did thirty years ago. Will they not communicate to the world their secret of perpetual youth? May they thoroughly imbue all their readers with this glorious spirit of youth and freshness!—*Journal*, El Paso, Ill.

Yes, we will. Perpetual cheerfulness and the great satisfaction in publishing a magazine that elicits such notices from an appreciative press as we receive.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—All that we can say in its praise, all the eloquence that could be poured forth in an elaborate description of its many beauties, and a minute detail of its many virtues, would give only a faint idea of its real worth, compared to a personal examination of its beautiful engravings, superb chromo-lithographs, valuable fashion-plates, and its flowing pages of the choicest of American literature. Its contributors comprise an array of magazine writers that stand foremost in the land, and no pains or expense whatever is spared to make it one of the best lady's books in America.—*Clipper*, Newark, Ill.

We are proud of our array of contributors, and challenge any other magazine to show an equal array of talent.

WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR SIR: I send you another in addition to my club, and will yet use my efforts to send you more. Your LADY'S BOOK has taken us all by surprise this year, as we were not expecting such a treat, and the exclamations, "How beautiful!" "Splendid!" "Superb!" comes from all who have seen the numbers for this year. For myself, I could not possibly do without it. W.

A GENTLEMAN, stopping at a French *café*, was struck by the appearance of an old owl. The next day he missed the bird, and inquired of the landlord about him. "Monsieur must remember he had some game yesterday." "Why, you certainly have not killed that bird?" "Oh, no, monsieur! He died."

THE Boston *Post* complains of the present style of young lady's bows, as being "mildly melancholy," and giving the impression that she had just lost her dearest friend, or dropped ice-cream on the front breadth of her new silk.

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JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PARLOR PANTOMIME.

In playing these Pantomimes, or Charades in Action, there should be a sufficient number of persons present to form an audience outside of the actors. The manager of the game, after a word has been agreed upon, should announce to the spectators that the Charade about to be acted is in three acts—(more or less, as the case may be). The performance, where speaking is permitted, must be accompanied by *pantomimic action;* but where there are no words to be spoken, you must have recourse to *pantomimic gesticulation* to give expression to the part.

As for *dresses and decorations*, whatever is at hand may be pressed for the occasion; and hats, veils, caps, shawls, handkerchiefs, muffs, boas, brooms, etc., must lend their aid to supply the wants.

Appropriate music on the piano-forte will heighten the dramatic effect; but this portion of the performance may be dispensed with, if not easily attainable.

KINGFISHER—IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.—KING.

SCENE.—*Grand Hall of Audience. Persons represented*—KING, FIRST MINISTER, GOLD STICK IN WAITING, COURTIERS, GUARDS, *etc.*

The king is discovered, sitting in state, in a large arm-chair; he leans back with an affectation of mock dignity, and puffs out his cheeks; one of his feet is placed on a stool, and in his right hand he holds a poker, as a sceptre; in his left, an orange. On his head a decanter-stand supplies the place of a crown, and over his shoulders he wears a shawl or a cloak, as a robe of state. The courtiers keep bowing before him, while the first minister, kneeling, presents him with a roll of paper. *Witty questions may here be put, and answers given.* A flourish of trumpets is heard (produced in any way you can). *Exit* king, strutting consequentially, followed by his courtiers.

[Music—"Old King Cole."

ACT II.—FISHER.—(A FISHERMAN.)

SCENE.—*The Seaside. Person represented*—*a* FISHERMAN.

Enter a fisherman with a broom-handle over his right shoulder, on which is suspended a net, made of a net shawl or a veil; in his left hand he carries two fishes, made of two snuffer-trays, suspended by a string. He seats himself on a rock, made of a stool. (*A comic scene may here be introduced by one of the actors putting comic questions to him.*) Fisherman rises, and *exit* slowly.

[Music—"I'm a jolly Fisherman."

ACT III.—KINGFISHER.

SCENE.—*The Banks of a River. Person represented*—*a* BIRD.

The kingfisher is seen on a rock, with his bill, made of a short stick, poking forward. He dives on the carpet, in imitation of the bird catching its finny prey, which he seems to devour with a most comfortable appetite; he then flaps his arms, instead of wings, and *exit as much as possible like a bird.*

[Music—"Say, little, fluttering, foolish Thing."

Note.—At the termination of the last act, one of the actors should come forward and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, you have witnessed our performance—please give us your explanation of the same." Questions may then be put in the following manner:—

Q. What was represented in the first act? Ans. A king.

Q. What in the second act? Ans. A fisherman.

A. You have now the key to the name of our Charade, as it was exhibited in the third act; please to declare it.

It is permitted to ask, once, whether the name of the Charade is that of an animal, a vegetable, or a useful article.

TEA-BOARD—IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.—TEA.

SCENE.—*A Parlor. Persons represented*—MISS FROST, MISS WINTERBLOSSOM, MISS CRABTREE, BETTY.

A tea-table, surrounded by Miss Frost, Miss Winterblossom, and Miss Crabtree, who seem deeply engaged in tattle and talk; their heads are all close together, and they seem to be up to their eyes in scandal, sometimes raising their heads and eyes in horror at the backslidings of their neighbors.

Enter BETTY, who removes the tea things; but just as she gets outside the door, a shrill whistle is heard, as if coming from the area railings; a frightful crash, as of broken china, succeeds; the three ladies start on their feet, and Betty rushes into the room, wringing her hands, and apparently in utter despair. All the ladies fall to scolding her, by violent gestures and words. *Exeunt*, pushing her out.

[Music—"Oh! Whistle, and I'll come to thee, my Lad."

ACT II.—BOARD.

SCENE.—*The Street. Persons represented*—*a* SPINSTER *of no particular age, a* YOUNG GENT, *a jealous* LANDLADY, CARPENTER.

Enter spinster of no particular age at one side; enter carpenter at the other, with a board on his shoulder; he strikes against the spinster, who staggers against the wall, and is about fainting, when the young gent runs to her assistance, and, by the skilful application of a smelling-bottle, recovers her; meanwhile, the carpenter runs off. Young gent gallantly offers his arm to the spinster, who, smiling most benignantly, accepts it; when, just at this moment, the jealous landlady enters, runs up to him, and, with a torrent of gesticulative reproaches, points to a very large bill, which she produces from her pocket, and on which is written in large and legible characters:—

To Board, etc., $50.

The affrighted young gent stands for a moment aghast, as the jealous landlady seems determined to have her money. He then runs off. The jealous landlady makes a sudden onslaught on the spinster, who runs away, pursued by the jealous landlady.

[Music—"How now, Madam Flirt?"

ACT III.—TEA-BOARD.

SCENE.—*The hall of the Society of Arts. Persons represented—two* ASPIRANTS *to fame,* JUDGES, SPECTATORS.

Two tea-boards are placed side by side; the judges sit in two rows at either side of them, and rise one by one to examine them. They have recourse to a great many wise shrugs, sundry shakings of heads, and expressions of approval or admiration. They at last pronounce judgment; a bell is rung, and the two competitors are called in. The victor is crowned with the lid of a small saucepan, while the unsuccessful candidate runs off in despair; the victor is then marched round in triumph. *Exeunt omnes.*

[Music—"Let Fame sound the Trumpet."

"CROMWELL'S skull is said to be in possession of a Londoner, whose great grandfather picked it up when, after the Restoration, a storm blew it from the pike on which it was fixed at Westminster."

We have the following to relate about Cromwell's skull. A gentleman, visiting a country museum in England, had pointed out to him the skull of Oliver Cromwell. "Why," said he, "they have a skull of Cromwell in a London museum." "Oh!" said the keeper, "that is Oliver Cromwell's skull when he was a boy."

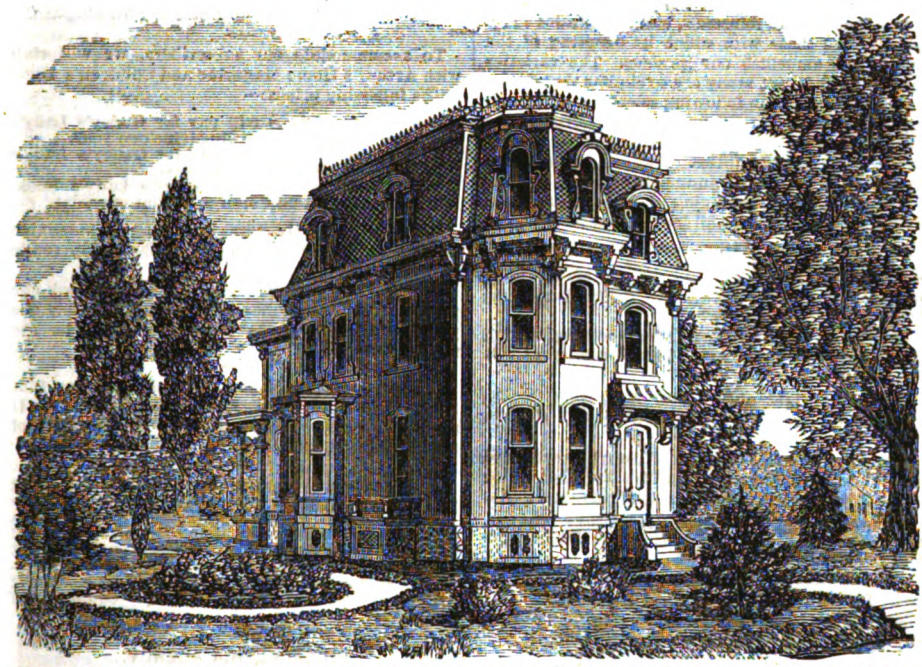
WHY is the letter S likely to prove dangerous in argument? Because it turns words into swords.

Why cannot a leopard be caged? Because he cannot be confined to one spot.

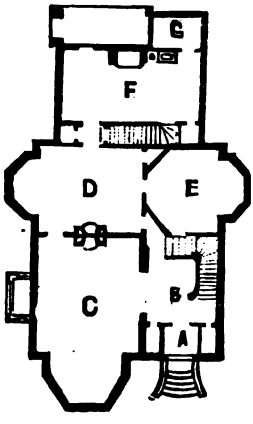
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TOWN OR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

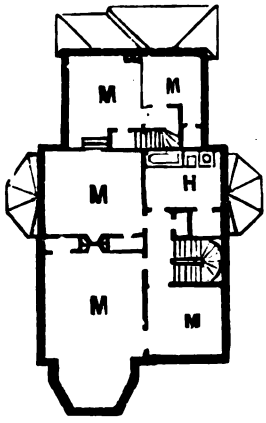
Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, *Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*



THE above design with a Mansard roof is intended for a town or suburban residence. It needs association of other houses with small plantations between, and set some sixty feet back from the road, but should always take a position on a line with others adjoining. In such a position, with well-trained grass, nicely kept walks, with a few terra-cotta *jardinières* furnished with flowering plants, a small fountain, with a few well-chosen bushes in the rear, forming clumps impenetrable to the eye, set in such a manner as to form small vistas, but closing up the view before the rear of the lot is exposed; properly treated in this manner, a degree of refinement will be thrown over the whole that even those large, pretentious, or costly houses without it lack. It will stamp it as one of refinement and education, and be the admired of the town residences. The building will cost, in the neighborhood where it is to be located—upon the bank of the Raritan River, at New Brunswick, New Jersey—about $6000. The design was made for Doctor Robbins of the above place, and will be erected the coming season.



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

These designs are all drawn from the new law of proportions, or Ovo order. The evolution of lines and quantities are all extracted without deviation or change, therefore an alteration or deviation made by those who are not acquainted with its harmonies will produce discord and disappointment. We have seen buildings, many of them costing from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars, that stand in association with others of five times their cost, and they occupy all the attention of the passer-by. Bad proportion wastes many a million of dollars yearly. Anything costly should be finished accordingly; if it is not, the means and labor are lost.

The blank forms we use for specifications and bills of quantities we will mail to those who wish them for two dollars.

First Story.—A vestibule, 4 feet by 6 feet; B stair hall, 12 feet by 14 feet 9 inches; C parlor, 16 by 18 feet, with bay window, 8 by 12 feet; D dining-room, 14 by 16 feet, with bay window, 4 by 9 feet; E library, 12 by 13 feet, with bay window, 4 by 9 feet; F kitchen, 11 by 22 feet; G storeroom, 6 by 8 feet.

Second Story.—Four chambers marked M, all of sizes as rooms below; H bathroom, 9 by 12 feet.

Third Story contains an equal number of well-ventilated chambers; high stories.

Address letters to residence, 804 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

"BEECHER explains that the reason he gave up pastoral visits was because the ladies kept him waiting so long while they were dressing. Besides, they all would talk of nothing but servants, children's ailments, and family genealogies, until it got to be a trifle monotonous."

This is a general complaint. We never keep any visitors waiting; it is not polite.

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THE ROSE.

Of all other flowers, the Rose still maintains its position as the "Queen of Flowers." Poets of all ages have sung its praises; and yet the rose of song, of troubadours and minstrels, had no beauties so resplendent as those with which its offspring of the present day embellish our gardens. The varieties now are endless, yet many are so similar that to one not fully initiated the following select list of old and new varieties may be acceptable. Our purpose is to mention only such sorts as are of vigorous growth and free-blooming qualities. Many of the so-called Perpetual Roses are but annual bloomers. The following six varieties, belonging to the class known as HYBRID PERPETUAL, are all free bloomers:—

La France, large, satiny rose; *Mons. Boncenne*, blackish purple, the darkest rose in cultivation; *Paul Verdier*, fine, clear rose; *General Washington*, brilliant red; *Duke of Edinburgh*, brilliant crimson; *La Reine*, large, clear rose.

The BOURBON ROSES are all free-blooming, though not so hardy as the above. The following can be recommended:—

Hermosa, bright pink; *Mrs. Bosanquet*, blush; *Souvenir de Malmaison*, very large blush; *Paxton*, cherry rose.

BENGAL or CHINA ROSES are of dwarf growth, and from their ever-blooming qualities are also called DAILY ROSES. The most desirable of this class are:—

Agrippina, deep crimson; *Archduke Charles*, changeable pink and crimson; *White Daily*, pure white; *Pink Daily*, deep pink.

Our favorites among all the Roses, not only for their free-blooming qualities, but their delicate colors and exquisite perfume, are the TEA ROSES, of which the following can be recommended:—

Jean Pernet, creamy yellow; *Bougere*, large rose; *Devoniensis*, creamy white, known also from its exquisite fragrance as the *Magnolia Rose*; *Homere*, rose, salmon centre; *Madame Bravay*, pure white; *Gloire de Dijon*, blush and yellow.

The NOISETTE ROSES are generally of a taller habit than the foregoing classes, are also free-blooming, flowering in clusters:—

Amie Vibert, pure white; *Chromatilla* or *Cloth of Gold*, deep golden yellow; *Lamarque*, creamy white; *Maréchal Neil*, bright golden yellow.

Of HARDY-RUNNING ROSES, the following can be recommended:—

Grevilla, deep pink; *Monstrosa*, blush; *White Mycrophylla*, pure white; *Prairie Queen*, deep rose; *Gem of the Prairies*, deep pink, fragrant; *Baltimore Belle*, blush.

To grow Roses to perfection, a fresh, loamy soil is required, which should be enriched with well-rotted cow-manure, and their fertility preserved by a yearly top-dressing of well-rotted manure. Roses will not thrive in old, worn-out soils, and no amount of manuring will compensate for a fresh, virgin soil. All rose-growers are aware of this fact, and consequently change their soil frequently. All the varieties are benefitted by some protection during the winter—a covering of leaves or straw on the ground, and the placing of cedar brush around the tops. Dwarf varieties can be pegged down, and covered with earth or leaves. Ever-blooming roses cannot be secured unless the plants are kept in a vigorous, growing condition. To derive the greatest enjoyment from rose-culture, beds should be expressly prepared for their benefit.

The above are only a few of the many varieties which we cultivate. Our collection took all the first premiums in 1871 at the Exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. Persons desiring further information on the above, as well as on all other plants, seeds, bulbs, etc., are referred to DREER'S *Garden Calendar for* 1872, which will be mailed to all who inclose a stamp to my address,

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist*,
714 *Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.*

To accommodate our subscribers, we will club with Arthur's Home Magazine and Children's Hour at the following prices:—

The receipt of $4.00 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine one year.

The receipt of $3.50 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Children's Hour one year.

Five Dollars will pay for Godey's Lady's Book, Home Magazine, and Children's Hour one year.

Arthur's Home Magazine is the best $2 magazine published. The Children's Hour is the best juvenile magazine.

For Six Dollars we will send the Lady's Book one year, and pay for Holloway's Musical Monthly one year, to be sent to the person remitting us the money.

WHEN we receive money for a club, we pay that money over, and there our responsibility ceases. If a number is not received, write to the publisher of the missing magazine.

A NEW YORK husband said to his wife: "Wouldn't you like to go down and shake hands with Duke Alex?" "Duke Fiddlestick!" she replied, with a contemptuous curl of the lip. "No, of course not! What do you suppose I care about him? He isn't any better than anybody else!" She sat in contemplative silence for a minute or two, and then, looking up, asked, with an innocent smile, "*Could I if I wanted to?*"

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. S. F.—Sent music January 27th.
Mrs. F. G.—Sent jewelry by express 29th.
Miss M. L. W.—Sent beads February 17th.
Mrs. R. L. B., Jr.—Sent pattern 17th.
Mrs. C. H. O.—Sent pattern 17th.
Mrs. E. A. D.—Sent infant's wardrobe by express 17th.
Miss C. W. S.—Sent garnet ring by express 18th.
Mrs. P. B. G.—Sent pattern 20th.
Mrs. E. J. F.—Sent silver tea set by express 20th.
Miss L. B.—Sent opera fan 20th.
Miss R. G.—Sent bonnet by express 20th.
Mrs. H. A. B.—Sent pattern 20th.
Miss A. B. M.—Sent necklace 21st.
Miss B. C.—Sent kid gloves 21st.
Mrs. A. T.—Sent articles by express 24th.
Mrs. M. E. S.—Sent silver ice pitcher by express 25th.

Made Clifford.—If you desire the gentleman's acquaintance, you might send a line notifying him you were in the city.

E. F.—Pure glycerine soap would help. Know nothing about application of lemon juice.

Refrigerators.—Yes, we believe you can see them, as advertised freeze water into solid ice every day; but wait until you have purchased one. You may wait a long time before you will get solid ice every day. We do not say that they use a freezing mixture. We can only say we bought one, but never could find any ice, except what we put in, and that was a ruinous quantity every day.

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Miss J. K. and H. P.—We have replied to your query about fifty times. There is no remedy. Many are advertised, but they are impositions.

L. T. A.—"Sunshine and Shade" never has been published in book form. We can furnish the numbers for $2.50.

Country Girl.—Please repeat your requests, and send a stamp for a reply. Too many questions for this department.

Carrie.—"This is the end of earth; I am content," were the last words of John Quincy Adams.

Cousin Ella.—1. I think the article you refer to must be a misprint. Black is frequently worn out of mourning, but colored ones, to match the bonnet in color, are most fashionable. 2. Yes. 3. Yes, more. 4. Waist and overskirt colored, underskirt black. 5. Crimson. 6. We cannot say, never having used either. 7. Yes.

Inquirer.—We really cannot tell you the symptoms of a diseased heart. If you feel badly, you had better consult a physician.

Netta.—It is rather a serious undertaking for one so young to become a stepmother. We do not think proper to advise you, as we know nothing of your temper and disposition. Patience, and good temper, and a decided absence of selfishness are absolute necessities in order to do justice to children not your own.

Minnie.—Gloves should certainly be worn, but you may take them off at supper.

Beauty.—Too many questions for this department. Please repeat your questions, send a stamp, and we will reply by letter.

Myrtle.—Real swansdown may be washed in curd soap and water, and shaken until it is dry.

M. E. C.—You can only get rid of your shyness by mixing more frequently in society.

Anna.—Your dictionary would have given you the information. Siren, in ancient mythology, a goddess who entices men into her power by the charms of music, and devoured them. Seraphim, angels of the highest order.

Archie.—The word is said to have originated in a joke. The manager of a Dublin play-house wagered that he would make a word of no meaning to be the common talk, and puzzle the city in twenty-four hours. In the course of that time the letters *q, u, i, z* were chalked or posted on all the walls of Dublin, with such an effect that the wager was won.

Victoria.—The ruby is next to the diamond in hardness and value. A ruby, perfect both in color and transparency, is much less common than a good diamond, and, when of the weight of three or four carats, is even more valuable than that gem.

Self-Taught.—Your writing would look better if you made your up-strokes finer, and the down-strokes a little firmer.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of its transactions; and whether the person sending the order, is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of peacock-colored silk, made with one skirt and plain corsage; the skirt trimmed with one deep plaited ruffle; overdress of black silk, made as a court train, with a bodice cut somewhat in the form of lapels, with jacket in back, all trimmed with a plaited ruffle of the silk.

Fig. 2.—Visiting dress of very light stone-colored silk, made with an overdress, and waist, and sleeves of blue silk; the waist of the dress in front is cut in vest form, with a band of blue coming across the waist in front; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with ruffles of the stone color, with square pieces of blue coming over them. Bows made of *point appliqué* lace trim the front of skirt, with bands of blue silk, finished with buttons. Hat of stone-colored chip, trimmed with stone color and blue.

Fig. 3.—Dress for a lady of nankeen-colored silk pongee, made with one skirt, demi-train, and polonaise; the skirt trimmed with brown silk and fringe; the polonaise is trimmed with bands of silk, fastened with buckles, and finished off with fringe. Open sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Hat of straw the color of dress, trimmed with ribbon and feathers of the two shades.

Fig. 4.—Carriage dress of lilac silk, made with demi-train, and trimmed with ruffles of two shades of silk, the ruffles being deeper in the back than in front, being divided at the sides by a quilling and bows. Black silk polonaise, trimmed with white silk, with black lace over it. Black lace hat, trimmed with ribbon and pink roses.

Fig. 5.—Evening dress of pink silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with puffs of white silk, divided by bands of pink silk lace and small bows; the overskirt is cut open in the back, and trimmed with *point appliqué* lace. Low corsage, with jacket in back, trimmed to correspond with lace. Hair rolled in front, and curls in the back, with ribbon color of dress arranged in it.

Fig. 6.—Dress for child of six years old, of white Cashmere, made with one skirt and basque waist, with cape on it, cut out in turrets, and bound with pink silk. Bow and sash ends in back. White chip hat, trimmed with pink velvet and feather.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of black silk, made with one skirt and polonaise; the skirt is trimmed with one deep ruffle, the bottom finished with two rows of black lace over white, headed by a band of silk; the polonaise is trimmed to correspond. Black Neapolitan hat, trimmed with black ribbon, lace, and pink roses.

Fig. 2.—Child's dress of blue silk, trimmed with a ruffle of the same, headed by a band of velvet. Black silk sacque, with *revers* turned back of blue silk, and blue silk cuffs on sleeves. White straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feather.

Fig. 3.—Dress for lady, of lilac silk; the lower skirt trimmed with three folds, cut out in toothpick points, bound with a darker shade of silk, and headed by bands of darker silk; the upper skirt is trimmed to correspond. Black silk casaque, trimmed with passementerie and lace. Lilac straw hat, trimmed with two shades of feathers, lace, and ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress of steel-colored silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with three ruffles, headed by a quilling; the upper skirt with one. Basque waist, trimmed to correspond. Steel-

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colored hat, trimmed with long black feather and velvet.

Fig. 5.—Dress for girl of six years, made of gray Cashmere, trimmed with a row of light blue velvet; basque waist, with *revers* turned back, showing a plaited waist of white muslin underneath. Gray straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feather.

Fig. 6.—Suit for little boy, of cuir-colored cloth, made with jacket and pants coming below the knee, and trimmed with brown silk braid.

Fig. 7.—Suit for boy of four years, of navy blue cloth, made with short pants and jacket with sailor collar.

Fig. 8.—Suit for boy of eight years old, made of light gray cloth, with Knickerbockers and coat jacket, with *revers* turned back, and vest underneath.

Fig. 9.—Dress for girl of eight years, of blue and white narrow striped silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with plain blue silk, put on in turrets; the upper one with a band of the same. Basque waist, trimmed to correspond, and sash bow in back. White straw hat, trimmed with blue.

Fig. 10.—Dress for little girl of four years, made of buff pongee; the skirt laid in kilt plaits. Sacque of white cloth, trimmed with silk bands.

Fig. 11.—Dress for girl, of lilac mohair; the front breadth trimmed *en tablier*, with folds pointed and bound with silk; the short upper skirt is only in the back, and is trimmed the same. Plain corsage. Coat sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 12.—Dress for girl, of light green silk poplin, trimmed up the front breadth, and waist, and sleeves with bands of corded silk. White straw hat, trimmed with green velvet and flowers.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of cuir color summer poplin, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with two ruffles, headed by puffs of silk, put on in waves; the upper skirt is trimmed with one puff. Sacque of cuir-colored cloth, braided with black. White chip bonnet, trimmed with two shades of cuir-colored ribbon and feathers. Parasol of the same shade as dress.

Figs. 2 and 3.—Front and back of the Moblot waterproof cloak for lady; the hood can be drawn over the head. It is trimmed with braid and buttons.

Fig. 4.—Cloak for little girl, of gray Cashmere, made with a cape, trimmed with fringe. This cloak, if long, answers for an entire suit.

Fig. 5.—Blouse dress for a boy of three years, made of gray Cashmere, trimmed with blue velvet and a narrow braiding pattern at each edge of it; a belt and sash ends fasten at the sides. It can be made of *piqué*, if desired, and trimmed with braiding.

Fig. 6.—Shirt waist for lady, made of white linen, laid in plaits. The collar and bow are edged with embroidery, also the cuffs, and the hem down the front, which is also edged with a narrow ruffle on each side.

Fig. 7.—Ladies' dress sleeve, made with a ruffle from the elbow, and trimmed with bow.

Fig. 8.—Crinoline petticoat. This style of crinoline will be found most desirable for stout ladies; it is made of gray twill, and covered halfway up the skirt with gray horsehair. The bottom is lined with woollen material and bound with braid, and five rouleaux of horsehair are sewn round the skirt, which is put into a band at the top.

Fig. 9.—Cashmere jacket without sleeves, trimmed with fringe and three rows of narrow velvet.

Fig. 10.—Waterproof cloak for girls from six to eight years. Gray waterproof cloak, with large cape and collar, bound with silk. Buttons down the front, on the pockets at each side, and on the cuffs of the loose coat sleeves.

Fig. 11.—Boot of lilac silk, embroidered with white; the lower part is of lilac kid, with bow on the front.

Fig. 12.—Ladies' boot, made of fine kid and patent leather.

Fig 13.—*Paletôt* made of black silk, trimmed with bands of the same, piped with thick corded silk. Loops and ends at the back of neck and on the sleeves.

Figs. 14 and 15.—Front and back view. Costume for a girl from twelve to fourteen. The material is gray summer poplin. Skirt bordered with a plaiting edged with black braid; this is headed with a plain scalloped flounce, with a crossband above. Loose *paletôt* of the same material, trimmed with black braid and black velvet buttons. Wide pagoda sleeves. The braid on the jacket is laid on to simulate openings.

Fig. 16.—Bonnet of white French straw, trimmed with lilac ribbon, feather, and black lace.

Fig. 17.—Hat of brown straw, trimmed with brown velvet ribbon and a feather.

Fig. 18.—Cloak for a child just walking, made with a cape. The cloak is made of very fine *piqué*, braided and edged with a narrow Cluny lace.

Fig. 19.—Ladies' dressing sacque, made of fine white Nainsook muslin, trimmed with quillings of muslin and tucks. This sacque can also be worn for a breakfast sacque.

Fig. 20.—Ladies' chemise, made of fine long cloth, and trimmed with narrow tucks, insertion, and edging.

Figs. 21 and 22.—Ladies' cloak of light summer cloth, trimmed with silk and fringe of a darker shade; it can be worn for driving, or when an extra wrap is required.

Fig. 23.—Dress and sacque of gray silk, trimmed with embroidery in black silk. Hat of gray straw, trimmed with gray and black feather.

Fig. 24.—Dress of black silk. Guipure lace basque, with open sleeves.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

(*See Engraving, Page* 324.)

Fig. 1.—Skirt and bretelles of blue summer poplin. The bretelles are scalloped out, bound with blue silk braid, and edged with blue silk fringe. Band of the material of the dress, with a fan-shaped bow and lappets. High bodice, with long sleeves of spotted white muslin. Hat of unbleached rice straw, trimmed with blue ribbons and a long white feather.

Fig. 2.—Low frock of gray chaly, with bretelles, trimmed with a double row of crimson velvet; sash with large bow of gray ribbon. Tuscan straw hat in the Tyrolese shape, trimmed with cerise-colored ribbon, a jet buckle, and an aigrette of heron's feathers.

Fig. 3.—Double-breasted jacket of white summer cloth, open in front, with collar and revers of black velvet. Straw hat, trimmed with foliage.

Fig. 4.—Princess dress of blue foulard. Bodice open in a square shape in front, and demi-wide sleeves turned up with deep revers, trimmed like the bodice with a pinked-out ruche. Chemisette and sleeves of white muslin.

Fig. 5.—Loose jacket, for a little girl about six years old. It is made of gray Cashmere, and trimmed with a strip of blue Cashmere, bound on either side with a narrow cross-strip of blue silk.

Fig. 6.—Low dress of lilac *tolle de laine*, trimmed with rouleaux of lilac silk. Bows of lilac ribbon on the bosom and shoulders; sash of wider lilac ribbon.

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High bodice of white muslin, with double frilling round the neck.

Fig. 7.—Jacket of blue poplin, for a boy about four years old. The jacket is trimmed round with three cross-strips of blue *faille* silk. It is fastened in front with double buttons and loops of blue silk gimp, but remains open to show the cambric shirt. Large collar, trimmed with work. Tyrolese hat of white straw, ornamented with a pretty aigrette.

Fig. 8.—Dress of light green poplin, made with an open jacket trimmed with a band of silk. Hat of fine white straw, trimmed with wild flowers and a long gauze veil.

Fig. 9.—Low frock of gray Mozambique, trimmed round the top with a fluting of the same, headed with a band of gray satin. Similar band round the short puffed sleeves.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

SPRING is again upon us in earnest—not the cold wintry blasts of March, which makes the title of spring but an empty mockery, but the soft genial sun and air, that makes the season a glad reality. With the return of this joyous season, our store windows have put on their most tempting appearance, and the goods displayed make us exclaim and wonder if we have ever before seen anything so perfect in the delicate tracery and coloring. But as each season comes around, we think the same, for when the warm days come, what a relief it is to the eye to have cool, quiet colors to gaze upon, and what a relief to be able to lay aside our heavy garments. In the autumn, the gay, warm, rich colors again attract our attention, and challenge admiration, for the cold winds have made our summer garments look forlorn and faded.

We will commence with the plain goods and gradually approach the more costly ones. First we notice percales; many, in fact most all, of these are now of home manufacture; each year the number imported grows less and less. White grounds predominate with delicate hair stripes forming a broad stripe, in black, blue, green, brown, buff, lilac, gray, and rose color. Next there are figures of every form, shape, style, and color. A style of imported percales new this season is an inch broad stripe of green, blue, brown, or any color desired, and the same width stripe of white, the colored stripe being shaded from the darkest to the lightest shade, the white one covered with tiny flowers in gay colors; these goods are finished with a heavy gloss, and make up beautifully. With care they can be worn without the aid of the laundress for one season. They make up particularly pretty as polonaise, to wear over black silk, on *piqué* underskirts.

Dolly Varden costumes are now the rage for all styles of goods, but as the original Dolly Varden was more given to wearing "prints" than brocades, imported calicoes are now shown in great quantities in what are called Dolly Varden patterns. Among these are fine French chintzes, plain grounds, with gay flowers strewn over them; cretonne, or cotton satin, such as is used for upholstery in gay patterns, are also used; this is much more expensive, but is thicker, and has a finish equal to high priced goods, not made of cotton. The Dolly Varden is a polonaise, as our readers well know; they are usually trimmed with plaited ruffles of the same, with clear white muslin frills at the neck and wrists, and are ornamented with black velvet bows. These are worn for breakfast dress over a black silk or alpaca skirt. For those persons who desire something better, fine soft foulards of a pure flexible silk that will not rumple or crease as ordinary foulards do, are among the latest importations. They are of very good quality, and are designed for these costumes, and are in Cashmere and chintz patterns of gay arabesques, and small palm leaves on Mazarin blue, cuir, and apple-green grounds. They should be trimmed with plaitings of the same, black velvet bows, and narrow plaitings of white muslin. Gay brocade silks, or *Chiné* silks are also made up in them. These coquettish costumes are very popular at dinners and small evening parties; they are in great favor with brilliant young beauties, and by many are adopted through motives of economy, as any black, blue, brown, or other solid colored silk in a lady's wardrobe will furnish the foundation for such a costume, and eight or ten yards of old-fashioned brocade made by any graceful polonaise pattern will complete it.

Gray Cashmeres, in many faint pale tinges for spring suits, are seen in great variety; the colors are blue, gray, stone, and steel color, rather than the softer brown grays. Peculiar shades of brown and green, verging on olive, are used for spring dresses, as also black, which is, as ever, popular. The soft, graceful Cashmeres grow in favor, instead of decreasing. Their trimming is embroidery, braiding, lace, fringe, and bias bands of corded silk of the same shade.

Summer poplins, pongees, serge, alpacas, and the many different kinds of mohair goods, are shown in all the popular shades of gray, brown, stone, and steel color, and are made up in a variety of ways for walking costumes. Nor must we forget to mention the ever popular Beaver and Buffalo brands of black alpaca; these goods are made up for suits for this month where silk ones cannot be afforded, and, in fact, for general wear, where silk ones are not as desirable. A more beautiful lustre, or a more silky appearance, cannot be given to goods than these have; and one, if not the greatest, advantage they possess is, that both this lustre and their color (which is of an unequalled black) is retained as long as a thread of the goods remain.

A good model is a polonaise of any design fancy dictates, those with the vest front, however, being most popular. But two bows are used to drape the skirt behind; a row of bows fastens the front, and a ruche edges the garment, outlines the vest, passes over the shoulders, down the back to the bows below the waist. The underskirt can be trimmed with plaitings.

In silks, plain solid colors and hair stripes of color on white grounds are the most popular; white and black in fine stripes or plaids are always popular; they can be trimmed with colors or black, and make a dress that no lady at any time need be ashamed to be seen in. *Chiné* silks are seen in great variety; these are generally of two shades of color, and are trimmed with silk of the darkest shade. A dress lately made is of very heavy silk, hair stripes of white on black. The demi-trained skirt has three short front breadths, that are trimmed with a deep straight flounce, on which are narrow bias ruffles of pale blue silk, and of the striped. This flounce is headed by a puff of blue and of striped. A revers of silk, trimmed with ruffles, covers the side breadths. The back breadths have a narrower flounce than that in front similarly trimmed. There is no upper skirt, the dress having the appearance of a court train. The waist is a pointed basque, with open sleeves, trimmed with ruffles. A bow without ends is placed at the taper of the waist behind; this is a great relief to a long waist. Black silk dresses for the house can be made after this model. For street dresses we see the popular Chinese silk usually found in gray or black, and several very beautiful

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suits of striped white and gray, heavily trimmed with black, have made their appearance. These shades are destined to be much worn, and many say are destined to supersede the useful and lady-like black suit altogether, except for matrons and scant purses, but this we doubt. Black suits have become a regular fixed fashion and convenience, and it will, we think, take years, if ever, to resign them; they are a blessing to slender purses. Do not for a moment, dear reader, imagine that we are laboring under the delusion that a handsome black silk dress can be bought for a small sum, for we are not, but after it is bought, it will, with care, last a long time, and can be worn at all times, and with different polonaise make a variety of house and street dresses.

We have not chronicled one-half of the beautiful goods seen; but our space warns us, if we intend to, we had better pass to other themes.

Bonnets have high, soft crowns and small fronts, and are in fact only distinguishable from round hats by their ribbon strings. Belgian straw, soft and white, are among the first bonnets worn. One lately seen is trimmed with a deep shade of blue ribbon over two inches wide, folded around the crown, and falling in long loops behind. Fine black dotted net, with a thread edge, is laid like a scarf over this ribbon; while a cluster of satin petal flowers is placed directly on top in front, and their dark, glossy foliage falls over the crown. A pretty fashion is to form a bonnet of three puffs of crape going around the frame, as if on a round hat, the centre filled in with lace and flowers, and loops of *faille* that droop over the back hair.

A new fancy for warm days is black lace scarfs, made as those now worn about the neck, but lined throughout with white net, and finished with blonde lace under black thread edging. Parisian ladies wear thrown over their shoulders in the house crape fichus, made of a square of China crape, edged with fringe. They are pretty in pale pink or blue with black silk dresses. The square is simply doubled over in a point, and tied negligently in front. Similar neckerchiefs of silk are worn in the street.

Black silk aprons, wrought around the edge and pockets with white or colored silk embroidery, are seen at our furnishing stores. Cheaper ones are of alpaca, braided or stitched with the sewing machine in colored silks.

Breakfast caps are being worn by all married ladies, and are becoming to the youngest matron. Ladies with small, delicate features wear the coronet cap, with full ruche in front; while large-featured, broad faces look best in a flat fanchon, with a Marie Stuart point above the forehead. These coiffures are for ornament only, and display rather than conceal handsomely arranged hair. The widow's cap is of fine white crape, tarlatane, or crape lisse, and has a large crown that covers the entire chignon.

A new redingote for street wear or for an extra wrap for travelling is made of cloth. The back is similar in shape to the polonaise, but a belt and strap are used instead of bows; the front hangs loose from the throat down, the lowest corner of the front is turned back, and buttoned to the belt at the sides. The neck is finished by three round collars, simply hemmed. These are not capes, but collars, as the largest one reaches only to the top of the shoulders. The sleeves are easy coat-shaped, and pockets with flaps. Double standing ruffles of white muslin, edged with Valenciennes or narrow lace footing, are now worn around the necks of dresses. They are gathered very full, and look much richer than a single standing plaiting. Many dresses have a ruche of the material of the trimming around the neck, and a standing lace frill is placed inside. Jabots of white lace, gathered slightly, and sewed back and forth in shell shapes on muslin, are very stylish, and are likely to supersede cravat bows of colored silk. All white neckties are frequently worn with handsome black silks, making the wearer seem as if dressed in mourning. The gray grenadine veils and the pale gray gloves, that are the fancy of the moment, do not detract from this appearance. Colored jewelry often gives the only evidence that the costume is not meant for mourning.

Gloves are in every variety and shade, and from one to four buttons; the colors vary from the daintiest daisy, violet, and yellow to the rarest rose and azure tints. Gray of a very light shade, however, is the most fashionable, since it harmonizes well with all colors. But to those who cannot afford the expense of these perishable colors, there is always the lady-like black or brown kid, and gauntlets of silk and lisle in profusion.

Parasols are in every conceivable style and size, and very beautiful are some of the designs. Linen can be purchased for common wear, but they soon soil and become defaced. Pongee are the best for ordinary use, lined with silk of a contrasting color. In silk, white lined with colored silk, and covered with lace covers, or of pale blue or rose-colored silk, covered with muslin and lace ruffles, are the most popular.

Parting the hair at one side is the last arrangement adopted by what French correspondents call the *grandes élégantes*, but this fashion is by no means prevalent. The hair on the right is waved, to have the effect of a curl laid lengthwise on the head, and two or three light ringlets fall on the forehead. At the top of the head are more curls, and the chignon is entirely of curls. A colored bow is worn at the side of the head. This, in our eyes, is an absurd fashion, and one which we hope we will not see generally adopted. A woman who appreciates the fitness of things, and rightly estimates the value and importance of fashion, will never allow her finer instincts to be shocked by any inharmony in dress or adornment. Where there is intellectual refinement, there will be found taste and simplicity in the outer adornings. Indeed, we believe that the outer woman is but a symbol of the inner being, and very much of the character of the jewel can be gleaned from the appearance of the casket.

We with pleasure again bring before our readers a trimming we spoke of last spring, and which we then thought, as seen in two or three styles, was in every way desirable for trimming ladies' and children's clothing. We refer to *Cash's Snowdrop Trimming*, manufactured at Coventry, England, and for sale by the agents in this city, Wm. H. Horstmann & Sons, Fifth and Cherry Streets. But our task last year was a light one compared to this, for we have before us twenty-one different styles, each vieing with the other in beauty, so that to describe them to do justice is simply impossible. These trimmings are of different widths, and are admirably adapted for children's dresses and cloaks, boys' suits of *piqué*, and for ladies' morning dresses. Some of the patterns of braids are exquisite, requiring close examination to show their beauties. Some have lace-like borders, which, over colored goods, have a very beautiful effect. There are also, besides the trimmings, fringes with fancy headings, particularly pretty. The last recommendation which they have is the best of all to careful mothers; that is, that they wash so well, looking like new each time they leave the laundress' hands—a recommendation we regret we cannot give to all trimmings now in the market.

FASHION.

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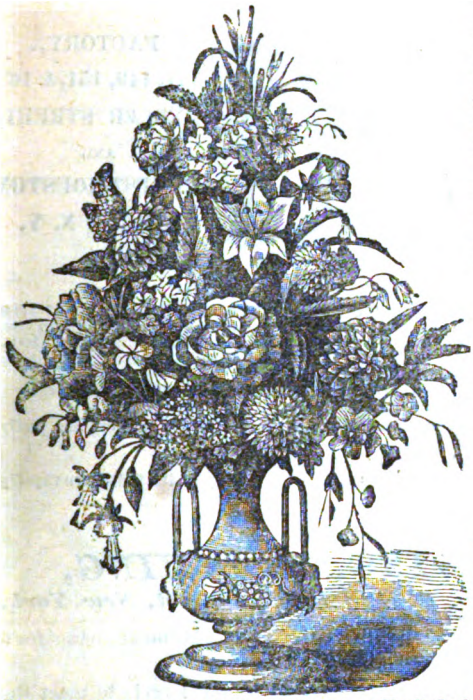
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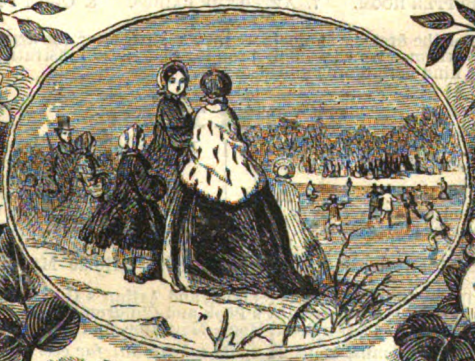


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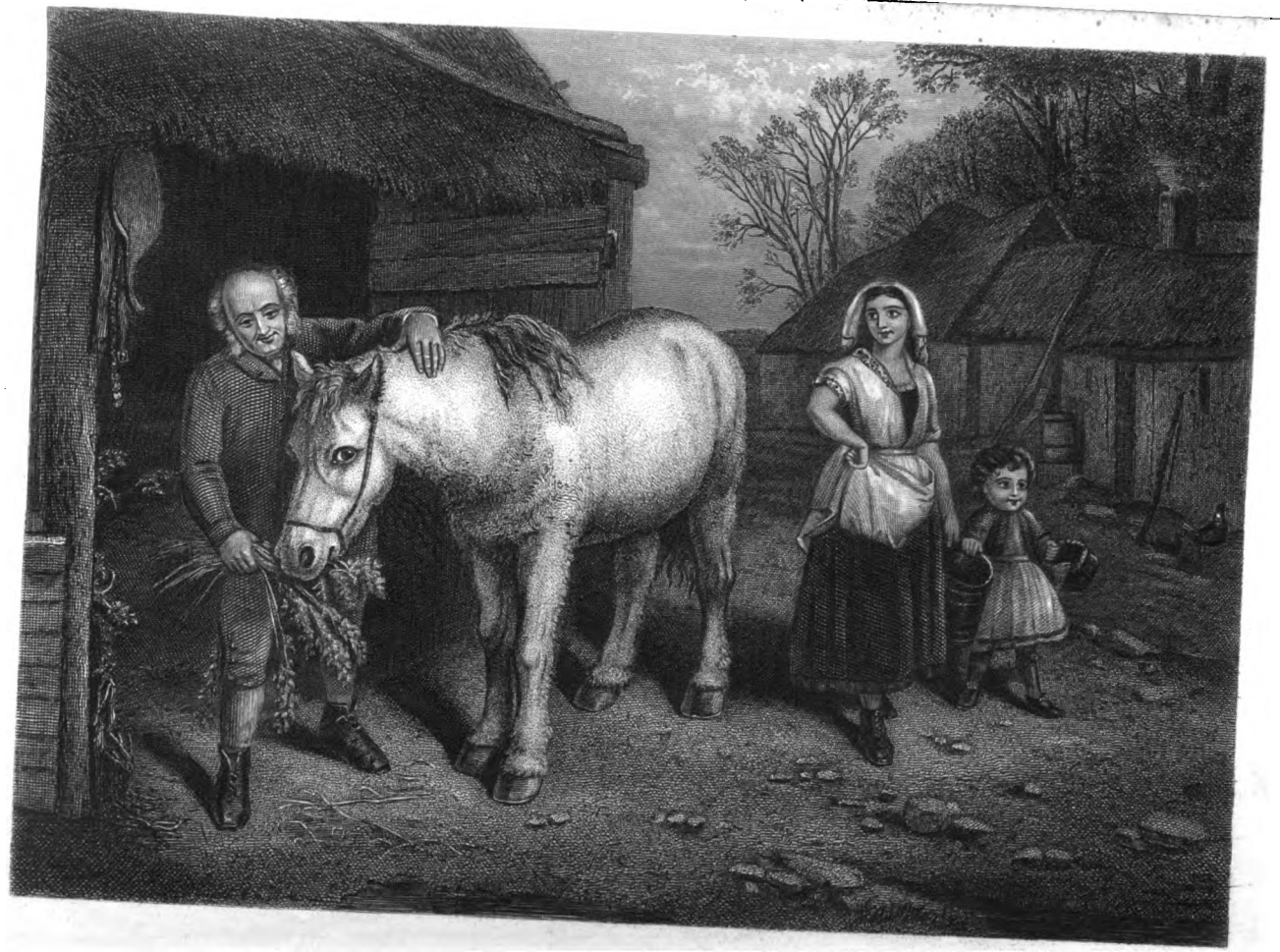
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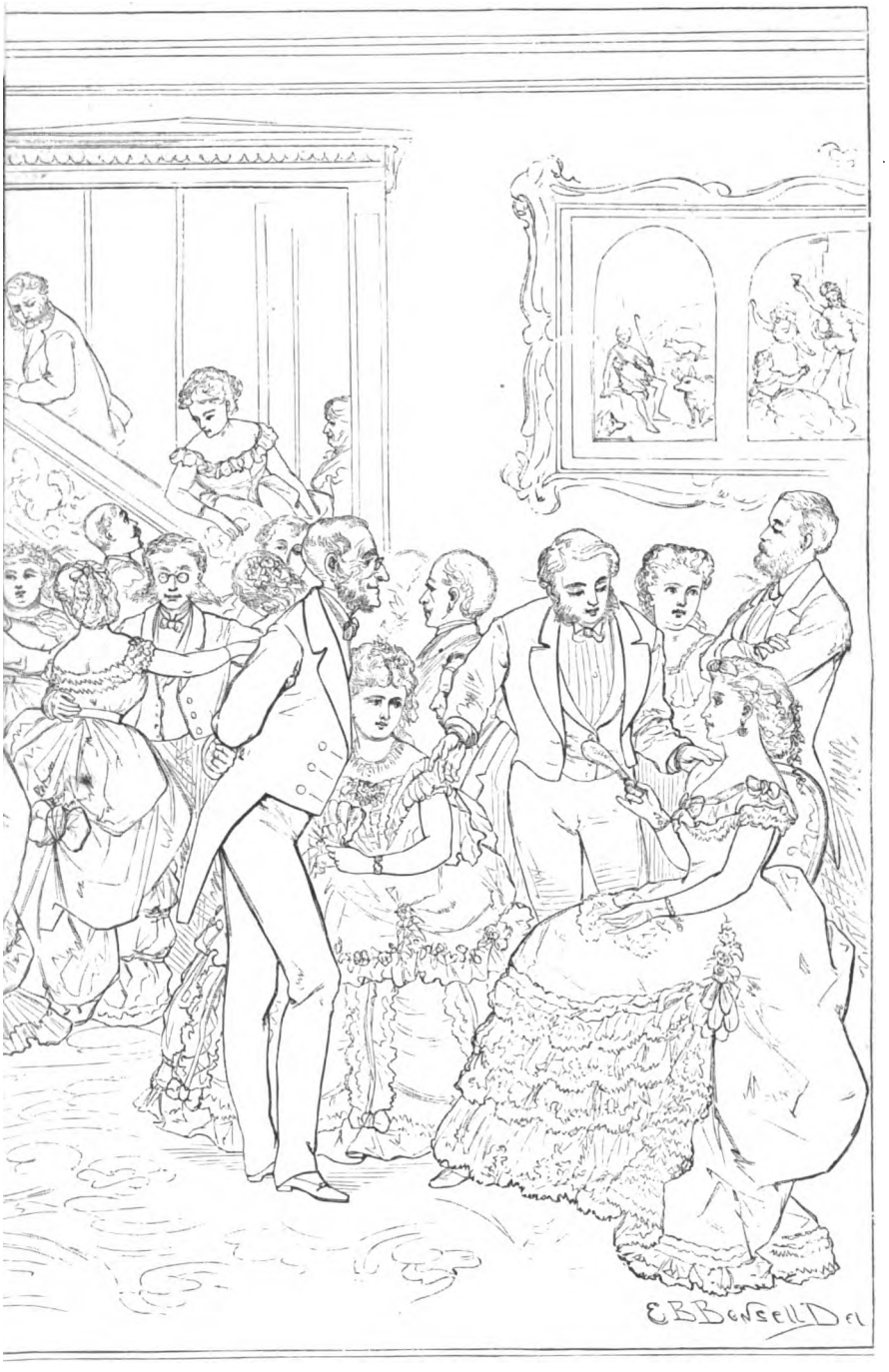
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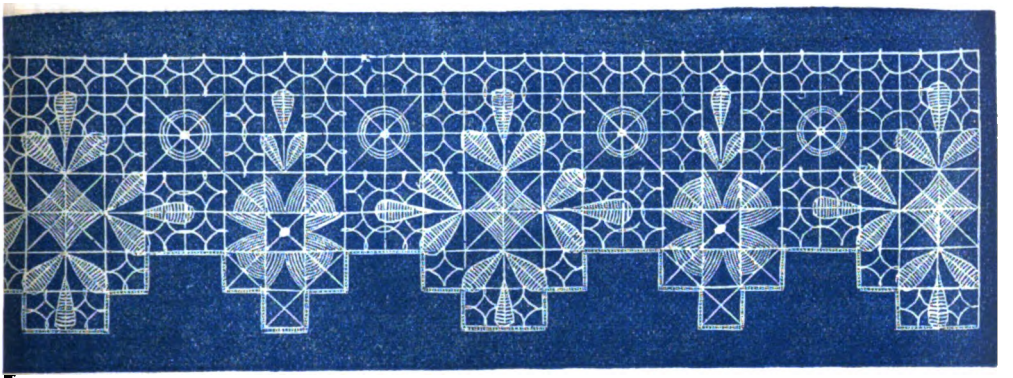
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Fig. 4.



Fig. 5



Figs. 1, 2, and 3.

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THE PROPOSAL.—LEAP-YEAR, 1872.

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Our Twilight Meeting.

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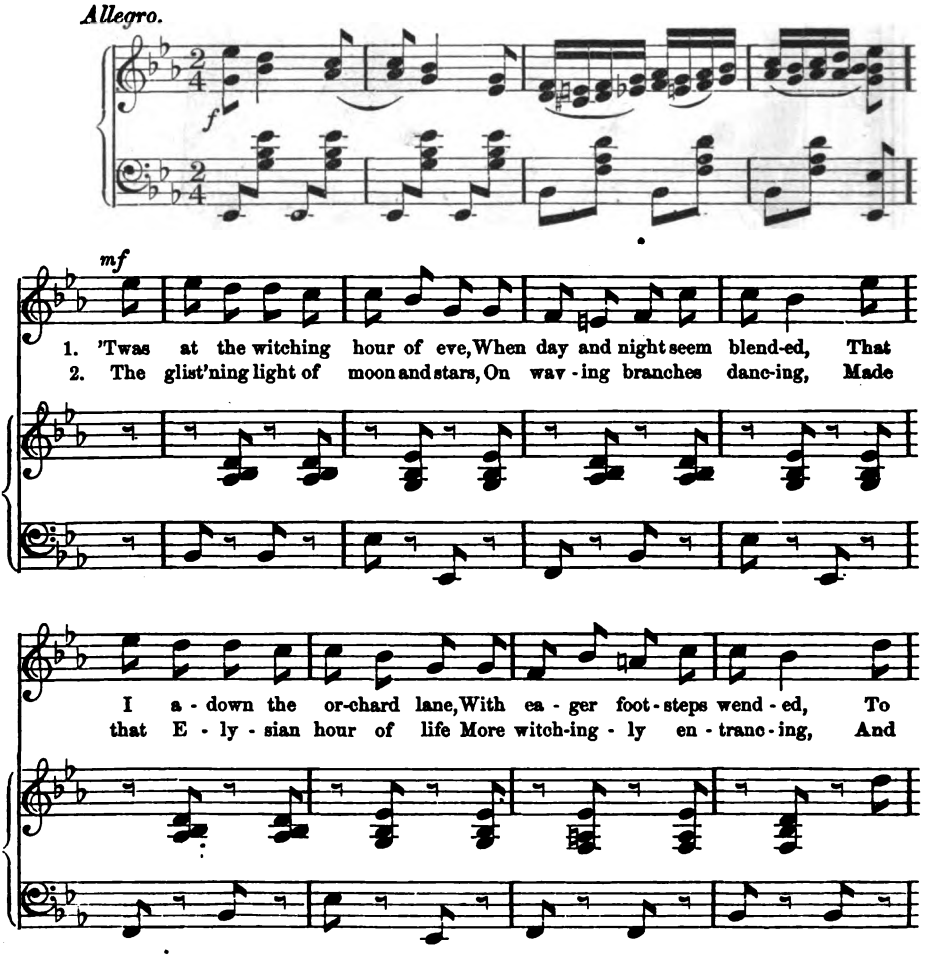
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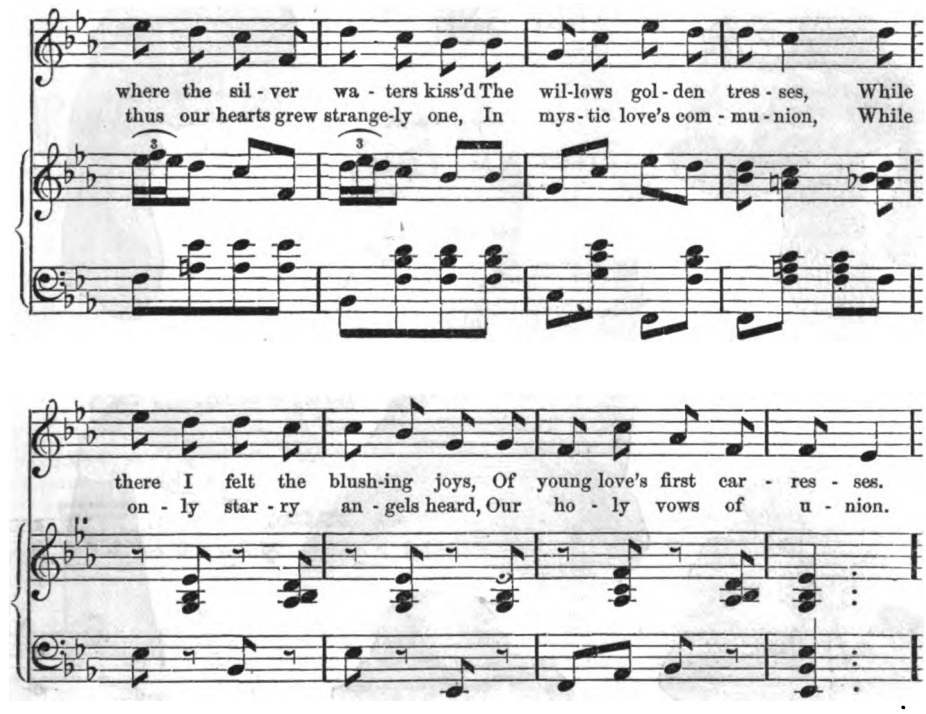
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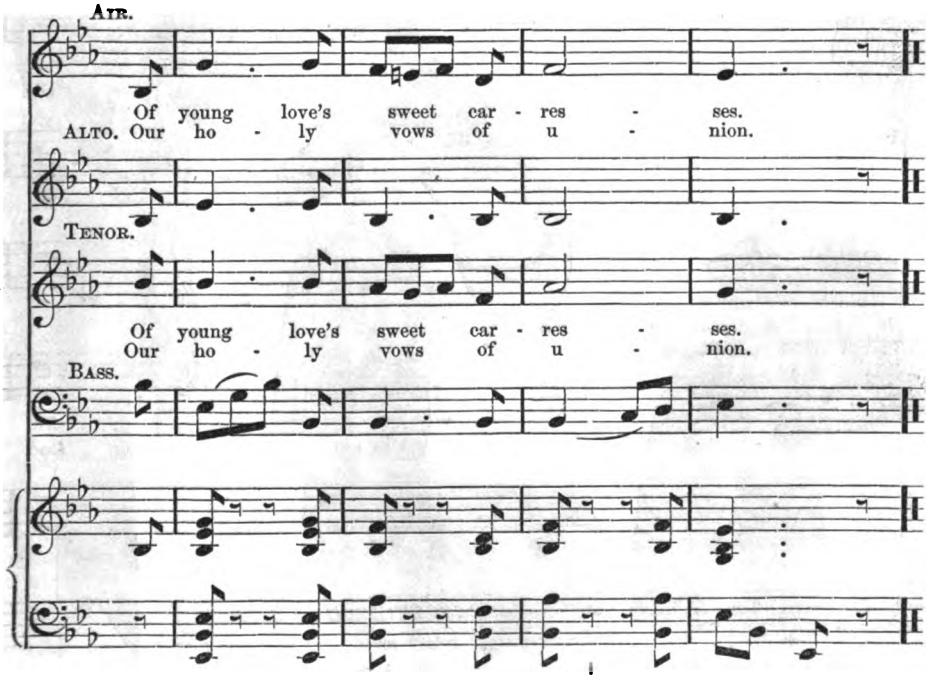
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GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIV.—NO. 503.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1872.

TWO.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART I.

THE Rev. George Sherman stood by the open doors of his book-case, turning over the leaves of a volume he had not unclosed since his sophomore year. When he found the passage he sought, he read it aloud, although he was alone:—

"Finding, at last, however, that although I had been all this time a very porcupine or hedgehog, bristling all over with determination, I had effected nothing, it began to occur to me that perhaps Dora's mind was already 'formed.'"

"David Copperfield," soliloquized the reader, restoring the book to its place upon the shelf, "I will profit by your experience, and save time, patience, and labor thereby. You and I are not the only men who have been *désillusionné* by a few months of married life. Ah, well! One cannot have all he wants in this world. I may as well recognize this truth now as after years of ineffectual striving and failures. The more moderate my desires, the greater the likelihood of my compassing them."

He looked like one who would not easily relinquish his hold upon a coveted good; one whom danger and difficulty would not readily daunt, as he stood at the window of the cottage parsonage, whistling the air of the celebrated "prayer" in "Masaniello," softly and with unconscious expression, his thoughts busy with subjects totally diverse to the great composer and his music. His hands were clasped behind him, showing to advantage his breadth of shoulder and depth of chest. His frame was muscular, his head massive, his features too marked to be regularly handsome. The heavily-moulded chin and full lips would have been a decided blemish to his physiognomy, had not the impression of animal strength and appetite these conveyed been neutralized by the fine, clear chiselling of the nostrils and forehead, the steady light of the eyes. Already people began to prophesy that he would "make his mark upon the age," obscure as was his present station—a "settlement" in a country neighborhood, with no railroad within fifteen miles, over a church that was barely self-supporting, and which did not include in its communion a single person of liberal education or ample means. He tilled this field, unpromising though he must have felt it to be, diligently and with surprising cheerfulness. The unlettered farmer, lifting his head from the furrow over which he stooped with just such dull, patient eyes as his oxen bent on the same, when startled by the ringing shout of greeting from the roadside or adjoining meadow, was glad to see his visitor for his own sake, even more than because he was "the domine." Mr. Sherman did not own a horse, so paid all his pastoral calls on foot; and when his object was the laborer aforesaid, he would vault the intervening fence or hedge, and stride over the uneven ground, swinging his oaken stick, and have his friendly say out as he walked beside his parishioner.

"I won't stay unless you go on with your work," he would protest, with good-natured obstinacy. "My dear fellow, don't I know how much your time is worth too well to have you give me so much as ten minutes of it?"

Then he would tramp on, following the ploughman and his yoked co-workers, discoursing in such genial, hearty fashion that the farmer forgot the heat of the sun and the hard-baked ground. Nothing escaped the notice of the student of mankind and natural laws. He prodded in the fallow ground of Hodge's intellect with his incisive questions and suggestions, as he up-rooted wild carrots and Mayweed, and brought to the surface

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botanical and mineralogical "studies" with the ferrule of his staff. He watched the throes with which the earth yielded virgin mould, unspent gases, and salts to the subsoil plough; the seemingly contradictory yet effectual operation of the sharp harrow upon the naked seed; the springing, budding, and fruiting of the grain; the harvesting, the threshing, the grinding—the ever-renewed, never-ending labors of husbandry with interest the most suspicious critic could not but see was genuine. His parishioners were flattered by his "sociable ways" and lively appreciation of their cares and aims—the more for the scholarly reputation he had achieved in college and seminary, and of which they still heard occasionally through other clergymen and the few persons of culture and refinement who visited the retired township.

"He is a plaguy smart man," Farmer Hodge would inform such, in the nasal drawl peculiar to the district, "but not a mite proud. He 's sot down in that very cheer you 're in now, by the hour on a winter night, or under the tree with us when we were taking a noon spell in haying or harvesting, and talked to me about old times, as my father and grandfather has told me of—fur back as the Reverlootionerry War. Ther' ain't a story about a mountain or a tree in these parts he ha'n't learned by heart. And, as fur farmin', you can't tire him out telling about manures, and seeds, and crops, and the good and bad times of the moon. And as for bugs, and worms, and other animiles—lor' bless you! you can't stump him there. He 's a wonderful fellow, is Domine Sherman. And for all he is so learned, his sermons are so plain a child could understand 'em—what I call, sort of *large print* as don't try one's eyes!"

George Sherman was studying his profession, reaping, while he sowed, beside all waters. Books and little else had been his helps for ten years. He was learning now from those most marvellous of volumes—too often hopelessly hieroglyphical to those of his calling—the human heart and the open page of Nature; storing up fact, illustration, and analogy, that should be more to him than gold or precious stones in days to come.

While in college, he had fallen in love with the pretty face and engaging demeanor of Annie Deane, sister-in-law to one of the professors, and, a year after his settlement in Wilkeston, had married her. She had been mistress of the parsonage seven months at the date of this chapter, and even, in the estimation of the farmers' wives, who had looked dubious at sight of her curling hair and fashionable *trousseau*, bade fair to become an excellent housekeeper. She had need to be a wise manager, for her husband's salary was small, and his ideas large. A dollar to him was a coin or a bit of paper that should, without useless delay, be exchanged for happiness in some shape—either increase his own comfort or that of some one who needed assistance more than he did. While he had money, he was on the look-out for opportunities to spend it. When it had gone, he felt a sensible relief—a want of responsibility that left him free to study, to plan, and to dream. He preached his best sermons when his pockets were empty, he used to say, laughingly—"perhaps because he carried less weight than when his purse was plethoric." Annie was an orphan, and so nearly portionless that her brothers and sisters eked out the furnishment of her house by gifts of plate, table and bed-linen. Her brother-in-law's wedding present to her was a checque for a hundred dollars, which, like a provident woman, she deposited at once in the Savings' Bank. It was drawn out at her first visit to her old home, three months after her marriage, but stealthily, without the knowledge of the donor, her sister, or even George.

"My wedding-fees all go for bread-and-butter," a clergyman's wife once complained to me, confidentially. "I would not mind spending them for articles of use to my family, which would add much to our comfort, while they are not exactly indispensable. But it is trying to hear them spoken of as my 'perquisites,' when I know they will not meet the next butcher's or grocer's bill that comes in when the exchequer is nearly exhausted. The worst of it is, I have not even my husband's sympathy in the sacrifice. He pleases himself by imagining, I believe—poor, dear fellow!—that I invest all these windfalls in candy, or laces, or some other commodity in which women take delight, and I dare not let him guess what really becomes of them. He *so* enjoys giving them to me that I indulge the harmless fiction of my private purse."

It *hurt* Alice Sherman, who was yet no miser, to pay out the whole of her precious hoard for coal, potatoes, and other homely necessaries of existence, but she had no option. These things must be had, and George was penniless. He mentioned this circumstance incidentally to her the evening they reached her sister's.

"Dear George!" she cried, aghast. "Why, then, did you insist upon my coming here? How are we to get back?"

He laughed. "'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' my love! I have faith to believe that the money will come when the pinching need arrives. I have always been helped along in some way, without borrowing or otherwise sacrificing my independence. We can hire a barrel-organ, and play ourselves across the country, if nothing else turns up. You can ride on the top. People would give you pennies and nuts sooner than to a monkey."

He did not inquire how the means were procured for their return journey, nor whence came the sums that met their household expenses until that quarter's salary was due.

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The probability, which amounted to a certainty in his wife's mind, was that he had forgotten the whole matter of his impecuniosity. He was "absent-minded" with respect to the daily needs and practicalities of home-life, she had discovered.

"My wife is the princess of financiers," he declared, one day, to a brother clergyman, in her presence. "I don't carry a pocket-book at all now-a-days. She is the fairy, the tap of whose wand brings dinner and breakfast-tables, ready-spread, through the floor. I obey literally the injunction to take no thought what I shall eat, drink, or wear."

She was a generous little soul, and loved him too dearly to parade the self-denials she practised for his benefit; but the "bread-and-butter" purchased by her wedding-gift had an ill flavor for her, and every dollar that thus passed from her hands preached its warning sermon to heart and conscience. She wished ministers were better paid, and that they understood the value of money as well as they did the doctrines of election and free agency; had as clear views of prices current and the quantity of groceries, etc., requisite to feed their families as they had of Sheol and Hades, and the like mysteries. But since this might not be for the wishing, nor for any arguments or persuasions she could offer, she must study carefulness in the minutest detail of her small housekeeping. There were no more savings' bank deposits to call upon in future straits. She screwed her courage up on the next quarter-day to suggest a plan she had revolved in her mind constantly for a month past.

"I wish you would give me a stated allowance for family expenses, George," she said, entering the study as soon as the treasurer, who, she knew, had come to pay "the domine's" salary, had departed. "It is not easy to make our income meet even our 'must haves,' let me be as prudent as I will. But I can manage better if I go entirely upon the cash principle. When the money is not there, I *must* curtail my expenditures."

She said it with a nervous little laugh, and was not encouraged to urge her plea when George, who was walking up and down the floor with his hands behind him, stopped and stared silently at her. He was never cross with her, but his look showed plainly that the interruption of his train of thought was unwelcome. She faltered out the explanation his eye demanded.

"An allowance, dear! If you wouldn't mind setting aside a certain proportion of your salary for provisions, and would let me pay it out as I have need"—

"Oh!" he uttered, and, still abstractedly, handed her a roll of bank-bills.

She discovered when she counted them over in her own room that he had given her the entire quarter's salary.

"Just like him! He is as liberal as he is absent-minded!" murmured the wife, tears moistening her blue eyes. "After all, how should he or any other student know anything about housewifery? His thoughts are engrossed by higher themes. Everything relating to these belittling cares is irksome to him. They should be my province. Shall I shirk my share of the burden when he has his career and reputation to make—and"—reverently—"the Master's work to do? Not while I have strength to stand between him and all that could divert his mind from his noble mission!"

To keep her resolution she labored faithfully; contrived, and pondered, and trimmed, lopping off this and that "may want," and examining narrowly into the credentials of "must haves," until there were tight plaits between her eyebrows which did not always relax entirely when others were by to note and conjecture concerning them. To spare him anxiety she wrought ceaselessly with hands and wits from morning until midnight. "Help" was scarce in that region, and when procurable, usually very indifferent, and Mrs. Sherman's maid-of-all-work "bettered herself" about four months after she began housekeeping, by going to an easier place at higher wages. Her late mistress installed no one in her place.

"There are only two of us," she represented to her neighbors who "did their own work." "George lets me have my own way in the house, and since I prefer an active life, and am fond of cooking, I shall hire somebody to do our washing and ironing. The rest I can manage without trouble."

"The rest" meant milking, churning, scrubbing, and general cleaning, in addition to the kitchen work. At first the washerwoman came two days in the week at fifty cents a day; then, feeling the call for four dollars a month a serious drain upon her slender means, Annie employed her only on Mondays, and did the ironing herself, rising as early as four or five o'clock on Tuesday morning, that she might get what the matrons thereabouts called "the heft of the work" out of the way before George came down to prayers. Fond as she was of her husband, she was almost glad on washing, ironing, or baking days, when he took dinner or supper away from home. She prepared no regular meal on these occasions; only appeased her faint stomach with a sandwich—as often as not omitting the meat that George's supper or breakfast might be the more savory—and a glass of milk. The Chinese herb was too dear for her to become a tea-tippler after the fashion of so many overworked women. This slight refreshment she generally ate standing, and pushed on with her load. It went hard with her, this stress of unaccustomed toil. A busy bee she had been always, but the employments of her girlhood were lighter and more elegant. There was no one to interpose remonstrance

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or aid. She did no more than other wives and mothers about her were compelled to perform, said lookers-on of her own sex, forgetting the vast difference between their early training and hers. These were kind-hearted in their way, ready with useful advice when she was at a loss, and generous according to the pattern of giving known to the community. Many a pumpkin-pie and rice-pudding, a baking of rusk or biscuit—in "killing-time" sausage, spare-rib, and chine—many a pat of butter, roll of pot-cheese, and saucer of honey, came to the parsonage kitchen from those of "the people" who honored and loved their domine and had a sincere liking for his nice wife. Homely compliments were often brought to her from this and that notable housekeeper—praise that gratified her, because it showed that she was a helpmeet, not a hindrance, to him who made her world. Nobody said to her, "You are overtaxing your strength, enfeebling your nervous forces—perhaps shortening your life. Moreover—and to this you should give diligent heed—you are cultivating the affections at the expense of the mind; guarding your idol from present inconvenience, it is true, but surely, if gradually, dividing his sphere from yours—making of your lives two, not one."

She had never been brilliant or profound. She was sprightly and intelligent, with a retentive memory and a commendable stock of facts and precepts gathered from school books and the "course of reading" which every theological student or graduate feels himself called upon to prescribe for his admiring betrothed. To please George and to render herself more fit to be the companion of one so rarely gifted, she had "kept up" her French and dabbled in Latin under the tuition of her brother-in-law. She had also penned weekly essays upon given subjects, or abstracts of her latest readings which were dutifully forwarded to her lover. He had thought them very charming, read in the light of those days—chiefly, it must be owned, because they were written at his request. Her chirography was graceful—her sentences grammatical. As to originality or strength he never expected, or looked for, signs of these essentials to a really good essay. He wanted a wife, not a pedant. He was by no means insensible, as we have seen, to the reform she had wrought in his outward estate. A man with his mouth and chin must, of necessity, like to be well-fed and well-kept. He had a home—orderly, comfortable, tasteful. His daily fare was cooked to a charm, and always daintily served; his buttons and strings sewed on tightly; his clothes laid ready to his hand, instead of being huddled in wild confusion in all sorts of unlikely places; and his study hours were religiously respected. All this he perceived, and was grateful to her to whom he owed these advantages. He was affectionate in disposition, and if his married life was not the scene of unmingled rapture he had pictured it to himself in his boyish visions when he quoted Moore by the page and Byron by the canto, he was honestly attached to his blue-eyed "angel in the house"—this was his favorite title for her—enjoyed the petting and adoration he received from her, and was benign and loving in return.

Nor was he wholly neglectful of her intellectual culture while devoting so much time and thought to his own. Almost immediately after their establishment in their cottage, he had inaugurated a system of fireside readings, which were maintained with tolerable regularity. Annie made a pleasant picture to his artistic eye, often bringing to mind Ik Marvel's dream-sketch of his bride in the inimitable "Reveries of a Bachelor," as she sat near him, her fair head bent over her needle, while he read aloud in some instructive book selected by himself—always instructive, even when it was Racine or Virgil. He would polish up her French and Latin at stated intervals in this way, and introduced, in their turn, to her notice and understanding, treatises upon natural and mental philosophy, rhetoric, and history. He never catechized her, for he was too true a gentleman to treat her as he would a thoughtless, idle child, and he believed implicitly in her attentive mien and the apparent pleasure with which she listened. She always thanked him warmly at the close of the sitting, for "the treat he had given her."

"You are so good, darling," she would subjoin, "to bestow so much time and pains upon me! I cannot tell you how I enjoy these dear home evenings. I look forward to each all day long."

She did not add that it so rested and charmed her to be with him in the seclusion of their own dwelling that she would not have been discontented had he slept away the hours in his easy-chair, so long as he was in her sight; that his voice was such perfect music in her ear she would have listened enchanted had he discoursed in Greek or Hebrew. How was he to suspect that his French and Latin authors were quite as obscure to her understanding as Homer or Isaiah in the originals would have been? nay, more, that his scientific and art-treatises were but one degree more intelligible? She had fallen into the habit of following out her own reflections and fancies, while he imagined that he was improving her mind by the strong meat he digested with ease and delight. While his accents caressed her hearing and calmed her whole being, she had hopeful meditations upon to-morrow's dinner, and next week's wash, and Friday's mending; how she could alter the flounces upon her last summer's grenadine, and make it long enough for this year's fashion, and there would be *one* thin dress for church and company; how she could

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make new bosoms and wristbands for the most worn of George's shirts out of a piece of fine linen left over from her wedding clothes; how, if he would only take tea out two evenings this week, she could make the butter "last" until Saturday's churning; how glad she would be when the cow should "come in" in June and they have an abundance of milk. With plenty of milk and eggs one could get up so many delicious and inexpensive dishes! Paltry, ignoble dreams and plans they were, all of them, but her life was made up of such trifles. They were matters of moment—almost of life and death to her. They meant bodily comfort and strength to her husband and herself, and were interfused with such wifely piety, such purity and singleness of desire for his welfare, his happiness, that the recording angel could not write them down as mean or trivial.

Moreover, she was too weary to bend her mind to anything else. Her back ached, her shoulders were stiff, and her fingers were growing rough and awkward at the fine sewing in which she used to be an adept. She never complained of these discomforts. That was not the way to help George, and these three words were her talisman in seasons of perplexity and toil. He had to work hard, she was continually reminding herself when her feet grew heavy and her head unsteady, and could she be recreant with such an example before her? She liked to have him read to her in the evenings, for she was too tired to talk much, and since the family mending and making over must be done, she could hardly have kept awake but for his presence and the full, heartening tones that cheered her as the Arab's chant enlivens his drooping beast of burden.

It was on a warm Tuesday afternoon in early June that George, who had left home soon after dinner, expecting to sup at Farmer Lawson's, five miles away, walked into the parsonage yard, accompanied by a stranger. The Venetian blinds that did duty as a front door in summer were closed, and they paused upon the porch to breathe the delicious air and look down the valley. There was a smell of clover and new-mown hay in the breeze that was rising as the sun sank toward the mountainous horizon; honeysuckle and sweetbriar wreathed the rustic pillars of the piazza and hid the rude trellis that supported their stems.

"A wren's nest of a place, you see—but it is *home!*" said George's rich voice, with the unmistakable cadence of glad gratitude vibrating in every word.

Then he raised the door-latch and invited his friend into the hall. An ironing-table stood midway between the front and rear entrances, and a clothes-basket, heaped with "done up" articles, barred the way to the parlor. An undergarment, half-ironed, was spread upon the table, and the smoothing-iron stood on its trevet close by.

"What under the sun does all this mean?" ejaculated George, in laughing wonderment. He pulled the basket aside, shooting a pile of shirts that lay on the top pell-mell upon the oil-cloth, and kicked one out of his path. "Walk in, Armstrong! I am afraid my wife is not in. She did not expect me home to tea. But I'll hunt her up. Excuse me for a moment!"

In the kitchen he found Annie, actually pallid with distress.

"Oh, dearest!" she began, "I am *so* sorry! It is awfully hot in here, and I have had a raging headache all day, and the hall was cooler"—

"Were *you* ironing?" seeing no one else present. "I thought you hired a woman to do that sort of work."

"I did, but she did not understand getting up starched clothes, and I really like it. I do, indeed."

George shrugged his shoulders.

"*Chacun à son goût.* Mine wouldn't be for clear-starching in summer. It is hot in here as Tophet." He could hardly breathe, coming in, as he did, from the scented freshness of the outer world, and made quick work of his errand. "I've brought home my old friend and classmate, Armstrong. You remember him? I met him in the stage, just this side of Lawson's. He will spend to-night with us. He has been travelling all day, and I suppose would like a substantial supper. Or," with a dawning sense of the unpromising situation, "perhaps I had better take him to Joynes'?" a small tavern half-a-mile distant.

"George! as if I would let you think of such a thing!" gasped Annie, who had sunk into the nearest chair at the announcement of a visitor for the night. "I can't promise you a very nice supper, but I will do my best. Please shut the parlor-door that I may get my ironing-board and clothes-basket out of the way. Then I'll run up-stairs and put the spare bedroom in order. It is a pity I beat up the bed yesterday and left it unmade to air. As soon as it is ready, and I have carried up fresh water, I will tap at the door of the parlor to let you know."

It did not occur to the Rev. George, as he returned to his classmate, and shut the door after him, according to directions, that it would be a manly, no less than a benevolent, deed for him to relieve his wife of some of the labors thus suddenly thrown upon her; that his strong arms could hardly be more mercifully employed than in tossing over the mattresses in the spare-chamber; in drawing water for the ewer there, and then to replenish the tea-kettle; in lifting the ironing-table back to its place in the kitchen, and carrying the loaded basket up-stairs; and that his self-respect would suffer

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no damage if he further burdened her soul with thankfulness by offering to set the tea-equipage in order in the dining-room, while Mr. Armstrong was busy with his toilet. If the suggestion had been made by another, he would have done all this and more with hearty goodwill; for he really pitied the wearied and warm worker in the stifling kitchen, as he washed off the dust of his walk in sparkling cold water over the washstand in his breezy chamber above stairs; brushed his boots, coat, and hair; indulged himself in a spotless shirt, wondering, as he put it on, at Annie's queer taste about clear-starching, and observing how beautifully pure and glossy were bosom and cuffs. Then he ran down-stairs, humming a college-song, to which Armstrong added a second as he came out upon the porch a few minutes later. They walked and talked there together, taking in deep, refreshing draughts of the balmy air, and watching the brightening dyes of the sunset clouds, the purple bloom of the mountains beneath, until the timid tinkle of the bell called them to the evening meal.

Annie had snatched time to slip on another dress—a blue lawn, which was becoming to her a year ago—and to smooth her hair. But her complexion was sadly muddled by the red-hot stove, and could not be cleared in her present state of nervous agitation. She looked hot and hurried, and the plaits between her brows showed very plainly, even when she tried to smile her greetings to the guest. George confessed reluctantly to himself that he had never seen her when she was less pretty; and Mr. Armstrong, who remembered Annie Deane fresh and fair as the sweetbrier roses he had just left, lamented secretly that blondes "went off" so soon after they were married, or had any experience of the realities of life. So conscious was the hostess of the unsuitableness of the impromptu repast to the needs of a hungry man, that she commenced an eager apology—poor child!—by the time George finished saying grace.

"I can offer you nothing more substantial as a relish than cottage cheese, Mr. Armstrong," she said to the elegant young lawyer. "If I had had notice of your coming, I would have had broiled chicken, or ham, or something nourishing. The biscuit are a trifle too brown, I am sorry to see, George, but the ovens get so hot on ironing-day. I wish I could give you a cup of nice coffee, Mr. Armstrong. George and I never drink it, so we rarely keep any in the house."

Here George frowned at her, and checked her revelations; put her down, at the same time, for the rest of the evening, so abashed was she at the remotest intimation of his disapproval.

It was ten o'clock before she presented herself in the parlor, where the friends sat at the moonlighted window. Their gay voices and occasional bursts of laughter had made the kitchen, where she stood washing up the tea-things, and setting the sponge for the morrow's baking, seem hotter and closer than she had ever felt it before. Both arose at her entrance, and Mr. Armstrong, setting forward the easiest chair in the room for her, seated himself by her, and tried to draw her into conversation. There is such a thing as being out of society trim. Want of practice in small-talk, ignorance of the popular themes at present current in society, general rustiness in repartee, and embarrassment at being addressed in what sounds like a forgotten tongue—all these had grown upon Annie with rapidity and force during her half-year's sojourn in Willingston, and the study and practice of the numberless minute economies which were a part of her system of helping George. She despised herself for the dismay with which she recollected that there was no hope now of the butter "lasting," and that the breakfast omelette would take seven eggs; that the forty cents she had sent by a neighbor's child to "the store" for a pound of coffee was a formidable deduction from her little supply of ready money. But her mind would stray back to these reflections, and her heart ache over her impoverishment as at real bereavement. She so wanted to keep even with the world! To contract a debt was to fall hopelessly behindhand, for they had never a penny to spare for settling back accounts. To slip in this narrow, steep path was to tumble headlong. Then she was *tired*, with that horrible feeling of "goneness" that has its head-quarters just below the breast-bone with women, concerning which it is useless to talk with men—the favored ones to whom hysteria is *terra incognita*.

Mr. Armstrong spoke of the loveliness of her valley-home, grew enthusiastic in description of the various scenes through which he had passed in his tour, and she assented to everything with a forced smile and a hackneyed phrase. "Yes, very much so!" "Do you think so?" "Ah!" and "Indeed!" succeeded each other slowly and mechanically, growing flatter with every repetition, that George fidgeted in actual torment. Mr. Armstrong supposed she shared in her husband's fondness for walking and climbing, that his favorite views were likewise hers.

"I hardly ever go out, except on Sundays," was the answer. "I am a great home-body. George's business obliges him to be abroad a great deal. He must visit his congregation. My work is in the house."

"He tells me you are a model housewife. You must not scold him for telling tales out of school. We were boys together, you know, and whatever relates to him interests me."

"Yes!" said Annie, seeing he expected some

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reply, and trying to arouse herself to be pleased at his praises of herself and friendship for her husband.

She fancied, but she might have been mistaken, that she heard George, who sat back in the shadow, gnash his teeth—she had no idea upon what provocation.

"He has been exciting my envy yet more," pursued the man of the world, bent upon putting his shy companion at her ease, "by describing your study-evenings. He leaves no means untried to cure me of my bachelor proclivities. He was always a walking encyclopædia of art and literature. It is fortunate he has married one who can sympathize with and aid him in the pursuits he loves so well. So you have been reading"—

A list of books and authors followed. A deadly, creeping cold passed from Annie's heart to the very tips of her fingers and toes; stirred the roots of her hair, as he proceeded to ask her opinion of one and another, their style, their theories, the force or sophistry of their arguments, the fairness or illogical nature of their deductions. It was all a confusing jargon. She could not have told whether Lord Rosse was famous for his big telescope, or if he had discovered the North Pole; whether Corneille wrote tragedies, or comedies, or history, or in what language. At the third pause in Mr. Armstrong's monologue, he began to suspect that she was wildly at sea; at the next, he understood that she was completely swamped. She was too weary and frightened to turn the conversation into other channels, as a cunning woman would have done, or to pretend to knowledge she did not possess, a *rusé* one less truthful would have attempted. She sat dumb and stupid in an agony of shame, and longing to hide her disgraced head somewhere—the head that throbbed with such pain. She thought, with desire, of the cool and darkness of the grave. George came to the rescue, just in season to prevent a burst of hysterical tears. He wanted to show Mr. Armstrong the valley and the river threading it from the hill back of the parsonage. When they returned from their moonlight stroll, Mrs. Sherman had retired to her own room.

The mortifications of the evening were never mentioned between husband and wife. She was inexpressibly relieved and humbly grateful for George's forbearance; ready to kiss his feet in worshipful love, because his behavior to her that night and next morning was exactly the same as usual. She was not privy to his consultation with David Copperfield after Mr. Armstrong's departure; did not dream then that he had abandoned the task of forming *his* Dora's mind. He reasoned the matter out coolly and clearly with himself. Annie was incurably domestic and commonplace. This did not oblige him to curb his natural love of learning, or abate the ardor of his pursuit of eminence in his profession and the means of usefulness to his kind. Since he could not take her with him up the heights, she must lag behind. He could still be an exemplary husband; still cherish and love the wife of his youth. This resolution was the visible beginning of the parting of their ways, and feeling that this was so he made it deliberately and conscientiously. He gave up trying to elevate her intellect and cultivate her imagination. She was a good woman, true in heart, upright in principle, constant and fervent in endeavor to discharge her duty to her Creator and her fellow creatures, pure in thought and deed—and she loved him with all her might. I am afraid he said, "her little might." If so, he only adopted the opinion of other men as learned and as just, in assuming that mediocrity of mental powers and shallowness of heart are inseparable.

The report carried by Mr. Armstrong into the outer world of his friend's talents led to results seriously affecting the Shermans' after-life. The one of these which was soonest apparent was a correspondence with a literary journal of some note, which brought a small but welcome addition to their income.

"How kind is Mr. Armstrong!" exclaimed Annie, with glistening eyes, as her husband tossed a ten dollar bill into her lap—the payment for his first article. "I always believed that if your talents were but known, you could make a handsome living."

George laughed carelessly, not sneeringly, yet something in the sound brought a flush to her cheek.

"Don't misunderstand me," she said, eagerly. "I know, of course, that you look for other and higher rewards"—

"Don't trouble yourself to explain, dear." George patted her head. "I comprehend just what you would say. You are a dear, sweet wife—a jewel of a practical woman. Perhaps we are better mated than if we were more alike."

In spite of his kindness, the impression made by the unfortunate scene with his college-mate lingered persistently and painfully in her memory. Divining, by and by, with the ready intuition of a sore-hearted woman, the cause of the change in George's educational tactics, she made up a stout mind to "improve" herself. She abstracted, one volume at a time, Hallam's Middle Ages from her spouse's bookshelves as a promising specimen brick of solid literature, and gnawed at it secretly, like a conscientious mouse at a tough rind of cheese, at every odd moment, propping the book up in unconscious plagiarism of Emily Brontë, in front of her bread-tray, and snatching paragraphs when she rested for a few seconds on the churn-dasher. It was mouldy, as well as tough. Ironing in the dog-days was easier and more entertaining; but she held on wo-

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manfully and nibbled her way out to "Finis" in three months. Being far from well now, and feeling the need of lighter intellectual diet, she attacked Pollock's "Course of Time." She got along faster with this, for it was "quite suitable Sunday reading," and she was often too much indisposed to attend church that fall. She did not skip a word; marked carefully each day the line at which she left off, and resumed at that point on the morrow. The second undertaking was completed, without serious damage to health or spirits, one gloomy November Sabbath, when George, coming in at the close of afternoon service, beheld her fast asleep upon the lounge, the book on the floor at her side.

He picked it up, smiled pityingly and indulgently in glancing from the title to her face, which, even in slumber, had not lost the wan, harassed expression the wise women of the congregation assured him was perfectly natural, and would pass away in due time.

"Poor Pussy! No wonder she is exhausted," he said, under his breath. "She selected it because it looked religious, I suppose, and did not read a dozen lines before succumbing to its soporific effect."

Their first child was born that night—a fine girl, so like her father that the proud wife and mother would hear of no name but Georgiana for her. In three weeks she dismissed the hired nurse, and resumed her place as housekeeper and servant-in-general, winning higher encomiums than ever from the clever managers of the parish upon her "faculty" and energy. Little Harry came next, eighteen months later; two years afterward, Willie; and Baby Emma was six months old when Mr. Sherman accepted a call to Aiken, a sea-board manufacturing town. The church that desired his services was an important one, and the salary treble what he now received. Annie cried herself to sleep in silent joyfulness the night on which George announced to her his decision. She was like one long imprisoned when he hears his cell-door unbarred and knows it means liberty. Her present life was slavery, however cheerfully she might perform the labors crowded into the working-day, which for her was never less than sixteen hours long. Her lungs, physical and spiritual, ached for one full, free respiration such as she had not had time to take since Georgie's birth.

"My faith in your final success has never wavered," she said to her husband, her face alight with prideful pleasure.

And he answered with the gesture and smile she remembered as well as if she had felt them but yesterday, "You told me once, I recollect, that my talents would earn me a living in time. I am glad, for your sake, dearie, that there is a prospect of this. Still, lowly as is my position here, we have had a very happy, restful time in this, our first home. We shall hardly be so care-free and independent in a city."

"Restful!" repeated Annie's heart, with a groan, but she held her peace. Was not the day of her deliverance at hand?

(To be continued.)

THE LILY'S LOVE.

BY C. S.

THE Lily is pure as flower may be;
Calm, and stately, and proud is she;
And most of the flowers so gay and free,
 She holds herself above.
Her petals are closed to the busy bee;
Too bold and rude a wooer is he,
To mount so soon and so hardily
 To the post of "the Lily's love."

And vainly the humming-bird rests on the brink,
And poises his tiny form to drink;
Vainly, vainly the leaves close shrink
 As tight as a fairy glove;
And faster and faster the leaflets sink,
Till they close in one unbroken link,
And baffle the one who could rashly think
 So light of "the Lily's love."

Down on the garden beams the sun,
The brightest task of his life begun;
And the flowers, like nestlings, one by one,
 'Neath the wings of the parent dove,
Open their hearts, and to greet him run—
All, save the Lily, who, like a nun,
Murmurs proudly, not yet is won
 The boon of "the Lily's love."

The wind comes softly whispering by;
He never pitches the *love tones* high,
And but one of the garden's majesty
 Dares hold itself him above;
But, though he whispers in accents sly,
Though he backs his plea with sob and sigh,
Vain, vain are the tricks of his breviary
 To win "the Lily's love."

Yet, see, a darkness covers all,
Slowly and sadly the drops down fall;
And the flowers crouch 'neath the gloomy pall,
 That seems to rest earth above;
All but the Lily, like steed in stall,
Roused by the bugle's clarion call
At the magic tone she breaks pride's thrall,
 And the rain is "the Lily's love."

Would you read a moral? Then read it here,
And let it glitter in letters clear,
Ever present and ever near,
 And press it close as a glove.
Are not women but buds of a higher sphere?
Boldness, beauty, and passion are powerless here,
And flattery holds but a blunted spear—
 'Tis coolness that wins "her love."

HOWEVER trifling a research may appear into the locality of primroses, the migration of snails, or the wanderings of elephants, these yet may be among the things by which we may obtain a glimpse of man's real position here; and the naturalist will do well to bear in mind that what it was worth God's while to do, is certainly worth man's while to study.—*Professor Forbes.*

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DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Out of Pandora's box flew all the ills of earth; and among those other evil ones which ever since, harpy-like, have preyed on human happiness, defiling and despoiling, came Disappointment, with her cruel sneer and mocking laugh, the child of hope and the mother of despair—she who sends men mad with pain, and who ruins lives as blight and frost destroy the summer flowers. And yet, more than all the rest, this terrible schoolmistress of sorrow has proved a melancholy blessing in her sad disguise, because helping to break the magic spell of man's content as nothing else can, and so lifting the soul from earth to heaven—if by pain, yet with power. If it were not for disappointment, all the forms of life would become too dear, and the joys we hold more important than those we seek. The "stable equilibrium" of the philosopher would be the curse not the blessing of the world, and we should all be content and stagnant. As it is, through this same disappointment alone do we come to the knowledge of how intrinsically worthless and fallacious is so much for which we strive. The rainbow that looks to the savage and the child a solid wall of color, quite near and palpable, is only an appearance we cannot seize, how long soever we pursue; the diamonds and rubies that glitter on the grass are only so many dewdrops instancing an optical law; and the very gems they imitate are but forms of common substances which a few degrees of heat can reduce to a pinch of powder. The Koh-i-noor in the flame of a blowpipe, what is its value then? Yet what does it represent but the desired thing brought down to its essence, the disappointment that follows on analysis? A vast number of subjects falls under this head, and all that the Preacher classed as vanity means simply the disappointment born of successful getting that which is found to be of no worth when got.

When Supple has gained his office, dropping truth, manliness, loyalty to the past, self-respect, by the way, does he find that the empty sound of "Honorable" gives him better heart to look back on his career? Does he find that his wriggling meannesses have been paid for in coin of which the lustre lasts, and of which the chink still makes music to his ear, worth more than the music made by the voices of love, of gratitude, of honor? Has his faithless servility borne good fruit? When the whole thing is over, has it been worth his while to have dropped the upright gait of an honest man, and to have contented himself with the limp spirit of a fawning hypocrite? Supple has lost all his early friends, those who knew him in the first freshness of his life, and who loved him, as the young are loved, partly in hopes of the future—for the unhewn statue that may be lying in the marble—partly for love of the parental past; but as time went on, and the glitter of success grew brighter and nearer, Supple let his boyhood's friends fall, like last year's leaves from the trees, and when he had culminated, did he, do you think, find the office a sufficing exchange? One would hardly think so! Like the diamond under the blowpipe, or the dewdrop when gathered, his "honors," when got and analyzed, became suddenly of no value, and death found Supple a disappointed man, for all that he had been notoriously what the world calls a successful one. From his career might be framed the text of disappointment from fulfilled hopes, which reads so like a paradox, and which is, in fact, so dire a truth. There is scarcely anything that satisfies when it is once possessed. It is the pursuit that animates, the hope that enlivens, and distance, as we know of old, is the siren that lends enchantment. Once possessed, analyzed, understood, become accustomed to, and the charm vanishes—as in the absolutely worthless pinch of powder which an hour ago was the Koh-i-noor, for which wars have been made and bloody murders done.

Then there is the disappointment of those hopes which spring from love; and these are the bitterest of all. That fine boy of yours, sir, whom you are bringing up in the way of moral self-indulgence, by way of letting him see life and learn manliness, what is he destined to be to your old age? A gambler, a blackleg, a spendthrift, a *roué*. And he whom you, madam, are coercing at every turn, by way of keeping pure and in due subordination to the higher law, what will he be to your maternal pride when he consolidates, so far as he can consolidate into anything, into a simpering milksop, without manliness enough to be even vicious, even to be energetic, self-respecting, or self-reliant? Both are disappointments as keen as that which you felt, poor, soft-hearted Miranda! when the closer intimacy of a couple of years had taken all the gilt off that fine gingerbread husband of yours, and shown him in his true colors—clay-colors—as a tyrant, whose love had no more root than the cut bloom which the child plants in his garden and leaves to the sun's heat to prove and destroy; or as the sweet simpleton whom you, Julian, have married, and whose charm fades with her roses, and her roses fade before they are well opened. These were hopes, if you like, followed and concluded by the most fearful disappointment the heart of man can know; but how many homes are as living tombs to-day because of the disappointment which came to take the place of hope and love! So it is with our friendships. Ah! there is nothing in life that brings us more disappointment than these, and the man who can honestly hold by his friend to the end as he did in the beginning, love him, believe in him, and delight in him as

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he did, is one of the happiest men on earth, and one of the rarest!

Other things bring disappointments of a less grave but of an even more irritating kind. You set your heart on a certain house; you get it, and you are perfectly satisfied till you are in it. You are saddled with the lease, so that you cannot throw up your bargain, and, when you have fairly begun your occupancy, you find the whole thing a disappointment. The chimneys smoke, the pipes leak, the drains are bad, the good garden mould so triumphantly displayed by the faithful gardener turns out to be merely a thin "top dressing," in which nothing of much deeper roots than "small salad" can grow. This is the house you have coveted, and now obtained, mayhap at some not insignificant sacrifice; but the whole thing is a disappointment. It was Venus in a domino, and you had bent your knee as became the appearance presented; but when you had been suffered to look behind the mask, you found Hecate instead, and you grieved over your knowledge, as we all do when we eat ashes in the place of apples. You perhaps swallow your disappointment gallantly in the matter of the house, and you put your hopes into your furniture. Nothing comes right, though everything is as you ordered it; and the disappointment is repeated, like an echo or a shadow. You come into your estate, and the railway runs across your lawn a year after your father's death; you invest in that splendid silver mine which has made your brother's fortune, and the silver sinks into the sand as soon as you have had your shares duly assigned and registered. The coal pit you buy in the most buoyant belief that you are buying the "potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice," gets flooded with water a month after you are master, and costs as much to pump dry as the whole sum paid for the fee simple; your ten per cent. dwindles down to zero, and all your fine fortune turns to naught, like Rübezahl's fairy gold in the morning—you being one of those unlucky ones born under the star of "non-success in pecuniary undertakings," and utterly unable to change the law of your condition. Always hoping, always striving, you are just as surely always baffled and disappointed; nothing comes when it should, and even when hopes are fulfilled, they are fulfilled upside down as it were, and with nettles instead of roses as your crown. Nay, death itself is a disappointment like all the rest, coming too late or too early, and just when least desired; either at the moment when things had brightened, and life looked really happy and enjoyable, or just after the crushing blow which had caused such direful anguish, and which had the Great King but hastened his footsteps for a fortnight might have been avoided.

All brain workers are subject to disappointments in the value of their work. The bright idea which in its brilliant birth seemed destined to illumine the world is dulled on elaboration, and what you expected would spring forth, like Pallas, a perfect creation born of the brain of a god, creeps into life lamed, halting, unlovely, a failure and a disappointment. Every one knows this trouble; if also, as a counterbalance, it sometimes happens that a thought, which seemed but a rickety kind of thing when first imagined, grows out into a stately work of art, that carries your name to the skies as you never expected it to be carried. But, by that odd perversity of fate which seems to find so much pleasure in thwarting the designs and bringing to nought the endeavors of men, the work by which you set most store, the ideas to which you have given most vitality, are just those which impress themselves least on your generation; and the sketchy scratches flung off without pains or care strike the heart of public taste, and give you fame which you despise, and success which is to your inner soul the bitterest disappointment. You feel as you can imagine a stately Roman would have felt if taken from the triumphal procession where he was hoping to be among the foremost figures, and sit to play the buffoon to children and slaves. Do you think the handful of red gold he might get by this last would be worth to him the half a dozen laurel leaves he would have had flung at him in the first? So with the successful worker who has made his fame by his least worthy efforts, and whose noblest have fallen dead. Thus, even in success, visible, tangible, undoubted success—success which makes your friends envious, and throws your enemies into ecstacies of angry despair—too often lies more disappointment than delight; and it is from no constitutional infirmity, as it is sometimes said, no chronic habit of discontent, that you croon *Vanitas vanitatum* as the dirge of your triumphs, and wear mourning in your secret soul when the world has clothed you in purple and crowned you with gold.

ABSENCE.

BY A. E. P.

LONELY and sadly passeth the day,
Waiting and watching the dear one away;
Slowly the shadows fall, evening is nigh,
No one to look for—can we but sigh?

Thinking of father far from his home,
Wandering wearily—"Will he not come?"
Trustfully answering the little one's cry,
Cheeringly, soothingly, "Yes, by and by.

"Tired of waiting, are you, my dear?
So, too, is mamma, but never you fear;
All in His good time the Father above
Will bring safely home the dear one we love."

Daily ascending, our heart's earnest prayer
Will be that Our Father will take him in His care,
Protect and preserve him from all earthly ill,
And bring him back safely whenever He will.

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ROMANCE *vs.* REALITY.

BY E. J. B.

"Now, you'll never, never tell?" said my most intimate friend, Nettie Arnold, as we paced in front of the depot, waiting for the cars to come, which were to bear me to L——, a distance of twenty miles.

"No, never!" I replied, squeezing the little gloved hand which lay in mine.

"And you will write to me, dear, at least twice a week?" pursued she, a tear standing in the corner of her eye apparently undecided what to do with itself. "I shall be so lonely when you are gone, with no one to talk to, and nothing to do but think of—you know what," and the tear, having made up its mind, rolled to the end of her nose, and stood waiting for further developments.

"Of course," I replied, consolingly; "and, now," putting on an air of superior wisdom, "don't you mourn or grieve one bit about—you know who—for I'm sure it will all come out right some time; but here come the cars, so good-by!" and our lips met in a long, lingering kiss, and in a moment more I was on the cars.

Now, dear reader, doubtless you have at some time had a dear friend for whom you had many unselfish schemes and desires; and you can sympathize with me when I relate that, knowing as I did Nettie Arnold's heart trouble and the cause and history thereof, the desire of my heart was the reconciliation of the parties, and the consequent return of happiness to my friend.

As I was no stranger to the current literature of the day, and had in my mind cases where the hero and heroine had been parted, and the heroine, supposing the hero to be a comfortable skeleton in China, suffers his villanous rival to lead her to the altar, when the first lover rushes in, with his pockets distended with gold dust and a bag full of diamonds under each arm; just as the priest is about to perform the ceremony, and, after "chucking" the villain gracefully out of the window, receives the fainting bride in his arms, it was not surprising that I, too, indulged in dreams of hair-breadth chances, and was ready to be surprised at any moment by the appearance of ——, which event was to be the first link in a chain of coincidences which was to restore him to my friend. Consequently I kept a brisk lookout during my journey for a tall gentleman, with unfathomable eyes and "a duck of a moustache;" but no such person appeared, or at least did not recognize me as connected with his destiny, and the train brought me to L—— disappointed. It was not until Aunt Jennie met me with one of her warm-hearted welcomes that I forgot my cares of friendship and romance.

The next day but one the usually quiet farmhouse was in a state of commotion, as Uncle John was to take the train that morning, and everybody on the premises was interested in the preparations attending thereupon. Now, in everyday affairs, Uncle John was very much like other mortals; but getting ready for the cars seemed to develop every particle of slowness in his nature, and on this particular morning he came in with just thirty-five minutes in which to prepare, and the tumult began.

"Well, Jane, just lay out my clothes, and get my shaving water ready," said he, as he sat down to pull off his boots.

"Been laid out this half-hour, and there's bilin' water enough in the kettle to shave a regiment," said Aunt Jennie, shortly, as she rushed out, with cap strings flying, after towels and soap.

"Now, where's the bootjack?" bawled he, as he got red in the face, trying to pull off the last boot, which proved refractory.

"Just here, uncle," I cried, after stepping on the cat's tail, and tipping over a chair and two flower pots in my haste to procure the article.

The cat took refuge under the bed, and the dog condensed himself as much as possible behind the stove, and things ran smoothly for a time.

The shaving was attended with no fatal results, and only a gash here and a snip there told of the haste in which the operation was performed; but the ablutions which followed would have done credit to a water-cure establishment, and the bootblacking was done with a nicety and precision that was harassing to witness. Finally the last pin was stuck, the last brushing administered, and he was ready; but as he was about to step into the wagon, the whistle sounded, and Uncle John was left.

"Well," said Aunt Jennie, laughing heartily at her spouse's look of distress as he came in, "Myra and I have got some trading to do, and you can just take us to town, and then you can show those boots you blacked so unmercifully nice, and that'll be some comfort."

"Now, Jane, don't make fun of a feller when he's down," expostulated Uncle John. "I'll bet you both a new gown you don't get ready a bit quicker."

In just fifteen minutes we stood before him, ready to start, and claimed the wager. Uncle John exclaimed, admiringly:—

"Well, I never! Who'd ever a-thought you could get on all them furbelows so quick? Well, well," he pursued, reflectively, as we went out to the wagon, "wimmin folks is wonderful creeturs, and no mistake!"

We had reached the town, and were leisurely jogging toward our favorite store, when a boy ran past crying:—

"Fearful accident! Train all smashed up around the curve!"

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"Eh! Why—what—the dickens!" said my uncle.

"O John, get out quick and inquire if it's true!" said Aunt Jennie, all in a flurry of excitement.

Uncle John, having by this time got the idea fairly lodged in his brain, scrambled out with a velocity of motion which seemed almost incredible, compared with the movements of the morning, and, darting into a store, soon brought back the tidings that a fearful calamity had happened. It was but the work of a moment to run into a friend's house, and procure needed articles for the comfort of the sufferers. As Aunt Jennie stored them in the wagon, she said:—

"Now, if there's any one that needs good care, just bring them right home, and Myra and I will nurse them. Poor things! Poor things!" she almost sobbed. "Oh, what a blessed thing it was that you blacked your boots so long this morning, John!" she concluded, with a shudder.

"Yes, mother," replied Uncle John, thoughtfully. "There's no telling what great mercies the Lord may have in store for us, when he gives us little vexations to bear," and he drove off at a pace that old Grey had never been known to take before.

A few hours later our parlor assumed the appearance of a hospital, and the family doctor was gravely examining the injuries of two young men, who, pale and bleeding, occupied the beds we had hastily put up for their accommodation; but to our great joy he announced that their injuries were not so severe as he at first feared, and that with proper care our patients would be convalescent in a week or two.

"I tell you it was an awful smash up," said Uncle John, in the evening, "and the poor struggling creatures lay around pretty thick when I got there, but I guess they was all taken care of."

"But did you not find out something about these young men?" said I; "what their names are? or where they are from?"

"The conductor of the train told me their names," replied Uncle John, "but I've clean forgot both of them; but he said he'd send up their baggage, and maybe that'll tell."

But the trunks came, and brought no solution of the mystery, and we were forced to wait until our patients should be sufficiently recovered to enlighten us in the matter.

The excitement of the week had been so great that I had not given a thought to my dearest friend's troubles, and had even omitted writing the two epistles I had promised her, under the pressure of actual necessity for exertion and sympathy, when one morning Aunt Jenny announced that at last she had discovered the names of our invalids, who were rapidly recovering.

"Oh, do tell me who they are?" I exclaimed, so eagerly that I nearly dropped the medicine I held.

"The one with the light hair is Harry Colburn, and the one with the moustache is Frank Lindemar," replied Aunt Jenny.

Mr. Frank Lindemar got an extra dose that time, for at the name my hand gave a bound, and the medicine went skurrying into the tumbler with neither law or order to regulate its motions, for Frank Lindemar was an only brother of Ralph Lindemar, the gentleman to whom Nettie Arnold had been betrothed.

Here was my crisis, in a moment when I was least looking for it, and it was a little dashing to my romantic fancies that I had lived under the same roof with the young gentleman for days, with no spiritual cognizance of the fact; had brought him his gruel, and dressed his sprained wrist with the same feelings that would have possessed my soul had he been common Tom, Dick, or Harry. That a reconciliation must be effected between Ralph and Nettie through our combined efforts, was a question which admitted no doubt in my mind, but how?

Mr. Frank regarded me with the same interest that he would have bestowed on Miss Biddy O'Brien, who done the wash on Mondays, and how could I say to this matter-of-fact stranger, "Sir, I am Miss Myra Scofield, and know all about your brother Ralph and Nettie Arnold, and he is mistaken in supposing she loves Rob Lynne, etc.?" and I found that what had seemed so easy and romantic in theory, was terribly embarrassing in practice, and the subject haunted my dreams, as well as my waking hours.

Meanwhile our patients were rapidly improving, and we found them to be delightful acquaintances, especially Mr. Frank, who, with frolic and merriment, kept the house in a state of jollification, which was an agreeable contrast to the days of care and anxiety which their sick room had brought.

One day Frank spoke of Ralph, and I cannot tell you how it came about, except that it was just contrary to anything I had ever planned, but circumstances led to revelations on both sides, which promised to accomplish all I had hoped for. I wrote Nettie a long letter that night, but, with Spartan-like firmness, refrained from even a hint of the events of the day, or the mention of the names of the heroes to whom I had been a ministering angel, but when I arrived at B———, two weeks later, Nettie and Ralph met me at the depot, and she whispered in my ear as we walked homeward:—

"Oh, you blessed darling! It's all right, and you have been the means of bringing it about. Ralph told me all about it, and you *will* be bridesmaid, *won't* you?"

And now, gentle reader, I feel that I owe you an humble apology for the unheard of way

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in which I am obliged to finish my story, for, according to the rules of all well-regulated romance, Frank should have been so impressed with my angelic qualities, as I dished out gruel, and prepared poultices in his sick room, that his heart and hand would have been only too small an offering to the shrine of my virtues, but, for your sake, I am sorry to say that he was not, and instead of "giving me a look of unutterable woe, as he wrung my hand at parting," as he ought, he simply laughed very good-naturedly as he helped me into the "shay," and said, "Well, good-by! We 've had quite a jolly time out of the smash-up anyhow, and I hope you 'll soon regain the roses that you have lost from your cheeks in my service, Miss Myra." And as I gaze upon the white robe which is to adorn my person at Nettie's bridal, it is without a throb of feeling, either of joy or sorrow, because it is to be worn by the side of a very amiable young man, Mr. Frank Lindemar.

Harry Colburn was equally regardless of my charms, and, though I have gained two valued friends, I am still without a lover.

ANCESTRAL PRIDE.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

To be descended from a race of noble and virtuous ancestors is certainly something to be valued; but the pride of ancestry in itself, without the accompaniment of the deeds of virtue, is at once empty and unreasonable. One's own character, divorced from every other consideration, is the whole complement of his worth in the world; if he has stamped upon it the seal of excellence and integrity, it is to him a possession of inappreciable worth; if not, the prestige of his ancestral name is but an enhancement of his real dishonor among all true men.

The pattern of all true nobility lies in personal virtue. The substantive element must be in the man himself. What he has done for the ennoblement of himself and of his race, and not the adventitious circumstance of birth, is the real standard by which his manhood is invested with its true character of dignity and moral worth. That which is fortuitous, and which lies apart from him, forms no part of his honor or dishonor; what he is in himself is the precise measure of his worth. This is the test of reason and common sense. Virtue in the characters of worthy ancestors is merited fame; but vice in the descendants of such ancestors is a blot on the name and character which no pedigree can remove. BEN JONSON'S idea is very discriminating and appreciative on this point:—

"Boast not these titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths; they 're their possessions, not your own;
When your own virtues equal'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames;
For they are strong supporters; but, till then,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen."

Every man is the architect of his own character, and, per consequence, of his own fame or infamy. He rears the temple of character on the foundation of his excellences and virtues, or he builds his infamy on that of his follies and vices. No one can have a just fame in the world's reckoning but who has earned it by dint of his own meritorious effort. Whatever meed of honor humanity's verdict has to award him, is the result of no favorable *accident;* it is always the reward of self-achieved merit. Adventitious circumstances do sometimes flush men with temporary honors; but not founded in desert, they fade away of necessity by the breath of time's infallible test. Nothing can live—live as a thing of value in the memory and affections of humanity—but that which is immortal; hence the permanency of the deeds of virtue, because virtue is immortal.

The rewards of moral excellence, unlike hereditary honors, are always self-earned. The genuine man—the man who rears a character high enough for the world to gaze upon its splendid moral proportions—disdains to claim anything that does not of right belong to his own individuality. While he holds in sufficient estimation whatever of honor may attach to his ancestral name, he dares to aspire after the honor which only comes to him who has won it in the career of merit. Magnanimous and noble, he says with PERCIVAL:—

"I am one
Who finds within me a nobility
That spurns the idle pratings of the great,
And their mean boast of what their fathers were,
While they themselves are fools effeminate,
The scorn of all who know the worth of mind
And virtue."

That man is weak, indeed, who looks outside of himself for honorable recognition among men. He lacks the essential element of manhood, because he dwarfs himself by a miserable self-negation. Such a mean spirit would be something at the expense of the virtuous toil of others. Stand would he, if he could,

"For fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry proved valiant or discreet."

Nor are those characters who make the empty boast of the fame of their ancestry "few or far between." We meet them in all the walks of life. They turn up on every hand; and, despite one's self, as these choice specimens of the race parade their pretensions before us, the words of Gifford, in his translation of JUVENAL, will recur to the mind:—

"*Your ancient house?* No more. I cannot see
The wondrous merits of a pedigree:
Nor of a proud display
Of smoky ancestors in wax and clay."

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A LEAP-YEAR TALE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"I AM so sorry, Earnest."

Earnest Melanie turned his face away for a moment from the sweet pleading one looking into it. It was no shame to his manhood that large tears gathered for an instant in his eyes, as the gentle voice spoke the words that told him the strongest hope of his life was crushed, broken, and vain.

The room was silent after Elsie spoke, and a strong heart wrestled dumbly with its great agony; a tender one sought for words of comfort. When Elsie spoke again, her own eyes were moist, and a tremor was in her low voice.

"Believe me, Earnest, I never dreamed of this. For so many years, ever since I was a little girl, you have been so like a brother, that I have given you a sister's love, and did not think you wished for any other. Earnest," she continued, piteously, "tell me you do not think I have trifled with you, or willingly wounded the noblest, truest heart in the world."

"Darling," said Earnest, hoarsely, "I know you have not. It was my own blindness, my own great love that deceived me. Tell me, Elsie, is there no hope for me in the future, when you may cease to regard me as a brother, and may learn to love me as I love you."

Slowly, like a knell, came the answer: "I am the promised wife of Godfrey Chase."

The room reeled before Earnest's eyes; then, by a great effort he straightened himself and controlled his voice to speak.

"He is worthy, Elsie, even of your love. May God grant you every happiness." And as he spoke, he softly touched the golden hair of Elsie's bent head with his lips, and left her.

She went to her own room, crying softly. It was a sore pain to her to know that Earnest loved her. There was no thought of girlish triumph over a new conquest, for Elsie had not one spark of coquetry in her nature. No pain of her happy life had been so great as this sympathy and regret for Earnest.

She had been but a little child when her uncle had taken Earnest into his household, to study medicine with him, to become in time as dear to the old man as a son. He was not entirely dependent upon his profession, having a small income inherited from his father, but he studied with the enthusiasm of a man whose calling is a second nature; and, as the old doctor gradually sought more and more for the rest earned by a well spent life, the younger one stepped into his place, and was accepted by his patients.

To Elsie, Uncle Roger's house had been a second home since she was a toddling child. Situated nearly four miles from her father's residence, the distance had been considered too great in her childhood for two walks in one day, so that a visit to her uncle's was usually of two or three days' duration. She was the darling of the whole household, from her old bachelor uncle and his stately housekeeper down to the small office boy, who considered her a little angel, only wanting wings. Earnest's arrival gave the new damsel a new admirer, in the strong, rough lad, whose ringing voice woke the echoes of the quiet old house, as her silvery laugh and low, sweet tones had never done.

It was pleasant to see how the young natures controlled each other in their frank, pleasant intercourse. It was Earnest who conquered Elsie's timidity and made her a fearless horsewoman, who wakened her from dreamy reveries to realities of life, turned her tender sympathies to practical charities, and led her up to higher, nobler aims in life than her shrinking gentleness would have ever sought alone. It was Elsie who taught Earnest to soften his rough, rather uncouth, manners, who persuaded him that refined courtesy was no want of manliness, and gentleness implied no weakness. It was not in his nature to become effeminate or soft, nor in hers to seek masculine pursuits or manners, but one became more gentle and refined, whilst the other grew stronger and more self-reliant in their affectionate intercourse.

But while Earnest was allowing his whole heart to become bound up in Elsie, giving her the entire devotion of his life, making her returning love the reward for every exertion, every act of self-sacrifice, dreaming of his future only as a lifetime of loving care for her, Elsie regarded him only as a dear brother, and kept her heart untouched till Godfrey Chase came to claim it. He was but a visitor at the village where Elsie had spent her happy life, but in his brief summer sojourn he won the heart for whose love Earnest would have given life itself; and in the winter came to carry his fair bride to his city home.

There was no voice to say nay to his suit. His position, his means, his character, were all such as loving parents would wish for the guardianship of a dear child; and even Earnest, in his own bitter grief, had no added pang of apprehension for the future happiness of his darling.

Letters came frequently from the city home, where the golden-haired country girl presided, and always gave the loving hearts at home assurance of complete happiness. Two years of love and happy life was granted to Elsie, and then sorrow came in the trying fact that her husband's health was failing, slowly, almost imperceptibly, save to her anxious eyes, but surely. A voyage to Europe was recommended, and the fair little wife left home, friends, and country, to seek new life for her husband in Italy's soft airs.

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In the library, where Earnest Melanie had spoken his love tale to Elsie, there were seated five years later an elderly gentleman and a young, fair woman in deep mourning.

"Your mother must have missed your letter, Elsie," Doctor Rodney was saying. "She would never have left home, expecting your return."

"I found my last letter unopened upon her table. All was so sudden at the last, uncle. Godfrey seemed so well when I wrote before, that I do not think the idea of my return occurred to her. It is so lonely at home I came at once to you, hoping to stay till father and mother return from Niagara."

"You know, dear child, how glad I am to have you with me. Elsie, there is something to tell you that we did not write, thinking it would only grieve you. Earnest has been deeply afflicted."

"Earnest! He is here, is he not?"

"Always. I will tell you all. You heard soon after your arrival in Italy, did you not, of the dreadful accident at the limestone quarry, just out of the village?"

"The explosion?"

"Yes. Many were killed and wounded by the premature explosion of a large quantity of blasting powder. Every one hastened to the spot to aid the sufferers, supposing all danger was over. Earnest went down to the quarry, superintended the removal of the wounded, and I received them in the long stone-cutter's shed above, and dressed their wounds. All had been removed but the dead, and Earnest was still in the quarry when a second explosion horrified us all."

"Oh, uncle! Earnest?"

"He was thrown some distance, and taken up insensible. Apparently his injuries were slight, but as he recovered consciousness we found a blow upon his head, which, with the nervous shock, had totally destroyed his eyesight."

"Not incurably?"

"Yes, dear. Every effort skill could suggest or money procure has been made. We have had the advice of the first surgeons and oculists in the country, and all remedies have been faithfully tried. All has been in vain. He is hopelessly blind."

Elsie's tears were falling so fast she could not speak, and her uncle continued:—

"He bears his trial with the fortitude and resignation of a true Christian, but it is a grief none can appreciate, except under similar affliction. Cut off in the prime of life from a profession he loves, from the resources of books, writing, or any pursuit requiring eyesight, he has of necessity many weary, unoccupied hours. I read to him when I can, and I consult with him whenever I meet with a professional difficulty. You would be amazed if I were to tell you how much he aids me. After hours of thought over a difficult case, he assures me his memory of study and experience is far clearer than when outward objects distracted his attention, and his suggestions are invaluable to me. Hush! he is coming!"

"Don't say I am here. I cannot speak to him yet," whispered Elsie, rising softly, and taking a seat in a further corner of the room, where she watched with painful interest Earnest's entrance.

He came in very slowly, his hands outstretched and his step uncertain, as will be the case where blindness is a misfortune of maturity, not the habitual cross carried from infancy. Elsie longed to offer her guidance and support, but could not control her voice to speak.

"Are you here, Doctor Rodney?" Earnest asked, and the deep, musical voice struck unchanged upon Elsie's ear.

"I am here, in my old place."

"Let me find my chair. Ah! here it is;" and he sank down wearily in the chair Elsie had just occupied.

"I have sad and glad news for you," said Doctor Rodney.

"Sad and glad! News from abroad?"

"Yes. The sad news is from Godfrey Chase. He died in Florence last month."

"And Elsie is coming home! That is your glad news?"

"Yes. Poor Elsie!"

There was an interval of silence; then Earnest spoke in a musing tone, as if following aloud a train of thought:—

"Better to be widowed than to be burdened as she would have been, had my life been blessed as I once hoped. I never thought to say, 'Thank God! Elsie is not my wife,' but I have said it from my heart since," and he touched his sightless eyes, "this happened. Her gentle heart will be saddened for a time; she will sorrow with the grief of a loving heart, but comfort will come. As my wife, the sorrow would be life-long. God bless and comfort her in her sorrow!"

"You loved her very truly, Earnest?"

"*I* love her! Till death stills my heart-throbs, I can never cease to love Elsie. When is she coming home, doctor?"

"She has come."

"But her parents are away."

"She is here, Earnest."

It was pitiful to see how the sad face of the blind man lighted up, as he bent forward eagerly; his hands outstretched, and his features working with emotion.

"Here! here! Elsie?"

He had forgotten his blindness, her widowhood, everything but the fact that Elsie was near him.

"I cannot see you, Elsie," he cried. "Speak to me!"

She came softly to him, gathered his hands in her own, her tears falling fast.

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"O Elsie!" he remarked, "I have no word to comfort such sorrow as yours. We all loved him; your grief is ours."

"And your affliction, Earnest," she replied, gently, "is a new sorrow for me."

"I feel it to-day," he said, simply, "since I cannot see your face."

They talked long together. There was much to tell on both sides, and each felt how truly the other sympathized in the sorrows that had fallen upon them during their separation.

It was not long before Elsie had found her old place in the home circle, as if she had never left it. She was altered in many ways. The gentle nature had developed into a dignified self-reliance during the period of her married life, when she had been the one to guide, to nurse, and comfort. The long journey home had given her an independence of thought, new to her tenderly-nurtured life, and the possession of ample means from her husband's legacy added to the difference of character. But as time glided away, the loving hearts around her found Elsie was their own darling still. More womanly, more dignified, her mind developed by travel, her character ennobled by experience and discipline, but with the loving heart unchanged, the sweet, womanly disposition untouched.

To Earnest, a new life had opened. Elsie again was his loving sister. It was Elsie who drove him out in the low, easy pony carriage; it was Elsie whose hand guided him in the garden; Elsie who read to him, sang for him, made the hours fly with merry descriptions of her travels abroad, or glowing accounts of the beauties she had seen. Elsie shortened some of the lonely hours by teaching him to knit, and finally Elsie put into practical form his most brilliant castle in the air. It happened in this wise:—

Elsie had opened a drawer in Earnest's secretary, searching for some paper the blind man wished her to see, when she said:—

"What are all these loose papers, Earnest? There are hundreds of pages."

He replied, very sadly:—

"That is the wreck of my ambition, Elsie."

"Tell me about it."

"You cannot realize the temptation there is for a student of medicine to devote all his energy to some special branch of the study, and study all that bears upon it. It was my fancy that I could give my fellow-students some valuable information upon diseases of the brain, and I had written what you see when my labors were stopped, and I became the useless log I am now."

"Earnest! you shall not feel so. Are you not my uncle's greatest help and comfort?"

"It is his kindness, not my value, Elsie, that makes him think so."

"But the book, Earnest. Have you forgotten what you wished to write?"

"Forgotten? Never! Every point is clearer and more distinct in my darkened life than ever before. My mind, in my hours of solitude, has dwelt upon each phase of the various diseases and their treatment, till I feel my blindness a misfortune for others as great as for myself. This is not vanity, Elsie; it is my firm conviction. I may be in error."

"But, Earnest, why should you cease the work? Cannot you dictate to me?"

"Elsie! Tie you down to such drudgery!"

"It will not be drudgery. I shall be proud of my share in the work when the world praises the book. Let me arrange these papers now, and read them to you, and to-morrow you can continue the work."

"I cannot refuse. I know it is selfish, but the temptation is too great. Elsie, you are my guardian angel."

The work progressed rapidly, and Doctor Rodney watched with loving gladness the change in Earnest. The sad droop left the tall figure, the color came again to the pale face, and a certain look of dignity, once characteristic of the man, returned to face and figure. He had an object in life. Ambition, wakened anew, could not rest, but urged him to new efforts. Elsie wrote for him, searched his authorities, read the extracts he dictated, arranged the manuscript, entering with her whole heart into the work.

It was no child's play she had undertaken. A year passed away from the day the work commenced before it was ready for the press. Doctor Rodney undertook the business of publication, and the labors of the blind doctor and his amanuensis were rewarded at last by a package containing the handsomely bound volume in which the public received the result of their efforts.

Elsie was in the library alone when Doctor Rodney entered with the precious book.

"Look at it, Elsie, while I find Earnest."

"I am here," said Earnest, entering. "I heard the buggy stop. Let me feel it, Elsie. *Our* book! Read me the title-page."

Slowly she read the page, even to the final figures announcing the date of publication. "1868," she said, as if pondering. "It is Leap-Year."

Earnest looked up. Despite his blindness, he had never lost the habit of turning his face towards any object of interest. Now, his face was pale, eager, and yet radiant.

"Leap-Year," Elsie continued, "when ladies may offer their hands to gentlemen. Earnest, will you take mine?"

"Elsie, you would not mock me. You are young, beautiful, wealthy. What am I?"

"What you are to others," said Elsie, "let the universal love and respect you meet testify. What you are to me, I can never tell you. You love me, Earnest?"

"With my whole heart!"

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"Let your love then read mine."

"O Elsie, darling! can it be true? You love me—blind, helpless, useless"—

"Hush!"

"You are my eyes, my fingers, my inspiration!"

"Then," said Elsie, merrily, "you will have me? I have no answer yet."

Doctor Rodney stole softly away, blessing them in his heart, as he did audibly when the wedding-day came. For they were married, and the honeymoon has not yet waned.

SHADOWS ON THE HILL.

BY CARRIE D. [illegible].

In the bright summer-time,
When the skies are fair,
The light clouds dreamily
Float through the air;
Flaunting their fleecy robes,
White, pure, and still,
While their faint shadowings
Float o'er the hill.

Now swiftly flitting by,
And now calm and slow,
Ever their fairy forms
Glide to and fro;
Fair as the angels' wings,
Downy and still,
Softly their shadows fall
Over the hill.

Simplest of summer views,
Cloud-shadows seem
Vague and unreal, too,
As a passing dream;
Yet when rural thoughts
Our fancies fill,
Dearest are cloud-like shapes
That flit o'er the hill.

Landscapes adorned by art
Soon tire the eye;
Quickly, for calmer scenes,
We pass them by.
Restful and rosy dreams
Come and go at will,
As we watch the shadows
Float o'er the hill.

E'er as we pass through life,
Cloud-shadows come,
Floating around our path
Where'er we roam;
Ne'er strive to follow them—
Let them go at will—
They will soon flit away,
Like shadows on the hill.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.—If rich, it is easy to conceal our wealth; but if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand dollars than one hole in our coat.

TRUTH.—He that finds truth, without loving her, is like a bat, which, though it have eyes, to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

OUR ALICE.

BY MRS. DENISON.

"My dear, you are to come home," so the letter ran. "Grandpa Israel has lost his place in Tate and Dracos. I'm very sorry, for we were so *sure* we were provided for, to the end of *our* time, at any rate. Never mind; grandpa says he 's hale and hearty yet, though I never saw the good old man so broken. It 's a great disappointment at our age. I 'm seventy-one, you know, and Israel is seventy-five. But we 've saved up a little money, my dear, that will enable us to live for a while, till *he* gets nicely settled again."

Alice read and read, till by and by the hot tears fell and blistered the paper. The poor child had only been two years at this school, and she was getting along so famously.

"If I were only fifteen, instead of thirteen, I could possibly go in as under-teacher; but I'm so young, and so small! Oh! isn't it hard, just as I thought I was fairly under way, and looking for new dresses and holidays, too? It does seem"—but just then she checked her rebellious speech, remembering how devoutly she had thanked God on that very morning for the blessings of life and health.

Only that morning she had stood beside the corpse of a girl, one of the day scholars, who had been killed at a car-crossing—Helen Chandler, the prettiest, vainest, wealthiest girl of her class. And as she stood there in the darkened room, saw the lips that only yesterday were like twin rosebuds, stiff and colorless, the eyes that even grief had never darkened, were shut forever; the pretty wayward curls laid one by one along the cheek, and down against the snowy shroud—she had closed her hands softly together, and in that sacred silence thanked God that he had spared her to think more seriously of life and its duties; to be a worker; to comfort the afflicted—and here, at the thought of a few blessings denied, she was already showing her ingratitude.

"Dear old grandfather," she said, softly, "I won't lay one burden upon you if I can help it." And then she went to her little album, and opened it at the photograph of a benign and aged face, beautiful in its serenity, the silvery locks floating about the broad, calm brow; the soft glance looking a blessing. "Dear, dear old man," she sobbed, "you were a father to my mother, when her own flesh and blood turned her from their doors, and God help me to repay you! God help me to be the staff for your declining years!"

She drew herself up, that little creature, as she laid the book by. The tears were all gone, her eyes shone; in them was a far look that saw visions of the future, and there were brightness and glory, success and fame, even in that glance.

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"So young, and so small!" she had said; so small that she was oftener taken by strangers for ten than thirteen, and always noticed, because, as was repeatedly said, "there's something so peculiar in that child's face." And there was. Those eyes, so soft and star-like, and at times so dreamy, seemed like two small worlds of truth, and love, and intelligence. A soul dwelt in that slender frame, so boundless, so brave, that at times it appeared to come out and envelop her with a sort of mystical glory, and then, indeed, she looked like something transfigured, no longer of this earth earthy.

At one of the examinations she had thus stepped out of herself, as it were, while reading a poem that had been sent up by some one in the audience. A young man, very pale and thoughtful, who had seemed to be, save for his fixed glance, quite unimpressed by the scene upon the little platform, lifted his head erect and drew a deeper inspiration as she stood before them, and infused into her voice and gestures the spirit of the theme.

"Who is that child?" he asked, after all was over, as he went up to the principal, his sister hanging on his arm.

"Of course, you mean Miss Alice Edgerton. Everybody inquires who she is," answered the lady, smiling.

"Edgerton! Why, Della, dear, Cousin Alice married an Edgerton. Do you think—can it be"—

"I shouldn't wonder," was the calm, low reply, to his half-spoken query.

"And her grandfather had them both."

"Both mother and child, I heard," murmured the low voice.

"Then she is a relative of ours, my dear."

"She certainly must be, if that is the case."

"Shall we see her?"

"As you please, brother."

Miss Della said "As you please, brother," to everything. If he had asked:—

"My dear, shall we pack up to-night and start for the Fegee Islands to-morrow?" she would have looked quietly up from book or netting, and answered with:—

"As you please, brother."

So the Reverend Cyril Manning, who had just taken orders, and was in his twenty-eighth year, and had three parishes—I had almost said—fighting for him went into the pretty parlor, and there came presently, fluttering in, little Alice, pale and curious, but quite self-possessed. And when, as they parted, Cyril had said, holding the tiny hand that lay in his, "I think I must look after you, my little girl," Alice had smiled and blushed, for, like all small creatures, she did not like to be called little, and made an answer that may not have seemed appreciative.

"Thank you, but I am trying to learn to look after myself."

"My dear, that cousin of yours is a very handsome man," said the lady principal, gazing after the retreating figure.

"He was my mother's cousin, it seems," said Alice, thoughtfully.

"And very popular," added Mrs. Benton. "I hope he will settle here."

"Is he a minister?" asked Alice.

"Oh, yes, my dear, a rector! and they say he was disappointed, which means, perhaps, that he will never marry."

"He is not very young," said Alice.

"Alice Edgerton is going away, did you know it, friends?"

The speaker was a tall, stylish-looking girl, her hair hanging in curly profusion over brow, cheek, and neck.

"Yes, I heard so," said another, "and I'm glad and sorry. Alice is a general favorite, but she's too smart, and is continually putting us great dunces to the blush."

"What is she going for?"

"Oh, some firm in which her grandfather is concerned is broken, I believe! Poor little chick! I shouldn't wonder if she goes home to hasty pudding and potatoes."

"Has she no parents?" queried another.

"Both dead. Her mother married an Edgerton, a miserably dissipated man, I've heard, and she died broken-hearted. Her father went off years ago, and was wrecked. They say her mother's relations are very rich; that they turned the poor thing from their door, and have never even seen this child, little Alice."

"I should think they might help her now, she's so sweet and bright."

"I question whether Alice would take it from them. Dear! dear! She's as proud and determined as a man of forty. I don't know why, but it seems to me as if there was a wonderful spirit in that little body of hers."

"Oh, she'll manage somehow! though it does seem a shame to take her from her studies just now. She'll never catch up, I'm afraid; but hush! there she comes to bid us good-by! Harriet, I know I shall cry." And not only she, but all the girls broke down to see the little figure before them, so resolute, so full of courage, going home to meet disaster, and perhaps death, for they were all white-haired, they of her household, and who knew how they could bear up under that terrible trouble?

"Well, girls, good-by! I may come back, you know. Even if it's a year from now—I—I sha'n't have lost much. I'll try to keep up, if I can; and you'll write me, won't you, all of you, if it's only once?"

They promised, and for the rest of the day it seemed almost as if there had been a funeral in the house—no tripping little feet, no childish voice, for Alice was the youngest pupil of that select school, and more than once her name was mentioned as she was journeying,

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full of strange thoughts, to the ruined home. For in one sense it was a ruined home. Old Israel Edgerton felt so, keenly. Fifty years he had lived in that pleasant dwelling—he had hoped to die there.

"Israel, don't tax yourself too hard," his kind employers had often said. "Rest as often as you can, old friend, and if the time comes that you must lay by, why remember that you and yours are provided for." And so he had complacently looked upon himself as cared for to the end of his good and honorable life.

Now the shock fell with added weight, because his sister, older than himself, the tried friend, the more than mother to his children when he lost his wife, had for some time been ailing.

Tates and Draces were stricken as terrible as men could be, for they failed through the dishonesty of others. They were true men, both of them—men who had followed the Bible precepts, and thus suddenly they were smitten of Heaven.

Israel came back from the store on that sad morning, not utterly cast down, but very heavy-hearted. It had been his custom for a long time to go out at six and come home at seven for his breakfast and family worship. Here he was on the threshold no longer to be his. The words of the elder partner still rung in his ears.

"Israel, I wish we *could* have saved your little home. It tries us very much that we cannot, for we find that all must go."

He could answer nothing, for it was hard to be homeless, and he over seventy. He had one rich son-in-law. Ah! but that rich son-in-law had taken his wife into a fashionable family, and was cold, hard-hearted. He had one son, but he was struggling with poverty, and had all he could do to keep the wolf from his humble door.

So Israel stood there on the threshold and looked into the pleasant little tea-room where Martha sat waiting for him, the little loaf on the table, the bright Britannia tea-pot glistening like the whitest of silver, the snowy cloth, for whatever passed through Martha's hands came forth whiter and better, if that were possible.

"I can't bear to go in," he thought to himself, as he bustled about, hanging up his hat, brushing his silvery locks back from the broad, handsome old forehead. There were two glass panes set in the door. Through them he saw the sunny room; the small wilderness of flowers in the south window, always blooming and smiling, let the weather be what it would; there he saw Martha's gentle white face; above, the picture of the good, calm Washington, that had always hung on that particular nail; the neat little lounge, covered with chintz—everywhere the spirit, and beauty, and peace of home. At last he cried out manfully to the faltering spirit:—

"Why art thou cast down, oh, my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God." And thus fortified with the holy words of inspiration, he went in, and there, as he passed his cup the second time, he told Martha all.

"I thought something troubled you," was her quiet reply, but the tears were struggling up, nevertheless. And again, as she moved her chair back, "Well, Israel, we are old, and we have never wanted. God is ours, and heaven very near."

"Thank you, sister!" The tears of hope, of gratitude, were falling one by one down his aged face. His sister saw them, bent her gray head, and kissed them lovingly away.

Three days after, about the same time in the morning, the door was thrown open, and a manly fellow of thirty bustled in.

"Father, it can't be true!" he cried, as he wrung the hand of Israel. "I've been to Stanton after some lumber, and only heard it this morning, down town."

"It's all true, John."

"But what in the world will you do, father?"

"I haven't had time to think," said the old man, sighing, in spite of himself, "but we shall get along."

John shook the foot that hung over his knee, thought of his box of a house in the town adjoining, already too crowded, and his face grew darker and darker.

"If I had any room, father, you and Aunt Martha should come right home with me. Oh, what a curse is poverty!"

"Hush, John! Don't let me hear such language from your lips. God has appointed us each our share of sorrow. I've been comfortable all my life. Perhaps mine is coming now. And, John, if it is, there'll be only a short strife, for the old man is almost at the foot of the hill."

One or two tears fell down Martha's pale cheeks.

"Something must be done," cried John.

"Something will be done," said a small, resolute voice, and somehow it seemed as if the spirit of light, cheerfulness, and contentment fell on them all, then and there.

"Grandfather's darling!" said the old man, proudly, as she came walking right into his outstretched arms. "It seems too bad, too bad to take you from school."

"No it don't, not to me, in the least. I've come home to set things right, you know. Kiss me, Aunt Martha. Why, how sunshiny and pleasant everything looks! Uncle John, how are the babies? General Washington, happy to see you" (to the old portrait). "Well, grandpa, I tried to improve the time; took to German as a duck takes to water. You know I was always crazy to read German; and I can not only read but translate it. Now, aunty, shall I go right up stairs, and will you

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come with me? We had a miserable detention on the road, and I didn't rest good last night," so the two disappeared.

"Blessed little fairy!" cried the old man, brokenly.

"Where did the child get her wisdom? I declare it almost frightens me," said Uncle John. "She 's not much taller than my Mary, who isn't a year over eight; and yet, if I shut my eyes and heard her talk, I should think she was eighteen, or twenty-eight. But, father"—and he caught his breath, speaking low—"it 's only another burden added."

"What! the child?" cried the old man, eagerly. "No, no, no, no. Burden! She 'll be the blessing of my life, mark my words."

"But—yes—no doubt—ought not the Manaings to do something for her now? Surely"—

"Don't!" cried the old man, abruptly. "It is like wrenching something out of my heart, to feel that they might, but they won't; I know them. They sha'n't!" and his voice sounded almost angry; "not if I can help it, for they ruined the peace of my poor girl, and sent her to her grave."

"But her education—she is so young!"

"What can I do?" groaned the old man, wretchedly. "I 'll tell you what I 'll do, John," he added, in an altered voice. "I 'll carry all my troubles to God. I 'm sure He 'll help me. Now don't worry about me, John. Go home to your family and work for them like a man, as you always have done. You 've been a good son to me, John, and you 'll have plenty yet, never fear."

Meantime Alice had gone up stairs into the pleasant room that she had always shared with her aunt.

"How pleasant it is! and how long it seems since I was here! Only think! A year! A whole year! And now, aunty, tell me all about it. Has grandfather lost all his salary?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And you are crying for it, aunty?"

"No, not for that; but to see you so brave—a little thing like you."

"Now, aunty, I won't hear that. Little! Why, do you know I 've grown nearly an inch since I 've left? and that I 'm almost fourteen—shall be in two months? Fourteen! Why, I 'm quite a woman already! But, aunty, is it the bad fortune that makes you so pale?"

"No, my dear. I hav'n't been very well for a month or two. I don't know what it is, but I seem to lose all my strength. But then I can't expect to hold out always."

"Or to work so hard always. No, indeed; you shall rest now. Little as you think me, I 'm very strong, wonderfully strong, indeed, and you know there was a sort of domestic department in our school, so I have not come home as ignorant as I might. I can even cook and wash, and have learned how to be systematic, and—but, aunty, you spoke in your letter of grandfather's having saved something from his earnings. Can you tell me how much?"

"My darling, I thought he had, but he put it into a little speculation by the advice of his employers, and I suppose it 's lost. He told me that all he had in the world was two hundred dollars."

"Why, that 's a little fortune," said Alice, cheerfully.

"Do you think so, child?"

"Indeed I do. But, aunty, we have always had this house free of rent. Has that gone, too?"

"Oh, my child, that is the hardest to me. The house is sold, and we 're to move out immediately. It seems so terrible, for I never dreamed but what I should die and be buried from here."

"Well, you won't, aunty, nor from anywhere else, this long while yet. But I see the first thing to do. I must go out and find a place to live in."

"You!" cried Aunt Martha, in astonishment, surveying her slight proportions.

"There, now don't tell me I 'm a child and all that, because you know I won't hear it," said Alice, playfully. "I 'm old enough to help my dear grandfather, and repay some of his kindness, I hope, and yours, too, you blessed old aunty. Now give me a good cup of tea and something to eat, and then I 'm going right straight out. And little Alice sat down to the table and cried in her heart to see her old grand-aunt so thin and haggard-looking, and mentally resolved—brave, heroic little soul!—to take every burden upon herself.

Now, Nellie Edgerton was the only heartless child the old man had. She had been the youngest daughter, motherless, and a beauty, so it happened that she was spoiled. At seventeen she had married a rich, worldly man, who sneered at her old father and plain aunt, and lifted her from the social sphere she had always occupied into a questionable circle, where the remnant of heart she had left was completely buried under fashion and frivolity. At first she had called upon her father and aunt regularly, then at his store occasionally, but for the last five years, since the ill conduct of her youngest brother, and the gossip consequent upon it, she had only sent a servant once in a while to inquire if they still lived. Most of that time little Alice had been away to school, but now the child thought over a plan which was maturing in her wise, unselfish brain.

Aunt Nellie's husband was rich. He owned houses and lands. No doubt, thought little Alice, when he heard of their misfortunes, he would let them have one of his small houses at a reduced rent. "That won't be charity," she said to herself, "and I 'd better do that before I go house-hunting on my own account."

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"What! out so soon, my little Alice?" cried Grandfather Israel, as Alice came tripping through the sunny parlor.

"Yes, papa. I must see some of the old places. Don't you realize that I've been gone a year?" Alice had always called him papa to his face. "And it's not so very early either, you know, almost an hour since dinner. I shall not be gone a great while," and off she tripped.

Madame Nellie—Mrs. Vere—did not care at all about being disturbed just then. She reclined very comfortably in a large easy-chair, her light blue silk dressing gown falling open, and displaying elaborate embroidery. She was still very handsome. Her hair was girlishly arranged, and she looked like a woman whose only object in life was to get all the enjoyment out of it that was possible. In the next room sat a smart, stylishly-dressed seamstress, busily sewing. Presently a servant came up, and handed her mistress a small card.

"'Miss Alice Edgerton,'" said the woman, rising impatiently as she took it. "Why, who in the world can it be? Not—not that chit? She's not old enough to pay visits. A forward little thing, though, shouldn't wonder. Still, it can't be; she's at school. Who was it, Susan?"

"Quite a young lady, please," replied the girl, who had been impressed, as everybody was, with the quiet self-possession of Alice, and the soft, star-like radiance of her beautiful eyes.

"Did she say anything?"

"That she *must* see you, ma'am."

"I thought that sort of thing was over," muttered Mrs. Vere, rising and moving languidly towards the mirror. "That's the worst of these poor relations—they pop in upon you just when they're the least expected. As soon as father dies, I shall just wash my hands clear of them."

"Mamma, dear," cried a musical voice, and Miss Nellie Vere, aged sixteen, dressed in something that seemed quite a cloud of silks and laces—her bright, lovely face blooming like a rose under the blonde and tulle that framed it round—came laughing at the door.

"Is that little, old-fashioned thing downstairs my cousin, *ma mère?*"

"Nonsense, Nellie! Go off to your *matinée.*"

"But, I say, she's nicé-looking, too, and I've half a mind to go in and patronize her. She'd be so overwhelmed, of course."

"I won't have it, my dear," said her mother, sharply. "She's a little, ignorant thing, and has no business here, anyway. You know your father would be very angry."

Nevertheless, Miss Nellie put her head in at the drawing-room door, and gave a condescending little nod, that brought the quick blood up over forehead and cheek.

"Why didn't she come in and treat me as she ought?" was Alice's indignant thought. "I'm just as good as she is."

"Oh! Ah!—this is Alice Edgerton."

Mrs. Vere walked languidly in, Mrs. Vere extended two fingers, which Alice would not see. She rose up, however, with all the dignity she could command, and her aunt was surprised to see that all at once, in some remarkable way, she seemed to have changed into a woman.

"Mrs. Vere, I have come to you to say a word or two about grandpa," said Alice, abruptly.

"Ah, yes! I hope he is quite well?"

"Not *quite* well—at least in mind, perhaps I should say. Did you hear of Tates and Dracos' failure?"

"I should say I did. Mr. Vere lost ten thousand dollars by it," said her aunt, tartly.

Alice felt at once that this was bad for her mission, but the hot blood glowed and surged from her heart up to her cheeks. This woman must have known, then, that her old father had been thrown out of employment, and the mention of this loss was resorted to as a check.

"Father has always said that he was putting by for a rainy day," added Mrs. Vere, after a short pause, "and now he will be glad enough that he has. He must have quite a pretty sum to draw upon. I should advise you to buy a little place in the country—some"—

"Aunt—I mean Mrs. Vere"—said Alice—"grandfather has lost everything."

"What do you mean?"

"Everything but the paltry sum of two hundred dollars, and he is over seventy years old."

"Ah! I heard he had been speculating. Yes, yes, I remember. And lost! Well, if a man of his age knew no better than to put his fingers in the fire, he deserved to be"—

"Madam!" cried an angry voice, and there was such a wonderful intonation of command that the woman paused, quite startled. "You shall not say anything disrespectful of my dear grandfather in *my* presence, madam!"

"Ah, indeed!" cried Mrs. Vere, breathless, and unprepared for this soldierly little movement, admiring in her heart the small, straight figure and the soulful face deepening, and glowing, and almost speaking with expression.

"I did not come here to ask for charity," continued Alice, "though I thought you would feel some emotion, some little sorrow, for poor grandpa—for your own father. I only wanted to see if, among all the houses Mr. Vere owns, there is not one which we could take for a small rent. *I* shall try and support my grandfather, if everything else fails."

"Really, my good girl," said Mrs. Vere, freezingly, for in her shallow heart she hated Alice from that moment, "if father has been so exceedingly imprudent, I don't know that he should expect others to suffer on his account."

"Would it cause you to suffer *very* keenly simply to ask Mr. Vere"—

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"He would refer you to his agents," said his wife, coldly. "Besides, his houses are always let, and, of course, he would not turn out good tenants, and he generally has none *but* paying tenants. Our expenses are dreadful. Besides, Mr. Vere has lost a great deal of money, and the children's schooling costs a little fortune, to say nothing of help, sewing women, and so forth."

"Mrs. Vere," said Alice, rising, every drop of blood having surged back to her heart, leaving her deadly pale, "how much do you suppose you cost your father from first to last?"

The woman bit her lip, and turned pale also, but it was from suppressed passion.

"You are very insolent," at last she commanded herself sufficiently to say; "and I do not choose to tell you what I shall or shall not do, or whether I choose to do anything at all. Your spirit is a little too high, young lady, considering your antecedents and your circumstances. I have not, at least, turned father or daughter out of doors."

This allusion to her mother's sorrow stung the young creature more than any other thing could possibly have done.

"I know I am poor," she said, with choking voice, "and that my wealthy relations disown me, as they did my mother. I should be sorry if it were not so. I would not, under any circumstances, receive one penny from them, for I lay my mother's death at their door. But, Mrs. Vere, I hope my bright and beautiful young cousin, who looked in upon me just now with a sneering smile, may never have to come to me for assistance, for I should assuredly think bitterly of this day."

"Don't be at all anxious," returned the woman, impatiently. "You are very smart, your precocity is wonderful, considering your age; your reverence towards your elders and superiors is something delectable, but I have no fears at present that we shall any of us ever apply to you for aid. Oh! are you going?"

"Yes, madam, I am going. I thank you for your allusion to my reverence. I know I am very young, and I fear I have not been very civil. You are older than I am, and if I have been disrespectful, I am sorry, while I feel just the same towards your unkindness to my dear old grandfather," and, fearing that she should burst into a passion of tears, Alice hurried away.

Again and again she reviewed her conversation. Might it not have been possible that in some other way she could have conciliated this woman? But, no. For five years she had avoided her father and the little plain house in which he lived. Was it likely that a woman like that had any feeling whatever?

In a week the little family was nicely moved and settled. Not in one of Mr. Vere's houses, however. Alice would never have consented to that now, but in respectable quarters, though the tenement was in an unpleasant part of the city, and by no means as comfortable or pretty as the one they had left. However, the canary was hung up by the window; Washington put in an attitude as nearly resembling the other as it could under the circumstances; the flowers had not lost their bloom, nor the sunshine its beauty, and all would have gone on delightfully for a while, only that poor Aunt Martha was taken down sick. That very day John came down, and fortunately brought some jelly with him.

"Mother made it before sugar was so high," said John, "and she said she felt as if somebody was sick here."

"I sha'n't lie here long," said Aunt Martha, trying to smile cheerfully.

"No, indeed, I hope not," said John, heartily. With how different a meaning given and taken were the words spoken by each.

Presently the old grandfather came in. He had his cane; his old cheeks looked fresh and red; his white hair blown about in disorder, scarcely whiter than his temples, gave him a sprightlier beauty.

"I've got a situation," he said, smiling.

"A situation?" asked John, incredulous.

"You can't do it, Israel," said Martha, feebly.

"Oh, yes I can, Martha! There's more strength in me than you think. It's tolerable pay, too; at least, it will give us what little we want. I've taken a porter's place in Harrison's, my dear." The old man did not look up. His eyelids quivered a little.

"A porter! Oh, father!" John laid his arms on the table, his head upon them, and burst into tears. He had always admired his father; had been proud of seeing him in his clerkly capacity in that great, handsome office of the firm, with its mahogany desks and chairs, and Turkey carpet—he so gentlemanly, with his white hair and pale, refined face. Now to carry and lift heavy packages, that old man; to be subject to the whims of under clerks and half-grown boys; it was too horrible, and John sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Why, Johnny, my boy—John, my good, brave boy that you always were!" exclaimed the old man, patting him on the shoulder, trying to smile, though the heavy tears were beginning to fall down his own cheeks, while poor Martha turned her dim eyes to the wall.

"Now, Uncle John," said Alice, in her clear, cool voice, "I don't think you ought to break down in that way, because, you see, you ought to have faith to believe that this is not going to last long. He will get tired of it, you know, and then he will let his little girl have her way, which she would have done at all events, only poor Aunt Martha has quite given out, and no wonder, with all the toil and trouble of moving. But don't you see how quiet grand-

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father and I are about it? We know it's all coming right, don't we, dear? You mustn't take on so at the beginning of a trial, because it discourages, and one never knows but one's strength may hold out to the end."

"God bless the child!" said Grandfather Israel, in a broken voice. "She comforts us all."

God gave that child strength, I think. Three, five months came and went, and still poor, sick Aunt Martha taxed all her energies. Besides this, she had the small house to tend and keep in order, food to prepare, expenses to control, and an invalid to amuse with her unfailing spirits. During this time her soft eyes took in every note of change. She saw Israel's tall form grow less erect day by day. She foresaw the time coming when her every energy would be taxed. And still she sang, and smiled, and bathed, and cooked, and washed, going to God for health and strength, and it did seem almost miraculous that neither deserted her.

At last one morning the change came. She had gone to sleep with poor Aunt Martha's wasted hand in hers—fallen asleep singing that sweet old hymn—

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

She awoke with a start. A sensation of numbness, or was it intense cold, shocked her as she lifted her hand, from which dropped like a stone the lifeless clasp of her aunt's fingers. She had died in the night, quietly, peacefully, as the smile on her lips denoted.

Now the child was less a child than ever. She went to one of the neighbors, who came in; she prepared all the clothes; she bade her grandfather rest, and let him mourn in his quiet way, while she arranged the details of the funeral. She met Mrs. Vere in their little parlor, who, somewhat shocked at last that poor old aunty had gone, and trembling with a few small glimmerings of remorse, when she remembered what she had been to her, begged to furnish the carriages, and went up stairs to weep out her sorrow, what little she felt, beside her old father, and cautiously leave a handsome sum of money for him. She sent for the clergyman, saw that the house was in perfect order, and stood near the coffin in her mourning garments, paler, taller, but more beautiful than of old.

Six months had done much for her, though she was slenderer than before; but as she stood there, so gentle, but with the old resoluteness visible in every lineament of the lovely face, in every glance of the wonderful eyes, Cyril Manning recognized her on the instant, though she did not remember him, seeing him in his black gown, till afterwards. The rector she expected had an appointment at the time, and so he sent Cyril, his friend, who had come to exchange pulpits with him.

That night the old man retired early. Truth to tell, he was not equal to the burden he had taken upon himself; he overrated the strength which had been magnificent in its prime. Alice felt very lonely; very much disposed to have a good cry. The room looked so still, the house was so dark with the shadow of death. A slight knock startled her. She went to the door and admitted the Reverend Cyril Manning, whom now she recognized.

"When I saw you at Madam L——'s, I did not think you would leave school so soon," he said.

"And I did not think of leaving." Spite of her self-control, a few tears did fall at thought of that happy time. "But my grandfather needed me."

"I have not forgotten the little cousin I found there," he continued, gazing, his heart in his eyes, on the promise in her face, for he saw that the soul was ripening faster than the body, making the sweet face like that of an angel, from which the star-like orbs, now softer and more shadowy, gazed with a heavenly tenderness. A world of unexplored thought, a universe of glorious deeds, seemed treasured up in that outlooking soul. Before, he had felt that he could love her, child that she was; now he felt, he knew, that he did love her; that for her sweet sake he would willingly wait for years—only she must be within his reach.

"You look like the Mannings to-night," he said.

"Do I? Then I am very sorry. I can have no special love for them, as, if you know my dear mother's history, you must be aware."

"I should be sorry if you included me in that sweeping assertion," he said. "I am a Manning, too."

"Oh, I do not! indeed I do not. You were my poor mother's cousin—and you loved her."

"I"— He was red from lips to crown. How had she learned of his boyish passion?

"Grandfather said you came to see her while she was with him—and that is more than any of the rest did—and I know you must have loved her, and not despised her as the rest did. Oh, I thank you for it! I thank you," and, before he could prevent it, she held his hand to her lips and kissed it again and again, with the passion abandonment of a child.

There came another knock at the door. Alice dried the tears on her lashes, and opened it. A stranger stood on the threshold, muffled up, nothing visible but a pair of piercing dark eyes and a heavy black beard.

"Does Israel Edgerton live here?" asked a voice, whose suppressed emotion made it seem unnaturally stern, and even harsh.

"Yes, sir," said Alice, moving back a little within the room, for there was no hall.

"He is living, then?" The man strode in, gave one sweeping glance round the room, that rested briefly on the young rector, then

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concentrated itself on the fair yet frightened face of Alice.

"And is—can this be—there was a little grandchild—a daughter—I mean a granddaughter"—he stopped, frightfully moved by some emotion.

"I am Alice, sir," said the little maid.

Then came a scene I am afraid to describe. It was literally like the breaking out of a tempest—agony, love, remorse, joy, all these, clashing and stirring together, and the man on his knees, his arms about the slight form of Alice Edgerton.

"I am your father, dear; the miserable man who deserted you; who left you in poverty and infancy to the care of two feeble old people. Look at me, Alice. Love me, child. I have come back to care for you all my life; to ask your forgiveness, and that of my poor old father; come back a prodigal, a redeemed man; and I have brought wealth with me, little Alice. I am rich. You shall toil, you shall delve no more, for, oh, I have heard all about it, my angel child! I loved your mother, God knows. I have never loved another since. Alice, you will love me? you will forget that —that"—

Her arms were about his neck, her face hidden in his shoulder, the thick masses of his heavy black beard mingling with her pretty brown curls. When she looked up again, the oldness was gone; the premature lines of thought, the strain, anxiety, that oppressed one to see in her. Her eyes were brimming with tears, but her face shone with the light of a new glory.

"Oh, I never dreamed of this!" she cried. "Oh, Cousin Cyril, *do* thank God for me! I'm so happy I can't even pray!" And, while the old man slept unconscious, the voice of prayer and praise sounded below.

They did not disturb Israel Edgerton. All sorts of loving schemes were thought of and banished, and at last he surprised them the next morning. Alice making tea, her countenance heavenly bright; his son—his boy, whom all had thought dead, but whom he knew in a moment—seated by the fire, watching the fairy, as if he feared she would melt away or vanish in thin air.

There was rapture in the greeting, and the old man bore it well. From that moment you see, of course, that the great cloud of poverty and care was lifted, as if by magic. The prodigal son had determined to make no sign till he could come back with a fair character, and lift his father into ease and prosperity. John had reason to be glad, too, for a timely sum set him up beyond his wildest wishes. Old Israel was forthwith installed in a sort of great throne with a green plush back and velvet arms, and a nice footboard—that was after they all went into the new house. Little Alice did go back to her school in triumph, and soon proved her old diligence. The sweet creature, she was just the same Alice, they all voted, above the petty triumph she might have enjoyed, if she had willed it. Three years finished that course of training; another saw her Mrs. Cyril Manning; and the hale old grandfather still lives on, in danger of only one thing—making an idol of his Alice. As for her, she forgot that she had ever indulged in unkind or unchristian feelings towards her aunt and cousin, though both go their different ways—one in serenity, the others suppressing a mortification they cannot but feel. And Alice, is she not still, and will she not forever be to those who love her, "our Alice?"

MAY.

BY ANNA CLARK ADAMS.

'Tis May, bright May! the merry air
Is full of perfume sweet;
On shrub and tree, 'mid springing grass,
Gay, tinted flow'rets meet.

The birds are in their wildest joy,
The blue sky smiles above,
The mountain wears its emerald robe,
And verdure decks the grove.

The bees are hurrying through the air,
Bearing the sweetest dew—
Fresh gathered from the fragrant flowers—
Their waxen cells e'er knew.

The insect world is all astir,
And in the dancing stream
The very fish seem glad, and seek
To catch the sun's bright gleam.

Childhood, sweet youth, old age, confess
The influence of the day;
And even dying hope revives
Beneath the touch of May.

TO A LOVELY COQUETTE.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

Oh, lady fair! with soft, brown hair,
And eyes of loveliest hazel hue,
Whose lightest glance may well entrance
And bind a worshipper to you.
Can you not spare, and bid beware
The magic of your potent art,
One who could love your very glove,
Whose touch would thrill his inmost heart?
And when you meet him kindly greet,
But not with accents falsely spoken,
That bid him hope love's heaven will ope,
And heal his heart that's well nigh broken;
And then despair, if he should dare,
One step beyond his limit go;
With icy chill, his being fill
With pangs of swift and sudden woe.
Then, lady fair, with soft, brown hair,
And eyes of sunniest hazel hue,
Can you not spare, and bid beware,
One who dies for love of you?

Wisdom and virtue make the poor rich, and the rich honorable.

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ACTING CHARADE—BOOKCASE.

BOOK-

SCENE I.—*A sitting-room, well-furnished;* HARRY FENTON *walking about.*

Harry.—

"Oh, solitude! where are the charms
That sages have found in thy face!"

An Irish echo answers "where?" but, like me, she can't find out. I'm tired to death of my own society. (*Rings. Enter a servant.*) John, show up any one who calls, even should it be the sweep, till my friend Mr. Lacy comes.

John. Very well, sir. It 's a pity the kitchen chimbley was swept yesterday, or I might have set fire to it, for nothing else would bring the sweeps out at this time of night. Sir, when you was out, there was a gen'leman called, if I may be so bold as call 'im one. 'e was very seedy in his boots and umbreller, but which was quite accounted for, sir, by his saying he was a hauthor. 'e wanted to see you perticlar, and said 'e 'd call again this evening at height.

Harry. Let me know when he comes; meanwhile make Mr. Lacy's room as comfortable as possible, and get a first-rate supper ready by eleven. (*A knock is heard.*) That 's Lacy's knock! Off with you! (*Exit* JOHN. *He re-enters, showing in* MR. LACY.) What a good fellow you are, Lacy, to come at the rough, sudden message of a telegram.

Lacy. Say, rather, what a fool I should be if, liking you, my old chum, in your days of poverty, I should turn my back on you when rich. That would be a cut on the wrong side indeed.

Harry. Have you dined? Do say no! I 'm brimful of hospitality.

Lacy. Sorry to check it, my boy, but I dined two hours since on the road.

Harry. A glass of wine, then? And a good supper presently?

Lacy. Can't say no to that. (HARRY *rings the bell.*)

Enter JOHN.

Harry. Wine, dry biscuits, and nuts, John. (*Exit* JOHN. *Re-enters with the things, and exit.*) One can talk so much better with nuts to crack—don't you think so?

Lacy. Very likely; but why have you sent for me so hurriedly? I had heard of your good fortune, and should have paid you a visit of congratulation before a week was out.

Harry. You heard of my good fortune, did you? How provoking! I wanted to be the first to tell you of it myself. Pray, how much has report given me?

Lacy. Five thousand a year.

Harry. No more? For once, then, report has reversed exaggeration. My old cousin, three times removed, was a miser in the strongest sense of the word. Twenty thousand a year is the income he has left me, for no other reason than this—that, out of a host of distant relations, I was the only one that never tried on "soft sawder." So you see I 'm the wonder of the town now I 'm *rich*, a speck of its dirt when I was a poor clerk. Now, Lacy, what can I do to make you happy?

Lacy. Make me a present of a revolver, if you like.

Harry. What! out of an income of twenty thousand a year? I would do anything in the world for you.

Lacy. A thousand thanks; but what do you intend doing for yourself? Turning fine gentleman?

Harry. No. If nature had intended me for one, she would have sent a message to my mother to guide my rearing, or she would have written on my face or figure in a somewhat different hand. People don't make themselves into fine gentlemen all at once. I know no language but my own, and never waltzed in my life. I intend to live as happily as I can, making every one of my old friends comfortable. I have begun already, and have dispatched a lot of anonymous banknotes to those who want them.

Lacy. Well, you 're making a noble start, Harry, but by and by

"You 'll be taking some proud lady,
And be making her your bride."

Harry. Not a bit of it! I've seen too much of Lucy Parker for that.

Lacy. Who 's Lucy Parker?

Harry. Lucy Parker 's the daughter of a retired banker's clerk, in whose house I lodged till this money came to me. He is one of the best creatures I ever knew, but, like all good creatures, has a weakness. His is, attending sales and buying all sorts of utterly useless bargains, from a barrel organ to a rusty iron grating. So much for the father. The daughter is the sweetest girl I know; whether you might think so is another question, but my mind is made up. You 'll be amused when you see Mr. Parker. My way of making him happy is to beg him to spend a good sum for me now and then in auction bargains—useful, of course, for future housekeeping. You should see the collection he has already made for me!

Enter JOHN.

John. Please, sir, that hauthor 'as come again to know when you will see 'im.

Harry. Show him up, but what can he want?

[*Exit* JOHN, *returns with the author, and announces "Mr. Brown."* MR. BROWN *is shabbily dressed, and bows repeatedly.*

Mr. Brown. Your servant, sir. I see you have company, and I intrude. I 'll call again.

Harry. Only my most intimate friend, from whom I have no secrets. Pray, sir, be seated, and explain the purport of your visit.

Mr. Brown. Sir, I am an author in prose and

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poetry. In the latter capacity I have been honored by the patronage of the wealthy firm of Moses & Sons. Every one is speaking of your recent accession of fortune, and I have lost no time in coming to offer you my services.

Harry. Extremely obliged to you, sir, but I 'm rather at a loss to guess of what use your services can possibly be to me. Do not hesitate to speak out before my friend. Pray take a glass of wine, and then proceed to unfold your tale. (*He pours out wine, and hands it to* MR. BROWN.)

Mr. Brown. Your health, sir! My business is this: I write books for gentlemen and ladies who don't like trouble, but have a taste for literary celebrity. I thought you might possibly wish to come before the world as an author; gentlemen of leisure and fortune so often do. Now's your time, sir; your name is so popular, any book of yours would surely sell. My terms are very moderate; poetry I charge for by the foot, travels by the mile, romances by the incident; the choice of subjects is entirely left to you. Sir, you appear surprised; you would be more so if honor did not prevent my naming to you several fashionable works bearing the names of persons to whom poverty has compelled me to sell the labor of my brains.

Harry. This is beyond belief! I have often heard of penny-a-liners, but—

Mr. Brown. Excuse me, sir, mine is a much higher branch of art. Any one can invent a horrid murder or a gigantic gooseberry for the newspapers; but it is not every man who, sitting in a garret in Bohemian Street, can write "Sandwiches for Savages," "Pyramids, Persians, and Peas-porridge," or "Greeks and Grasshoppers."

Lacy. You have a marvellous list of titles, Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown. Yes, sir. Alliteration is fashionable just now, and so long as the first word of a title gives an idea of the subject, the rest are of little consequence. It is not invariably necessary, though, that the title should give a notion of the subject; for instance, a book was lately published, called "Dewdrops from the Green Mountains." A number of young ladies, supposing it a poem, ordered copies, and, behold, it proved to be a history of whiskey and Irish distilleries. If you, sir, could know how many works are sold through these mistakes, you would be surprised.

Lacy. You have a poor opinion of literature.

Mr. Brown. Oh, no, gentlemen, don't mistake me. I love a good book, and could name authors to enjoy whose works I would forego a good dinner—no trifling sacrifice to a man so needy as I. What I condemn is this: A man leaves his country for a week, and must of necessity write a book—yet, as I live by these means, perhaps I had best hold my tongue.

Harry. Well, Mr. Brown, suppose I wish to avail myself of your services, what sort of a book would you recommend?

Mr. Brown. A novel, sir; decidedly a novel! Throwing out a hint in the preface (for a quotation in the reviews) that it portrays your own life, from long clothes to neckties; with a catching title it would take well. I could let you have it in a fortnight.

Harry. You are joking.

Mr. Brown. Not at all, sir. I have a stock on hand of sentiments, *bon mots*, and startling incidents, which I can soon dovetail together on the shortest notice.

Harry. Well, Mr. Brown, I acknowledge I am not prepared to turn author by proxy; but let me consider you a consulting physician, and present you with a fee. (*He gives him a note.*)

Mr. Brown. Sir, I am grateful for your liberality; but I must beg that you will never allude to me in society. You may meet my patrons, and I cannot afford that they should lose their opinion of my honor.

Harry. Depend on my discretion.

Mr. Brown. I have the honor to wish you good-evening, gentlemen.

[*Exit, as the two men nod to him.*

CASE.

SCENE II.—HENRY FENTON, *sitting alone, reads a letter, then speaks.*

Harry. I have not felt comfortable since this mysterious letter from Sparkes arrived. Still he is a clever lawyer, though he does bore one about his grandmother. (JOHN *shows in* MR. SPARKES, *and announces him.*) Ah, Mr. Sparkes! how are you? I owe you a grudge for giving me two terribly anxious hours; pray, what is the matter?

Mr. Sparkes. Don't be frightened. Caution and alarm are different sensations. One need not be substituted for the other, as my poor, dear grandmother used to say. (*He wipes his eyes.*)

Harry. Still regretting your grandmother, Mr. Sparkes; surely it is twelve years since you lost her?

Mr. Sparkes. It is so, my good friend, and I have since that lost my wife; but her loss is nothing compared to my grandmother's. I can replace the one, the other never. But a truce to this emotion—let us to business. You must know, Mr. Fenton, that a claimant for the fortune left by your cousin has started up. He founds his alleged claim on the ground that the deceased had no right to will it away. I must see all your papers, and make out as clear a case on our side as I can. How do you feel on the subject?

Harry. As an honest man should, I hope. Gratified if I can honorably keep a fortune I so little expected to possess, but quite willing to relinquish it to any one whose claim may be proved better than mine.

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Mr. Sparkes. Ah! how my grandmother would have loved you! But I feel convinced your claim will stand good. Pray let me see your papers.

[*Exit* HARRY. *He re-enters with a box of papers, and finds* MR. SPARKES *gazing at a miniature.*

Harry. Ah! what have you there?

Mr. Sparkes. This lovely portrait! Is it very—very precious to you? Might I entreat you to let me have it?

Harry. What! Give my Lucy's picture to another man! I should like to know what could put such an idea into your head!

Mr. Sparkes. It reminds me so much of my grandmother, and her name was Lucy also.

Harry. I doubt my Lucy feeling flattered by the comparison. However, Sparkes, if you get my case all right, perhaps I will show you the original of the miniature.

Mr. Sparkes. (*Who has looked at the papers.*) Are these all? I don't find what I want.

Harry. Yes, yes, they are all. But you mean to say I shall lose. You can't mean that?

Mr. Sparkes. Dear Fenton, don't agitate yourself. All, indeed, hangs on finding one document. I don't see it yet, but I feel sure it will be forthcoming. Let me take this box with me to my chambers; and do you come with me, that your suspense may be shortened.

Harry. Do your best for me, I beseech you, for Lucy's sake.

Mr. Sparkes. Be sure that I will; she is so like my grandmother.

[*Exeunt, carrying the box.*

BOOKCASE.

SCENE III.—HARRY *and* LACY.

Lacy. But are you sure that this search has been strict? Shall I go over the papers again? I am certain my anxiety equals yours.

Harry. I know it does, Lacy, and your sympathy is a great support to me. I have searched every bundle of papers, shaken every sheet, and all unsuccessfully, I think. I hope I am resigned to the disappointment of losing this fortune; but I own my heart aches when I think of Lucy and her poor father, and see the visions of happiness and prosperity my fancy had painted for them fading away for ever. I am vexed to think of the folly I have committed in encouraging the dear old gentleman's mania for buying bargains at sales. Where can it end?

Lacy. Don't despair yet, Harry. I have known such wonderful discoveries made just when all seemed over in a hard-pressed lawsuit. Depend on it, something will turn up at the eleventh hour.

Harry. I can't say I am so sanguine. But what is this? (*Takes a letter from the table.*) Oh! it's a note, and a most characteristic one, from Mr. Parker. Listen, Lacy: "Dear Mr. Fenton, I spent yesterday at the sale I mentioned to you, and secured the most extraordinary bargains possible. First, six volumes of music that only want rebinding; they chiefly consist of duets for the horn and guitar (perhaps you may learn the horn some day), only $5.50. Then a first-rate electrifying machine; when mended and fitted with a new battery, it will be worth $50; I only gave $25 for it. There's an invalid chair, useful if you should ever be ill; it merely wants a new spring and covering, and came very cheap, as did two hundred flower pots. I was fortunate enough to secure also several old pieces of furniture that used to belong to your cousin." Is not this a happy man, Lacy, to find pleasure in such things? I shall not mar his happiness by telling him of the lawsuit until I'm obliged to speak; but I must contrive to stop this mad outlay by some means. (JOHN *shows in* MR. PARKER, *with a parcel in his hand.*) An unexpected pleasure, my dear sir, yet a great one. What curiosity does that parcel contain? (MR. PARKER *opens the parcel, and holds up an old powder flask and horn.*)

Lacy. They seem to have seen some service, sir.

Mr. Parker. That proves their goodness, sir; poor articles would have worn out before they had seen any service at all.

Harry. But what can be the use of this door-plate, engraved with "Mrs. Harris?"

Mr. Parker. My dear boy, that plate, if new, would have cost $4.50 or $5; I got it for $1.25—what do you think of that?

Lacy. Certainly it would be cheap if you knew a Mrs. Harris to take it off your hands.

Mr. Parker. The Spaniards have a proverb, "Keep a thing seven years, and it will come to use." I have no doubt but that I shall one day make the acquaintance of a Mrs. Harris, and then it will be a delicate attention to present her with the plate.

Harry. But the furniture, what is that like?

Mr. Parker. The best of all is a bookcase, quite worn and rickety, full of secret drawers. I have spent two hours rummaging it, in the hopes of finding a treasure. I did find these musty old papers, certainly (*drawing forth some papers*), but they are only rubbish, so I had my trouble for my pains. (HARRY *snatches the papers from him, and examines them eagerly.*)

Harry. Rubbish, indeed! Why this one is worth thousands to me! Lacy, Lacy, it's found! the deed is found! What a valuable bookcase this has proved to me! Don't stare at me as if you thought me mad, my dear Mr. Parker! Lacy will explain everything to you! Oh, that precious bookcase, how I shall treasure it! But I must be off this minute to the lawyer's! Then for love and Lucy!

[*Exit in haste.*

[*Curtain falls.*]

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GUY HASTINGS' DESTINY.

BY MONTGOMERY G. PRESTON.

MARCH 20*th*.—I am "grievously vexed with a"—well, never mind, little book, I will not mar the purity of your leaves by writing the ugly word, and, per Bacchus, no other appellation is sufficiently expressive. Aunt Jane must surely have taken lessons from the Black Gentleman in the art of plaguing people till their Christian fortitude deserts them. If so, she has been an apt pupil, and, I am tempted to believe, will soon be independent of his instructions. "I am tormented in these flames," and she has furnished the fuel, applied the torch, and takes delight in what causes my agony. As it was with the Jew's bondsman, so it stands with me. There is a serious conflict between my conscience and another influential spirit; the former urging me to remain and be resigned to my fate, while the latter is even more solicitous that I should give Aunt Jane "leg-bail," bringing forward as an irresistible argument the couplet worn threadbare by admiring usage,

"He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day."

This last spirit is a most eloquent persuader, and is ably seconded by my inclination; hence, so surely as Aunt Jane places Miss Clara Somers in the front ranks, and makes another assault upon me, my conscience "knocks under," and the entreaties of Prudence prevail; I have endured many of her impositions, but there is a limit at which Patience ceases to be a virtue, and, truly, we are fast nearing that point. She has attacked me with her cousins, nieces, friends, etc. etc., individually and collectively, and as she has now threatened me with the last, but by no means the least, of her formidable acquaintances, I fear, unless I run away, I shall be signed, sealed, and delivered to this *dernier ressort*. Miss Clara Somers has had the proper tuition to effect this result, for her mother was "raised" by Aunt Jane, and she was raised by her mother. Though I speak thus lightly, I fear I will wish, upon a closer acquaintance with Miss Somers, that the elevation had continued till its last subject had entered the "pearly portals of the skies." Then, again, Miss Clara, since her premature emancipation from the nursery, has been admired, *fêted*, and spoiled, to her heart's content. She knows not what it is to be denied a boon, so sayeth her biographer, Aunt Jane. Never did devotees throw themselves as resignedly in the path of their god, Juggernaut, as have her subjects given themselves as sacrifices at the altar of her belleship. But Miss Clara is arriving at that "certain age" which so frequently gives to its owner the disagreeable warning that the tide is almost out, and they are in much danger of being left stranded upon the desert island of single blessedness. She has thrown away many noble looking sticks, and is almost through the thicket of four or five seasons in "society" without the sapling she started forth in search of, and I am afraid I am destined to be the last in her path. "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" Would that Uncle James had never left me his India-gathered wealth! Would that Uncle James had never died, or that he had taken me with him out of this designing, treacherous world! Would that I had never placed myself and property so entirely in Aunt Jane's power by inviting her to take control of my unprotected mansion! Would that Aunt Jane had no female friends! Would that Aunt Jane herself were a man! Would that I could escape from my apparently certain destiny! As sure as I live, I'll run away! I am a man, arrived at man's estate, bringing with me a score and three years, and I'll not submit to Aunt Jane's impositions any longer. I do not believe it would be cowardly to disappear suddenly. And if so, like that valiant colonel who fled from the fierce battle-field, "I would rather be a coward all my life, than a corpse ten minutes." So, vamose, avaunt, exit! I'm off as surely as I have any of manhood's spirit left. I'm not the one to be the meek victim of two plotting females!

April 3d, ——*ville*.—Sure enough, here I am. I was true to my determination. One chilly morning I came out of my room at home, and found in the hall Baden-Badens, Saratogas, Newporters, Nahanters, bonnet trunks, ladies' companions, travelling baskets, bundles, satchels, bandboxes, and—and—I've forgotten the rest, but everything that a lady could need in the way of baggage was piled, tier on tier, in my hall that chilly morning. There was not just one representative of any kind of luggage, but all seemed to be gregarious and had come in crowds. My nose already was blue, and my fingers ached with cold, but when, upon examination, I found every box, package, and article marked with Miss Clara Somers' name, my teeth chattered, my knees knocked together, an unnerving horripilation made me believe that each particular hair did

"Stand on end,
Like quills upon a fretful porcupine,"

and the very blood in my veins congealed. Now, as a general thing, "the dove and very blessed spirit of peace" brood over my heart, but, as even the worm will turn when trampled on, my whole soul revolted against this determined invasion of my rights, and for the moment I felt inclined to put my

"Fortune to the arbitrament
Of bloody strokes and mortal staring war,"

especially as I was encouraged by Ossian to believe that "dangers fly from the uplifted sword." But, like Parolles, if ever I was born

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under Mars, it must have been "when he was retrograde," not predominant, for my momentary courage soon oozed away when I reflected that man's courage has never been the peer of woman's cunning; so, embracing the consolation that "Hercules himself must yield to odds," I exhibited that "better part of valor," discretion. As well as my unsteady limbs would permit, I moved past the startling array, and, like other men to whom home has become unpleasant, sought the streets. I feel satisfied that this retreat was not dictated by pusillanimity. Oh, no! It was but following Dame Quickly's advice to her husband, "Show the valor of a man and put up thy sword." It was *moral* courage, prompting forbearance. There was no cowardly tiptoeing through the hall, for I knew that Aunt Jane slept in a distant part of the house; and, besides, I felt that if I was compelled to steal away, it should be bravely done. I even stayed my flight long enough to remove the inner key and lock the front door on the outside, through fear of robbers committing depredations upon the collection of valuables with which Miss Somers had obstructed my hall. Then I went forth, my imagination sketching a thousand images of Miss Clara Somers with angular frames, from which the reckless dance of a gay young life had shaken the youthful flesh away, and startling costumes worn to divert attention from the tell-tale wrinkles and sallow skin. Goaded by these as Io by the Hera gadfly, or Sut Lovengood's father by the hornets, I hastened through the streets hither and thither, having no object in wandering about, except that of removing as far as possible out of Miss Somers' orbit. Several squares from home I saw, at a little distance in front of me, Charley Carey, my usually true and sympathetic friend to whom I had often unclasped "the book even of my secret soul." He was the Kwasind to my Hiawatha, and I eagerly hastened forward to meet him, telling myself that he, of all mortals, was the one to help me out of my trouble.

"Never go alone when you can get better company, Don Carlos," I cried, approaching him. But my words seemed not to have been heard, for he walked ahead rapidly. "Hey, Carl! have you cut my acquaintance? or am I such a guy that you are running away from me?" I continued, reaching him after a strenuous effort, and intertwining my arm with his. He started as one who awakes suddenly from sleep, and turned to me.

"Halloo, Guy! is this you! Where did you fall from so early in the day?" he asked.

"I hail from Limbus, and have come up at this early hour to tell you how your fellow mortal is treated in that uncongenial region." And, as we walked on, I detailed my sorrows to him so piteously that, like that plaintiff for whom an eloquent lawyer made a statement of her husband's cruelty to her, I felt like dissolving in tears at finding I had been so hardly dealt with. Wofully was I disappointed when, at the end of my dolorous recital, I glanced at him, and discovered that, instead of giving me the sympathy I had anticipated, my friend, without listening to me, had been earnestly occupied with his own pleasant reflections! With an exclamation of disgust I turned from him, but, with idiotic smiles, he grasped my hand, which he shook repeatedly, as if congratulating me on some peculiar good fortune, and incoherently gave utterrance to such exclamations as—

"Ah! Guy, my lad,

> "'Yield not thy neck
> To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
> Still ride in triumph over all mischance.'

I have found that 'tis the best plan, and am determined to fling sorrow to the winds henceforth. She 's set the day, Guy! The fourth—short notice, but I could not tell you sooner. The letter took a pleasure-trip half round the world before it decided to come to me this morning, just after I had written her a cool offer to release her, give her freedom, if she found writing to me now and then a task too irksome to be continued. I 'll die before I 'll do it now, so you 'll be ready to go with me to-night, Guy, to help make me 'the happiest man in all Connaught,' won't you, Guy, my true one? Have you seen Pope, Gifford, Conway, or any of the boys? I must go find them," and, giving my hand another excruciatingly affectionate grasp of congratulation, the idiot was positively leaving me without further explanation, but, after examining my hand to see if it was not gelatinated, and heartily wishing that he would make a mistake and squeeze his own during his excitement, I followed his gigantic strides, vainly endeavoring to keep pace with him, and sorrowing at the symptoms of insanity he exhibited. His eyes were bright and restless, his cheeks flushed, his step elastic and swift; altogether, he, in no respect, resembled the usually composed, dignified Charlie Carey, Esq.

At last he drew from his pocket a tiny feminine-looking document, in which ladies have the faculty of compressing so much sweet or bitter, as they are inclined, and, as he unfurled it to the breeze, my nostrils were regaled with the delicate scent of violets, but I did not suspect any harm in the missive till his excitement seemed to increase as his eyes passed over the elegant scrawls. No sooner did I perceive that its effect upon him was deleterious than I endeavored to confiscate the contraband article. But, no! I soon found I had not fully measured him, for he started angrily away from me, crushing the letter in one hand, and warding me off with the other.

"What do you mean?" he roughly questioned.

"Pardon me, Charlie!" I replied, abashed by

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his unexpected return to sanity. "I truly thought you were *non compos mentis*, and I should not be much blamed either. If you had ever given evidence of possessing a well-balanced mind, I would not, for a moment, have suspected you of going daft."

"We seem to have been mutually complimentary, for I thought you were a thief, and had snatched at my treasure with felonious intent," he said, with perfect good-humor.

"Bah! As if any one but you would desire to possess that epistle! For who but you could decipher the hieroglyphics of that hundred-legged chirography? Well, well! *errare est humanum*"—

"And *fronti nulla fides*," gravely interposed Charlie.

"Exactly. So there is no need for us to proceed *a verbis Romanis ad verbera Americana*. And, now, as we have spouted all our Latin"—

"I know the meaning of *E pluribus unum, ipse dixit, sic semper tyrannis, sic transit gloria Monday*—and—and all the rest," Charlie said, reproachfully.

"It is a pity your acquaintance with the language is more extensive than useful. But, since it is so, will you please give me the benefit of your more available knowledge, and tell me what that wild talk about 'setting a day,' etc., proceeded from?"

"Well, reasoning *a posteriori* (don't look at me as if you doubted my ability to use a dead language properly), I should say it proceeded from information brought to me by this precious little carrier-dove, which Lilla let fly a week since to tell me that she intends being married the fourth—that's to-morrow—and that I may do the same if I am there in time. So, now, let me go, for there are various *agenda* to occupy me till the last moment, and already *tempus fugit*—I know it does."

"But, Charlie, you are the very personification of selfishness. You are so entirely absorbed in your happiness that you do not care whether I am miserable or not," I complained, staying his departure.

"Yes, I do. Where's my handkerchief? Tears, large enough to wash my nose away, are ready to fall in your behalf immediately. But what's up now, Pip? Has 'Mrs. Jo' been 'on the rampage' again with 'tickler?'" he rejoined.

"Yes, and with the tar-water, too, or its equivalent. But I have not swallowed any of it yet," I replied, proud of being able to make the boast.

"That's right, dear boy, for any one arrived at man's estate, who has outgrown his youthful liking for anything of the kind, should sturdily refuse to be made a bottle of to accommodate it. And what did 'Mrs. Jo' do when you rebelled?" he asked, with evident interest.

"That remains to be seen," I replied, feeling as doubtful of the result as did poor little Pip after feeding his convict from his aunt's larder.

"Oh! I dare say she will blow off while you are at Montcalm with me," was his cheerful answer.

"Sure enough, that is a chance for me of which I never thought before," said I, catching at the hope as drowning men do at straws. But the dispersing clouds gathered again, as I conceived and expressed the fear, "What if Miss Clara Somers is desperate, and waits for me till I return? I cannot remain at Montcalm forever."

"Miss—who in thunder did you say?" he asked, more abruptly than elegantly.

"Miss Clara Somers, the bait Aunt Jane has upon her hook now. Do you know anything of her?" I queried, uneasily.

"When asked such a direct question, I can only tell the direct truth, which is that I have heard of her before," he rejoined, evasively.

"But that is not sufficient. What have you heard of her?" I persisted.

"Enough for me to be able to assure you that it were better for you that a millstone were hanged about your neck than that you should meet her, if you do not want to marry her, and she has designs upon you," was his grave reply.

I groaned in agony of spirit, but did not yet give up. "Is she really lean, and bony, and wrinkled, and yellow?" I asked, with so much earnestness that I found I had cherished a hope of finding her otherwise.

"She is lean, and bony, and has crow's feet about her eyes, and deep holes in her cheeks, and—do you want to know her age?"

"Yes," I answered, in a half-whisper, and leaning forward with bated breath to hear his reply.

"She was a great belle in my mother's time," and, with such stunning force were his words gifted, I felt as if I had received a heavy blow from a brawny arm.

"Have you ever seen any one married to his grandmother, Carl?" I asked, thoughtfully, when I had recovered the power of thinking.

"No. But such things have happened, for I have read of them. I earnestly hope, however, that none of my friends will have such a fate," was his answer.

"And so do I, but you will have to assist me in preventing it. When you come back from hunting for the boys, we will consult upon the best plan for thwarting them. In the meantime I cannot return home; and, as here we are at your boarding-house, give me the key to your room, and I will order breakfast to be served there. Don't tell any one I'm here."

While he was gone, I wrote a short note, informing Aunt Jane that urgent business called me from her pleasant society to the gloomy country for a few days, and soon had it conveyed by a sable Mercury to her hand. How

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she received it, or what effect it had upon the weaker vessels (human or crockery) of my household, this deponent knoweth not, and, therefore, accepting the hint, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," will not trouble himself to discover. Doubtless my new Sevres and cut-glass have suffered in the flesh since my protection was withdrawn from them, and they were left to Aunt Jane's excited handling. But better this than that an innocent youth should be inveigled into doing himself a life-long injury. Shall a man who is one of the lords of creation be in subjection to feminines?

"Oh! not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears
Of angels, into the perfect form of man."

Why will women continue to assail his "gray pre-eminence?" What do they mean by raising this hue and cry about lifting "woman's fallen divinity upon an even pedestal with man," and about equal rights in education, etc.? With Ennui, I exclaim: "Education! sir, bless your soul, sir! they have a great deal too much—they know too much already." At least, Aunt Jane does. How I shall cross the threshold of my home again I know not; the future must find a way of befriending me. For the present, let us be thankful that I am not in the neighborhood of Aunt Jane or her cousin, Miss Clara. If I could only discover who was the fair owner of the bewitching eyes which beamed upon me from the face of a young lady whom I saw last night on the down train; if I could only learn where she lives, and what is her name; if she would be as charming upon further acquaintance as at first sight—well, there is no telling to what the future will give birth. But if all these conditions were satisfied, perhaps I might have some one to assist me against Aunt Jane and Miss Clara. Indeed, so tremulous am I concerning my safety, I am half-resolved to ask the first pretty, agreeable young lady I meet in the crowd to-night to take me, "for better, for worse," under her sheltering wing, to protect me against the machinations of Aunt Jane and her relatives. By the by, I am troubled by an indefinable emotion with regard to to-night's festivities. I half-way feel as if I were to come into personal collision with Aunt Jane. But I suppose there is no use avoiding her. I am rapidly learning to emulate the example of a religious ancestress of mine, who, while riding one day, was much startled at finding that the horses were running away with her. In an agony of terror, she strove frantically to open the windows of the carriage; but all resisting, she fell back upon the cushion, crossed her meek hands upon her breast, and, lifting trusting eyes to Heaven, exclaimed: "Dear Lord, I am resigned." I am adopting this Christian resignation, and the pretty girl whom I hope to meet to-night is the last window to be tried. If she fails me, I might as well say my prayers, and yield myself up to Miss Clara or any one else that Aunt Jane may designate.

Evening. As sure as my name is Guy Hastings, I have it at last! I do not mean the fever, smallpox, mumps, measles, or such like. Oh, no! But it is something I have dreaded as much—viz.: the palpitation of the heart! Hitherto, I had imagined the emotion was faintly presented in the *tremor cordis* which harrassed that vital part of my anatomical structure when I have had a skirmish with Aunt Jane or her battalion of feminine friends, commanded by Miss Somers; but, now, another representative of the feminine persuasion has caused the genuine flutter which makes me sensible of "an outward all-overishness, an inward inexpressibility," and I find the sensation is an entirely new thing to me.

Charlie and I did the miserable all morning at the town hotel. Charlie had done everything that could be expected of a lover under similar circumstances; had smoked, chewed, puffed, blowed; stormed at his betrothed for preferring to get married in the evening instead of morning; stormed at the schedule for landing us at a country tavern so long before we were needed; stormed at the crowd which, he was informed, had already reached Montcalm, the residence of Major Clerborn, his father-in-law elect, and which would prevent him from seeing Miss Lilla till the hour of the marriage. I pitied the poor fellow, and, echo-like, stormed with him, which act of kindness and sympathy caused him to thunder at me for vituperating his future relatives. Thereafter I held my peace, and the boy complained that I did not sympathize with him. Concluding that he was suffering from one of the amiable idiosyncracies which influence lovers to act in a heteroclitic manner, I did not longer worry myself about him, but laid "my worn senses in a soft repose," and slept soundly, till I heard Charlie saying, enviously:—

"'Sleep, with gentle hand,
Hath shut his eyelids.'"

And, to remind the boy that he was sinning, without moving I was beginning to repeat the tenth commandment for his edification, when a cheery voice interposed:—

"I am sorry, for I came up to see if he does not wish to call upon the ladies. I think I will wake him."

"I think you won't," I replied, springing up to welcome Walter Clerborn.

"I am heartily willing to be relieved of the task, since waking a sleeper is as doubtful a feat as catching a hornet," he retorted, cordially grasping my hand. "And, now, can you not come with me to Montcalm? You will find there a goodly assemblage of those dainty bundles of silk and lace whom young

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gentlemen of your limited experience generally denominate 'man's better angels.'"

"And whom old men of your advanced age have found to be all 'vanity and vexation of spirit,' eh?" but instantly regretting my raillery, as a painful flush dyed his face, I added: "But as I am not one of these Solomons, I am inclined to go with you, though, when I seek a lady's presence,

"'My heart beats thicker than a feverish pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.'

Let me, first, rectify the dilapidated appearance of my costume." When this was done, we set forth in the direction of his father's villa, cheering our steps with pleasant discourse. More than three-fourths of the distance had been passed over, and we could see, above intervening trees, the chimneys of the Clerborn mansion, when we reached a narrow, darkly-flowing stream, spanned by a swaying plank bridge.

"What 'raging canawl' is this?" I asked, as he politely held back for me to take precedence in crossing.

"It is the warning Rubicon, and so christened by Charlie when he first visited us. He met Lilla on the other side. Dare you to cross?" questioned he, laughingly.

"Is there another Lilla at Montcalm for me?" I queried, while my faint heart propounded the interrogatory, "Is that willowy, shaking plank trustworthy?" for I never was and never expect to be a water nymph, and my very brain grows giddy when I am near running water.

"If there were, I would truly congratulate you, who would have the favor of the gods," he responded, his eyes softening tenderly as he spoke of his sister. "But, no, I fear you will not have Charlie's luck, for such women as she are not numerous; and if they might be born, 'twould mend the lottery well!'"

I noticed an unusual bitterness in his words and tone, but too late for me to chide him; for, daring my fate, I was attempting to cross the bridge, and had reached the middle of the frail structure, when that "goddess blind," who "stands upon the rolling, restless wheel," probably not being able to see that I was standing there with her, gave it an unlucky turn for me, and, plump! with heels elevated, head depressed, down into the water I dived. Though it was what I had expected, astonishment deprived me, *pro tem.*, of even sufficient breath to ejaculate, "I told you so!" But when self-possession returned, I boldly crawled "out of the depths," and reached the bank, feeling "wet, ma'am, very wet," as the celebrated Mr. Oury did upon a similar occasion; but thanked my horoscope that I had not been called upon to witch the world with graceful swimming, as I have never sought to acquire the least natatory knowledge, and a failure would have been the result of the demand. When once more upon *terra firma*, I eyed the aqueous collection vindictively, contemptuously, remembering the author who pleaded, "Bury me 'neath the sparkling waves," and felt willing to wager my damp costume against his dry apparel that, had he, while alive, been "rocked in the cradle of the deep," as I had been, he would have been cured of his funereal longings. Walter Clerborn, having crossed the plank safely, joined me; and though not generally swayed by pugilistic inclinations, I could have manipulated him quite roughly for his excessive indulgence in mirth. No sooner did he, prompted by his natural kindness of heart, endeavor to compose himself that he might offer condolence, than a fresh paroxysm seized him, and filled his throat too full for utterance. Exasperated beyond measure, I grasped his arm, and shook him angrily; but, limp as a sick kitten, he rolled over on my shoulder, regardless of dripping garments, and, in fearful convulsions, "eyes in fine frenzy rolling," continued to shake with laughter, while I shook with cold. As never before, I sympathized with Tennyson, and appreciated his assertion:—

"Gayety, without eclipse,
Wearieth me, May Lilian."

Maliciously I slipped away from him, and solemnly repeated the formula, "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," as he fell to the ground. There, having a broad and steady foundation, he, at length, partially recovered his equilibrium, and, gazing up into my face, spasmodically gasped:—

"Bravo, Guy! 'twas nobly done. By my conscience, Guy, Sam Patch was not a patching to you! Where learned you the art, old fellow, and can you transmit the knowledge? If so, enroll me as first pupil."

"Hush, you rascal!" I interposed, my teeth chattering with chagrin and cold. "Hush! or, by *my* conscience, which is of decidedly better quality than yours, I will give my lesson now, and you will graduate at the very commencement of your studies. If I dance to-night, it will be in defiance of inflammatory rheumatism in my bones, neuralgia in every nerve, pneumonia in both lungs, bronchitis and quinsy in my throat, and many 'pains promiscuous.' Cease your yelping, you 'hound purp!' and tell me what to do. I would like to don a more comfortable garb, but go across that narrow-chested, palsied plank again to get to town I will not. I hope it may be paralyzed before I do."

"Go across it again! I think you had better wait till you have once performed the feat, ere you anticipate doing it the second time. But, seriously, if such is your determination, what are you going to do? Getting to my room would be worse than passing through a migrating cloud of what Bob Akin calls 'waspeses

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and hornetses,' since the house is swarming with girls, and you would be embarrassed to be introduced in such a plight, and I ditto, at being the introducer," and he emphasized his words by a most provoking shrug.

"You unfee-fee-feeling scou-scou-scoundrel!" I chattered. "But, sin-sin-since you will sha-share the pain, I'll try-try—ugh!—try the girls!" I replied, and, in the midst of my distress, I enjoyed the expression of dismay which overspread his face at my decision. But I was blue with cold, and seemed endeavoring to shake my garments off, as the chilly blasts whistled by. He, probably, feared I would effect this catastrophe, and thus increase the difficulties of our position. At any rate, he saw my case admitted of no delay, and hastened to guide me to his room. It was well the house was not far distant; for, when we reached it, the icicle pendants were rattling from the edges of my clothing, and I was so benumbed with cold as scarcely to be able to proceed. Walter, regardless of my agony, took time to reconnoitre, and, observing that the front of the house showed several faces at the windows and doors, conveyed me to a rear door, and succeeded in smuggling me into the hall without meeting any one. But as we were just congratulating ourselves upon safety, a servant appeared, bringing a message from Mrs. Clerborn to Walter, which summoned him immediately to her, and he left me with directions to enter the first room on the right of the upper hall. Thanksgivings, "not loud, but deep," fell from my frozen lips as I gained the room, noiselessly opened the door, and crossed the threshold, which I had no sooner done than I discovered some mistake had been made. Girls, of various styles and appearance, in dress and undress uniform (particularly the latter), occupied the chamber at my entrance; but, a moment thereafter, there was heard a full-chorussed shriek, as, with partridge-like rapidity, the fair demoiselles retreated to an adjoining room, closing the connecting door behind them. But one representative of the crowd was left. She, as I entered, seemed to be engaged at arranging her luxuriant tresses before the mirror, and took no notice of my intrusion, till, turning to discover the cause of the rout of her companions, she beheld me standing in the doorway. I felt the pleasant warmth of the room, my drooping spirits were revived by the cheerful glow of the grate, and I half-way wished that she, too, would take to flight. But, no, amazement seemed to have petrified her. She stood gazing upon me, her eyes dilating with horror, as though I were a gorgon's head. Not knowing what else to do, nor where else to go till Walter came for me, I maintained my position, returning her gaze, than which, surely, a more pleasant nor a more remunerative task could not have been assigned me, for a beautiful picture and, like Rebekah of old, "fair to look upon" was she. A wealth of tresses, which had "a golden embrownment," waving and crinkling still from the rapid passage of the brush over them, floated, unconfined, about her shoulders. Large, brown eyes, soft as a gazelle's, directed their glances towards me, and the other features of her face were finely cut and regular. A crimson *negligé*, finished with daintiest white ruffles about the throat and hands, shed abroad its warm tint, and lit up her otherwise pale face. But here I ceased my survey, and, as best I could, began making excuses for my intrusion. A blundering task I made of it; but she, with womanly quickness, guessed the story ere I had given the preface, and kindly set me at my ease by asking me to approach the grate. As, however, I gladly availed myself of her permission, I noticed, with concern, that she was hastily gathering up all her portable property preparatory to leaving me in full possession of my newly-conquered kingdom; and though the warmth of the room was exceedingly pleasant to my chilled body, I retreated doorwards, deprecating in disconnected ejaculations driving her away.

"But you must not expose yourself to the cold again. You will be sick," she urged, staying my retreat with her pleadings. "I will merely go to the adjoining room where I can, as easily as here, complete my toilet," and, glancing down upon her *dishabille*, a vivid blush suffused her lovely face, causing her more than ever to resemble an angel, clad in a scarlet gabrielle (which article of apparel, I am tempted to believe, is a feminine cousin of the flowing robe worn by the angel Gabriel, as he is represented by Milton, Bailey, and others).

At that moment, happily for the decision of the dispute, I heard Walter Clerborn's voice in the hall, pronouncing my name in stifled accents, and, thanking her for her kindness, I left the room which had proved my Eden since in it I first beheld my Eve. There was no longer any fear of catching cold. Like the drunkard, I was proof against any deleterious effect from exposure, for I had that within me which made me invulnerable to the inimical attacks of wind and weather. I was full to the brim of a delicious happiness.

Walter Clerborn awaited me at the door, and his face was purple, his body quivering with laughter, while his mouth was stuffed with a handkerchief to its utmost capacity to prevent a boisterous expression of his merriment. But, when he had hastily drawn me further down the hall into a room whose door he quickly shut, the impediment was removed and he gave utterance to a perfect shout.

"And how did you like the appearance of my room, friend Guy?" he finally managed to ask, after what seemed to me many gasps of strangulation. "But, upon honor, I did not know that the change which gave it to the

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young ladies, and this to me, had been made when I directed you to it. My mother just now sent for me to warn me of the alteration. You will forgive the unintentional injury, will you not?"

"Don't make apologies till they are demanded. It was heaven in there. Who is she, Clerborn?" I asked.

"Who is who?" he queried, rising, in amazement, from his recumbent posture upon the couch, where he had thrown himself to rest from his mirthful exertions.

"The lady in the crimson *robe de chambre*, whom I saw in that room," I explained.

Another explosion of mirth was for the moment my only answer from Walter Clerborn. But I guess my face exhibited considerable anger, for he strove for composure, and, partially regaining it, replied:—

"You seem to forget that I did not accompany you in your call on the ladies, and therefore have never been regaled by a vision of the crimson robe, and know not who the fair owner is. By the way, are you certain that it was heaven you visited? There seems to be some discrepancy in your several statements. A woman would be an anomaly in 'the pure, celestial sphere,' and I would like to become acquainted with any one of the sex who is fortunate enough to 'find an entrance there.' Can you not describe her for my delectation?"

"No, for she is indescribably lovely," I replied.

"Yes, but you can, at least, tell me the distinguishing points of her beauty. Commence with her size. How high does she stand in her 'blessed boots!'" he persisted.

"Oh, she truly is

"'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair,'"

I replied, with enthusiasm.

"Ah! there is more knowledge obtained than might have been anticipated, though your information is quite vague. It was mythological heaven, I see, and the presence of a woman is accounted for. She is of divine origin, you say, but you credit her with too many ancestors. Be more definite and tell me of which god she is the daughter—but, no; I prefer guessing. Guide me somewhat further, pray, by telling me next what is her complexion," he continued, with perfect gravity.

"'Her cheek
Had a pale, pearly tint, as though
She lived, one half might deem,
On roses, steeped in dew,'"

I quoted, dreamily remembering the sweet, pale face.

"Insufficient food for any one," he asserted, positively. "I do not wonder that her complexion betokens ill health. Best not prosecute the acquaintance further; or, at least, consult a physician before you do so, and be guided by his opinion. And does she need a dentist also? What is the condition of her teeth?"

"Nothing to be feared from them," I responded, with rapture, "for they are

"'Delicate little pearl-white wedges,
All transparent at the edges.'"

"Ah! I wonder how much they cost?" he rejoined, musingly; "and I congratulate you that the purchase was made before your purse became responsible for the payment. Now, don't take the trouble to resent a friendly interest, but proceed and describe her eyes."

"She would be appropriately named Fithon, for, 'like two stars, were her radiant eyes; like two stars that rise on the deep, when dark tumult embroils the night,'" I replied, beginning to shake again with cold, and dimly conscious that I was likely to see other stars if I did not proceed more rapidly to substitute for my frozen garments the comfortable study-gown Walter was warming before the grate.

"Am I to burn myself to a cinder here while you are prating about a woman?" he exclaimed, irately, his face glowing with what I considered an enviable heat. "Now come here and wrap up. Sit in this arm-chair close to the fire and let me make you comfortable," and, taking four or five blankets from the bed, he opened the double folds and bound them around me till I resembled nothing in nature except a dropsical mummy. "There!" he continued, when he had done the work to his satisfaction, if not to mine. "Now, if you dare cough, sneeze, sniffle, wheeze, or make any other *influenzical* demonstrations, you deserve to die of galloping consumption. So the lovely dressing-wrapper's owner showed temper at your intrusion, did she?"

"Not at all," I indignantly asserted.

"Then what was all that you were saying about a 'dark tumult,' and getting into a 'broil' with her?" he questioned, absently.

"You must listen better, my beetle-headed friend," I rejoined. "I believe I said that her eyes are 'like two stars that rise on the deep when dark tumult embroils the night.'"

"And does not that mean that she, in reality, was angry, but made her eyes look as if she couldn't say a naughty word. Sammivel, my son Sammivel, beware of a woman's eyes, for she makes them tell more falsehoods than she'll ever repent of. They are the levers which turn the world, thanks to man's imbecile credulity, for she makes them exceedingly useful in

"'Her prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse.
And well she can persuade'

man to do her bidding, with only a pleading look from those sparkling eyes, which so frequently, like dark clouds from which the lightning leaps, shoot mutilation and death for him. And Bailey has sensibly warned us that those blue 'eyes which image heaven oft lure

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to hell.' May such not be the case with you, my friend!"

"Amen!" I responded, gaily. "But there is never a fear of that if I make this lovely unknown my guide, for her eyes are not of a cerulean hue. But why did you pass by the lips? Hers are surely worthy of mention, for they are like 'rosebuds peeping out of snow.'"

"Then I would advise you to follow my example and pass by them also, for, however pretty they may be, you run the risk of being frost-bitten in an attempt to cull them. But what of her 'crown of glory?'"

"Indeed, it is a crown of glory to her, for around her sweet face, where 'dimples, dimples come and go,'

"'As a gloriole sign o' grace,
Goldilocks wave, fall, and flow.'"

"Certainly, or as Jean Ingelow more correctly describes it,

"'With somewhat of the hue that partial fame
Calls auburn, when it shines on heads of heirs,
But when it flames round brows of younger sons,
Just red—mere red.'

Well, what comes next? Of course she has that 'excellent thing in woman,'

"'A gentle voice, in tones
More musical than those the wind
Elicits from Eolian harp or lute?'"

"Yes," I replied. "And now that the description is complete, can you not tell me who she is?"

"Nay, verily," he emphatically responded, "for I have never seen any one who could meet such a description. If you have not been biased in the portraiture by partiality, truly is

"'All of her that is out of doors most rich!
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird,'

unless she be

"'The mortal Venus, heart-blood of beauty,
Love's invisible song,'

the divine Helen, of Troy, herself, come back to bewitch the world again! I know of no one except that Colna-dona who was ever thus 'framed in the prodigality of nature.' But do you intend to make a fool of yourself to-night about this girl? I shall regret your visit here if you do so. Oh! how much longer will men, like demented creatures, follow in the train of beauty? I am heartily tired seeing my sex bowing down in adoration before frizzes, paint, flounces, and crinoline. I admire real, unassisted beauty in woman as I would in fine statuary, where, the truer to nature, the more attractive is a piece, but in these days every pretty face is that of an Olivia to me, as Viola, and regarding it, I give my doubtful approval, asserting, "tis excellently done if God did all,' and wondering if "twill endure wind and weather,' and I am justified in my doubt, for very seldom do we, in this hodiernal world, see that,

"'Beauty, truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.'

But, nevertheless, each one of you, as you become lovers, declares that his lady-love is a nonpareil of beauty."

"As you will do also when the little archer's arrows pierce your would-be impregnable heart. But what is this?" I asked, as a servant entering, approached me with a huge bowl, containing a dark, steaming liquid. "Is this a philter, or do mine enemies wish to deprive the world of a second Socrates, that they send me hemlock?"

"Your enemies don't bother themselves that much about you, so drink fearlessly, for 'tis but a sample of 'the tender ministries of feminine hands and hospitality.' It is my mother's King Cureall, the redoubtable boneset, famous for its miraculous dealings with young gentlemen who mistake the channel of an unpretending creek for an oyster bed, and dive for pearls without waterproof clothing," he assured me, with undisturbed gravity.

"And how do you use it? Is it for a bath?" I queried, doubtfully regarding the greenish preparation.

"Yes, for the inner man first, and for the outer man if the patient prove refractory. Why don't you drink?" he asked, sternly.

"Would you have me scald myself to death with it? It is red hot yet. And, besides, I am of temperance inclination, and belong to the cold water army. Did you not see me initiated a few hours ago?" I questioned, shivering from the bare recollection of the initiatory rite.

"Yes," he replied, drawing the blankets more tightly around me. "But I have also noticed that, like too many others, you have been only a lukewarm adherent to the cause, so your detection would not grieve you very much, if it were occasioned by the offer of a glass of the 'superfine.' But I have none of that handy, and hope you will find this tea a good substitute. Taste it and see if it is fixed to your taste. Don't mince matters that way, but take a good sup. You have stirred it enough."

Thus urged, I filled my mouth with the liquid, but it seemed elastic, and rebounded as quickly as an India-rubber ball when thrown against a resisting substance. It forced an exit from mouth and nostrils, and I strangled, sputtered, and panted over the nauseous dose.

"What's the matter, Guy? Haven't you become accustomed to such doses, with a woman for an aunt? Did it burn you? Didn't it have enough sugar in it?" rapidly asked Walter, as he sprang to my assistance, and pounded and shook me till both of us were exhausted.

"No," I finally gasped, in answer to all his questions. "And may I obtain forgiveness, Clerborn, if I drink any more of that con—abominable stuff till it is sweetened up some."

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"Certainly you shall not. John," he said, energetically, addressing the waiting domestic. John, go down and bring some sugar and the lemon essence. It is wonderful how a good beverage can be spoiled by omitting one or two simple ingredients. My mother is not generally so forgetful, but everything, of course, is at 'sixes and sevens' to-day, and you must excuse her."

"Oh, of course!" I replied, coaxing my politeness. "But, Clerborn, are you sure that—that this mixture is not—tar-water?"

"What?" he asked, as if not comprehending me.

"Tar-water," I repeated, wishing I had never mentioned it.

"Why, what in the mischief makes you think we would try to give you tar? You are not a wagon-wheel," he retorted.

"No, certainly not, and it's of no consequence," I hastened to assure him, as eager to get out of a dispute as ever the inimitable Mr. Toots was. "And I said tar-*water*, not *tar*, which, if possible, would be even more unpalatable than the water, I dare say."

"But what made you think of anything of the kind?" he asked; regarding me as if fearful that my mind was wandering.

"Nothing, except the probability that there had been a mistake made. You know it was a family medicine, for Mrs. Jo and Pip accidentally mixed wine and tar-water together, and Uncle Pumblechook was very nearly strangled to death," I explained.

Walter comprehended at last, and laughingly assured me that there was no need to fear that the bowl contained tar-water. "It is a simple beverage to be used in the first stages of a cold, and prepares the way for castor-oil, calomel, and ipecac, and senna and salts," he said.

"What! do I have to take all that, in addition to my plunge," I innocently asked, feeling a vague longing for Aunt Jane to come with the savory stews and hoarhound candy with which she generally conquered my influenzas.

"Yes, if I am to be your physician (and the case has been given into my hands), I advise doses of each and all to be given you immediately after you drink that tea. It is infinitely better to have you *hors du combat* in this way, than that your head should join those which, in pale array, deck the walls of Clare Merton's Antioch of coquetry, and which, if you would but hearken, would,

"'With dead cheeks, advise thee to desist
From going on death's net, whom none resist.'"

"And who, pray, is Clare Merton, and what have I to do with her? Nothing, I know, for I am already in love," I asserted, with dignity.

"The mischief you are! And what Delilah has beguiled you to your death?" he mockingly questioned.

"No Delilah at all," I indignantly maintained. "'Twas a pair of soft brown eyes looking into mine on the train last night that made my heart sing its first song of love."

"And your requiem as well," he rejoined, somewhat bitterly. "I have but just warned you against a woman's eyes."

"What is the matter with you, Clerborn? I have never heard you speak so censoriously of love before," I interposed, surprised at the change which had taken place in him since our separation.

He for a moment hesitated, but at last boldly replied:—

"No, for when we parted, I was a deluded wretch, and imagined that woman is what you now esteem her."

"And what caused the change to come o'er the spirit of thy dream?" I asked, lightly, fearing he was indulging in histrionism, with the *rôle* of a misanthrope.

"I awoke to the knowledge that she upon whom my trust was stayed was a 'priestess in falsehood, deeply learned in all heart-treachery,'" was his frank reply.

"And who was she who has thus deceived you?" I queried, leaving the stirring of my tea to listen to him with breathless interest.

"Your cousin, Mabel Hastings, the 'meek, mountain daisy' to whom you introduced me to last spring."

If a thunderbolt had fallen before me I could not have been more startled. An unwary movement of angry astonishment on my part precipitated the bowl of tea to the floor, and the simultaneous crash drew my attention for the moment to the fragments of china, and gave me time to collect my thoughts before I replied:—

"What do you mean, Clerborn, by such a statement? Do you not recognize that it is my place to resent such a charge as you have made against my little cousin, than whom no woman is more entitled to the chivalric admiration of Walter Clerborn or his friends?"

"So you think, *mon ami*, as will all others, till they have had their eyes opened as mine have been. I have made no rash statement—would to Heaven there had been a doubt of the fact!—and I intended that the assertion should be a warning, not an offense, to you. If Mabel Hastings could be a heartless coquette, then all others are such also. Now leave that broken crockery alone, and try and get a nap before dark. John must have been swallowed up in the vortex of preparation below stairs. Remain quiet and I will go order a fresh supply of tea."

"By your leave, not till you have explained yourself to me," I replied, shaking off the hand he had lightly placed upon my shoulder.

"It would be an unkind and useless probing of a wound that is not yet healed," he said, in a low, deprecating tone.

"Nevertheless, I must know all the facts of the case, and, if you refuse to give them, it

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will be a cowardly evasion," I stoutly persisted.

A purple flush quickly suffused his face, and, for a moment, his hand was raised as if to strike me, but fell to his side again, as, with a reckless laugh, he resumed his seat, and replied:—

"She shall not add 'insult to injury,' by depriving me of your friendship, Guy, so I will yield, and acquaint you with the story as far as I can go. You remember I remained at Ingleside when you were recalled to the city from your uncle's?"

"Yes, you remained there two or three weeks, I think," I said, in reply to his half-question, half-remark.

"Which, with the weeks we had been there together, made three months, during which I gave myself up into Mabel's fair hands as absolutely as ever did a serf to his master. I had learned to love her before you left, and to almost worship her when I came home, with imbecile credulity hugging to my heart her assurance that but few weeks should elapse ere a 'wee, winsome wife' should be mine. And, yet, scarcely had I written my first letter of loving remembrance to her after my return, before the post presented to me a daintily, cruel little missive from her, which informed me that 'twas best to annul the engagement into which the summer flirtation had inveigled us, sacrificing my pride, which prompted me to accept my fate as she had marked it out for me. I wrote to her, revealing the depth of the agony her words had caused me; but my letter was returned unopened, and I heard nothing more from her until late in the summer, when I was in the city, and met Park Allston, who had, but a few days before, returned from a monthly visit to Ingleside and its vicinity, where he had been fishing, gunning, and following his old practice of flirting, his only assistant in the latter amusement seeming to have been your cousin, Miss Mabel. That he had been, as usual, the victor in the little game was proclaimed by the ring upon his hand, which was easily recognized by me as one she always wore, refusing to take it off for me, pleading that she had worn it since the death of her mother, whose it had been. He seemed to delight in its possession, and asked me if I recognized it, and knew what it betokened. For answer, I congratulated him upon obtaining the young lady, who, till that moment, in defiance of all efforts to eject her, had been enthroned within my heart, from which she immediately departed, baptized with my contempt, when I found that the making and breaking of vows were as nothing to her. Soon after Allston went to Ingleside again, and I learn he is practising his profession in the village, so I suppose they are married. Now, do you wonder that I am bitter towards them all, have positively no faith in any of them, and care not enough for any one to know her apart from all the rest? Seriously, Guy, if all those girls in the other room were brought in, and I commanded to say which was which, I would declare they were all *which*, since, so far as I am a judge, girls, all the world over, are as much alike as two peas, whether they are dressed in purple and fine linen or crimson wrappers, and I would advise you to have about the same regard for them."

"Keep your advice till I ask for it, and, in the meanwhile, take some from me. But, first, Park Allston is in Italy, and Mabel is not married, but, *au contraire*, if I mistake not, is much in need of your presence. As soon as the botheration of this wedding is over, or before, if possible, cut stakes, and go to Ingleside"—

"Never!" interrupted Walter. But unheeding him, I repeated:—

"Go to Ingleside, and save Mabel from the grave to which she is now hastening."

"What! is she ill? How—when did you learn it?" he cried, sharply.

"That does not concern you, for *you* do not belong to the 'demented creatures' you were but just now condemning."

My reply seemed to encourage him to believe that I was but jesting, and the painful expression of apprehension died out of his face. But it was not my intention that he should be relieved, so I hastened to add:—

"Clerhorn, you and Mabel, in my opinion, have both been egregious idiots. There has been some mistake; but of one thing I am certain, she never cared for Park Allston, never was bound to him in any way. And as for the ring, she was wearing it when I was at Ingleside in the fall, and told me it had been broken during Allston's visit, that he had carried it to the city to be mended, and had returned it to her after the jeweller had repaired the injury. I can also tell you that she was looking like a broken lily, was pallid and fragile, and seemed to have forgotten her merry laughter and songs. *Tædium vitæ* had hushed them to silence. I endeavored to discover the fountain of the change, but her reserve baffled me. Several days since I received a letter from Hal Hastings, in which he told me his sister's health is entirely destroyed, though there are no decided symptoms of disease. Take there the medical skill which you would have lavished upon me a while since, and see if you can 'minister to a mind diseased' as well as to a bad cold. I'll wager you will be something more than an empiric in such an attempt. As I told you before, there must have been some mistake or foul play. When I left you at Ingleside, I had full belief in her love for you, though you had not then told her of yours for her, and I have frequently wondered that the result I anticipated did not follow."

"I would have staked existence itself upon her love for me when I parted from her; but I

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have seen other men deluded to the same extent by coquettes, and everything is strong to prove her falsity. It is not for me she grieves, for I have no hope," he concluded, with no lifting of the gloomy shadow from his brow.

"Park Allston is certainly an accomplished fuss-maker," said I, answering. "I have always regarded him as one of those who have '*le diable au corps*,' as the French correctly express it. He has Dan Marcy's blood upon his soul just as surely as if his hand had inflicted the wound which sent the suicide to his grave. He first came between Annie Holston and Dan with lies, and then taunted the poor fellow till reason forsook her throne, and he raised his hand against the hapless life remaining to him. The world calls Annie cold and heartless now, but from my soul I pity her and you also, upon whom sorrow seems trying to have the same effect. As Mabel, like Dan, is of a weaker temperament, her burden is proving heavier than she can bear, though she is supported by the strong arm of faith. You know there are some hearts which, 'aloe-like, flower once and die.' Hers is of them, and you, as well as Park Allston, will have to answer for it if she dies," I concluded, in as impressive a tone as I could assume, and strongly inclined to hint darkly at suicide for Mabel also, that the picture might be as full of warning as possible.

"I would go this evening to her if I thought as you do; but, no, you are deceiving yourself and me," he said, sadly.

"At least, write to her," I pleaded.

"And have my letter returned unopened, as the other was," he rejoined, with bitterness.

"Park Allston knew more about the first letter than Mabel did, I'll wager," said I; "and since he is not at Ingleside now, the next may be more fortunate."

"But what means could he have used to array her against me?" he questioned, obstinately.

"Ah! there, I confess, you have me at a disadvantage, for I have never been able to take an inventory of the different apparatuses in his diabolical laboratory of arts, and know not how he has contrived to separate you and Mabel any more than I know what machine he employed in driving Marcy to his death, and hardening Annie Holston's heart against the world. But I advise you to learn from Mabel as quickly as possible."

"And, God helping me! your advice shall be heeded," he earnestly responded, after a moment's hesitation. "I will write to her now."

"And follow your letter to-morrow," I urged.

"Yes, for these good people will have to excuse me from participating in their false gayety after to-night, at which time my little sister considers my presence necessary to her happiness, else I would start on the sunset train. You have completely deprived me of what little endurance I had been enabled to summon for the occasion, and must now make amends by taking my place as much as possible in the entertainment of our guests, and in helping me to depart gracefully."

"All of which I will do," I rejoined, grasping his hand to ratify the compact. "And my prayers, like an old shoe, shall be thrown after you for luck's sake."

"It is to be hoped, then, that you are not of the wicked, whose prayers 'avail nothing.' But you will stay with me to-night and assume my duties to-morrow, will you not?" he asked.

"Yes, but now haste to your letter while I sleep off this chill."

After he was seated at the writing-desk, I watched him for some time before I fell asleep, and my sympathies were aroused in his behalf as he destroyed page after page of scarcely commenced letters; or, with impatient exclamations, deserted his task and strode excitedly to and fro in the room, finally to settle down to another attempt, even less satisfactory.

"I say, Clerborn, do you see any 'demented creatures' in your neighborhood?" I asked, drowsily, after being awakened from a light doze by one of his impatient ejaculations and movements.

"*Telum imbelle sine ictu*," commented Walter.

"Which, being interpreted, meaneth, '*Ce monde est plein de fous*,' and I believe the assertion had particular reference to those who, like Achilles, boast of invulnerability, and die of a wound at last," I retorted.

His pen was now rapidly passing over the paper, and he did not trouble himself to reply, so at last, when I saw he had reached the third page of a large sheet without a hesitation, I decided his true love had now a fine chance to run smoothly, and composed myself to sleep and dreams, in which I rehearsed the wedding, and met *ma belle* in the evening crowd.

(Conclusion next month.)

THERE'S LOVE AND LIGHT ABOUT US.

BY W. BRUNTON.

CHEER up, sad hearts, 'tis not all dark
That broods upon our morning;
Above us sings the heavenly lark,
And sweetest light is dawning.
For all our grief, there's sweet relief,
Tho' all the world may doubt us;
Oh, never fear, the day is near,
There's love and light about us!

There's love for thee, sad, waiting heart;
There's light for thee, dark sorrow;
And love and light shall joy impart,
And cheer the coming morrow;
Then look above, and see the love
That shines as day without us;
Yes, look and see, that wide and free,
There's love and light about us!

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THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO WOULD NOT BE A DUCHESS.

PARIS, *November 8th*, 1867.

MY DEAR FANNY: Every day of the week, and every hour of the day, am I tempted to tell Mrs. Follingsby that I can stand the fatigue and the thousand and one petty annoyances which are attendant upon the position of lady's companion no longer, and to set sail for my dear old home in Connecticut. Then the thought of how changed that home would be restrains me. You know, dear friend, how, ever since my dear mother's death, my only wish and thought was to make my father feel that, though no one could take her place, he had still left him a daughter who loved him most dearly and devotedly. How quickly and peacefully the days passed! how I grew to love the old house, once my grandfather's! how, after a little while, I ceased to regret that I had made John believe that I could never love him enough to leave my father for him! how, when years had passed, and John brought home his bride—a young, blooming girl of eighteen—I looked at her without envy, and on going to meet my father on his return from the city that evening, felt in my utmost heart that I had made no sacrifice in choosing him, and thanked God that my lines had fallen in such pleasant places! All this you know, but you cannot know, and I cannot tell you, what a terrible surprise it was to me when my father told me that he would soon bring home a wife—a Christian lady, he said, who would brighten his home for him, and be a mother to me. I refused to believe him. I told him it was cruel to jest on such a sacred subject; that his home needed no stranger to brighten it; that it was filled already with every loving care, and I laughed aloud when he tried to calm me by repeating over and over again, why, she has promised, child, to be a mother to you. A mother to me! A woman of thirty-five! A few weeks after this, my father was married, and I, after bidding a loving farewell to my old home, sailed for Europe as Mrs. Follingsby's companion. We landed at Liverpool, took the first train for London, and arrived at that greatest of great cities that same night. I longed for the morning to come, as weary and tired as I was, and could not sleep for thinking of the sights I was to see on the morrow. Well, friend, early in the morning we started out and drove to —— Brown's, where we spent the morning in buying a hat. Returned to the hotel, took a hurried lunch, left by the evening train for Dover, crossed the channel, and arrived early the next morning in Paris. "It is not the season in London," Miss Mary Follingsby said. "There was nothing to be seen. No one was in town; but we will return in May," she added, turning to me, "and then you will really see London." Have you ever seen Miss Mary? I think not, so my next letter will be devoted entirely to a description of her and her charming mamma. Write to me often, tell me all about my school children, beg Nelly Graham to use for good the great influence she has over the other children, and with much love for yourself, dear Fanny, believe me, always affectionately,

Your friend, MARIA DOUGLAS.

PARIS, *Dec. 3d*, 1867.

DEAR FANNY: Miss Mary is a beauty. Her forehead is as white as snow, her cheeks as blooming as roses, her lips as red as cherries, her mouth is filled with the smallest and whitest of teeth, and her eyes are sometimes blue, and very often gray, fringed with long dark lashes. Her hands and feet would serve as models, and of course her waist measures only eighteen inches. Who ever heard of a well brought up aristocratic young American girl, who did not have a waist of eighteen inches? Miss Mary dresses beautifully; wears loves of bonnets, high-heeled boots, and the inevitable pannier. She is very clever, very good-hearted, and very lovable; is a great belle; has princes, counts, barons, and a host of other impecunious individuals at her feet, and is very much in love with young Tom Brown, who is sitting in his office in New York, waiting with what patience he can muster for the brief which never comes. Miss Mary has been forbidden most positively, by both papa and mamma, to even *think* of Tom, and consequently thinks of him all the time.

Mamma is a well-preserved little lady, of forty-five, powders her hair, and is Miss Mary's most ardent admirer and obedient slave in all matters, except one. To be the mother of a princess or a duchess is the ambition of her life, and she *will* say spiteful things of Tom Brown. All some lucky fellow has to do is to furnish the title and he will be furnished in return with a most charming young wife, and a bank book of no inconsiderable dimensions.

Dec. 5th.

On entering the drawing-room the other day I found Miss Mary in tears, and Mrs. Follingsby walking the floor in a great state of excitement. "I am very glad to see you, Miss Douglas," said she. "Pray, be seated, and perhaps you may be able to make this young lady hear reason. I have just received a letter from the Duke de Foley, one of the most distinguished noblemen of Italy, asking my permission to pay his addresses to my daughter, and she, instead of seizing eagerly this opportunity of being made a duchess, declares that unless she can marry Tom Brown she prefers remaining Mary Follingsby." "I won't marry him," here broke in Miss Mary, before I had time to answer. "I hate him! He is old and ugly, and wears a wig, and has no teeth, if he is a

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duke," and so saying, Miss Mary rushed from the room, leaving her mamma speechless from rage and disappointment. What shall I say? I asked myself, hopelessly. I had no idea, in accepting the position of lady's companion, that I should be asked to give an opinion on matters pertaining to love and matrimony. What do I, an old maid, know of love and marriage? John was my one lover, and my father was dearer to me than he. Of course, my sympathies are with Tom Brown. Why should Miss Mary marry a duke, if she loves Tom? and so I ventured to say to Mrs. Follingsby, who answered me sharply that she thought I had some common sense, and that I was certainly old enough to know better. "I suppose I am," I murmured, to which she vouchsafed no reply; but after ringing the bell and ordering her carriage for the opera, left the room. I shall come home, friend. I have never lived with fashionable people, and I don't understand them. I think of you most longingly. Do write me long, chatty letters.

Yours, affectionately, MARIA DOUGLAS.

PARIS, *January 4th*, 1868.

DEAR FANNY: The ducal war still rages fiercely. Papa Follingsby has been telegraphed for, and Miss Mary is under surveillance. Poor Miss Mary! Her cheeks are a trifle paler, and her eyes are not as bright as they were wont to be. She rushed into my room a few moments ago, crying out triumphantly, "I have done it, Miss Douglas! I said I'd do it, and I've done it! I met him in the *Champs Elysées*, and turned my back upon him. How angry he looked!" and the merry laugh I had not heard for days broke from her most heartily. "Who looked angry? Upon whom did you turn your back? O Miss Mary! not upon the duke?" said I, and before I knew what I was doing I was laughing with her. "Yes, I did," she answered, "and I posted a letter to Tom, telling him to come to me, if he had to pawn his watch and chain to do it." "You were very wrong," said I, severely, "and I shall consider it my duty to tell your mamma what you have done." Her only answer was to wink at me. I was so shocked I knew not what to do. I don't think I had ever seen any one wink before. You know it was not the fashion when we were young.

Lovingly yours, MARIA DOUGLAS.

PARIS, *February 14th*, 1868.

DEAR FANNY: Never did I make a greater mistake than when I accepted the position of lady's companion to Mrs. Follingsby. That lady told me this morning, in the iciest of tones, that she would prefer my returning to America, as soon as I could make my arrangements to do so. Four days ago Miss Mary kissed her mamma, and said: "Send to the duke to come to us this evening. I have been very naughty, and wish to apologize to him for my rudeness." Mamma was delighted, kissed her daughter, said she knew her pet would end by hearing reason, and would be guided by her. Was not her darling's happiness her first thought? Would she wish her dearest to do anything but what was for her happiness, etc. etc.? To all this I listened, wondering why this sudden change, and feeling very sorrow for Tom Brown. Miss Mary sat at her mother's feet, a perfect picture of submission, goodness, and obedience; and I heard her whisper to her gratified mamma that whatever she wished was certain to be "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best." I went to my room, shut the door, put my feet on the fender, and thought how nice it was to be young, and how comfortable to have no will of one's own. Evening came. We were all assembled in the drawing-room; the duke was standing near the door, waiting with the impatience of youth (he's sixty-seven) for Miss Mary to enter. Mrs. Follingsby's face was wreathed with smiles. After a few moments' waiting, Mrs. F. requested me to tell Miss Mary that his grace the duke had arrived, and was waiting for her in the drawing-room. I went to Miss Mary's room; she was not there. I searched for her everywhere without success. I returned to the drawing-room, and said: "Miss Mary is not in her room; indeed, I do not think she is in the house." "O Miss Douglas! how dare you slander me so? Here I am, and Tom Brown, too." In walked the pair; and Tom, in a voice that trembled in spite of himself, announced that he had arrived in Paris the day before, and had married Miss Mary that afternoon at the house of the American minister. I have become sadly demoralized, Fanny, for I was not as shocked as I ought to have been, and, instead of scolding Miss Mary, kissed her, and shook hands with Tom Brown. I was soon brought to my senses, however, by Mrs. Follingsby ordering Miss Mary and her Tom to leave her presence. The duke managed to gasp something that sounded very much like swearing, and hobbled from the room. Mrs. Follingsby declares she will never forgive her daughter for not consenting to be made a duchess. The poor children sail for America next week, and I go with them. Tom returns to his office, and as Miss Mary declares that she cannot possibly get along without me, I am very glad to believe her, and am to be her housekeeper, and, as *she* says, her best and most valued friend. In the meantime, believe me, Yours ever, MARIA DOUGLAS.

LAZINESS grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.—*Judge Hall.*

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MISS FORSYTHE.

BY G. B.

EVERY county has its wishing well. Mr. Paul and Margaret Forsythe started for St. Cuthbert's. Mr. Paul had fully made up his mind to ask his beautiful companion that afternoon to become his wife. She had the rich bloom of a brilliant brunette, sparkling teeth, a sweet, curved mouth, with suggestions of pride; eyes dark, with subdued lights, capable of changing to volcanic flashes. Her form was slight, rounded and queenly in its carriage.

Miss Forsythe took the reins from Mr. Paul's grasp. "As a child, I frequently drove my grandpapa. Let me try now; I have not forgotten."

"There are some things which I have not forgotten," he said, slowly. "The night of Lady Eveline's ball is one." He opened a note-book, and drew thence the withered petals of a yellow jessamine.

Margaret Forsythe did not color; there was not the slightest approach to it on her countenance. Her natural bloom shone there—nothing more. Yet she recalled vividly a scene in Lady Eveline Howe's conservatory the night of the ball; herself under the bough of a fragrant oleander, toying with the loose jessamine vine flaunting from its lattice. She had broken off a flower. Mr. Paul had held out his hand for it. She had given it to him. All the evening he had retained it; there it was now in his note-book, carefully cherished within its leaves.

Miss Forsythe had flirted with a great many men. Stern politicians had bowed captive to her charms—not of mere personal beauty, but combined with graces of intellect. Gray-haired men, who had drunk deeply at the world's fountains, turned to seek the witchery of her glances. "Her heart remained untouched," society said, and generously added: "But there still was the wood with crooked sticks." Margaret Forsythe had already entered on her thirtieth birthday; never had she been more entrancing. The sweet impulsiveness of girlhood vanished; there had come in its stead a subdued joy and vivacity. She charmed more than ever, because, as her inherent faculties ripened, it became more and more manifest that the foundation of her character was reverence and truth.

Mr. Paul, unhappily for himself, was unappreciative of these two phases in her combination. He liked her, because the hours never rolled wearily when she was present. She was sunshine, even to the worldling. He admired her for her beauty, and then she was perfectly well-bred, with a dash of good, honest loving-heartedness, not always inseparable from good-breeding. Lastly, he loved her, because one could be proud of her as a wife, and rest perfectly content in trusting his happiness to her, knowing that to any one whom she honored with her hand she would be loving, faithful—always charming.

St. Cuthbert's was reached by a drive through a pleasant bit of woodland, the property of Robert St. Albans. Midway in these woods stood an oak, the huge trunk of which had been cleft in twain by a recent severe thunderstorm. Miss Forsythe drew the rein as they approached it; then she bowed, and blushed, and would have driven on, for at that moment Mr. St. Albans issued from beneath one of the low, far-spreading branches.

"A sorry disaster this," he said, pointing to the riven trunk; "the king of my bit of woodland. I used to imagine as a boy that the Hamadryades and the Fauns held high revelry here in the moonlight; now, I fear, the fairy brood will quit such an unsightly demesne."

"But you are beholding it by searching daylight, which your fairies never do. I will vouch for its picturesque appearance by moonlight. But if your fastidious eye is offended, Mr. St. Albans, bring a vine, and let it trail, and twine, and cover this gaping wound."

"You shall choose and plant it then, Miss Forsythe—if you will."

"It would not thrive at my planting. My poor rosebushes, violets, and ivys all die on my hands. Old Martin, the gardener, positively won't suffer me to touch one of his treasures."

"Nevertheless, you shall assist in bringing back my Hamadryades and Fauns."

A soft patter of rain sounded on the leaves.

"A brisk shower is pending," Mr. Paul said. "Shall we drive back, and start anew when the rain is over? It will prove but a mere passing summer shower, and its effects will but enhance the pleasure of driving."

"The clouds are gathering dark and heavy. You will find your prognostications of a gentle summer shower disappointed, Mr. Paul. Even now the sky is becoming quite overcast. Through this road," pointing to a diverging one on the left, "is a short cut to my house, the doors of which are most cordially open to you. If you will drive fast, you will save Miss Forsythe a wetting."

The whole face of the heavens had changed. For the comfort of his fair companion, Mr. Paul could do no less than drive Miss Forsythe to his rival's house. He bit his lip fiercely, to restrain the vexation and chagrin which had well-nigh overmastered him.

"I will rejoin you almost immediately," Mr. St. Albans called out, as they turned the horses down the road.

"Ay, ay! no doubt of it," Mr. Paul inwardly ejaculated, writhing with impatience. They dashed into the court-yard just as the rain began to descend furiously.

The servants in the area, seeing a lady and

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gentleman pass through the gates, hurried out with dreadnaughts and umbrellas. Miss Forsythe escaped into the house, flushed, laughing, with a shower of raindrops glistening on her beautiful hair.

"Thanks to your energetic driving, we have surmounted the danger of drowning," Miss Forsythe said, as Mr. Paul joined her at the window, where she stood watching the rain as it came down in torrents. "But what has become of our kind host? Is he housed yet? There was, I know, a still shorter cut by a footpath, and heavily shaded by arching boughs. I trust he has escaped as lightly as we have done, Mr. Paul."

Just then the cheery tones of the master of the house were audible in the hall below. He sprang lightly up the staircase, and came forward to greet them.

"Your kind hospitality has stood us in sore need," Margaret said, graciously, but with an almost imperceptible veil of shyness.

"My house is honored, Miss Forsythe. I feel very friendly toward that dark, ominous cloud, which made it imperative that you should seek shelter here." He touched the cord of the bell as he spoke. A footman appeared. "Let there be some refreshments served in the blue room."

"Yes, sir," the man said, touching his forehead, and disappeared.

Mr. Paul was carelessly turning over the visiting cards heaped upon the centre-table. One card, heavier than the rest, fell out edgeways from his hand. It was a photograph of Miss Forsythe—a very fine picture, delicately colored, and very highly finished.

"That is very good," he said, aloud.

"At what are you looking?" Miss Forsythe asked, pausing in her conversation with St. Albans.

"At you—or your picture, rather."

Mr. St. Albans looked guilty. He met Miss Forsythe's inquiring glance laughingly.

"That should not be there," he said. "I beg your pardon, Miss Forsythe. I purloined it from an album on your mother's table. I was assisted in the theft."

"By whom, pray?" Margaret asked, coloring.

"Your little sister Edith. I made up a sorrowful face for the benefit of her sympathetic blue eyes, stating how much, how very much I should like to have it. 'Sister Margaret has more. Take it, sir. Do take it. Margaret won't care,' my little ally said, almost a tremor in her voice. Does sister Margaret care? Won't she allow me to retain it peaceably?"

"It was obtained on the strength of an imposition—poor Edith!—and should be forfeited, sir," Margaret said, archly.

"No, it was not, indeed," he said, earnestly, bending his grave, brown eyes upon her lovely face.

"Refreshments are served," the footman said at the door, holding it open for them to pass out.

There were delicious grapes, apricots, cherries, and pears; tempting squares of delicate sponge cake; a dish composed of dried grapes, figs, hazel-nuts, and sweet almonds; light Rhine wines for Miss Forsythe, with heavier ones for the gentlemen.

They were very merry—at least, St. Albans and Margaret. Mr. Paul looked at the clouds from time to time. The rain beat furiously against the panes of glass.

"You must make a day of it here, Mr. Paul," St. Albans said, at last. "Make up your mind to that, and discontinue your watch of the clouds. Let me fill your glass."

Mr. Paul shook off his moody humor, and joined in the gayety.

"I have added to my collection of coins. You will be pleased to see them, Mr. Paul, I know," St. Albans said, as they rose from the table. He led the way to the library, and unlocked his cabinets. Mr. Paul, himself a connoisseur, became eagerly engaged among them, forgetful of self and forgetful of—Miss Forsythe.

Mr. St. Albans drew Margaret to a window overlooking the lawn. "Ruskin says, 'It is strange how little in general people know about the sky,'" he said, looking up at the dark rifts hurrying overhead, "'it being the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works.'"

"If people would read his works more, Mr. Ruskin would have slight cause for ever repeating again what you have just quoted," Miss Forsythe said. "I see 'Stones of Venice' ranged there."

"Yes, that shelf is devoted to Ruskin's works. Many of the volumes are lent. All of my books are at your service, Miss Forsythe." He had noticed the pleased satisfaction in her face as her eyes roamed over his well-filled book-cases.

"I should like to read some of those solid looking volumes. I like novels, too, first-class ones."

"Some of the very best of so-called first-class novels are from the pen of your sex, Miss Margaret."

She was too eagerly interested to notice his use of her Christian name. He marked this, and smiled—a pleased, absorbed smile.

Mr. Paul had retreated to an open drawer at the far end of the apartment. His fingers and eyes were sufficiently occupied.

"It must be here, in this house, that you read my volumes, Margaret," St. Albans said.

She raised a swift, puzzled glance to his face, her eyes sank, a slow color crimsoned her temples.

"The cords binding me to happiness lie in your white hand. Will you come to me?

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Come to this house and be my wife, Margaret?"

She trembled, as with gentle force he made her meet his glance. He gazed for one moment into her shy, beautiful eyes, and left a kiss on their fringed lids. "God has blessed me, indeed," he said. "O Margaret, my darling! my wife!" He wheeled a crimson chair to her side and placed her in it. He did not speak to her again immediately, but gave her time to recover herself.

Still the rain poured in torrents. Some one knocked at the library door. It seemed as if St. Albans found it impossible to leave Margaret's side.

"Come in!" he said, loudly.

The handle yielded and his housekeeper stood on the threshold.

"At what hour will you order dinner, sir?"

"The usual one—six o'clock."

"Yes, sir. The pointers have come, sir."

"Indeed! In all this rain?"

"They came in the covered cart. Fine-looking animals, sir."

"Where are they now?"

"On the back porch, sir."

"We will go immediately and have a look at them. Come, Miss Forsythe. They have been well trained to stop and point out the game. Mr. Paul!" he shouted, to that absorbed gentleman, "my dogs have come! Those I pointed out to you at Erwin's!"

"Oh, go along with your dogs, St. Albans!" Mr. Paul exclaimed, ruefully, at being disturbed.

Margaret and St. Albans left the room together. There was a break in the clouds as they stepped upon the porch. It was quite dry, being well protected from storms. A dense vine clung to the close lattice-work. The rain came down now in gentle intermittent showers.

"You don't like dogs, I see," Mr. St. Albans said to Margaret.

"Not that style," she said, laughingly.

"You will change your mind after I have taken you out hunting a few times."

Just then a glorious flood of sunshine illuminated the porch. Millions of raindrops hung flashing from vine and tree. Margaret's lips parted with delight.

"What a delicious wet coolness there is now!" she said, flinging wide the porch door. The remaining clouds were heaped together and rolling away to the west. "I must go and wake up Mr. Paul."

"Why so?" Mr. St. Albans asked.

"He must drive me home. Will you give immediate orders about the horses?"

"There is dinner in two hours. I can't let you go until afterward."

"But I must," she pleaded. "Mamma will have been anxious, and Edith, I know, will have her dear little nose flattened on the window-panes, watching for my return."

"I want to take you to them myself."

"But you can't," she said, blushingly.

"I know it. Mr. Paul, I suppose, must drive you this time." He let her go into the library alone.

St. Albans gave orders that Miss Forsythe's hat and mantle should be carried into the library to her. He saw that there was added to them a warm shawl. Margaret came out into the hall ready equipped. Mr. Paul was at her side, drawing on his gloves.

"He is present in the body, but absent in spirit," Margaret archly said, pointing back to the room containing the coins.

"What a rare collection, St. Albans!" Mr. Paul remarked.

"I am delighted that you have been so much taken up with them," Mr. St. Albans said, his own face shining with supreme satisfaction. Margaret turned her glowing cheek away.

Mr. St. Albans followed them down the gravel walk, and stood by while Mr. Paul assisted Margaret into the carriage. He bowed low over her hand in bidding her good-by, then they drove away.

A beautiful breeze sprang up. Mr. Paul appeared in fine spirits. Miss Forsythe was not as animated by far. He liked her better in these soft, half-pensive moods, particularly on the present occasion, as he fancied it would lead easier to his declaration.

"Who is it," he asked, "that has said he would like to spend life in one long drive with a pretty girl at his side? Perhaps you can correct me in the rendering of the statement."

"In neither way can I assist you," Miss Forsythe replied. "I do not know who said it, or how it was said, but where are you driving to, Mr. Paul? This is certainly the wrong road."

"I beg your pardon! I am not driving you directly home, but am making a slight detour in order to pass the wishing well. I had a fancy you should go there with me to-day, and I find I cannot disappoint myself. If you will look, you can just see its rough stones there in the distance between those interlaced boughs." In another moment they had reached it. Mr. Paul sprang out. "Let me assist you," he said.

After he had tied the horses, he joined Miss Forsythe at the well. He drew from his pocket a velvet case, in which was a small silver flagon.

"A week from to-day," he said, in a deep, concentrated voice, "I sail for Europe. I wanted you to drink to a *bon voyage* across the Atlantic, in the waters of this well. Will you do this for me, Miss Forsythe?"

"It will give me much pleasure, Mr. Paul, to accede to your request. I only wish there were more of your friends here to join me."

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He bit his lips as though annoyed. He filled the flagon to its rim, and handed it to Margaret. She graciously quaffed the water, saying, with inimitable kindness:—

"A *bon voyage* to my friend Mr. Paul."

A dark flush glowed on his cheek. "Will you give me something more than good wishes to carry with me?" he asked, in a low voice, retaining the hand which gave him back the flagon. "The promise of being my wife when again I touch these shores?"

"Impossible, Mr. Paul; quite impossible," Margaret said, with almost a shocked air.

"Give me, at least, a little hope to be happy on," he pleaded.

"Indeed I cannot. Really, Mr. Paul, we had better not pursue this subject."

"May I put one inquiry? Do you love another?"

"I do," Margaret said, her voice and eyes clear and steady, but her face burning with blushes. Never had she looked more beautiful.

"Are you engaged to Mr. St. Albans?" Mr. Paul said, setting his teeth.

"I am," Miss Forsythe said, coolly. "Now that you have had so little hesitation in questioning me, Mr. Paul, may I put one to you? When are you going to untie those horses and drive me home?"

"O Margaret! then I am to go away without one ray of hope. You cannot now give me one faint gleam?"

"No, Mr. Paul, I cannot," Miss Forsythe said, her voice and eye relenting at his changed, distressed countenance.

He walked slowly towards the horses, unfastened them, and gravely assisted her to her seat. He drove her briskly home; his lips were firmly compressed, his face somewhat pale. He held out his hand to her at her mother's door.

"Good-by, and God bless you!" he said, earnestly.

She put both of her hands within his. "We will be always friends, Mr. Paul." Margaret's voice was quite steady.

He stooped and kissed the hands he held, bowed, and was gone.

"What a fool I am over coins!" he said to himself, as he once more took the reins. "I might have saved making an ass of myself if I had been wide awake to what was going on between them during the storm."

Mr. Paul shook the reins, driving rapidly away. In the opposite direction a horseman rode leisurely along, and fastened his steed in front of Mrs. Forsythe's handsome residence. It was Mr. St. Albans.

THE ambitious, the covetous, the proud, the vain, the angry, the glutton, are all lost in the character of the well-bred man.

TRUTH IN A HOUSEHOLD.

MISS MARTINEAU truly observes that of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in the house. All comfort is gone when suspicion has once entered; when there must be reserve in talk, and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place generous confidence in their children, and receive what they say freely, unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any one. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their poor child, while there is any chance of his cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assiduous help, as if he were suffering from some disgusting bodily disorder. If he can be cured, he will become duly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fail, means must, of course, be taken to prevent his example doing harm.

I fear that from some cause or other there are but few large families where every member is altogether truthful. Some, who are not morally guilty, are intellectually incapable of accuracy. But where all are so organized and so trained as to be wholly reliable in act and word, they are a light to all eyes, and a joy to all hearts. They are a public benefit, for they are a point of general reliance; and they are privately blessed, within and without. Without, their life is made easy by universal trust; and within their home and their hearts, they have the security of rectitude and the gladness of innocence. If we do but invoke wisdom, she will come, and multiply such homes in our land.

ENGAGING MANNERS.

THERE are a thousand engaging ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile; the quiet, cordial bow; the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, who may be recommended to us; the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession, these will insure us the good regards of all. There is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that is even more irresistible than beauty.

LEARN the value of a man's words and expressions, and you know him. Each man has a measure of his own for everything; this he offers you inadvertently in his words. He who has a superlative for everything, wants a measure for the great or small.

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WORK DEPARTMENT.

PAPER FLOWERS.

TULIP.

Materials.—Gold-colored and light green tissue-paper, good white letter-paper, blue-green unglazed paper, fresh green glazed paper, flower-wire, etc.

THE tulip requires six petals of gold-colored tissue-paper, which must all be of the same size. The purple-red coloring at the under points of the petals is given by painting them with a small paint-brush with a mixture of carmine and vermilion. This must be very lightly done, and a few strokes will be sufficient. When the color is sufficiently spread and quite dry, each petal is folded along the middle, and the fold then laid on in a very narrow fold, and this being firmly rubbed down with the nail, gives the fine lines required,



which will be seen when the paper is unfolded. Then a small, slightly-curled edge is given by the help of a knitting-needle, over which the paper may be rounded.

The six petals are placed in two circles, reversed and joined to the pistil, surrounded by dark stamens. The pistil consists of a bunch of wadding of an oval shape, covered with green tissue-paper, and fastened with gold-colored silk threads, stretched over crosswise. It is advisable to purchase the stamens, as they are very troublesome to make.

The wire must have tissue-paper twisted around it.

The green leaves are four inches long and an inch and a quarter broad in the middle. and are made with unglazed blue-green paper. A very strong mark with a knitting-needle gives the middle vein. The petals should, if possible, be cut from those of a natural flower. In making flowers, the patterns of each part should be saved, with the name written on, so that the flower may be made at any season.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Take a strip of good white letter-paper, three-quarters of an inch broad and the length desired; cut one side edge in little scallops, and lay the end around a pencil (not too thick), and cut the paper away so far as to leave two very narrow edges to gum over each other. The pencil must be then carefully removed; then, previously to twisting the smooth edge



together of this little round to form a bell, the little tuft of stamens must be laid inside. For the latter take a very fine little bit of wire, with green paper twisted around it, and little grains of gold-colored sand gummed on them; take the end of the pencil and mould the little bells into shape, and bend the little scallops outwards. The buds consist of little balls of paper twisted together; the smallest of these must be made of light green, the rest of white tissue-paper. For the leaves, use fresh green glazed paper; they are about four inches long and an inch and a half broad in the middle. For the veins, take a knitting-needle, and make close marks lengthwise over the surface of the leaves.

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PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.

In the broad border, Fig. 1, the arabesques are of silk cord; the other smaller figures are worked in crochet with netting silk, and sewn to the cord according to illustration. The small round figures are worked on a chain of 4 stitches in double crochet, increasing the number of stitches in each row till the figure is the required size. Figs. 2, 3, and 4 show the other figures in full size, and also the mode of execution. The wrong side of the crochet is the right side of the work. In Fig. 2 the form of the leaf is produced by working a row of double on a foundation chain, and arranging this in the required form, catching up the loops at the point and at the stalk of the leaf. Fig. 4 is also worked on a centre circle of chain stitches, in three rows of scallops lying one over the other, as seen in the illustration.

Fig. 1.

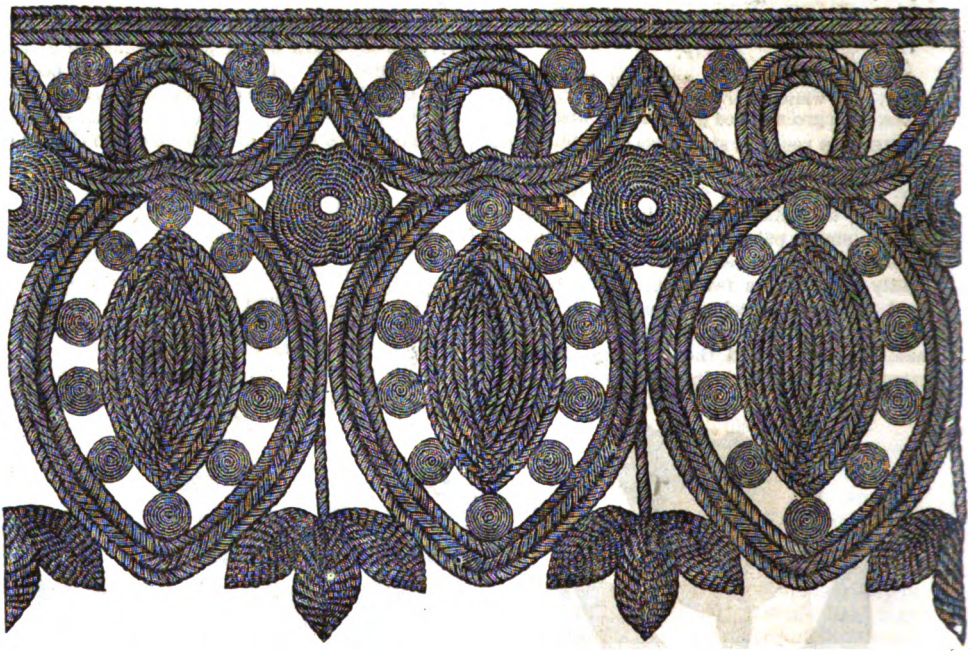


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



PURSE FOR BANK-NOTES.

Materials.—Coarse ticking, unbleached linen, black sarcenet ribbon one inch broad, green silk, etc.

This purse, which is so useful in travelling, is represented closed in Fig. 1, and open in Fig. 2. Two pockets being fastened on to the strong ticking lining of the purse, renders it easy to take out the notes quickly. In order to preserve the contents from damp, all three

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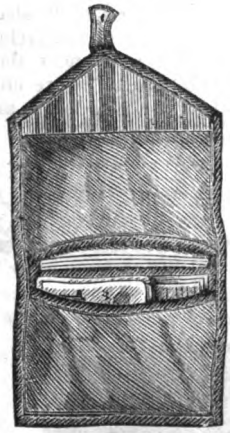
parts are made with strong ticking, double, or with cloth and gray linen. The purse itself measures six and a half inches in breadth and

Fig. 1.



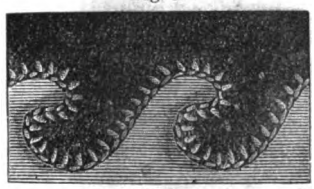
eleven inches in length, and is sloped off two inches for the flap that turns over. The outside is ornamented with black ribbon one inch broad, worked with green silk button-hole

Fig. 2.



stitch, and cut out as shown in full size in Fig. 3. In fastening on the ribbon, an edge must be left all round half an inch broad, to serve afterwards as a binding for the pocket part to

Fig. 3.



be placed in upon the inside, the upper edge of which is also bound with black. The black straps for closing the purse have ticking underneath, and are fastened with a button and button-hole.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

SUMMER PALETOT FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

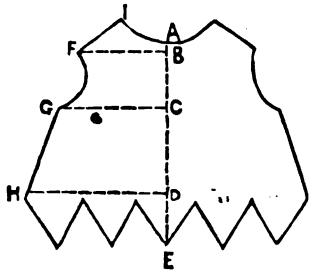
THIS is a very pretty *paletôt* for a girl of eight years. It is cut with deep vandykes all round the edge, which look well over the frock. It can be made with white *piqué*, trimmed with a scalloped edge of muslin embroidery and narrow fancy cotton braid. The edge of the jacket is turned under all round, and stitched to the embroidery. On the wrong side, the raw edges of both are simply left loose. The neck is set into a half inch wide band, to which an upright muslin embroidered edge is stitched. The margin of muslin belonging to the edge lines the band, and is hemmed down on the wrong side. Braid is put all round the jacket, as shown in the sleeve, Fig. 3, which is trimmed with a half cuff, edged with embroidery, and a row of braid in a pattern above it. This is put on the upper half of each sleeve before the two pieces are joined.

To cut the pattern, first mark or draw it on paper from the diagram and the description, measuring the right distances.

This shape looks well in silk, edged with black lace or fringe, and beaded with a pretty passementerie, or in any material of a fancy kind, to match the frock.

For the Back (Fig. 1).—The back is seventeen inches long from A to E; only half the measure of the width is given from the dotted line of

Fig. 1.



the back, as it may be observed in the diagram. It is only necessary to cut half the pattern in paper, and to double the stuff and cut the two halves together, that they may be alike. The fold of the stuff comes at the dotted line, and

Fig. 2.

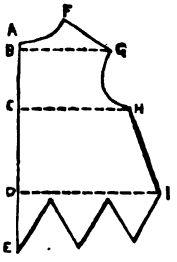
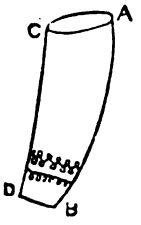


Fig. 3.



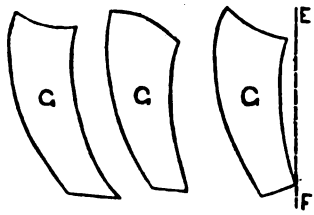
must be down the material that is level with the selvage; the measure of relative length is —from A to B, two and a half inches; from A to C, seven inches; A to I, the neck, is two and a half inches; D to F, the width across the

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shoulders, seven and three-quarter inches; C to G, under the arm, nine and three-quarter inches; D to N, just above the scallop, eleven and three-quarter inches; I to F, the shoulder, five inches; G to H, the side seam, six inches.

For the Front (Fig. 2).—Two fronts must be cut separately. The measure for each is the same. The selvage must be level with the straight part, from A to E. From A to E the front is thirteen inches long; from A to B is half an inch; from A to C, four and three-quarter inches; from F to A, the neck, is four and a half inches; from G to B, across the chest, is eight inches; from H to C, across the waist, is nine inches; from F to G, the shoulder, is five inches; from H to I, the side seam, is six inches.

Fig. 4.



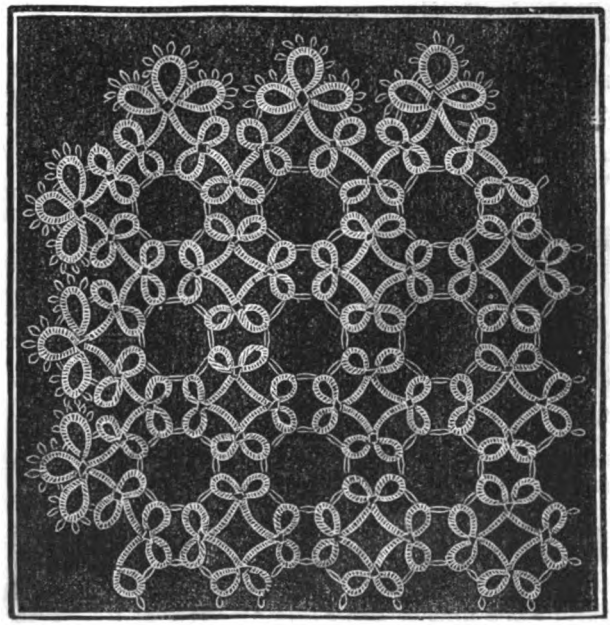
For the Sleeve (Fig. 3).—The outer curve, from A to B, measures fifteen and a half inches; the inner curve, from C to D, only eleven and a half inches; the width across the top, A to C, is five and a half inches; the wrist, B to D, three and a half. One side of the sleeve is curved, with a bow at the top, the other hollowed out. Two pieces must be cut alike from the pattern, with the difference only at the top. Put the cuff trimming on the round-topped one. Run the two pieces together on the right side near the back. Turn the sleeve, and run it again on the wrong side, just within where the raw edge of the first turning comes, which can be felt with the fingers. This makes a seam without raw edges to irritate the child's arm; it is called a mantua-maker's seam. While cutting the sleeve, place C and D of the inner curve level with the selvage; this will bring the rounded part at the back actually on the cross, though the pattern lays straight down the stuff. If not cut this way, the sleeve will not sit well. Fig. 4 shows how sleeves should be cut. Get all four pieces out of a breadth, if it is wide enough; but often only three can be got. E to F is the selvage of the stuff; G G G, the sleeve patterns. The backs and fronts of the jacket are joined on the shoulders and under the arms with mantua-makers' seams. Care must be taken for the scallops of the jacket to meet properly at the seams.

DESIGN IN TATTING FOR A SQUARE CAP.

OR IN COARSE COTTON FOR A CHAIR TIDY.

Materials.—Cotton, No. 24, or No. 8.

THIS design is worked in squares, with three separate reels of cotton. Make 7 double, 1



pearl, 4 double, 1 pearl, 7 double, draw up. With two threads make 9 double, then for the 2d tat work the same as the 1st, joining at the 1st pearl the 2d pearl of the 1st tat. Work another tat, not joining at all, then 9 double

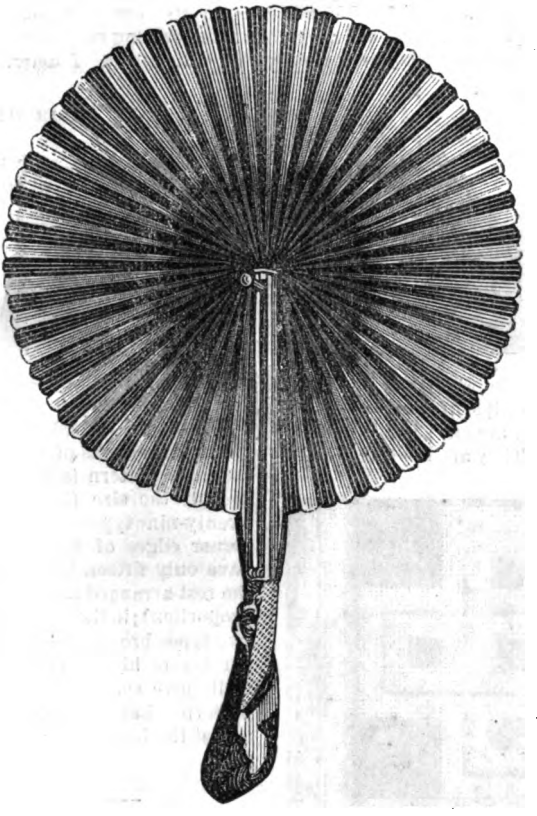
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with 2 threads; work a 4th tat, joining it to the 3d. Continue the same till 8 tats are made and a square formed, then fasten off. Work other squares the same, to join which see engraving. In the border the small tats are the same as for the centre, and joined in the same way. For the large tats make 7 double, 7 pearl, with 2 double between each pearl, then 7 double; then continue joining the 1st pearl to the last of the preceding tat.

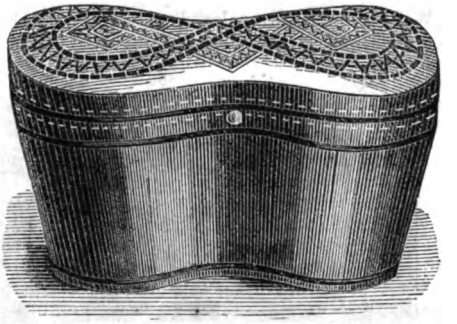
THE PROMENADE FAN.

With the words "promenade fan," we seem transported back to the days of our grandmothers. But with us in some respects the oldest fashions are newest. We should hesitate to further the revival of the fan if we thought there was a danger of its being put to old-fashioned purposes—chastising daughters and dependants. Vanish for ever such barbarous customs, as practised by ladies! Instruments of torture are not for hands that should ever be busy in works of charity, solace, or ornament. As a guide in the choice of a fan, we direct attention to our illustrations, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.

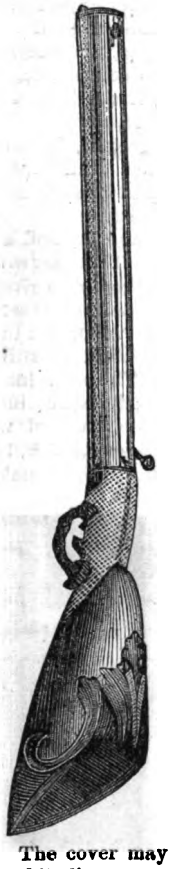


DESIGN FOR ORNAMENTING OPERA GLASSES.



This is a German fashion of ornamenting the tops of opera glasses. The cover may be either velvet or kid. The white lines are gold thread, crossed with black silk, and the remaining lines are green, crossed with gold.

Fig. 2.



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LETTER-BOX OF COLORED PERFORATED CARD-BOARD.

Materials.—Unglazed colored paper, velvet, or silk; white moire paper; yellowish perforated card-board; thick gum; a fine paint-brush; a little knife, with a two-edged blade; a little board (not too hard).

We have chosen colored perforated card-board because the white so soon loses its color and ivory appearance. The effect of the work depends upon the arrangement and harmonizing of the colors. Brown and yellow, or bright colors, such as green, pink, blue, or lilac, or a light and dark color of the perforated card-board upon a dark ground, shaded off, might be selected. Our model requires a common paste-board box, three and a half inches high, ten inches long, and six and a half inches broad. The outer covering is blue glazed paper, to give effect to the yellow perforated card-board over it. Velvet or silk in some bright color would be still more effective. The box is lined with moire paper; the space inside has ten divisions, the movable walls of which consist of strips of card-board, which, toward the middle, are cut out in scallops about one inch deep. They are covered with white, and are ornamented at the upper edges with a blue binding. Flat pieces of very strong card-board, placed on both the long sides of the box, separated only by little slits of the same height, give support to the card-board movable walls. The sizes are graduated: the breadth of the first is an inch and a quarter, that of the last half an inch. Of course, these proportions may be altered as required. The packets of letters are separately bound together, and placed with one of the flat pieces of card-board, with the name marked on it. The cover is made to take off entirely, and has a fold one inch high to shut into the box, as shown in Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

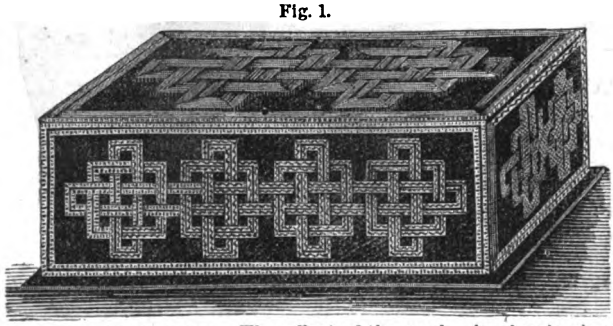


Fig. 3 gives the half of the ground-layer for the relief work of the ornamental part of the cover; although reduced in size, the number of types is clearly shown, and is a sufficient guide for both the patterns on the cover, which are worked in one, and the joining on in reversed layers is clearly shown in Fig. 1. Each of the separate layers, beginning with edges five types broad, is gradually reduced one type in the following four, consequently ends with a single type line. Round the walls of the box the same pattern is repeated in half the size (instead of twenty-nine types, the largest corner edges of the pattern have only fifteen types, and the rest arranged in the same proportion); in the whole only two types broad, and two paper layers high. The cross-walls give space for the two patterns hanging together, whilst the long wall takes up four.

Fig. 2.

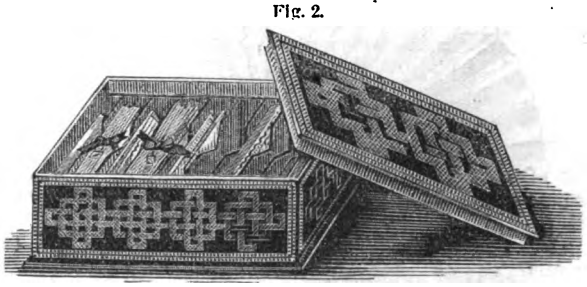
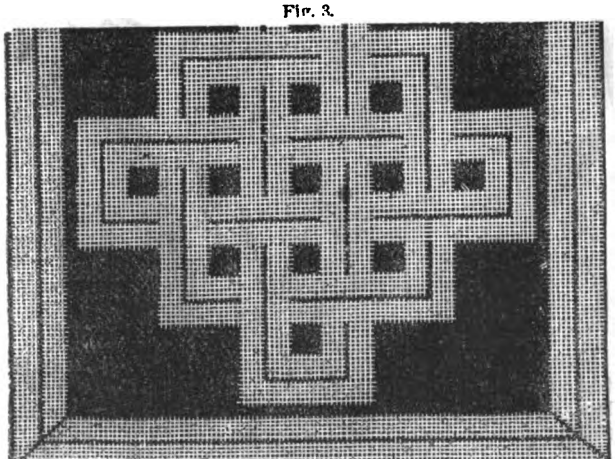


Fig. 3.



ROUND HAT OF FIR CONES.

This hat is both pretty and economical. It can be worn for travelling, gardening, and

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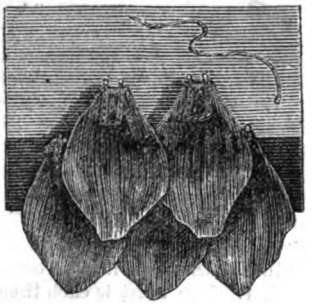
also on other occasions, and can easily be cleaned with water and a brush, without varnish; and even should it require to be revarnished, it could be easily done. As often mentioned in the directions for mosaic work,

Fig. 1.



the scales of the cones must be cleaned and sewn on separately with brown thread upon light gauze, laid upon a shape of the right size, working round always, and beginning at the brim with the large leaves of the cone

Fig. 2.



(all of the same size), and using the smaller ones as the rows become smaller. The hat is lined with brown silk, and trimmed with a bouquet of wild artificial flowers and ribbon, or velvet and feathers, according to taste.

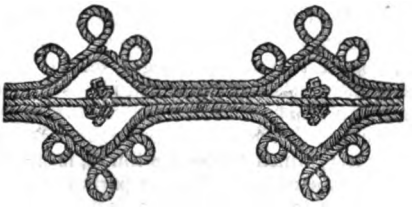
PASSEMENTERIE TRIMMING FOR JACKETS, MANTLES, ETC.

Fig. 1.



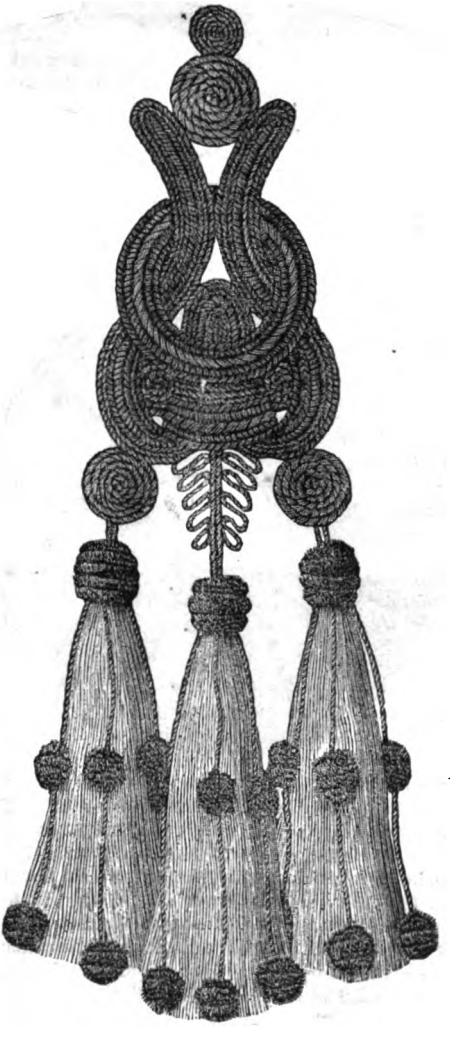
Fig. 3 illustrates a gimp frog with tassels half the full size. The frog consists of gimp,

Fig. 2.



braid, and cord, either black or colored, and the tassels are of netting silk with heads and balls of untwisted silk. The borders Figs. 1 and 2 are of black silk cord and braid of different sizes, and in Fig. 2 cut black beads are introduced.

Fig. 3.



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SHADE FOR GENTLEMAN'S HAT.

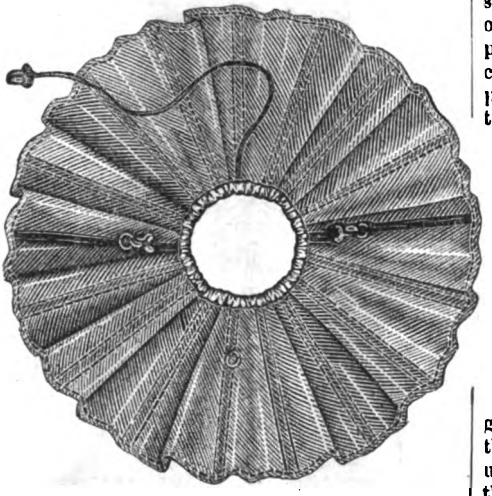
THIS shade is meant to be fastened upon the brim of a hat in the manner seen on Fig. 1, so as to protect the neck and face against the sun. The shade is lined with green silk, which reposes the eyes. Fig. 2 shows the shade spread out; Fig. 1 the same arranged on the hat. The shade consists of two round pieces of silk, measuring nineteen inches across; the upper part must be of the same color as the hat; the under piece, which forms the lining, is green. In the middle of each of these parts cut out a round piece, measuring eight inches across. Both parts of the shade are stitched together at the edge, sewing in whalebones at regular

Fig. 1.



intervals. The space between the whalebones at the edge is three inches, at the inner circle only one and one-fifth of an inch. At the

Fig. 2.



inner circle the screen is bound with a strip of silk of the same color as the hat, two-fifths of an inch wide, sewing in at the same time a piece of elastic, about thirteen and three-fifths inches long; this elastic keeps the shade down on the hat. On the lower side of the shade fasten (from Fig. 2) four pieces of elastic, two of which finish off with a hook, and the other two with a brass ring. These hooks are drawn down to the edge of the hat, so that the shade keeps tight on the hat; they are then drawn through the corresponding circle. Fasten another longer piece of elastic, from Fig. 2, on the shade; it is finished off with a hook, so that both the hat and the shade can be fastened tight on the head.

ROUND HAT OF STRIPS OF PAPER.

A NOVELTY.

Materials.—A round hat shape of net or buckram, paper, sewing silk, sarcenet lining.

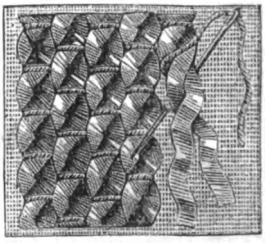
THIS hat consists of gray, brown, or straw-colored plaited paper. A comfortable shape must be purchased. Our model (see Fig. 1) is entirely gray; it has rather a

Fig. 1.



wide brim and flat crown. For the plaiting, purchase some of the largest sheets of the paper; have it cut by machine an eighth of an inch broad and very even. Then arrange it, as shown in full size in Fig. 2, in strips for plaiting. Begin by pinching two strips together at the top, placed crosswise one over the other. The twist is each time firmly pinched. The plaiting is tighter or looser according to fancy; the plaited strips are closely pushed into each other; then, commencing in the centre of the crown, sew them close to-

Fig. 2.



gether firmly, in a spiral form, in rows upon the hat shape with silk the color of the paper, using not too thick a needle, always laying the thread over the openings of the plaiting, being careful not to crush the plait. A fresh strip must always be laid on in one of the openings, bending the beginning inwards. The whole hat, including the brim, is lined with silk. Our model is trimmed with sarcenet ribbon and an ostrich feather.

PICTURES should be dusted lightly with cotton wool or a feather brush.

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Receipts, Etc.

GETTING UP LACE.

THE following very practical directions for washing and getting up lace will supply a vast amount of information of benefit to housekeepers.

Muslin or lace should never be rubbed in washing. Take white soap in proportion to the muslins you have to wash, shave it down, and boil it with soft water till it dissolves. When cold, it should be as thick as jelly; mix a part of this jelly with soft tepid water, so as to be strong of the soap; let the muslins lie in this for a night, then add boiling water; move them up and down in the water, repeatedly squeezing them through the hands, so as to wash them, but do not rub them. Having steeped them well in soap and water before, makes rubbing quite unnecessary; tie them loosely up in a pillow case, and with soft water, and the rest of the boiled soap, boil them for a couple of hours; if in the country, they should be laid out on the grass to bleach (without the soap being washed out), and watered when necessary, so as to keep them moist. If in town, where no bleaching on the grass can be procured, put them into a washing tub, and, having poured boiling water over them, leave them in the air for the rest of the day, and during the night in the water; this has a great effect in whitening them; in either case, after being bleached, rinse them twice through cold water, to clear them completely from the soap, and hang them up to dry before being starched. A piece of lace or any small article can be very well bleached by being put outside the window in the sun, in a clear bottle of water, having been previously washed, and the soap left in it. It is a frequent practice not to boil the starch, but to mix it with boiling water, to hang up the muslins or laces the moment they have been put through the starch, and squeezed out, and when dry, and as hard as a piece of board, then they water them down (as it is called), leaving one spot dry and the rest wet, so that to stretch them for ironing, without tearing them, is almost impossible. This mode of proceeding may account for the melancholy frequency of torn lace, and the dull, heavy appearance of beautiful worked collars, looking as if they had been partially rubbed over with flour and water. To give them that light, transparent look which adds so much to their beauty, the treatment must be very different; the starch should be mixed in a little cold soft water, and bruised down with the back of a spoon till quite smooth; more water should be added, till it resembles thin milk, then boiled in a glazed-stone pipkin, till it becomes clear and thick, so as to jelly when cold. The muslins and laces should be put through the starch while it is still warm; squeezed out first in the hand, then gently in a clean smooth cloth, so as to get as much as possible of the starch out without fraying them in any way. The cloth must not be twisted round in the slightest degree, but gently pressed between the hands, putting but a few of the articles in at one time; each article should then be taken separately, held lightly by the two ends with the forefinger and thumb of each hand, and beaten between the palms of both hands for a few minutes; next shaken out and drawn so that each thread in the muslin is perfectly straight, and the shape of the collar is carefully preserved. If after holding it up between you and the light, you find that in some parts it is not sufficiently clear, then a little drawing up and down on those spots will be necessary, so as to free every thread from the starch. It should then be folded up in a damp cloth, and each article put beside it, as soon as it has gone through the same process, so that the whole may have a slight degree of dampness when ironed. When it is not convenient to do up muslins the moment they are starched, it answers well, after they have been squeezed in the cloth, to fold up each article, and to leave them wrapped up together in a cloth for some hours, or a night, to clear themselves. When this is done, they generally require only to be drawn a little, and folded up for ironing; but where great clearness is to be obtained, the stiffer the starch, and the more they are beaten, the better. In getting up fine things well much also depends on the ironing. The ironing blanket should be thick, so that the work on the collars, etc., should have a raised look after being ironed. Where the blanket is thin, the hard surface of the table flattens the work, and injures the appearance. The ironing blanket should be covered with a piece of thin, smooth, long cloth kept for the purpose, and washed each time it is used. In spreading out the collar, or whatever you are about to iron, see that it lies perfectly even, and that each thread is straight up and down; also that the iron has been carefully cleansed, first rubbed on a piece of old carpet, and then wiped with a cloth; and also that it is not too hot. Singeing is a common fault with the inexperienced, and it is a very bad one; for, even when it is not to such a degree as to burn, which may easily happen with a very thin muslin, still it leaves a yellow shade, which not only destroys the appearance at the time, but is very difficult to get rid of. A little practice in handling the irons will soon accustom one to the degree of heat necessary, and till that is the case, an old pocket handkerchief, or some such thing, should be at hand to try each iron on before you venture to iron anything of consequence. Do not pass your iron frequently over the same place if you wish the muslin to retain the stiffness, and also you should hang the article on a screen before the fire the moment it is ironed: it becomes soft if folded up with the slightest dampness upon it. Lace, which to look well should not be stiff, is improved and cleared by being put through cold water as soon as it has been starched; it should then be squeezed out, held by each hand, very slightly beaten between the palms of the hands, and gently drawn out. In drawing out the edge the nails must never touch it. It should all be done by the ball of the thumb and forefinger, and ironed once or twice over to take out the stiffening. When lace is sewed to a muslin collar, and washed with it, as the collar requires to be stiffer than the lace, it will be necessary, after putting it through the starch, and clearing it, by beating and drawing it, to gather the lace together in the hand, and dip it into cold water, so as to take out a good deal of the starch (taking care not to wet the collar); but this is only necessary where the lace is put on with very little fulness, or quite plain. Where it is put on full enough to be set up in small pipes with the French irons, or, rather, curling tongs (as they may be called), it is not necessary to extract any portion of the starch; the lace is the better for being stiff, and, if rather damp when set up in these small pipes, they will retain a regular and tidy appearance as long as the collar can be worn. These small French irons are to be got of different sizes, and answer remarkably well for nightcap borders or frills of any kind. When making use of them, you should be near a stove or fire, where they can be frequently heated, for, as they cannot be used when very hot, for fear of singeing the lace, they require to be constantly heated, and must be wiped with a cloth each time before being used.

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MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

A Good Mince for Patties.—Two ounces of ham, four of chicken or veal, one egg boiled hard, three cloves, a blade of mace, pepper and salt, in fine powder. Just before you serve, warm the above with four spoonfuls of rich gravy, the same of cream, and one ounce of butter. Fill as usual.

Kidneys Stewed.—Cut one beef kidney in small pieces, fry in butter five minutes, drain off the gravy, and put into a stewpan a small piece of butter; when melted, add a teaspoonful of flour, stir until brown, add half a teacupful of stock and the gravy from the kidneys, stir until boiling; add a little chopped parsley, a squeeze of lemon, salt and pepper to taste; put in the kidney, make them hot, but do not let them boil. Sheep's kidneys can be done in the same way.

Kidneys Grilled.—Cut three sheep's kidneys in half, dip them in an egg previously beaten up with salt and pepper; pass them in white bread-crums; put a piece of butter the size of an egg to melt; when melted, dip in the kidneys and pass them again in bread-crums, then grill before a slow fire, and serve with sauce on a rich gravy. Before being dressed in any way, kidneys should always be plunged in boiling water for a minute or so.

Oatmeal Porridge.—Have a saucepan of boiling water; as it boils drop the oatmeal in gently with the left hand, stirring with a stick with the other hand. The quantity of oatmeal must depend on the thickness required; it should boil well, but, as it easily burns, it must be continually stirred. Pour it into a basin, and after standing a few minutes it becomes firm, and may be eaten with cold milk or with sugar and butter. The thickness is a matter of taste.

Beans.—String some French beans, boil them whole in plenty of water, with salt to taste, when done, drain them dry. In the meantime, cut one or more onions into thin slices lengthwise. Put them in a frying pan with a good lump of butter, and keep stirring till they are a golden color; then add the French beans, with pepper and salt to taste, and toss the whole for ten minutes, adding the least drop of stock and a very little vinegar or lemon-juice. Serve hot.

Stewed Red Cabbage.—Remove the outer leaves; cut the cabbage into quarters, and lay them for two or three hours in cold water and vinegar (equal parts) with a handful of salt. Then throw them into boiling water to boil for about twenty minutes, after which drain them thoroughly. Take a piece of the fat of bacon, mince it fine, adding to it the least bit of onion, sweet herbs, pepper, and spices according to taste. Put it all in a saucepan, and as soon as the minced bacon is melted, lay your pieces of cabbage in it, and add a sufficient quantity of hot stock or broth to half cover them. Let the whole simmer till thoroughly done, when you carefully remove each piece of cabbage with a slice, and dispose them neatly on a dish. Then strain the liquor, thicken it into a sauce, add more condiments to taste, skim off superfluous fat, pour the sauce over the dish, and serve.

Steak Pie.—Cut up a pound and a half of fillet steak or rump steak, with two kidneys, previously boiled, two eggs boiled hard and cut lengthways in four pieces, pepper and salt lightly, flour the steak and kidneys, place some of the meat and some of the egg in the dish, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut; add a teacupful of good gravy, seasoned with a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce; fill the dish with the remaining portions of meat and eggs. Cover with the paste, and bake slowly for two hours and a half.

Tomates en Salade.—Peel some good-sized tomatoes, not over-ripe; cut them in slices, and remove the pips; lay them in a dish previously rubbed with garlic, with oil and vinegar in the proportion of two to one; sprinkle pepper and salt over them according to taste, and a few leaves of fresh basil minced fine. They should lie in the sauce for a couple of hours before serving.

French Mode of Cooking Spinach.—Soak the spinach in boiling water until easily pulped if squeezed between the fingers; then immediately throw it into cold water; let it drain, and press it until all the water is removed; chop it up, not too finely, put it dry into a saucepan and heat it in a water-bath; add salt, black pepper, and grated nutmeg, well mixed in with the spinach when hot, put in a good piece of butter, and stir until it is thoroughly melted and mixed.

Mutton Cutlets and Tomatoes.—Trim off the cutlets all superfluous fat, dip them in an egg beaten up with a little oil and some pepper and salt, then roll them in bread-crums, and let them rest for a couple of hours. Peel some good sized tomatoes, and, making an incision round the stalk end, remove all the pips, taking great care in doing so to preserve the tomatoes whole. Lay them in a stewpan with a small quantity of good stock, a pod of garlic, some parsley, and basil, mixed fine, and pepper and salt to taste; let them stew very gently till done. Fry the cutlets a nice color in plenty of butter, arrange them in a circle on a dish, and put the tomatoes in the centre, with as much of their gravy as is necessary.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Common Cake.—Two pounds of flour, four ounces of butter or clarified dripping, half an ounce of caraway seeds, quarter of an ounce of allspice, half a pound of pounded sugar, one pound of currants, one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of fresh yeast. Rub the butter lightly into the flour; add all the dry ingredients, and mix these well together. Make the milk warm, but not hot; stir in the yeast, and with this liquid make the whole into a light dough; knead it well, and line the cake-tins with strips of buttered paper; this paper should be about six inches higher than the top of the tin. Put in the dough; stand it in a warm place to rise for more than an hour; then bake the cakes in a well-heated oven. If this quantity be divided in two, they will take from an hour and a half to two hours' baking.

Yorkshire Pudding.—Make a thin batter, as for frying, with a pint of milk and some flour; season with salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg grated fine. The batter should be perfectly smooth. Beat up the yelks of four eggs and the whites of two with one or two teaspoonfuls of brandy, and strain them into the batter. Beat it well with a fork for some minutes, then pour the mixture to the thickness of an inch into a tin buttered freely, and put it into the oven. When the pudding is set, lay it in the tin slanting in front of the fire under the beef which is roasting, and when the top is well browned, take the pudding out of the tin, and expose the under side of it to the action of the fire. When done, cut it up into convenient pieces and serve on a napkin.

Water Pudding.—Eight tablespoonfuls of water, the juice and rind of one lemon, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and the same of butter; the yelks of four eggs, and the white beaten to a froth. The above must be baked one hour in a slow oven. This is a very nice and useful pudding.

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Doughnuts.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into one pound of flour, then add five ounces of sugar, two eggs, about a dessertspoonful of yeast, and sufficient milk to make it into a stiff paste. Let it stand to rise, then roll it out, cut it into shapes with a paste cutter, and boil it in lard of a nice brown color.

Rhubarb Preserve.—To one pound of rhubarb put an equal weight of sugar, and to every six pounds of rhubarb add two ounces of sweet almonds, each cut into about three pieces, and the juice and rind of a lemon. The almonds should be added when the fruit is half done. Boil till very soft.

Pound Seed Cake.—One pound of butter beaten to a cream, one pound of sifted lump sugar, one pound of flour well dried, eight eggs (yelks and whites beaten separately), and caraway seeds to taste. Mix the ingredients, and beat all well together for one hour. Put the batter into a tin-shape lined with paper, and buttered. Bake in a moderate oven.

A Nice Useful Cake.—Quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of currants, quarter of a pound of sugar, one pound of dried flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, three eggs, one teacupful of milk, two ounces of sweet almonds, one ounce of candied peel. Beat the butter to a cream; wash, pick, and dry the currants; whisk the eggs; blanch and chop the almonds, and cut the peel into neat slices. When all these are ready, mix the dry ingredients together; then add the butter, milk, and eggs, and beat the mixture well for a few minutes. Put the cake into a buttered mould or tin, and bake it for rather more than an hour and a half. The currants and candied peel may be omitted, and a little lemon or almond flavoring substituted for them: made in this manner, the cake will be found very good.

A Family Plum Cake or Soda Cake.—Beat half a pound of butter to cream, add half a pound of powdered sugar, the beaten whites and the yelks of three eggs, half an ounce of fine carbonate of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of warm milk; then two pounds of fine flour and half a pound of currants; beat very well, and bake in a buttered tin for two hours.

CONTRIBUTED.

MR. GODEY: I send you a very fine receipt for mince pies, which I have tried for several years:—

Mince Meat.—One quart of raw beef, after being finely chopped and all strings taken out; one pint of suet, chopped finely; two quarts of chopped apples, one quart of raisins, one quart of currants, one quart of citron, spice and orange peel to your taste, and one pint of brandy to be put in the preserving kettle and cooked until the apples look clear, one quart of sugar; add more brandy when done, as cooking destroys the strength. H.

Mixed Pickle, or Chow-Chow.—To a half bushel of green tomatoes, half a dozen heads of cauliflower, fifty small cucumbers, half a peck of silver onions, half a peck of string beans; slice the tomatoes and onions, beans and cauliflowers any size you may wish, sprinkle them with one pint of salt, and let them stand until next day in the morning, press out the salt water thoroughly, cut three dozen of large green peppers, half a pound each of whole spices, cloves, allspice, pepper, and a quarter of a pound of mace, four tablespoonfuls of black and white mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls of Cayenne pepper, and two of celery seed; take the pickle and place them alternately with a layer of spices in a kettle, cover them with best cider vinegar, and let them scald fifteen minutes; mix two boxes of pure yellow mustard, with two bottles of olive oil, through the pickle and they are ready for use. This receipt I can cordially recommend, as I have repeatedly tried it and seen it tried. K. B.

Jelly or Cream Cake.—One cup of butter, one of milk, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. T. E. T.

Bavarian Cream.—Soften in cold water a quarter of a box of gelatine, pour on a teacupful of boiling sweet milk, dissolve well, then add a pint of whipped cream, sweetened and flavored to taste. Stir well just before congealing.

Quince Cheese.—Boil the quinces until soft, then scrape off the peel with a silver spoon, and mash the fruit to a pulp; to every pound add three-quarters of a pound of sugar; cook until quite stiff, and put into moulds; will keep all winter. J. A. P.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR SIR: In reply to a young housekeeper for a receipt to wash flannels and keep them from shrinking, I offer her mine, which I have used twelve years, and always have my flannels extremely nice. Cut finely half a pound of Dobbins's soap into four gallons of soft water and one tablespoonful of pulverized borax; heat hot enough to bear the hands without scalding, lay your flannels in, allowing them to soak twenty minutes; always have suds enough to cover them, which can be done by adding water the same heat as the suds; then rub them gently on the board, using little soap, and that to be the best; if necessary, give them two waters, being sure they are the same heat; have ready rinse water, with very little blue and one teaspoonful of pulverized borax, of the same heat as the suds; rinse and hang them immediately up. If this is complied with, a young housekeeper will never complain of her flannels shrinking or getting yellow. MRS. DR. M. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Remove Stains from Marble.—Take two parts of common soda, one part pumice-stone, and one of finely powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water; then rub it well over the marble, and the stains will be removed. Wash the marble afterwards with soap and water.

Moths in Carpets.—To destroy moths without knowing whether they have already laid their eggs is a useless insecticide, for it is not by the moths that carpets, woollens, and furs are damaged, but by their larvæ which proceed from the eggs. The thing to do is not to give the moths a chance of laying their eggs, and this result is best attained with brushes and bróoms and good servants.

To Pack Away Dresses.—Carefully fold in very dark blue paper, as highly glazed as possible. This will preserve the color of them, but they must be also kept in a dry place, or be occasionally unfolded and hung for a few hours in a dry room, and the paper be dried, too, otherwise they are sure to get spotted with mould.

To Clean a Glass Globe.—Put the globe into a saucepan with cold water and plenty of soda, and place it by the side of the fire to simmer gently, and when it has done so, remove the saucepan, but the globe must not be taken out till the water has become quite cold again.

Polish for Furniture.—One-third spirits of wine, one-third of vinegar, and one-third of sweet oil; or rather more of the last. Shake the bottle well daily for three weeks; it is then fit for use, but the longer it is kept, the better it is. The furniture must be rubbed till the polish is dry; use every two or three months, and rub the furniture over daily when dusted. For dining-room tables and sideboard, use it every week; it makes them beautifully bright.

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Editors' Table.

THE POWER OF MAN AND THE FAITH OF WOMAN.

In the year 571 of our era there was born in Arabia the self-styled Prophet of God, Mahomet, predicted, as we believe, by St. John, in the closing book of the Bible, who calls him "the false prophet." In this Divine history the rise and fall of the enemy of Christ is clearly portrayed.

In his influence over the destinies of mankind, Mahomet must rank as the most wonderful of the men who have established a system of government founded on religion. That his natural endowments for the work were great will be seen by the following sketch from the best authenticated traditionists:—

"He was of middle height, rather thin, but broad of shoulders, wide of chest, strong of bone and muscle. His head was massive, strongly developed. Dark hair, slightly curled, flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. His face was oval-shaped, slightly tawny of color. Fine, long, arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great, restless, black eyes shone out from under long, heavy eyelashes. * * * A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion 'red and white,' his hands were as 'silk and satin'—even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm. His whole gait and presence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smile. * * * In his habits he was extremely simple, though he bestowed great care upon his person. Perfumes he loved passionately. Strong drinks he abhorred."

Such was Mahomet when, in his twenty-fourth year, he married his first wife, his only true wife, Chadija. Her character and its influence over him were, in the result, as noteworthy almost as his own, in their fitness to sustain his strength, and to guide him in his career. Together they showed the great results that may be wrought by the united efforts of the *Power of Man and the Faith of Woman.*

Chadija was older by fourteen years than her husband. She possessed a rare union of qualities—housewifely capacity and a capability of faith that made her doubly his helper. The cares of life were removed from him by her motherly hands; and when he returned from his desert wanderings, bearing with him his revelations, she was his first convert. Mahomet told her what he had seen. Whereupon she answered and said: "Rejoice, O dear husband, and be of good faith! He, in whose hands stands Chadija's life, is my witness that thou wilt be the prophet of this people."

In 621 Chadija died, at the age of sixty-five years. The immediate result of her loss was to reduce him almost to beggary. His bitter grief was aggravated by persecution, and he almost despaired, when by a remarkable event, which we have not space to narrate, he became established at Medina. His history from that time forth is well known. He was recognized as a great prophet, saw his power daily increase, and died at last, at the age of sixty-one, surrounded by believing followers, and leaving to his successors the germ of a mighty empire.

The Eastern nations, when the Gospel was opened, and Christianity organized its first churches, had become deplorably fallen and wicked. Anarchy and unbelief held sway over the people. It seemed that the justice of God, in condemnation of the corrupted churches of Asia and Africa, had allowed the whirlwind of Islam to rage over the wretched apostates. Christ had been forsaken, crucified afresh, and put to open shame by His own pretended followers: therefore Antichrist founded his kingdom on the ruins of the Eastern churches. The extent of this Eastern Christianity is not generally borne in mind. It was "estimated at seven or ten times the size of the coeval Christianity of Europe, Roman, and Greek together." In Western Asia there were eighty-four bishoprics; in Palestine forty-seven. Armenia was wholly converted, and Persia so thronged with Christians, that when Sapor the Old began his first persecution, he put twenty-five bishops to death at once, one of whom is said to have had in his diocese two hundred and fifty priests. But this great body was wholly corrupt. The pure faith of Christ had been so changed and obscured by a multitude of foolish and profane rites introduced from the surrounding idolatries that none of the vital faith of their religion remained.

MAHOMETANISM ESTABLISHED.

The Koran had been accepted by the followers of the dead prophet. In this, his sacred book, he sets aside reason, stifles conscience, represses inquiry, forbids private judgment: the only moral responsibility he acknowledges is that of implicit obedience to the laws of the Koran as the ultimatum of truth, of knowledge, and of righteousness. His creed was made for all men; those who refused to accept it were to be subdued or destroyed. His followers of every name—Persians, Moors, Arabs, Turks, representing the three Continents of Asia, Africa, and Europe—were united in rejecting the divinity of Christ, and hating Christianity. War was their great argument; their aim was the sovereignty of the earth. Nor was power the only reward offered to true believers. The harems of this world and the houries of heaven were to be theirs. It was not strange that they seized upon his promises, so flattering to the pride and the passions of men. They made of warfare for the faith the profession of their lives, the avenue to gain and glory. Like a consuming fire, driven by a furious wind, they burst over the Eastern churches, offering only the alternative of destruction or conversion. The sacred buildings of these degenerate sects were levelled to the ground, or transformed into mosques, where none but men might enter, worshippers of Allah and of Mahomet his Prophet.

During a hundred years the Christians of Asia, Africa, and Southern Europe were beaten down by successive floods of invasion. Finally, the Moslems, gathering all their powers, came as with the determined purpose to subdue all the kingdoms of Europe, and to blot out forever the name of Christendom from the islands of the Northern Ocean. Had the battle of Tours, fought in 732, been decided in favor of the False Prophet, Europe might now be under the heel of a Caliph, and the muezzin chanted from the towers of Paris and London; and our Pilgrim ancestors, if, indeed, they came, would have come to propagate the Koran among the savages of Massachusetts.

For the time, Islam was checked, never again to penetrate so far into Europe. But the East was sorely ravaged for centuries. Jerusalem was twice

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taken, and finally, in 1185, became the prey of the Saracens. Little is left of it but a heap of ruins. Constantinople fell in 1453. Both these cities have been retained by the victors. Their condition of ignorance, misery, and decay is the strongest commentary on Mahometan rule.

Europe had saved her Christian anchorage, especially in the British Islands. But the nations that held the true faith during the fierce storms and surging tides of the Dark Ages were sorely broken by bloody wars, and burdened with crushing miseries. The evils of a false system of laws and morals had been darkness, delusions, hatreds, and wars. During these trials, the Western World of America had been for nearly 5500 years a sealed book, unread by Eastern light. The hopes it held in store for humanity were hidden from the old civilization, until that civilization had received new light from the oracles of the true God, and entered on the struggle for a better condition of life. Who can estimate the services of those strong minds that burst the shackles of the prison house, and gave to the people the printed Bible in their mother tongues? This was the greatest work of the Reformation.

Americans have special advantages. Standing, as it were, on the tableland of time, overlooking the long centuries of the Old World, we can see where the power of man and the faith of woman have sought after the Good. So we can trace the history of our own land for the two hundred and fifty years of its progress. A thousand years after Mahomet and the Koran, our world was settled by Christian men and women. In 1620 the Pilgrims founded the Commonwealth of Massachusetts on the laws and precepts of the Bible, secured and established by the free schools for children, where men and women exercise together the freedom of religious worship, and learn to know God's word. New subjects for thought, new motives for endeavor were opened to the race. Man was taught that his own improvement and advancement in knowledge and happiness was the end of government; that, guided by the word of God, he might fearlessly pursue his own welfare and that of the race. The power of man and the faith of woman were united in the service of Christianity.

The nations needed a nobler example of heroism than could be found in the blood-stained annals of Europe. In 1732, just 1000 years after the battle of Tours, a man-child was born in Virginia, where the first settlement in our New World was made; and now the name and the deeds of George Washington are known from the shores of England to the islands of Japan. Wherever the sun rises, his name is honored as the hero of humanity.

The Old World was governed by military force—not that force which, as in our own land, stands behind the laws to sustain them when made by the people, but the force that moves at the bidding of sovereigns to enforce their despotic edicts against a suffering nation.

Twelve years after the old State House bell had rung in Freedom, the Constitution of the United States settled upon an enduring basis the rights of free suffrage in the choice of rulers. Civil and religious liberty became the birthright of every American citizen. Thus civilization received a triple impulse:—

The Pilgrims had incorporated religion into our laws and our daily life; the example of Washington had forever associated military greatness with the aim of doing good to the world; the Constitution had established the right of each and every man to a share in the choice of his rulers.

These three ideas have not spent their force in our land. Once seen in operation, they have had a reflex influence upon the Old World. For the last hundred years, the ideas, the institutions, and the inventions of America have helped to direct the future of Europe: but not of Europe only.

In 1820, 1200 years after the false prophet and his faith had darkened the East, there went out from this Western land the light of the Gospel, borne by a faithful preacher and his devoted wife. Adonijah and Ann Hazeltine Judson were the pioneers of the American Foreign Missionary Society for the heathen of Asia. Never since the fourth century had the free Gospel of Salvation been carried to those dark places of earth with such singleness of mind and heart. Fifty years have passed, and the record of American Missions has a place in the world's history.

From an interesting lecture on Turkey by the Hon. E. Joy Morris, for many years American Minister at Constantinople, we take this impressive testimony to the worth of American Missionaries:—

"The American Missionaries in Turkey are scattered all over the empire, and are to be found in some of its remotest and wildest parts, among the most bigoted and fanatical populations. They have introduced education where no means of instruction previously existed, have opened schools to the children of all faiths, and taught the Bible to those willing to receive it, in their own native tongues and dialects. Wherever they have established themselves, they have vastly improved the character of the populations by the superior code of morals they have inculcated. Some communities, notorious for their vicious habits and practices, they have reformed into societies conspicuous for their respect for law and order, for their regard for religious obligations and their duties to their fellow-men.

"They devote themselves to the study of the languages of the country, and are able to speak to the people in their own tongue, whether it be the pure Turkish, Arabic, Sclavonic, Greek, Armenian, or some of the polyglotted dialects so common in the East. They have translated the Bible into all the mother tongues and corrupted dialects in the Turkish Empire, and it is not too much to say that they are powerfully contributing to the religious, political, and social condition of the East."

Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., missionary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and Founder of the "Robert College" at Constantinople, said in a speech made in Philadelphia, February 12th:—

"I have been solicited by scores of most intelligent gentlemen who brought their sons to Robert College—Armenians, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Jews—to found a similar institution for their daughters. One intelligent merchant said to me, 'You Americans, college makers, and builders, have done only half your work in building a college for our sons; now do the other half in building a college for our daughters, and not one that will hold 200, like Robert College, but one that will hold 1000, and you will see how soon we will fill it and meet all the necessary expenses."

The remarks of Mr. Hamlin are suggestive of great changes in the East, to be wrought by the influence of the American missions. For the last ten years the women of America have entered earnestly upon missions to the heathen. We cannot here even record the great results. But the history is written and should be carefully studied. Our readers may have observed references to three dates of historical events that present in contrast Mahometan with American civilization. Two intervals of a thousand years have been marked, and one of twelve hundred years. We insert these dates merely as stepping-stones in the stream of time, to assist the memory and suggest the great contrasts between the two nations most remarkable for assimilating different races into one political unit; one by war and oppression, the other by freedom and peace.

One more contrast of dates, more important even than the others, may be given. The year 571 of our

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era was the birth date of Mahomet. For thirteen hundred years his Koran has been like an iron shroud, enclosing his followers in a strait and fanatical creed. Their intensity of hatred for Christianity is without a parallel in history. But now the change is at hand. In 1871, just thirteen hundred years after the birth of the false prophet, one of his followers has publicly confessed the worth of Christianity. We copy this announcement from the *Delhi Gazette*:—

"The American missionaries of Bareilly, having a desire to establish a hospital and medical school in connection with the Girls' Orphanage under their care, recently visited His Highness, the Nawab of Rampore, for the purpose of trying to obtain, either by purchase or exchange, his Bareilly estate, it being a very valuable and in every respect the most suitable site for such an institution. From a brief representation of the enterprise, His Highness gave no opportunity for negotiation, but from a prompt appreciation of the humane character of the project, he at once presented the estate as a free gift. He has thus especially merited the honor and esteem of every philanthropist in Hindoostan, for this first valuable contribution towards the establishment of the first hospital and medical school in India, exclusively for native women. What a noble contrast is this magnanimous act of this native prince in these days of vile assassins and fanatic rebels!"

The words of the Nawab in making this great donation, were, "Take it; take it. I give it to you with much pleasure for that purpose:" *i. e.*, for the women's hospital. Do not these expressions show that man's power to sustain the creed of the false prophet has yielded to the faith of a Christian woman, who worships the true God, and works under the gospel of peace and love?

Washington's motto for our country was: "Peace with all nations; entangling alliances with none." It is not customary for our government to acknowledge gifts made to its citizens; but if this were ever proper, we could wish that some public acknowledgment and thanks might be made to the generous Nawab for his gift to a cause which is pre-eminently that of peace and good will to all the nations of the world. But the great Methodist denomination, to which these missionaries belonged, will no doubt take cognizance of the gift. In some emphatic and memorable way they will mark their appreciation of the great fact that now, thirteen hundred years after the birth of Mahomet, his creed is fast perishing before the beneficent influence of Christianity. The value of this estate has been differently rated, but cannot be estimated by a money standard. The institutions which this great gift will originate for heathen women under the instruction of Miss Clara Swain, M. D., the American doctress, must show their beneficent influences on the Eastern world. But the most grateful tribute of thanks to the generous Nawab will be offered by the women of America, who are engaged in introducing the Christian medical missionary ladies to the suffering women and children of the East. They will take a deeper interest in Moslem households, feeling the assured hope that the time of the prophetic promise is drawing nigh, when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea."

THE PLAY GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

We are becoming awake, even in this work-day age and busy country, to the fact that grown people, as well as children, need their vacations. Not only boys and girls, but also men and women, cannot safely toil or study all the year round, without intermission. All work and no play will make our Jacks and Jills of every age both dull and distempered. Every one who can spend a few weeks in relaxation during the summer months finds by experience that the time thus occupied is not lost, but may rather be counted a gain, even for success in the active duties of life.

At the same time that we are acquiring this consciousness, we are becoming aware of the great advantages which our country presents to the seekers after recreation of this sort. Those who prefer to feel the fresh breeze from the blue waves, and to hear the plash of the surf, can find hundreds of pleasant resorts along our coasts, washed by two oceans, or on the shores and islands of our great inland seas. Those who like the crisp air and grand scenery of the mountains have an equal variety of choice among the lake-gemmed uplands of Maine, the granite peaks of New Hampshire, the wild recesses of the Adirondacks, and the many picturesque retreats hidden in the clustered files and offshoots of the Alleghanies. Of late years the Rocky Mountains and the ranges further west have unfolded their marvels; valleys which remind us of the Arabian Nights, giant trees which seem to date from the deluge, lakes of unknown depth, and cataracts which vie with Niagara. Last and most marvellous of all is the discovery of the region on the upper Yellowstone, which it is proposed to reserve as a National Park—a region where all the wonders of Iceland and Switzerland seem to exist, combined with others which are found nowhere else; stupendous mountains, picturesque lakes, beautiful waterfalls, painted rocks, clusters of hot springs flowing over terraces of alabaster, enormous geysers hurling their columns of water two hundred feet in the air, and many other astonishing things, which in future years, when better facilities for reaching them are provided, will attract sight-seers from every part of the civilized world.

To those who have a fancy, in their summer vacations, to visit another country, the neighboring Dominion of Canada, which now stretches, like our own domain, from ocean to ocean, offers many attractions—charming lakes, storied cities, the noble St. Lawrence, with its lovely groups of wooded islets and its exciting run down the rapids; these, with its bracing climate and its hospitable people, make the country well worthy of a visit.

Switzerland has been called "the play ground of Europe." In our country we have the choice of many such play grounds, to suit all tastes and all purses. Remembering that the bow which is never unbent loses in time its power, let us give ourselves and those who are dependent on us a play day occasionally, and be thankful for the charms with which nature on every side draws us away from the wearing anxieties of our busy life to these scenes of pure and healthful enjoyment.

THE BEST NATIONAL INFLUENCE.

There is a satisfaction, of course, in knowing that our country is great and powerful, and is able to make its voice heard with effect in the councils of the nations. But we feel that the best influence, after all, is not that which springs from greatness and power. These may produce the respect which comes from fear, but they do not awaken confidence and affection. The Japanese rulers, in sending their statesmen to study our institutions, and their young men and maidens to be educated in our seminaries, have shown an esteem for our people and our social system which is very gratifying, as it must have its origin in personal regard. The same evidence comes from Turkey, where an American, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, has been the first to overcome the unwillingness of the authorities to allow a Christian college to be established in Constantinople. The American col-

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lege in that city has now nearly two hundred students, and is proving highly successful in breaking down the barriers of creeds and prejudices which separated the many religious communities of that country from each other and from the rest of the world.

In work of this kind the efforts of American women have been most effectual. According to the *Missionary Herald*, "there are now thirty unmarried ladies, most of them educated in some of the best institutions of the United States, devoting their culture and discipline to special labors in behalf of their sex, at sixteen of the principal centres of influence in the Turkish empire." They have under their charge ten boarding schools, with over two hundred pupils, in training for Christian work. In addition to this duty, and to their labor in Sunday-schools and other missionary work, these ladies visit the women in their homes, and establish "Mothers' meetings," with special reference to the training of Christian households.

Similar effort is going on in China, where an American college is about to be established; in India, and throughout the isles of the great ocean. Such work, and the steady, silent influence of the example of our free government and equal laws, are accomplishing more for the world's improvement and benefit than the most benevolent of despots could achieve, with all the appliances of statesmanship and diplomacy, backed by the mightiest armies. The thirty American ladies who are now engaged in teaching and training the women and children of Turkey are doing for that country what the Czar of Russia, with the best intentions, would attempt in vain.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

A WARNING.—Green, not the color itself, but the mode of making it, is known to be often poisonous. We have heard of the ill effects produced by wall papers and by stockings with this color in them. And now we have the statement that a lady in Mobile was not long ago made seriously ill by poison, manifesting itself by sores about the mouth, caused by biting her thread while working with green sewing silk.

THE LIMIT OF JESTING.—"Have I not a right to be saucy, if I please?" asked a lively young lady of an old bachelor friend. "Yes, if you please," was the candid reply, "but not if you displease."

PROGRESS IN EDINBURGH.—The vexed question of the medical education of women, which has so long disturbed the University of Edinburgh, has at last been practically settled by receiving the sanction of the "University Court." The resolution adopted by the court expresses the desire "to remove as far as possible any present obstacle in the way of a complete medical education being given to women," provided always that they are instructed in classes separate from the men. They are also not to have degrees conferred upon them, but only "certificates of proficiency." This, however, is merely because it is considered that the granting of degrees to women would not be within the legal province of the university. This last objection will doubtless be overcome in time by a more liberal charter. The fact that the ruling powers of this old and staid institution have declared in favor of giving "a complete medical education to women," is full of encouragement to those who have long striven to show that the practice of medicine is one of the professions for which women are peculiarly adapted, and for which therefore the best means of preparation should be afforded to them.

ART IN FRANCE.—The question whether a woman can be a great artist appears to be settled, at least in the judgment of picture buyers. At a recent sale of works of art in Paris, comprising pictures by eminent modern painters, very high prices were obtained. By far the highest price was given for a painting of Rosa Bonheur, "Landscape and Sheep," which brought 34,500 francs, or nearly $5,900. The prices nearest to this were obtained for an "Interior," by Baron Leys, which brought 27,000 francs; and a "War Scene," by the famous Delacroix, 21,000 francs. It may be deemed a good sign for unhappy France when a pastoral scene by Rosa Bonheur is more highly prized than a war picture by the most renowned of modern French painters.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles have been accepted: "Ethelina"—"At Tender Twilight Love to Thee"—"In the Valley"—"A Waife"—"The Fallen Leaf"—"Sleep"—"Musings"—"Pride and Humility"—"Lightened Shadows"—"Music"—"Popular Art"—"Evening," and "My Attempts to Win Fame."

The following are declined: "A Christian All"—"Mabel"—"Jareb's Choice," and "The Victory."

M. S. C. W.—We have not published riddles, etc. for several years. No stamp inclosed for return.

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE.

HEART DISEASE.

MANY individuals with heart disease carry it for an ordinary life time, and then die from some other cause entirely. That a person has this affection does not imply, as many suppose, that he or she "is of few days and full of trouble." Oftentimes it is of no trouble at all, even when the disease is considerable, and it may be carried for many a year, with the same lack of symptoms, if care is taken in the general habits of life.

Heart diseases are incurable as a general rule. They are beyond the reach of medicine just as an amputated limb is beyond the reach of medicine that will make it grow out again. Most affections of this organ are due to some disease or distortion of the valves. The heart is a pump, in matter of fact, and pumps blood to the different parts of the body, as any other pump would do if properly arranged, and placed in a similar position, and its valves are just as liable to "get out of order," and work imperfectly, as any metal pump would be. If these valves could be gotten at, and the various imperfections and disarrangements attended to, all could be made speedily well again; but they cannot, and it is therefore just as useless to attempt a cure by the use of medicine, as it would be to dose a cistern pump with oil and poultices, and expect a recovery, when it got a little out of kilter. All that can be done is to prevent it from getting worse, and this is only to be accomplished by strict attention to such rules as obviate the exciting causes. Anything which excites the head to increased action, has a tendency to induce disease, just as anything which abuses a metal pump will soon make it useless. Violent freaks of passion, severe and long-continued exertions, the use of alcoholic stimulants, rich food, and riotous living, are common causes, as are also certain diseases, over

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which individuals have no immediate control. The life, day in and day out, therefore, of an individual with disease of the heart should be the model of soberness and propriety. He should live cautious, live low, live temperate; no wine, no tobacco, no anything that will excite or exhaust the system. He should take only the most nutritious and digestible of food, and that in quantities only sufficient for his sustenance. He should avoid late hours, over exercise, and excitement of every kind, and, in fact, should do nothing, mentally or physically, that would in any way interfere with his cardiac apparatus. This is indispensable, all of it, to his continued existence. The more religiously he attends to it, the longer he will live; the less he attends to it, the shorter is his earthly career.

But some one may say, heart diseases are not always of so little consequence, and are often attended with serious dropsy and general discomfort and misery. These are just the cases where improper mode of living is bringing things "to a finale," and no one need ever get to this stage of things if he "knows himself" and takes a stitch in time.

Asthma.—An excellent remedy for asthma consists in "Nitre Paper," smoked as a cigarette, or burned in the room as the paroxysms are about coming on. It is prepared by soaking white paper in a solution of common nitre, or nitrate of potassa, and then allowed to dry for use. Paper prepared in this way, and smoked or burned, so that the fumes may be breathed into the lungs, will afford immediate and grateful relief in a very few moments.

Literary Notices.

From CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

HELEN ETHINGER; *or, Not Exactly Right.* By Elsie Leigh Whittlesey, author of "Who was She?" etc. Measured by a purely literary standard, this book falls far short of perfection. There are crudities in its style; there is displayed an ignorance of the world and its ways such as only an inexperienced woman, who knows nothing of the world and its ways, except what she learns from books, could only be guilty of, and even she is scarcely excusable for putting her ignorance in print. Having said this, our fault-finding ends. Judged from the standpoint of feeling, we have nothing but praise to bestow upon the book. It is the story of an unloved and unloving wife, and of children brought up under the harsh rule of a tyrannical father. Such a theme is a difficult one to handle, and a less skilful writer might have made sad work of it. But while it is highly wrought and deeply affecting, there is no mock sentimentality about it, and nothing objectionable in point of morality. Though the picture is a harsh one, and one which we trust seldom finds its counterpart in real life, still it is not exaggerated. Such things have been, such things might be, and like results will always follow where love is not the supreme law of the household. The reader of this book will readily overlook its blemishes in consideration of its merits.

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From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE LITTLE MOORLAND PRINCESS. Translated from the German of E. Marlitt, author of "The Old Ma'mselle's Secret," etc., by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Mrs. Wister is peculiarly happy in her selection of German works for translation into English. "The Little Moorland Princess" is one of the prettiest and liveliest stories we have read for a long time. Its plot, without being intricate, is well constructed; its characters are marked, and unlike those ordinarily met with in romance; and the interest is admirably sustained until the very last.

HOMER AND SOCRATES. By Mrs. Eliza Winchell Smith. Translated from the French of A. de Lamertine. With a brief Biography. The translation of the prose portions of this book is performed with tolerable ability. But the poem, "The Death of Socrates," is presented in such execrable rhyme and rythm, that it would have been far better to have left it in the original French.

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From ELDREDGE & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. *A Text-Book for Schools and Colleges.* By John S. Hart, LL. D. This is an exceedingly valuable book of reference, and should be in the library of every student and literary man. It dates its history of English literature back to the very earliest writers of which any record has been preserved, and, in the course of sixteen lengthy chapters, brings it down to the present period. Each chapter is devoted to a single period in literature, thus we have in chapter five, "Spencer and Contemporary Poets;" in chapter fourteenth, "Sir Walter Scott and his Contemporaries;" and in chapter sixteenth and the last, "Tennyson and his Contemporaries," which chapter is subdivided into sections, relating to the poets, the novelists, writers on literature and politics, writers on philosophy and science, etc. etc.

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From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Phila.:—

JOHN JASPER'S SECRET. *A Sequel to Charles Dickens's Unfinished Novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."* Some of the reviewers of Charles Dickens's memory may have preferred to see his last literary effort remain forever in its unfinished state. Such can easily let the story remain unfinished for them by refusing to read "John Jasper's Secret." But we believe the majority of readers will prefer even an imperfectly finished work to a fragment. "John Jasper's Secret," while, of course, it does not equal the writings of Dickens in style and power, is far from being a discreditable performance. The writers, whoever they may be, and they are undoubtedly persons of no mean literary ability, claim to have no knowledge beyond that already possessed by the public concerning Mr. Dickens's intentions concerning his plot. They have simply taken up the thread where he has dropped it, and carried it on to a conclusion, in a manner which seemed to them most consistent with the general idea of the work. The story cannot fail to interest, and, to the not hypercritical reader, will, no doubt, prove satisfactory.

THE LOST HEIR OF LINLITHGOW. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. A story full of misery, mystery, and tragedy, written in Mrs. Southworth's highly-wrought and peculiarly captivating style. The scene is laid in England, and earls and other members of the nobility figure constantly in its pages. The story ends satisfactorily, and its readers have a promise of a sequel.

VENETIA TRELAWNEY; *or, The Fourth Series of the "Mysteries of the Court of London."* By George W. M. Reynolds.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., and CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

POOR MISS FINCH. *A Novel.* By Wilkie Collins. With illustrations. It seems scarcely necessary to do more than announce that Wilkie Collins has written a new story. That it is absorbing in in-

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terest, follows as a matter of course. The space allowed us in these notices will not admit of anything like elaborate criticisms, either of its merits or defects. The heroine is blind; the two heroes are twin brothers, who are both deeply in love with the heroine. Owing to the lady's blindness, and the extreme resemblance in feature, voice, and manner of the brothers, various complications arise. Through the agency of a German oculist, the lady is restored to sight, only to rejoice in losing it again shortly after; for she says, at two different times, "My blindness is my blessing," and "My love lies in my blindness."

AROUND THE WORLD: *Sketches of Travel through many Lands and over many Seas.* By E. D. G. Prime, D. D. With numerous illustrations. This is an interesting book of travel, whose first route lies over the Pacific Railway to the West. A chapter is devoted to Utah and the Mormons. Two chapters are given to California, one of which is occupied in describing the wonders and beauties of the Yo Semite Valley. This chapter is beautifully illustrated. From California to Japan, China, India, Jerusalem, and thence westward to European civilization, and then homeward, and the circle of the world is complete. There is much that is new and much that is interesting in these pages. Doctor Prime has shown himself an attentive observer of people and things, and an ardent admirer of Nature.

THE LOVES OF ARDEN. *A Novel.* By M. E. Braddon. Illustrated. This is an improvement on Miss Braddon's ordinary style of romance, inasmuch as there is neither murder, bigamy, nor elopement in it. It is written with the author's usual power and vigor, and is full of interest both in plot and incident.

THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST. By Charles Dickens. This is the initial volume of a new edition, large, clear in print, and handsomely bound, of the works of Charles Dickens. It is called the "Household Edition." The illustrations of this volume, twenty-eight in number, are new, and from designs by J. Mahoney.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, *on the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians.* By Albert Barnes. This is a revised edition of a commentary which has been received as a standard authority by a certain portion of our religious community.

TWENTY YEARS AGO. *From the Journal of a Girl in her Teens.* Edited by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." This is a *bona fide* journal of a girl in her teens, who spent two years in Paris twenty years ago. She was a witness to the *coup d'état* of Napoleon, and gives her account of events, people, and manners, political and social, in a lively, fresh style, which, while it is girlish, is far from being crude. The book will be found interesting to old and young alike.

READING WITHOUT TEARS; *or, A Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read.* By the author of "Peep of Day," etc. Part First. An excellent little book for either school or family use.

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From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE, *an Autobiographical Story.* By George Macdonald. George Macdonald is making rapid strides toward the front rank of English novelists. Indeed there are few men whose writings are so uniformly good, so uniformly interesting, and so uniformly exalted in sentiment, as are his. This story is the most recent and by far the best from his pen. It is profusely illustrated and handsomely bound.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST LIFE. By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M. D., F. R. S., D. C. L., etc. A man with a memory reaching back for four-score years, an extensive traveller, possessing high literary and scientific attainments, a personal knowledge with an acquaintance of most of the celebrities of the present and past generations, together with full cognizance of European politics, Sir Henry Holland could not well fail to make an interesting and entertaining book. A small edition was first printed for private circulation, and afterwards reprinted for the same purpose; and it is only upon being convinced that the book will be found of interest to others than personal friends, that its author has consented to its publication.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. *A Narrative of 1757.* By J. Fennimore Cooper. Illustrated by drawings by F. O. C. Darley. We are pleased to see that the works of Cooper are about to be revived for the benefit of a generation who knows comparatively little of them, except by reputation. The book before us is the second of the series of the "Leather-stocking" novels.

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From DODD & MEAD, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

BEDE'S CHARITY. By Hesba Stretton, author of "Max Kromer," etc. A pleasant, semi-religious English story, designed probably to be added to a Sunday-school library.

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From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

OUR FOUR BOYS. By Julia A. Mathews. This well-written little story is the history of four brothers and cousins who went off on a cruise together. Their troubles, their adventures, and their final triumph over all evil, are well and simply told. There is a clearly marked distinction of character, not often found between the four. Each acts as we should expect him to do from his character, and yet all are natural and life-like. We commend the book heartily.

MAMIE'S WATCHWORD. By Joanna H. Mathews. The authoress of the "Bessie Books" has a reputation among children that assures her an eager audience for every new book. This is fully up to her standard. It is a real gift, that of writing for children, and it is pleasant to think that there is good, wholesome food provided for their growing minds.

THE CASH BOY'S TRUST. By Annie M. Mitchell. A story of a little boy whose sister, younger than himself, was left in his charge by a dying mother. How he discharged that trust is well and pleasantly told.

THE CHILDREN'S TABERNACLE. By A. L. O. E.

MAT AND SOPHIE. *The Prince and the Player.*

Messrs. Carter's publications are so well printed and nicely bound that one is prepossessed in their favor, and their contents answer the expectation aroused by the outside. A. L. O. E.'s books are among the best of our juveniles.

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From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

THE DESSERT BOOK; *A Complete Manual from the best American and Foreign Authorities.* With Original, Economical Receipts. By a Boston Lady. We can scarcely suppose that any intelligent housekeeper, who has the charge only of a moderate household, and who places any value upon her time, will need to study a volume of two hundred pages in order that she may provide desserts sufficiently

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varied to suit the requirements of her family. Still, this volume will offer such a lady an almost endless variety of receipts from which to choose, and it may prove peculiarly acceptable in large establishments.

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From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

AUNT JO'S SCRAP BAG. By Louisa M. Alcott. These little stories are in every way worthy of the authoress of "Little Women." They will be read with the sincerest pleasure by thousands of children, and in that pleasure there will not be a single forbidden ingredient. "My Boys," which, opening upon by chance, we read through at a sitting, is charming. Ladislas, the noble, sweet-tempered Pole, is the original of Laurie, ever to be remembered by all "Aunt Jo's" readers.

THE THIEF IN THE NIGHT. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Mrs. Spofford is well-known to the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who will recognize in this handsome book her accustomed passion, power, and something of her fanciful cloudiness. She is thoroughly refined and delicate, and the dreamy pleasure with which we read her stories is never jarred by any shock to our taste or feelings.

STORIES TOLD TO A CHILD. Second Series. By Jean Ingelow. It is enough to name Miss Ingelow, to assure our readers that they will find here sweet, pure, natural writing, the furthest possible from sensation, and the best to put into children's hands. Messrs. Roberts' publications are so handsomely got up; their print, their paper, and their binding, are all so excellent, that it is a double pleasure to find the contents always worthy of their beautiful dress.

—

ETHELENA; or, *Self-Sacrifice*. A Poem. By the author of "Friendship's Offering," etc. We are indebted to the author for a copy of this volume. We read in the preface: "Many of the facts mentioned in the following poem have appeared under other names, and some have been selected from different sketches of life in exile to make the work more complete. The subject teaches a lesson of patient self-sacrifice and holy devotion we all need to learn, and is chosen by the writer as a slight memorial of faithful friends with whom he has been associated in the holiest duties of life."

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REVIEWS, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. *January*, 1872.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. *January*, 1872.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. *January*, 1872.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. *January*, 1872.

The Quarterlies come to us with their usual array of sterling and interesting articles, noticeably those on "Lace-Making," in the *Edinburgh*, and "The First Earl of Shaftesbury," in the *Westminster*. The continued popularity of these four Reviews is the sign that solid literature still finds a fit audience, *not* few.

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From DOCTOR JOHN C. GRAY, Utica:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY. *January*, 1872. This excellent Quarterly comes to us with three articles well worthy the attention of all interested in the phenomena of insanity. Its whole appearance bespeaks a wide circulation and popularity, which it deserves in every way.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. *January* to *March*, 1872. There are so many things one might say of Littell that we hesitate among them, but conclude with the emphatic eulogy of John Quincy Adams, that he had a library in this one magazine. The very cream of the English monthlies and quarterlies is here offered to us for a very moderate sum. We know no eclectic that in any way supplies the place of *Littell*. Its discontinuance would be a literary calamity.

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From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac M. Hays, M. D. Assisted by I. Minis Hays, M. D. *January*, 1872.

THE HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. *Being a Digest of British and Continental Medicine, and of the Progress of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences.* Edited by William Domett Stone, M. D., F. R. C. S. *January*, 1872.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

MAY, 1872.

MAY DAY.

Up like a princess starts the merry morning,
In draperies of many-colored cloud;
And sky-larks, minstrels of the early dawning,
Pipe forth their hearty welcome long and loud
The enamored god of day is out a-Maying,
And every flower his laughing eye beguiles,
And with the milk-maids in the fields a-playing,
He courts and wins them with effulgent smiles—
For May's divinity of joy begun,
Adds strength and lustre to the gladdening sun,
And all of life beneath its glory straying,
Is by May's beauty into worship won,
Till golden eve ennobles all the west,
And day goes blushing like a bride to rest.

JOHN CLARE.

—

EMBELLISHMENTS.—A very handsome steel plate, a rural scene—the feeding of the old mare Maggie, the pet of the barnyard; also another of those fine fashion-plates for which the LADY'S BOOK is now excelling anything of the kind. A grand scene is given of Miss Lollpop's ball room. These sketches are eliciting great praise everywhere throughout the country. A colored plate of a darned square in netting finishes the extra embellishments of the number.

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ABOUT a year ago some fashionable modiste abroad rechristened what were then known as "Cretonnes," and called them Dolly Vardens. The name was first confined to chintzes, but it has spread to other materials. Dolly Varden silks are now the rage, and whole costumes, the like of which were never seen before, are named after the charming and coquettish little daughter of a London blacksmith.

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THE extension sheet contains an unusual number of elegant designs this month; while the work department is not behind in its instruction for fancy articles.

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HAS any of our bachelor friends been in the condition of the gentleman as seen in the plate in the front of our Book? He certainly appears to be in a tight place. But it is leap year, and, if the ladies make up their minds to it, there may be a good many more gentlemen in the same predicament before the year is over.

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ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURLING COMB.—The reputation of the LADY'S BOOK for fair dealing towards its patrons is such that whatever appears in its advertising columns is considered to be exactly as represented in the advertisement. We have always been careful in our inquiries as to the reliability of the parties who advertise in the Book, and our instructions to the gentleman who has charge of that department are to that effect. But it appears that we can be imposed upon, and by that means become the medium by which others are also imposed upon. In the February number appeared an advertisement relating to a comb. Many of our subscribers have considered themselves humbugged in purchasing it, and have so notified us. From among several letters received we consider ourselves justified in publishing the following:—

COLUMBIA, MO.

DEAR SIR: Do you advertise bogus concerns in your Magazine? I saw the Electro-Magnetic Curling Comb Co., of Garretsville, Ohio, noticed in your monthly of February last; sent them the $1.25, and have heard nothing from them since. Can't you ventilate them, to prevent more damage? I am, your subscriber, T. F.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR GODEY: Feeling assured that you have no desire to be the medium through which swindlers prey upon the public, I wish to bring under your notice the following incident: Your February LADY'S BOOK contained an advertisement from a company styling themselves the "Electro-Magnetic Curling Comb Co.," located in Garretsville, Ohio, and giving an illustration of a comb purported to be sent by them to any one for $1.25, and claiming to be possessed of marvellous curling properties. My wife was desirous of obtaining one, and when I remonstrated with her, said that the fact of their advertisement being in your Book was sufficient guarantee of its reliability. We have known you for twenty years, and she had some grounds for her faith. I sent $1.25 and got no answer. Wrote again, and, to my better half's intense disgust, received per mail to-day a common horn comb, purchasable at fifty cents per dozen, and with it a paper which I inclose. Will you enlighten the innocent and unwary by publishing as much of my letter as you see fit? With apologies, etc., yours truly, ONE SOLD.

We now give the printed directions that was sent with the comb:—

"Enclosed please find the Electro-Magnetic Curling Comb. This Comb is made of the very best English and Texas horn.

"Directions for using. Get a thin strip each of copper and zinc the length of the comb, and just wide enough to fit in the grooves in the side of the comb. Then get the smallest sized copper wire and wind it between each tooth and over the top of the comb and over the copper and zinc strips, which will make just eighty times around the comb. Then turn the end of the wire under the coil so that it will not scratch the scalp or break or tangle the hair. The strips and wire can be procured at any hardware store in the country. The hair, before using, should be *thoroughly* cleansed, then pass the comb rapidly through the hair until it curls to please your taste."

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—Mr. James Stewart, of Yonkers, N. Y., reports that a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, No. 38, under his charge, has been hatbinding by steam for nearly seventeen years, and will now do as much work as any machine, new or old, of any make. From September, 1868, to 1869, it bound 137,088 hats, and the operator earned $654.17. The previous year she earned $507.48.

IN a list of members of the Synod of Minnesota, just published, appear the names of Peter Bigfire, Paul Walking-gun, Rattling-Lightning, Walks-Toying-with-Mystery, His-iron-dog, Singing-Walker, and Hail-Lightning.

THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION that lately met in our city was composed of a class of men at whose hands the great national enterprise will receive a support and attention that will make it one of the grandest achievements of any age. The spirit and earnestness manifested by them in their deliberations won upon our citizens. Philadelphians, feeling proud of the selection of their city—the home of arts and manufactures, and also the birthplace of our National Independence—afforded every facility to those gentlemen in imparting information that would be of service to them in their deliberations. A number of our prominent citizens vied with one another in making their stay among us as agreeable as could be desired. A grand banquet was given in their honor at the Union League, and also at Belmont in the Park, presided over on both occasions by Morton McMichael, Esq. Entertainments were also given at the residences of Geo. W. Childs, Esq., the proprietor of the *Public Ledger*, and of Thomas W. Scott, Esq., President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At the residence of the former the Commissioners were individually introduced to the President, Gen. Grant, who was the special guest of Mr. Childs. The Convention adjourned to meet in May, 1873.

AMONG the class who deserve a good name from the public, having earned it by forty-two years catering for the general weal and welfare of all, is Godey. GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, as it is called, is now in its eighty-fourth volume, and shows many signs of long livedness. Its editors, L. A. Godey and Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, understand the needs of an encouraging public thoroughly, and surrounding themselves with a galaxy of intellectual stars, such as Marion Harland, whose works show a marked stamp of progressiveness and intellectual mastery most gratifying to record, Ino Churchill, Mrs. Hopkinson, Mrs. Victor, Louise S. Dorr, Mrs. Denison, Sue Chestnutwood, etc, and little difficulty, assisted by them, in making up a magazine, delightful to look at, and absorbing and entertaining in its melange of stories, anecdotes, useful receipts, fashion gossip, etc., to peruse. Its fashion plates are authority, seldom disputed, engraved as they are with great skill, and beautiful in tints of fresh, bright colors. Its "Outline Sketches," designed by Edmund R. Bensell, without a parallel in the history of magazine publication in this country, are given free, and portraying, as they do, pencil sketches of characters in every-day life, are tantalizingly attractive, and should entitle the magazine to marked consideration and favor. Then its Work Department, its Receipts, its Editor's Table, its Health and Literary Notices Departments, make it a desirable acquisition to any household. Its success is not, therefore, to be marvelled at.—*Grand Rapids Lit. Gazette*, Mich.

SOME time since Messrs. H. Astie & Co., of 15 South William Street, New York, introduced in that city a food for infants, destined, from its nature and composition, to be a substitute for mothers' milk in the feeding of bottle-fed infants. Many of the most eminent physicians of New York city recommend it in strong terms for general use. Dr. Hull, one of the attending physicians at the Nursery and Child's Hospital, says: "An extensive experience with it there has convinced me that it is the best article yet offered to the profession as a substitute for mothers' milk." It is evident that Astie's "Lacteous Farina" must become an indispensable article for family use.

THE history of gaslight dates only back to 1792, when, in England, William Murdoch lighted his own dwelling with gas. In 1803 a machine shop, and in 1805 a cotton factory was similarly lighted. It was not until 1810 that a company got a charter for its manufacture. In 1813 Westminster Bridge was lighted, and in 1815 Guildhall.

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WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

THE arrival and entertainment of the Japanese Embassy has been the chief topic of interest in Washington since the advent of Lent. The Ambassadors reached the city on the 29th of February, and for two days afterward the weather was exceedingly stormy. On the Monday following, the Embassy was formally received by the President. They appeared in their National costume, and were received by the President and members of the Cabinet in the East room. After the short speech of welcome by the President, and the response to it by the Prince Iwakura, the latter delivered to the President the official letter from the Emperor of Japan to His Excellency. The President then offering his arm to the Prince, and the members of the Cabinet escorting the other Ambassadors, they were conducted to the Blue room and introduced to Mrs. Grant and the other ladies in attendance. Among these were Mrs. Colfax, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Bower, Mrs. Creswell, Mrs. Delano, Mrs. Blaine, and Miss Nellie Grant.

On the evening of Tuesday the 5th, the grand reception took place at Masonic Temple. Fifteen hundred invitations were issued, all of which were duly honored. Thousands more sought invitations in vain. The decorations were the most unique and elegant ever seen in our city. No particle of wall, ceiling, or window was visible. All was draped artistically in clouds of pink, white, and gold tarlatane, while pilasters similarly draped and decorated with Japanese devices and trailing ivy, and crowned with basins filled with flowers and trailing plants of the Orient made a scene of peculiar beauty. Hanging baskets of flowers depended from each central point of the drapery overhead, while hundreds of canary birds hung in their cages beneath the chandeliers. The hundreds of gas-jets lighting up this fairy scene, the rich dresses and sparkling jewels upon the many hundreds of ladies, and the glittering epaulettes and swords of the officers, made up a dazzling and splendid picture.

Seated upon a richly carpeted *dais* at the upper end of the room, and awaiting the guests of the evening, were Mrs. Colfax, Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Bower, Mrs. Creswell, Mrs. Boutwell, Mrs. Gov. Cooke, and a few other ladies. The guests were met at the door by the Vice-President and members of the Cabinet, who escorted them up the centre of the large hall, and after introducing them to the ladies, arranged them facing the vast assemblage, where all were received individually. This occupied at least two hours, the Marine Band discoursing sweet music, and the canary birds warbling a soft chorus. We noticed a few of the dresses, but where so many are elegant, it is difficult to particularize. Mrs. Colfax wore white *moire antique*, with rich lace and pearls. Mrs. Fish a pale lavender silk, with magnificent flounces and trimmings of point lace, and diamonds of great beauty. Mrs. Bower wore black silk, trained, and *decolleté*, relieved with soft white lace. Mrs. Senator Schurz wore a rich corn-colored silk, elaborately trimmed with ruffles and black lace. Mrs. General Coburn black Lyons velvet, with white point lace bertha. Mrs. King wore a pearl-colored *moire antique* dress, with *tulle* overdress, trimmed with cherry satin, and looped with roses of the same shade; point lace and exquisite pearls. Mrs. Briggs a rich brown silk, with point lace and heavy gold necklace. Mrs. E. B. French elegant brown silk, with point lace. Mrs. Dr. Newman black velvet and white point lace shawl. Mrs. Freyre, wife of the Peruvian Minister, wore the most magnificent diamonds in the room.

On Wednesday the 6th, the Embassy was received by the Congress of the United States. On the evening of Thursday the 14th, a grand reception was given by the Ambassadors at the Arlington in acknowledgment of the courtesies extended to them. Fifteen hundred persons were present, the ladies magnificently attired, and the whole entertainment being one of the finest ever given in Washington. The supper table extended through the whole length of the west dining-room of the hotel, and was decorated in the most elegant manner. Pagodas and pavilions in the Japanese style several feet in height; tall cones of evergreens crowned with Japonicas, Azaleas, Lilies, and other tropical and Oriental flowers; ices in the typical designs of their own land, hundreds of tiny flags and devices, all combined to make the table unequalled in quaint beauty. Around the room the walls were covered with alternate flags of Japan and America, while evergreens twined about every column and decorated every available nook. All the Cabinet officers, Senators, Representatives, heads of Bureaus, Foreign Ministers, with members of the press, and many other dignitaries, were present, with their wives and daughters.

M. E. N.

March 15th, 1872.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has the following to say in reference to music:

"I don't like your chopped music, any way. That woman—she had more sense in her little finger than forty medical societies—Florence Nightingale—says that the music you *pour* out is good for sick folks, and the music you *pound* out isn't. Not that exactly, but something like it. I have been to hear music pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a twirl or two, and fluffed down on it like a whirl of soapsuds in a hand basin. Then she pushed off her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils—don't talk to me; I know the difference between a bullfrog and a woodthrush."

The immense sums of money that have been taken out of the country by just such professional screechers and professional bone pounders since the advent of Jenny Lind are enormous. It is time that the American people had made up their minds not to pay the exorbitant prices demanded by the managers of these people to listen to or witness their performances. During the last season over $300,000 has been made by three of these artists for singing and playing less than fifty nights. And there are more of them coming in the fall. We trust they will not be patronized unless there is a reform in the matter of charges for admission.

AN advertisement lately appeared in the *London Times* requesting "Mr. Moon, who died in 1858, to prove his decease, and to communicate with," etc. We feel anxious to know the result.

IN Tennessee a premium is given to the convicts to make tracks—that is, railroad tracks,

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THE LAZY MAN.—A lazy man is always good-natured. He never flies into a passion. He might crawl into one, if that were possible; but the idea of his flying into one is preposterous. Who ever heard of a lazy man breaking into a bank where a crowbar had to be used, or drilling into a safe? Not but that he might covet his neighbor's goods contained therein, but the horror of handling a crowbar and drills would always deter him from actually committing burglary. He never runs away with his neighbor's wife, simply on account of the horror he has of running. If he is ever known to run, it is to—run to seed. He rarely lies about his neighbors, for it would be too much exertion; but he lies about a bar-room all day. He is of inestimable service to a billiard-saloon, keeping the chairs warm, and watching the game, for few would care to play where there are no spectators. The fact that he does this without pay, day in and day out, shows the unselfishness of his nature. The lazy man never gets up revolutions, insurrections, or other popular excitements, and don't make a nuisance of himself by training around the country making incendiary speeches to promote public discontent. In his own neighborhood he is never a busybody in other people's affairs, for the very idea of being a busybody at anything would drive him out of his head. No lazy man ever ran mad. If he went crazy, it was because he couldn't go anywhere else without walking. Lazy men don't disturb the quiet of peaceful neighbors by putting up factories, furnaces, and other abominations.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY, *for May.*—The Spring Garden Schottische in this number is a splendid piece of music, and is published in the *Monthly* before being offered in the stores. The Adeline Waltz is another gem, composed for the *Monthly*. There are also two new songs of unusual merit in this number, and a very pretty easy piece for beginners. We think the number a very choice one, and our musical friends should send for it. Price, single numbers 40 cents. The last three numbers $1. Yearly, $4. Two subscribers, $8 and a premium of $5 worth of new sheet music free. Sent anywhere in the United States on receipt of price. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—The Earth is Beautiful, new and pretty song by Barrett, 30 cents. When First I Met You, by Clifford, 20. The Broken Lily, touching little song, by Little Maud, 25. I Wish I Were Single Again, comic, 30. Leaves That Are Fairest, by Stewart, one of his latest and prettiest songs, 30. Sunset on the Mountains, beautiful song, 30. Also, Opera Galop and Merry May Galop, two lively, easy pieces, by Ingleside, each 20. Ohio Mazourka, by Sutter, more difficult, 50. Little Amazon March, elegantly illustrated, 50. Mignon Mazourka, very pretty, 30. Easy single sheet pieces at 10 cents, viz., Irma Galop, Little Folks Schottische, Rhollo's March, Ivy Green Polka, Temple March, Shells of Ocean Rondo. Address J. Starr Holloway, as above.

AFTER a careful examination of the principles of construction, workmanship, and finish of the Novelty Clothes Wringer, we have no hesitation in saying that it is superior to any brought to our notice. It has flange cog wheels on both ends of the rolls, curved clamp, and is so made as to combine simplicity and neatness with strength and durability. We advise every practical housewife to give the Novelty a trial, and we think she will be sure to give it the preference.

LET your lungs take air of themselves.

THE CAREER OF A STRASBURG GOOSE.—You lovers of *pâtes de foie gras* listen to the sufferings of the poor goose before you can be furnished with that luxury. Strasburg is the place where the best article comes from. Here is his story:—

"I am a native of Alsace, but I do not meddle with politics. I have no special love either for Frenchmen or for Germans. Bitter experience has taught me that these featherless creatures begin with kindness, only to end in cruelty. But let that pass. My earliest recollection is of a vast field, shaded by veteran oak-trees, and intersected by pools of stagnant water. Here I and a numerous flock of my brethren were placed under the care of a little girl, who passed her time, as represented in the artist's drawing, in spinning hemp and in keeping us out of mischief, in which latter part of her business she was aided by a dog. So long as daylight continued, we spent our time in fishing up delicious morsels of food from the marshy ground; but as soon as the sun went down, our active little commander-in-chief drove us off to the village. Such a commotion there used to be as we went to roost; for all took to their wings at once, and we banged and pushed against each other in the rudest manner, quacking and shrieking enough to frighten any stranger who had never been in Goose-land. But this pleasant life of liberty did not last long. At the beginning of autumn my master took me to Strasburg—whither a hundred and fifty thousand of my brethren are carried every year—and sold me to a 'fattener,' a cruel woman who, either by magic or by long experience, can tell, directly she handles a goose, whether it is the right sort for stuffing till its liver becomes unnaturally big. Now my martyrdom began. I had bade farewell forever to the green fields and the shady nooks under the old oaks. First I was fed on broad beans, afterwards on maize scalded with salt water. Hungry or not, I was compelled to eat. The 'fattener' used to take me between her knees, keeping my wings imprisoned. With one hand she held my bill open, with the other she crammed maize down my throat till there was not room for a grain more. A little gentle exercise, or a fly through the air, would have aided digestion, but such privileges were rigorously forbidden. Instead of these, I was put into a slightly-heated oven, where I experienced all the sufferings of sea sickness without the relief of being able to vomit. During the last days of my torture, when I was inflated like a balloon, and could only breathe by gasps, I was then transferred to a cage open at the top. Why did the 'fattener' watch night and day by our cages with a great knife in her hand? Alas! I too soon discovered. I saw a neighbor of mine in the next cage (he was an old village companion, and we had many a romp in the air together). I saw this unlucky bloated fellow stagger and fall. Apoplexy, said I to myself. I had scarcely murmured the words, when the ogress (she was really a pretty young woman, and had a sweetheart who adored her) seized my poor old pal by the neck, and cut his head off. He was then hung up in a cool place for twenty-four hours, when his liver, swollen to hideous dimensions, was taken out, and sold to a 'pie-maker.' The pie-makers give from three to six francs for these livers, according to size, as they form a chief ingredient in the *pâtes* or *terrines de foie gras*. I indite this memoir from the centre of one of these precious concoctions, and I hereby give fair warning that I intend to inflict a terrible indigestion on the man or woman who dares to eat what was once part of poor illused Me."

We may add to the above melancholy narrative that to M. Mathieu, cook to the Cardinal de Rohan, Prince-Bishop of Strasburg, belongs the infamy of first inventing liver pies. The manufacture has since developed into a profession. The quality of the water is said to affect the fattening, some districts supplying much better (?) livers than others. The sale of these pies in Strasburg amounts annually to $450,000 or $500,000. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought evidently to pay a visit to that city. What a chance this would be for Mr. Berg, President of the Cruelty to Animals' Society of New York.

THE hunting season—leap year.

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We copy the following from that excellent paper, the *Public Ledger*:—

Church Music.—There are thousands still living who can remember the days when the music used in the churches of the various Protestant denominations was of a deeply serious, and even sombre character; when anything in the shape of a flourish or a trill, or elaborate accompaniment, was looked upon as profane. In some of the "meetings," indeed, all music, except that produced by the human voice, was excluded; the stern old Scotch covenanters denouncing the organ as "the de'il's pipes" and "a box o' whistles." At the beginning of the present century the psalmody was conducted in a drawling manner, and the hymns in common use were of the grave and heavy order; it was also customary to keep only some twenty or thirty tunes in general use, so that the bulk of the congregation might learn them thoroughly, and join in singing them. Anthems, choruses, and solos were reserved for special occasions, or confined to Cathedral service. To the cultivated ear, in a musical sense, all this was dull and monotonous, though, as regards emotional devotion, it was claimed, and is yet asserted, that the old-fashioned style of the whole congregation standing up and singing was productive of better effect than the now favored plan of employing first-rate professional vocalists to do the singing for the congregation. Certainly the change which has come over the spirit of the age in regard to music in churches is striking. There are some sacred edifices, even in Philadelphia, wherein the regular worship is largely made up of the musical portion of the service. In some, there is a regular choral service, performed by men and boys; in others, there are paid vocalists, admirable singers, who execute solos, duets, trios, quartettes, etc., accompanied on the organ by the very best players that can be had—so that a really first-class musical entertainment can be had by simply walking into one of these churches, though so popular are they that in some of them there is scarcely standing room, especially on a Sunday evening. One of the most eminent clergymen in this city remarked from his pulpit not very long ago that "people went to church now-a-days to be amused by the pulpit at one end and the organ at the other—first one and then the other."

After such a remark from such a man, it may not be impertinent to ask whether religion itself has not been a little overlooked in this musical enthusiasm. And it is not merely the style of the singing which has brought about this result; the quality of the music must also be taken into account. Modern church music is largely made up of adaptations of popular passages from operas and piano-forte pieces, and of the favorite melodies of both past and modern times. The celebrated Rowland Hill said that "he did not know why the devil should have all the fine music," and he therefore sanctioned the adoption of certain well-known airs for hymn-tunes, but he probably did not foresee the extent to which this would be carried. Such familiar pieces as "Rosseau's Dream," "Drink to me Only," "The Spanish Muleteer," "Roncesvalles Fight," and the like, easily adapted themselves to the people's taste, and soon lost their secular character. But the absorption of ballad music into the church has long since passed this early stage. It is a common thing now to hear the choir singing the introduction to the overture to Der Freischütz adapted to words; the piano-forte solo, "La Fontaine," arranged in like manner; part of the grand scena in Der Freischütz, as a hymn; the same with the songs "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino," from Don Giovanni; same of the sea-songs of Dibdin slightly modified; Scotch airs, and popular foreign national songs. The organ flavors its preludes, interludes, and "playing out" with still less scruple. The frequenters of the opera will often be reminded in church of the prayer in Fra Diavolo, the prison scene in the Trovatore, the chorale in Masaniello, the Wedding March, the overture to Guillaume Tell, and the like, while admiring the new combinations under which they are produced. There can be no question as to the great artistic merit of these performances, nor as to their superior musical beauty; and, on the other hand, there is very little merit of any kind in the great number of the hymn-tunes contained in the common collections: those which are adaptations from popular melodies will, as a rule, be found the best, but some are so dull and heavy that few care to sing them. This is an evil in the opposite extreme. Can there not be a compromise? There is a wide range between a humdrum, unmeaning tune, and the Huntsman's Chorus in Der Frieschütz, to which sprightly melody a modern genius has adapted the Twenty-third Psalm. It will, perhaps, take some time to accustom one's self to sing, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," to the notes which have hitherto served for "What equals on earth the delight of the Huntsman?" But no doubt it is to be done; patience and perseverance can accomplish wonders. There is antique precedent for it. In the days of William the Conqueror, the Archbishop of York set sacred words to all the popular airs of the day, and his example has been followed in the most recent times by the London Home Missionaries, who have turned "Tommy Dodd" and "Jinks of the Horse Marines," into hymns. The result has been a pitiable caricaturing of church hymnody, and a consequent depravation of the public taste, as well as of the feeling of solemnity which ought to pervade all religious services.

In Dresden the whole orchestra and all the singers of the opera sing and play in the Cathedral every Sunday. They call it the cheap opera.

Not very many years ago there was in the city of Brussels a young student of law, who—students will commit such imprudences—fell deeply in love with a beautiful girl, who was not only a reigning toast in the Belgian capital, but the daughter of one of the wealthiest prince-merchants of the country as well. Greater imprudence still, this high-placed beauty returned the love of her admirer. We suppose there is a Belgian equivalent of the proverb that "Faint heart never won fair lady." At any rate, the law student determined not to fail for faintness of heart, and accordingly asked the millionaire for his daughter's hand. As was to be expected, purse-proud papa returned a flat negative. The lovers were inconsolable. Even a stolen match was out of the question, for no marriage is legal in Belgium without the parental consent. To make matters worse, papa purposed to provide "for his daughter's best interests," as the phrase goes, by marrying her to a man of *his* choice. Unfortunately for papa's calculation, she preferred the man of *her* choice; and this was how she managed to have her own way. Her law student was already distinguished among his compeers by talents of a rare order, and not even disastrous love kept him from pursuing with *eclat* the studies of his profession. The time was nigh for the final examination which was to give him rank as a full barrister. On the morning of the eventful day, he got a message from his lady-love that, in case of success, he was to attend the theatre that evening, and when she should beckon to him, he was to come to her box. He was successful, and, of course, was punctual in his attendance at the theatre. It was a gala night. The house was full from *parterre* to *paradis*. Presently the millionaire's box was occupied by its fair tenant. The welcome signal was given, and, in the presence of an audience that had more than an inkling of how affairs stood, the young man made his way from the stalls. As he entered the box, his lady met him, brought him forward to the front, and then, before that crowded and fashionable house, with all a loving woman's daring flushing in her cheek, positively and actually kissed him. The enthusiasm was indescribable; there could be no talk of marrying her to anybody else after that. And so, and so, papa consented, and has never since been known to regret his consent.

This was how M. Frère-Orban, the leader of the Liberal Opposition and ex-Premier of Belgium won his bride. Alas! we cannot all be Frère-Orbans.

A Correct Answer.—A schoolmaster in Bridgeport, Conn., who asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists, and was promptly answered, "Land and water," varied the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, and asked, "What, then, do land and water make?" to which came the immediate response, "Mud."

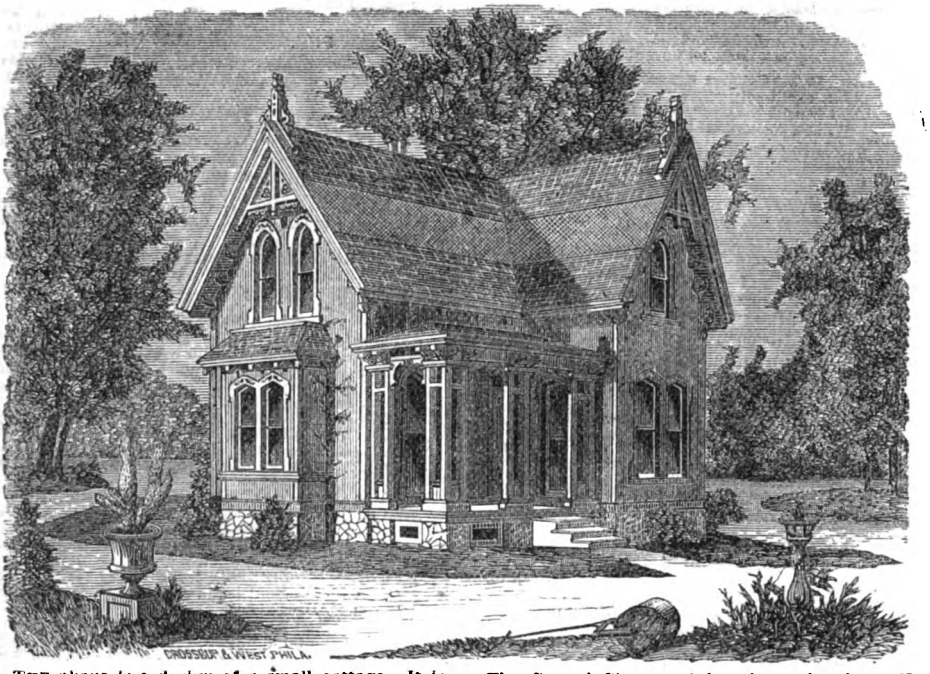
Romantic Amelia (to her betrothed young doctor): "Look, dear! such a beautiful sunset! The sky is all crimson!" Unromantic doctor: "Ya-as—appears to have had a mustard plaster on."

Out West the grain is raised at all seasons—by the elevator.

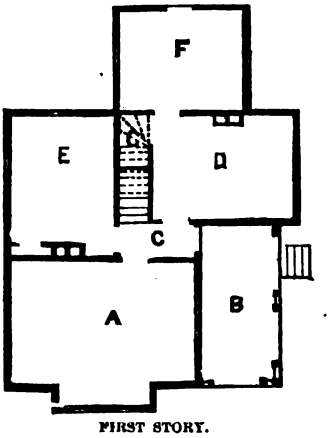
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SMALL COTTAGE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, *Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 430 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*



THE above is a design of a small cottage. It is plain and simple in construction, and is suitable for a gardener's cottage or a gate house to a mansion, and will also make a very beautiful residence for a mechanic. It is situated a short distance from the road, with a garden in front. It can be erected of frame for about twelve hundred dollars. We will

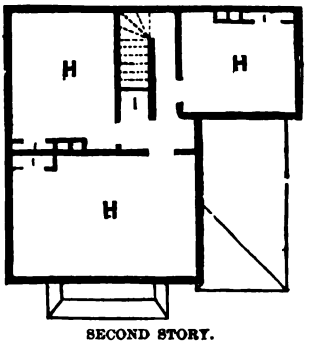


FIRST STORY.

furnish all the drawings to carry out the design for thirty-five dollars. It contains a porch, a parlor, a sitting-room or a bed-room, with a dining-room and kitchen on the first floor. The cottage will make a very beautiful home for a small family, and with well-trimmed shrubbery will be very attractive. It can also be built of plank, which will make it very warm and durable and cost less.

First Story.—A parlor, 12 by 18 feet; B porch, 9 feet 6 inches by 14 feet; C hall; D dining-room, 10 by 14 feet; E chamber, 10 feet by 13 feet 6 inches; F kitchen, 10 feet six inches by 12 feet; G china closet: I closets.

The *Second Story* contains three chambers, H, with closets, stairs, hall, etc.



SECOND STORY.

We have always on hand blank forms for Specifications and Bills of Quantities, which we will mail to those sending us two dollars.

P. O. address 804 North Eighth Street.

VERY considerate of an Archdeacon. Archdeacon Paley found himself in a draught, and calling one of the waiters, he said to him; "Shut that window behind me, and open one lower down, behind one of the curates."

At another feast, of which Archdeacon Paley was the lion, everybody waited breathlessly for the golden words which were expected to drop from the lips of the author of Natural Theology, but he made only a single remark, and it was this: "I don't think these *puddens* are much good unless the seeds are taken out of the raisins!"

IT is not the most demonstrative of our friends who care most about us. Scores of people wish us well who do not feel impelled to stop us in the street and say so.

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We think the following does up effectually "Mary and Her Little Lamb." Still, if anybody wishes to add another verse or two, they can send them to us:—

—Mary had a little lamb,
Its eyes were heavenly blue;
And if you touch that little lamb,
"I'll put a head on you."

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
"Then walked off on his ear."

She put him in his little bed,
And bade him go to rest.
"You bet," the little lambkin said,
"I'll do my level best."

—Marie had von liddle scheep,
His vohl vas black as ink;
She dook him out to sekate von tay,
Und tround him in der rink.

Unt ven she go mit bed dat night,
She tream she hear him pleating;
But ven she vake, she vas misdake,
He only vas a skeeding.

—Mary had a little lamb,
And snow white was its skin;
But when it followed her to school,
The boys said: "That's too thin."

She missed it from her side; "Alas!"
She said, "my lamb's a goner,"
But he was only nibbling grass
By the "Little Church round the Corner."

—Mary had a little lamb,
Its tail went with a jerk,
So she cut it off behind the ears
To "see the old thing work."

—Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every time it heard a "ba-a-h,"
It bleated "Not for Joe."

—Mary had a little lamb,
It drank cold water freely,
And looked so innocently wise,
She called it Horace Greely.

To accommodate our subscribers, we will club with Arthur's Home Magazine and Children's Hour at the following prices:—

The receipt of $4.00 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine one year.

The receipt of $3.50 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Children's Hour one year.

Five Dollars will pay for Godey's Lady's Book, Home Magazine, and Children's Hour one year.

Arthur's Home Magazine is the best $2 magazine published. The Children's Hour is the best juvenile magazine.

For Six Dollars we will send the Lady's Book one year, and pay for Holloway's Musical Monthly one year, to be sent to the person remitting us the money.

When we receive money for a club, we pay that money over, and there our responsibility ceases. If a number is not received, write to the publisher of the missing magazine.

"A man in Denver married, but had to leave immediately and unexpectedly for Salt Lake City on urgent business. He left his bride with tears in his eyes and a promise of immediate return upon his lips. He got there just in time not to be able to get away. He made his way slowly along with the blockaded trains, working with the hands, for every shovelful of snow got out was that much obstruction removed between him and his beloved. When within two hundred miles of Cheyenne, the foremost train ran into a bigger snow bank than ever, at which the faithful-unto-death struck out afoot and walked the two hundred miles in five days. He came in with frozen feet and ears, but his heart was all right and he went on his way rejoicing. At one point he was chased by wolves and lost his plug hat in running. The hat saved his life, for the wolves had never seen one before, and stopped to examine it for a long time. It took them so long to determine what it was that our heroic lover got out of reach. He borrowed a red handkerchief at a laborer's hut and passed on."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

H. M.—Sent pattern March 4th.
J. M. Mc.—Sent lead comb 4th.
Miss J. D.—Sent lead comb 4th.
Mr. S. S. N.—Sent gold watch by express 4th.
B. H. B.—Sent hair braid 8th.
Mr. W. S.—Sent gold ring by express 8th.
Mrs. W.—Sent sleeve pattern 8th.
Mrs. H. S.—Sent hat by express 8th.
Mrs. G. R.—Sent yoke 11th.
Miss J. A.—Sent breastpin 12th.
Mrs. E. B.—Sent silk dress 13th.
Mrs. W. J. S.—Sent pattern 15th.
Mrs. J. H. S.—Sent pattern 15th.
Mrs. G. L. V. B.—Sent pattern 15th.
Miss S. A. S—Sent bracelets by express 15th.
Miss V.—Sent patterns 16th.
Mrs. J. M. H.—Sent fringe by express 21st.
Mrs. M. M. B.—Sent braid 21st.
Mrs. M. M. B.—Sent articles 21st.
M. C. H.—Sent pattern 22d.

Annie.—So much depends upon the height and figure, that appearance, not age, must be the guide. Some girls look quite childish, and would, therefore, present a ridiculous appearance in a long dress at an age when another would look equally ridiculous in juvenile attire.

M. A. F.—1. The style of wearing the hair should be studied to suit the height and shape of the face. 2. The ends of the hair should be cut about once in three months.

Mary A. W.—If you would read the fashion articles in the Lady's Book, you would get all the information you desire, which it would be impossible to give here.

Minerva.—It is by no means fashionable to remove the glove previous to shaking hands.

Bessie M.—Your question to us appears very foolish. Our advice to you is, wait until you arrive at the years of discretion.

E. C. M.—We never publish the sayings of children in regard to the Almighty. They too often border on blasphemy.

Anxious Inquirer.—We refer you to an article in the Arm-Chair, page 483, where you will find the directions that the Comb Co. send with the article purchased. We have no doubt but you will be satisfied.

May.—1. No. 2. Previous to the invention of the piano, there were the following instruments with the pianoforte keyboard: The clavicytherium, clavichord, virginal, spinet, and harpsicord. This information is contained in a very interesting book, "The History of the Pianoforte. We also learn from it that the pianoforte was nearly 2000 years in its development. It is not, therefore, surprising that, although a little more than a century and a half has elapsed since the pianoforte was invented, the name of the inventor is almost lost among a crowd of claimants and appropriators. In England the invention is claimed for Father Wood, an English Monk at Rome, who manufactured a pianoforte in 1711. The Italians claim the invention for Bartollomeo Cristosali, of Padua, who invented and made a piano, which is described in the *Giornale de Litterati d'Italia* (Venice, 1711), by the celebrated Scipione Maffei. From Maffei's description, it appears that Cristosali was really the inventor of the piano in 1710. The French and Germans both put forth claimants to the invention.

Amy.—The snowdrop is the emblem of "hope."

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Eva.—The yelks of new-laid eggs beaten up with powdered lump-sugar has been recommended for singers.

Marie.—If you have a father request him to inform the gentleman to cease his attentions.

Lottie.—Send a stamped address to J. Starr Holloway, and he will send you a catalogue, from which you can select a greater variety than we could name.

Violet.—Dolly Varden is one of the principal characters in Dickens's novel of "Barnaby Rudge."

Sarah.—If the article is only slightly mildewed, dipping it in milk frequently, and laying it on the grass to bleach, will remove the mildew. If the stains are old, there is very little hope of removing them.

Inquirer.—"Saracen" means Oriental, Eastern, an Arabian, a Mussulman, an adherent or propagator of Mohammedanism in countries further west than Arabia.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of its transactions; and whether the person sending the order, is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of two shades of light brown silk, made with two skirts; the lower one of the darker shade trimmed with a deep kilt plaiting; the upper one trimmed with a narrow ruffle and bands of the darker shade. Basque waist, with round cape on the corsage part, trimmed to correspond with skirt. Crape hat of colors of dress. Parasol of two shades of silk.

Fig. 2.—Dinner dress of green silk; the upper skirt being made short in front, and trained in the back, and trimmed in front with a heavy knotted silk fringe: the skirt is embroidered with black silk; underskirt of black silk, embroidered with green. Low square corsage; short sleeves, with underwaist and sleeves of black embroidered net. Hair arranged in puffs, with green velvet and white feather aigrette in it.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of purple and white striped silk; the edge of the skirt trimmed with one ruffle of purple silk, headed by a row of *point appliqué* lace. The ruffle is brought up the sides and across the middle of the front breadth. High corsage; open sleeves. Overdress made in the Watteau style, and only coming at the sides and back, cut with a low square corsage, and trimmed with lace and ribbon bows.

Fig. 4.—Morning or house dress of gray Cashmere; the lower skirt trimmed with alternate ruffles of Cashmere and black silk; upper skirt, cut in scallops on the edge, and finished with black silk fringe. Blouse waist; coat sleeves; broad sash of black ribbon tied in the back. Fancy cap of lace on head, with ribbon bow upon it.

Fig. 5.—Evening dress of pink silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle in front, headed by rows of lace; upper skirt, cut plain in front and on the sides, and trimmed with lace and bouquets of flowers. Low corsage; short sleeves, with bertha of lace. Flowers in hair.

Fig. 6.—Dress for child of six years old, of blue and white striped summer poplin; the skirt cut in scallops, and a plaiting of blue silk coming below. Low basque waist; open sleeves of blue silk, trimmed with plaiting. White chip hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feather.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of gray batiste, made with an underskirt trimmed with one ruffle. Polonaise cut in points on the edge, and braided with black; ornament of passementerie looping the skirt at sides. Gray straw bonnet, trimmed with gray and black.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress for lady, of gray Cashmere, made with one skirt trimmed with a band of silk of the same shade, with pieces of silk coming from it trimmed with narrow ruffles. Mantle braided and trimmed with fringe. Gray straw hat, trimmed with feathers and lace.

Fig. 3.—Dress for girl of four years, of white and blue striped summer serge. Coat with cape of white *piqué*. White straw hat, trimmed with blue.

Fig. 4.—Dress for girl of ten years, made of two kinds of goods; the lower skirt and waist of bright blue Cashmere, the lower part of skirt being cut in scallops, and a plaiting of a darker shade than dress falling below it. The upper skirt is of blue and white striped mohair, trimmed with bias bands of the same, and looped at the sides. White straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feather.

Fig. 5.—Dress for girl of five years, of plain lilac Cashmere, trimmed with a band of striped silk around the bottom. Cloak made in two capes of lilac Cashmere, trimmed with fringe and braid. White chip hat, trimmed with lilac ribbon and feather.

Fig. 6.—Yachting suit for boy of ten years, made of navy blue cloth, with anchors embroidered in white on the cuffs and collar; sailor knot at the throat. Sailor hat of black glazed leather.

Fig. 7.—Dress for little girl, of white *piqué*, the skirt trimmed with three narrow cambric ruffles; the front trimmed to outline an apron, with an embroidered ruffle, and braid and buttons; low square waist. White straw hat, trimmed with green velvet.

Fig. 8.—Dress for girl of eight years, made of stone-colored delaine, the sikrt being trimmed with cherry-colored velvet. Waist of cherry-colored and gray striped percale. Gray straw hat, trimmed with cherry color velvet and feather.

Fig. 9.—Suit for boy, of very light cassimere, made with blouse, cut square at the throat, with plaited linen shirt front underneath. The suit is braided with black braid. Straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and feather.

Fig. 10.—Little girl's dress, of small blue and white plaid silk, trimmed with narrow ruffles and rosettes. Hat of blue silk and Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 11.—Ladies' suit of *écru*-colored batiste, made

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with one skirt and polonaise; the skirt trimmed with bands of a darker shade than dress. The polonaise is looped on the side, cut open at the throat, with muslin and lace falling over it, fastened with a velvet bow in front. Leghorn hat, trimmed with black velvet and feather.

Fig. 12.—House dress of black silk, made with underskirt and polonaise, the latter cut in deep points in the back, and trimmed with fringe and velvet. Velvet rosettes and loops, to loop the skirt up in the back. Hair arranged in puffs, with black lace and small feather in it.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Riding habit of navy blue cloth, made with a short jacket, trimmed with a band of silk, open in front, with revers of silk turned back; coat sleeves. Felt hat, with gray silk veil wound around it.

Fig. 2.—Habit of black Cashmere, made with jacket waist, the front of which, edge and sleeves, are trimmed with silk braid. Black straw hat, trimmed with lace and feathers.

Fig. 3.—Habit of green cloth, made with a deep jacket waist bound with silk, open at the throat with ruffles on habit shirt. White straw hat, trimmed with green velvet and feathers.

Figs. 4 and 5.—Front and back view of sacque, with plait and band in back, made of blue cloth, and trimmed with black velvet. This is very nice for driving on cool days, or for summer wear at a watering place.

Fig. 6.—Apron for child of five years, made of black silk, trimmed with narrow velvet and buttons; bretelles of silk, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 7.—Lady's night dress, trimmed with "*Standard*" alternate insertions, "*Standard*" bias tuckings, and "*Standard*" fluted ruffings. All these articles are varieties of the elegant and economical Standard trimmings. Every fashionable style of puffings, plaitings, flutings, flouncings, tuckings, etc., suitable for trimming garments made of white goods, are comprised in this assortment, and they can be procured at any dealers, ready for immediate use.

Fig. 8.—Embroidered black lace bodice. This pretty bodice, worn under a jacket and basque of violet *faille*, is trimmed with bias of black velvet and lace. Bouillonnée sleeves, divided by *faille* bias, placed under lace insertion; bows of ribbon on the shoulders.

Figs. 9 and 18.—Dress protector for an infant, made of India rubber cloth. Fig. 9 shows it open in full size, the strings tying around the waist; Fig. 18 when put on the infant.

Fig. 10.—Evening coiffure, arranged in puffs and curls, with a wreath of green leaves and berries.

Fig. 11.—White *piqué* dress for child from two to three years of age, made open in the back, but trimmed to simulate, being opened at the side with braid and buttons. Sash bow at side, low square neck, and short sleeves, edged with worked insertion.

Fig. 12.—Infant's shirt, trimmed with "*Standard*" box-plaited flouncing, sleeves edged with "*Standard*" bias plaiting.

Fig. 13.—Boy's shirt waist, the front made of "*Standard*" double puffing, the collar edged with "*Standard*" ruffling, and the cuffs with "*Standard*" bias plaiting.

Fig. 14.—Back view of opera mantle composed of white cloth, and consisting of a sleeveless jacket and cape. The jacket is trimmed with black velvet and fringe. The cape is braided and scalloped.

Fig. 15.—Parasol of lilac silk, covered with narrow ruffles of French muslin, edged by lace and lace insertion. Handle of pearl.

Fig. 16.—Parasol of black silk, trimmed with five ruffles of silk, edged with lace. Rustic handle, with deer's foot on end of it.

Fig. 17.—Infant's bib quilted, and trimmed with a narrow ruffle around the sleeves, and a worked edging around the bib.

Fig. 19.—Flannel band for infant, with elastic band in it, so that it will slightly yield to the body.

Fig. 20.—Slipper of bronze kid, ornamented with bow.

Fig. 21.—Crinoline petticoat. This crinoline is made entirely of gray and white striped horsehair, and has a plaited flounce at the bottom of the back and side breadths, gradually increasing in depth towards the back; at the top of this flounce is a similar plaiting of narrower dimensions, also graduated from front to back, and above this a band of ribbon to cover the edges of the plaiting.

Fig. 22.—Dress boot, of kid and silk, stitched in colors.

Fig. 23.—Lady's riding boot.

Fig. 24.—Jacket waist for dress, made of silk and trimmed with velvet and lace. A kind of postillion waist is formed on the lower part with the velvet, with pockets at the sides.

Fig. 25.—Ornament for the hair, of crimson velvet and gold wheat.

Fig. 26.—Sacque of black Cashmere, trimmed with black velvet, silk embroidery, and fringe.

BONNETS, HATS, AND CAPS.

(*See Engraving, Page* 420.)

Fig. 1.—Hat of black Neapolitan, trimmed with scarf of silk edged by fringe. Pink roses, and a long black feather.

Fig. 2.—Black lace bonnet, trimmed with pink and black ribbon, black lace, and pink roses.

Fig. 3.—Black lace hat, trimmed with blue ribbon, black lace, and a jet ornament.

Fig. 4.—Cap of white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and pink ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Hat of violet crape, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade and feathers.

Fig. 6.—Black straw hat, turned up at one side, and trimmed with green ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 7.—Fancy cap of point lace, trimmed with blue ribbon and flowers.

Fig. 8.—Hat of blue crape, plaited on the frame, and trimmed with pink roses and black lace.

Fig. 9.—White chip hat, turned up at the sides, and trimmed with blue velvet and fine white and blue flowers.

SQUARE IN DARNED NETTING.

(*See Colored Plate in Front of Book.*)

MAKE a netted square of twenty-five holes, stretch it upon a frame and begin to darn in the centre. Cross two threads, work the dot and wheel in the centre, and work it round in buttonhole stitch, then work the raised leaves in darning stitch over three threads. For the border work first the *point d'esprit*, then make the straight lines, and work them in buttonhole stitch. Make the four leaves in the four angles as in the centre, then a second border in *point d'esprit* with wheels, and then the lines forming squares. The border is worked in the same manner. The edge is worked in buttonhole stitch, then cut away the netting outside the scallops.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

LAST month we attempted, and, in fact, thought we had partly succeeded in describing a large num-

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ber of the beautiful goods displayed for spring and summer wear; but, as the season advances, so many more goods are displayed, that our task seems hardly commenced, instead of being nearly completed. We spoke at length of wash goods, but yet have a few more novelties to speak of.

New English prints for wrappers and school-girls' dresses are in half-inch stripes of color alternating with white, with a vine tracery of black on it. French prints have clear gray, drab, and buff grounds, striped with white, or dashes of black on them. One of the most desirable washing fabrics is cotton foulard, a soft finished cambric in *grisaille* effects, folded in the middle like silk foulards. Thin jaconets have centres of solid color, with a striped border of white, with lace-like tracery of black. New lawns have gay bunches and stripes on white or black grounds. Linen Chambery is all pure linen, and, in the buff, gray, and brown tints, is used for summer travelling suits. Seersucker, said to be part linen, has fine white stripes on gray, blue, or brown grounds. Real *batiste* is imported wrapped in Japanese paper, as if coming from the far East, although really coming from the French market. It is a thin, wiry linen, scarcely heavier than organdy, and very strong, because made of flax in its natural color, plain or with twilled, satin-like stripes, or else stripes of white linen, or large polka dots of white, brown, or black. It can be trimmed with ruffles of the same, embroidered with white, black, or brown.

A new goods is called Japanese *piqué*, is soft, twilled cotton like satin jean, but without gloss; it comes in white and buff. The prettiest suits of white muslin are trimmed with bands of insertion and ruffles of the material. Very fine machine embroidery is used on many such dresses.

A tasteful imported dress of white muslin, for the house or street, has a scant flounce, headed at the knee by an embroidered band, and edged with flat-side plaiting. The apron front overskirt is similarly trimmed. The body is a slashed basque, unlined, with a band of embroidery simulating a vest, and shaping the side forms behind. The neck is heart-shaped, and a side plaiting surrounds the entire basque. Duchesse sleeves, with insertion and plaiting extending to the elbow. Soft finished cambrics —in gray mottled patterns, or twilled to imitate Cashmere, or in black and white blocks—are much used for home morning dresses. They are as soft as foulards, and look like expensive goods. The box-plaited blouse or shirt waist is again in favor for such fabrics.

Some new white linen blouses are in narrow box-plaits about an inch wide. These plaits are merely tucks pressed open in the middle, and are not stitched down at the edge. Sometimes ten plaits are in the front and ten in the back of a blouse.

Embroidery rapidly gains in favor as a trimming, both in silk and cotton. Many of the imported suits are trimmed with it, and ladies who can do this kind of needlework can make themselves a very elegant dress at the cost of a small amount of time saved from other pursuits.

Among woollen stuffs for spring and summer suits, is a new, closely-woven mixture of wool and cotton in plain, grave colors, or with stripes. These are a low-priced goods, and make up very prettily.

Japanese silks of the best quality are brought out in checks and hair stripes of bright blue, apple green, and black with white, and also in the *grisaille* stripes so much worn last year.

Foulards are seen in great variety. The following are some of the varieties noticed: Pongee foulards are lustrous silky pongees of thick threads of wool covered with India silk in pale, stylish maroon, buff, and pearl color. This is for handsome suits for the summer, and will be made in two shades of a color. Serge foulards have a thick twill that renders them more substantial than plain goods; the pale pongee tints are produced in these, and a few stripes are shown. There is also China crape foulard, with a crinkled, crape-like figure. This is used for overskirts, polonaises, fichus, and folds and flounces on summer silk dresses. The ordinary foulards, as mentioned last month, are seen in great variety; that is, that those with gay-colored flowers over them are seen in different styles. Some of them nearly having the ground entirely covered over with flowers, for that is the style most worn, they being principally used for "Dolly Varden" costumes. We last month spoke of the "Dolly Varden" style of dress being popular; but as it has been, and still is being adopted, our pen is inadequate to paint them. Every kind of goods are seen in the gay-colored flowers spoken of, and as it is an economical style of dress (being worn over a black or old colored silk underskirt), it is very generally adopted. Organdies also come for them, but a particularly lovely fabric for summer wear is called *mousseline soie*, a silk muslin or close fine grenadine in the prevailing "Dolly Varden" colors and designs. Grenadines with plain stripes, alternating with one in chintz colors, are also imported expressly for these costumes.

The ever-popular plain black grenadines are in smaller square meshes and of less heavy fabric than those of previous seasons. Colored grenadines are also imported in these square meshes. The small armure figures are also seen in these goods, and there are also many grenadines with satin stripes; these have white stripes alternating with black or colors. All silk grenadines are seen in half-inch stripes alternately thick and thin, are in black and every quiet shade of colors, with bright colors for evening. Striped grenadine polonaise will be worn over solid colored skirts. Solid colored gaze de Chamberies are brought out in every possible tint for evening dresses at summer watering places.

Fringe and lace are the fashionable trimmings for both thick and thin materials. For trimming buff *batistes* or any such goods, also for white goods, are pure white linen guipure laces and insertion. The latter is now inserted in costumes, instead of being merely laid on the material. A novelty is white Algerian gimp, that looks like star-braiding when sewed on. New black guipure laces have medallions of thread lace meshes, that throw into relief designs in guipure. *Point appliqué* lace is more fashionable this season than it has been for years. It had fallen somewhat into disfavor, because it was too poorly made to wear well; besides, the greater portion of it having a coarse look. Now, its texture is improved, and it is prettily combined with round point medallions and scroll work, making it a very effective trimming for pale tint silks.

Now that we have endeavored to describe some of the goods most worn, it would be well to give some hints about the making up of the goods when the polonaise is not desired. Basque waists are most worn; a popular style has a plain front, plaits in the back sufficient to give it fullness over the tournure. The front buttons close to the throat, the shoulder seams are short, the darts are taken deep and low, and the back has gracefully curved side forms. The trimming may be put on to outline a vest. The sleeves are generally made open, although many persons still prefer the coat sleeve. Upper skirts do not show much change in shape. They are still long, with apron fronts, are draped high on the sides, and hang straight behind. They are fuller

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than formerly, having two straight back breadths, two broad side gores, and a wide apron front, slightly sloped on the sides. The first side gore is made very long, and is sewed with many gathers to the second side seam, which is shorter. Other overskirts are round, without any drapery, and are trimmed up the side gores with button and bias bands. Some house dresses have the front breadths trimmed *en tablier*, and an overskirt only on the back breadths. There is a fancy for trimming the back and front of dress skirts differently. For instance, the three front breadths have deep kilt plaiting, the top of which is hidden by the apron front of the overskirt, while the back breadths have from four to six narrow bias ruffles, overlapping each other, with the lower edge bound, and the upper very fully gathered.

Kilt plaiting, ruffles, folds, and quillings are the favorite trimmings for underskirts. The shape of underskirts remain the same; they are no longer bound with skirt braid, but are generally faced to the knee with a coarse, strong, but thin white muslin, and a three-inch bias facing of the dress material is around the edge of the skirt.

Much thick piping cord is seen on silk dresses. This is made of candle wick, covered with bias silk. A new puffed ruche for heading flounces has a puff in the centre, formed by reverse clusters of side plaits, three in each, with a ruffle above and below, finished at the edge by two thick piping cords. But we must cease about dresses, for a bewildering assortment of bonnets and hats claim our notice.

Straw bonnets are the most fashionable, and those who dreaded the threatened revival of the old coal scuttle bonnet, under the shadow of which our great-grandmothers lived and were happy, will for a time rest content, as it has not been accomplished, and for this season, at least, we will be in possession of charming and coquettish *chapeaux*, differing very little in shape and style from those of the past season. In straws we see the substantial Dunstable, the delicate split, the snowy chip, the golden and ever stylish Leghorn, satin braids, Neapolitan, and Belgian. Split straw promises to be, and is so far, the favorite. We also notice colored straws, of two shades of brown, bluish grays, black and a white straw, called brilliant, which is dotted over with black soutache. Shapes are very little changed; crowns are large and high, front pieces are narrow, and worn oftener without coronets than with them. Capes or curtain bands are added to many crowns. Thick repped ribbons are used for trimmings, and of wider numbers than last year; these are shown in new tints of salmon, *écru*, shaded into maroon brown; peach-blow, a deep lavender; and *réséda*, the new mignonette tint of green, blended with gray. Ribbons in queer but stylish contrasts of color are seen, such as olive brown, garnet, with pink, *écru* and rose, salmon with blue, and *réséda* with pink. The flowers of this season are beautiful beyond description, and are so accurately copied from nature that it is sometimes almost impossible to believe that they are not real. Their being mounted on flexible stems adds to this delusion. And in the same cluster we have the tiny bud, the half-opened, the full blown rose, and the faded flower, with only a single withered petal left to be witness that it has been surrounded by foliage with tiny leaves, leaves in their prime, and faded ones; and the carelessly broken stem, with its quota of thorns. Others are in graceful garlands and delicate sprays, each flower being accompanied by its natural foliage even in the clusters of mixed flowers. Trimmings are still arranged around the crown of the bonnet to make it look high, while the front is frequently left bare. Flowers are still disposed high on the left side; and if their aspect of desolation is mitigated by a spray of foliage, it trails at the back, and even then it is veiled by a scarf of black Brussels net. A novelty for summer bonnets is colored crape, with the long crinkle peculiar to the English crape, made hitherto only in black. It is to be made up over lace frames, the crape laid smoothly on the frame. The trimming consists of black lace, ribbon, and flowers.

We will describe a bonnet seen for a young lady, and then speak of hats. A split straw gypsy has a shirred ruche of blue silk, showing an *écru* lining around the crown, clusters of loops, and a tea rose with flame color on the crown. A shirred blue and *écru* frill edges the front, and the strings are blue faille three inches wide. An elegant Leghorn gypsy has many loops of olive brown and sky blue ribbon, with bronzed straw leaves.

Straw hats have high bell-shaped crowns, the sides sloping in concave fashion. Brims are narrow, and both rolling and drooping brims are shown. Some roll quite high on the sides, while others droop in front and roll behind; and again these are reversed, the back drooping on the chignon, while the front is upturned like a turban. Wings of tiny birds, ribbon, and clusters of foliage are used for trimming. Two shades are frequently used for trimming, and scarfs of wide ribbon are pendent behind. Lovely shade hats for midsummer have broad brims of Leghorn so soft and pliable that the sides of the brim are caught up in plaits against the crown, by wide scarfs of blue ribbon. Another garden hat is of fine shell braid, and shaped like a shell in so peculiar a fashion that it is a problem which is the front, which the back. A bell-crowned turban for city wear is imported, ready trimmed. The upturned brim is covered with a shirred olive brown faille; piping folds of brown and pale blue surround the crown, and on the side is a bunch of Pompadour roses, half pink, half blue. Sailor or yachting hats for young girls have bell crowns, with brims slightly turned up, as if blown by a stiff breeze. For little girls are Japanese hats of fluted straw, that look like basket tops, and are almost as flat as dinner plates. For small boys there are sailor hats and pretty Glengary caps of split straw, with black velvet band and rosette.

Ruffles worn standing around the neck are much fuller than when first introduced, and are usually made double. Ladies can make them at home, of fine sheer linen cambric, finished with the narrowest thread edging. The inner ruffle is highest, of cambric an inch wide, while the outer is only half an inch of cambric. They should be made with exquisite neatness, the upper edges having rolled hems, and the lower rolled gathers, overseamed to a tape that is to be basted inside of the neck of the dress. These stand the test of washing, while the plaited Swiss muslin frills, bought by the yard, are pretty, but useless when soiled. Tulle, or else wash net, doubled and box plaited in a ruffle an inch wide, is also becoming, and many wear it down the front of the corsage as well as around the neck. Standing frills of Valenciennes lace are chosen for more dressy occasions. White muslin and white lace bows are the favorites at present, but many ladies require some color about the throat to light up dark dresses, and for these the bows of China crape, mixed with Valenciennes lace, are pretty. Nile green, rose, and Sevres blue crape scarfs are folded narrow and bias to pass around the neck, below a standing lace quilling; the ends are pointed with insertion set in the points, and the edge has a ruffle of lace.

FASHION.

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COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES.

The veteran of its class, but it loses nothing as the years roll along.—*Telegraph*, Gloucester, Mass.

Will give satisfaction to all ladies of taste.—*Sentinel*, Lawrence, Mass.

The fixture in American periodical literature.—*Transcript*, Lynn, Mass.

It is replete with choice things.—*Sentinel*, Trumansburg, N. Y.

Fresh and sparkling as ever.—*Journal*, Springville, N. Y.

The number before us is a beauty.—*Times*, Waterville, N. Y.

Nothing can be more beautiful, full, and complete than its numerous and beautiful pictures and plates.—*Herald of Gospel Liberty*, Dayton, O.

This ancient and honorable magazine is truly a treasure to all who possess it.—*Herald*, Mansfield, O.

We are astonished at the combination of the useful, the beautiful, and the literary entertainment it exhibits. It is so completely adapted to meet the wants of the ladies, that none should be without it.—*Register*, Washington, O.

Chaste and beautiful, its own intrinsic merit has been the meed of its success.—*Democrat*, Lock Haven, Penns.

It is the ladies' true friend, always new, never tiresome. It should be in every house. It makes the women smile sweeter, and the girls look more and more bewitching.—*Citizen*, Franklin, Pa.

The great charm in this periodical is its *originality* and the high order of ability displayed in its preparation. Too much cannot be said in its favor.—*Gazette*, Mauch Chunck, Pa.

We cannot numerate all of its accomplishments, but will state enough to show its worth—steel plates, embellishments, colored fashion-plate, tinted picture, extension-sheet of fashions, embroidery and braiding patterns, foreign and home correspondence and general miscellany and literary articles.—*Southern Star*, Marion, Va.

It is the leader of fashions and the instructor of the household. With it as a guide, the ladies can make their homes Edens of elegance and comfort from which their lords will have no desire to roam. A copy of Godey in every house, and infidelity and divorce will become obsolete terms.—*Signs of the Times*, Carrollton, Ky.

We are not surprised at the anxiety of its fair readers to receive it, as it is the standard for the fashions the country over, its decisions being as binding as the laws of the Medes and Persians, while its literary matter is from the best minds in the nation. No one who would keep up with the styles should be without it.—*Democrat*, Wyandott, Kan.

As a monitor of fashion for the ladies, a magazine of entertaining reading, and a guide for the kitchen, it is unexcelled, and should be in every household.—*Free Press*, Bridgetown, N. S.

This periodical, so long the delight of the ladies, still maintains its popularity among the intelligent and fashionable ladies of the country.—*State Journal*, Lawrence, Kan.

It is the cheapest, because it is the best of all the lady's books published.—*Herald*, Catlettsburg, Ky.

The reputation of Godey's Lady's Book is such that it always stands at the top of the heap of lady's magazines. This periodical has been published many years, and there is hardly a lady in the United States but is familiar with it. As a lady's fashion book it has no superior.—*Commonwealth*, Ripon, Wis.

Godey's Lady's Book never better deserved the praise of its lady friends and readers. When you want to take a choice home magazine and fashion journal, subscribe for Godey's Lady's Book.—*Gate City*, Keokuk, Iowa.

It is well filled, and ranks high as a journal of literature and fashion.—*Register*, Fontanelle, Iowa.

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Godey loses none of its interest as the year advances, but seems to gain fresh vigor with each succeeding number.—*Press*, West Mitchell, Iowa.

Resplendent with novelties in the shape of steel engravings, fashion-plates, and designs for all sort of things interesting to the ladies. The literary department is made up of articles of great interest from the pens of the best magazine writers of the day. Each number, as it reaches us, seems to say that Godey tries to excel Godey, for want of a better competitor.—*Times*, Sweetsburg, Canada.

Full of splendid engravings, plates, and designs, and a vast amount of interesting reading.—*Democrat*, Iowa.

We welcome it to our table as we welcome our meal when hungry, and feel nearly or quite as much refreshed and satisfied after reading it, as after eating a hearty dinner.—*Advertiser*, Addison, N. Y.

Will always retain its position as first favorite among the ladies. It matters not how many opponents are in the field, the circulation of Godey's Magazine is always on the increase.—*Mercury*, Shawneetown, Ill.

As usual, it holds rank with the leading works of the country, and is well calculated to please the most fastidious minds. It is very generally sought after by the ladies.—*Tribune*, Petersburg, Ind.

To properly appreciate its many excellencies, it must be seen and examined. Everything in the way of engravings is got up in the highest style of the art, while the reading matter is furnished by some of the best literary talent in the nation.—*Patriot*, Burlington, Kan.

As usual, it is replete with choice engravings, splendid fashion-plates, interesting stories and reading matter. It is a favorite with all who read it, and justly deserves the praise it everywhere receives.—*Missourian*, California, Mo.

Full of interest to the ladies, for its splendid engravings, fashion-plates, and numerous *recherché* and useful patterns, not less than its chaste and entertaining reading. As a ladies magazine it is unapproachable.—*Republican*, Delhi, N. Y.

We cannot see why every lady is not a subscriber for Godey?—*Bulletin*, Maysville, Ky.

Notwithstanding the zeal of his competitors, Godey still holds the lead in the magazine department, and he shows not the slightest sign of surrendering his position.—*Sentinel and Times*, Bath, Me.

It is always welcome.—*Union*, Machias, Me.

It is always popular with the ladies, for whom it is specially designed.—*Zion's Advocate*, Portland, Me.

This indeed is a household treasure, containing nearly all that is useful for the good regulation of a well-ordered home.—*Journal*, Denton, Md.

It certainly is very elaborately and beautifully gotten-up.—*Aurora*, Charleston, Mass.

Favorite magazine of fashion, domestic cultivation, and entertaining miscellany.—*Courier*, Great Barrington, Mass.

The reading matter is from the pens of the most gifted writers of the day.—*Courant*, Clinton, Mass.

The Lady's Book is a great favorite with the fair sex, and, we doubt not, will continue so as long as the present enterprising proprietor controls it.—*Gazette*, Delaware, O.

So much has been said of this best of all magazines, that it is hardly possible to get a word in edgeways. However, we would say to the ladies, if they wish to obtain the best book of fashions, take none except Godey's. Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.—*News*, Ingersoll, Canada.

Godey has no equal in America.—*New Era*, La Grange, Texas.

As usual, a good book.—*Journal*, Sequin, Texas.

The style of this book, which years ago attained a high degree of excellence, has been preserved with scrupulous care, whilst the intrinsic merit has in no way depreciated.—*Watchman*, Sumter, S. C.

Godey's Lady's Book has among its other good qualities, the one of *punctuality*.—*Guardian of Health and Education*, Boston, Mass.

The ladies will find it everything desirable.—*Journal*, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

No household library is complete without it.—*Herald*, Canastora, N. Y.

Godey is bound to be second to no other magazine on this continent.—*Gazette*, Elmira, N. Y.

Godey always will take the lead as a ladies' magazine, and it deserves to.—*Patriot*, Burlington, Kan.

The fashion plates cannot be excelled by any ladies' periodical in the world.—*Sentinel*, Franklin, Kentucky.

It has not only in the higher circles been a help in the matter of fashion, and a pleasant companion for an idle hour, but its salutary influence has been felt in the quiet well-ordered households of our land in many ways.—*Express*, Mantorville, Minn.

The literary contents needs no commendation at our hands.—*Republican*, Kasson, Minn.

The fashion-plates of the past year were never surpassed, and many a lady has received more than the worth of a year's subscription from the study of a single number.—*Star*, Marion, S. C.

The illustrations are in the first degree of art—chaste, beautiful, and instructive. Godey retains its position as the leader of works of its character in this country.—*Bulletin*, Gallipolis, O.

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Established 1861.

The Great American Tea Company

Receive their Teas by the Cargo, from the Best Districts of China and Japan, and sell them in lots to suit at

CARGO PRICES.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American house in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as seen in the Club Order in the next column, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than $30, had better send Post-Office Drafts or money with their orders, to save the expense of collection by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our Warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their Stock which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 per lb.

MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 per lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 per lb.

IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 per lb.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 per lb.

UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 per lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40 cents per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we will sell at the low price of 30 cents per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

CLUB ORDER.

EDWARDS, ST. LAWRENCE CO., N. Y.,
June 3, 1867.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.
31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

DEAR SIRS: I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Teas, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige

Your obedient servant, DAVID C. McKEE.

4 lb Japan	J. Havens	at	$1 25	$5 00
5 do Japan	J. Havens	at	1 00	5 00
1 do Gunpowder	J. Havens	at	1 50	1 50
1 do Japan	S. Curtis	at	1 25	1 25
2 do Young Hyson	S. Curtis	at	1 00	2 00
1 do Japan	N. Shaw	at	1 00	1 00
1 do Young Hyson	N. Shaw	at	1 00	1 00
3 do Young Hyson	R. McCargen	at	1 25	3 75
2 do Green	R. McCargen	at	1 25	2 50
4 do Green	Wm. Barraford	at	1 25	5 00
1 do Gunpowder	A. H. Perkins	at	1 50	1 50
And ten others	Total			$51 05

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by CLUBBING together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (*besides the Express charges*), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company"

Caution.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post-Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of *bogus imitators*.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of "The Great American Tea Company." Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,
POST-OFFICE BOX, No. 5643 NEW YORK CITY.

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VOL. LXXXIV.
No. 504.

JUNE.

FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

Now is the Time to Make up your Clubs.



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.



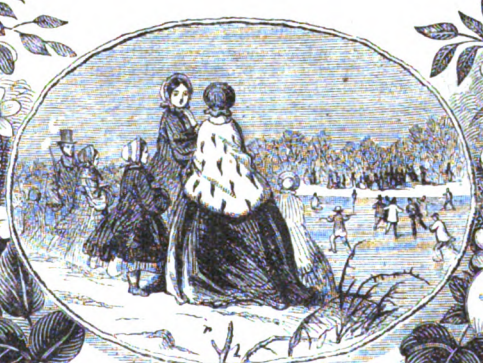


EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,

L. A. GODEY.

1872.



LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILADELPHIA

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The Pioneer Magazine in its Forty-Second Year!

GODEY'S
LADY'S BOOK.

1872. *Volume 84.* 1872.

The Cheapest of Ladies' Magazines, Because it is the Best!

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE, AND L. A. GODEY.

The experience of the publisher for the past *forty-two* years is a sufficient guarantee to those who favor him with their subscriptions for *1872* that the character of the literature, the correctness and utility of the fashions, and the designs for fancy work that will be found in the volumes for this year will be in every respect suitable to the wants of American ladies. The delight and profit afforded to hundreds of thousands of families who have taken the Book have been so often attested to that he feels it unnecessary to say more than announce the contents of the forthcoming volumes.

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Whose stories have largely contributed to the advancement of pure and dignified sentiment in the hearts of our American ladies, have all been retained.

Marion Harland, Ino Churchill, Mrs. C. A. Hopkinson, Louise S. Dorr, Mrs. Victor, S. Annie Frost, Sue Chesnutwood, Mrs. Denison, Etc.,

Have a reputation for excellence in their writings far above any others in the magazine line.

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This is the principal feature of our illustrative department. Selected by a correspondent at the emporiums of the principal fashion *modistes* in Paris and Berlin, they cannot fail in being correct. In addition to the colored plate, we give another large sheet, containing the latest styles that can be received up to the itme that we go to press. Another important feature that commends the LADY'S BOOK to the public, are the

BEAUTIFUL STEEL PLATES

that appear monthly. *Fourteen* of them are given during the year. The other departments are:—

Original Music, Drawing Lessons, Model Cottages, Tinted Engravings, Invaluable Receipts, and a Juvenile Department.

Almost everything that will embellish a home, or fancy articles of every kind that a lady can make, will be found in the

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Designed by Edmund R. Bensell, and engraved by Lauderbach, each gentleman in his profession the best in the country. The general title will be MRS. LOLIPOP'S PARTY.

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One copy, one year	$3 00	Eight copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making nine copies	$21 00
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Five copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making six copies	14 00		

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The receipt of $4.00 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine for one year.

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☞ *CANADA subscribers must send 24 cents additional for every subscription to the* LADY'S BOOK, *and 12 cents for either of the other magazines, to pay the American postage.*

☞ The money must all be sent at one time for any of the clubs, and additions may be made to clubs at club rates. The LADY'S BOOK will be sent to any post-office where the subscriber may reside, and subscriptions may commence with any month in the year. We can always supply back numbers. Specimen numbers will be sent on receipt of 25 cents.

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THE SUPPER-RO

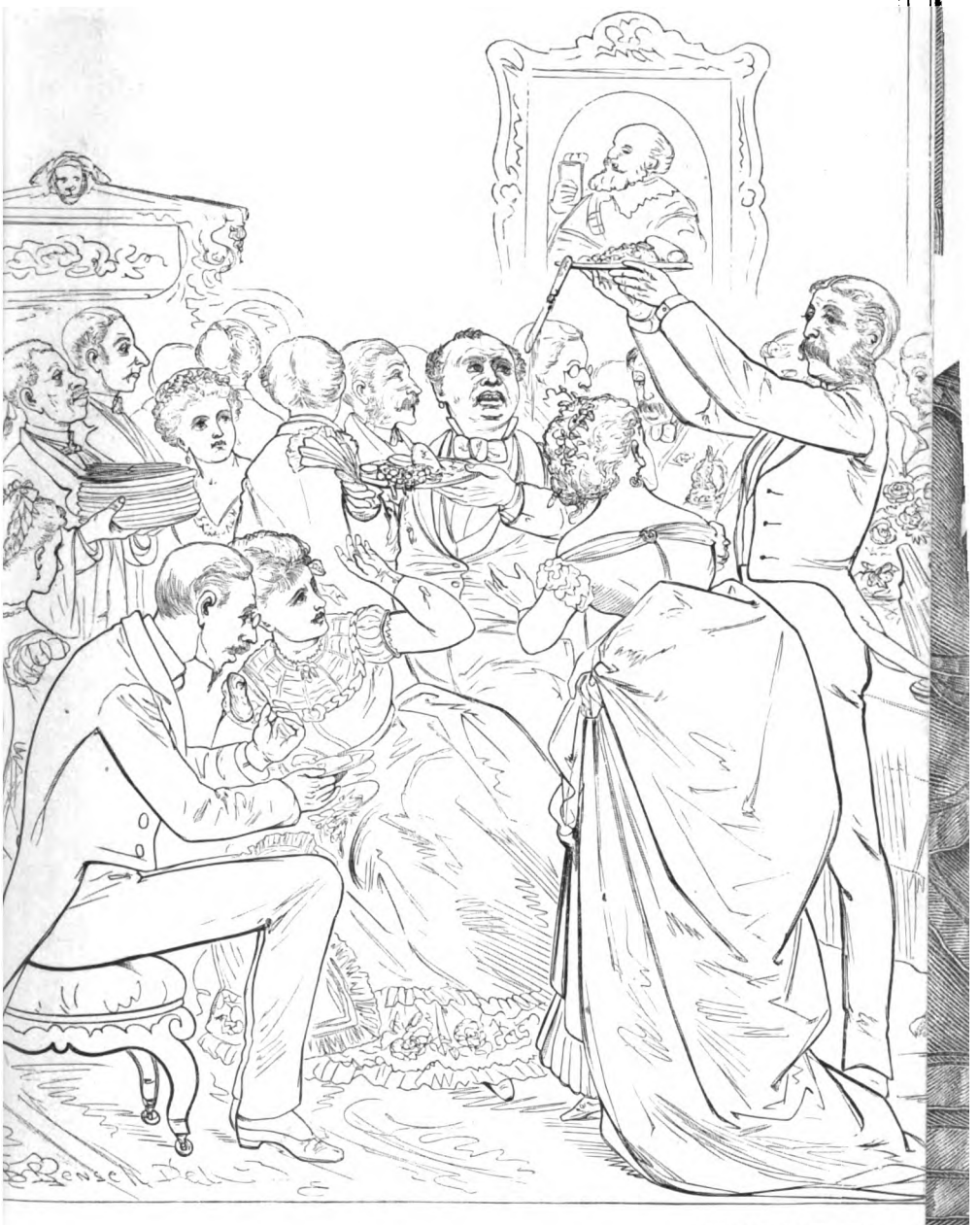


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THE SUPPER-RO

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Party.



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FASHIONABLE COSTUMES.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)

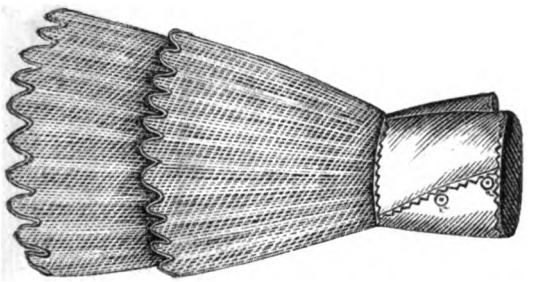


Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.



Fig. 1.



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Fig. 4.



Fig. 1.

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FEEDING THE BIRDS.

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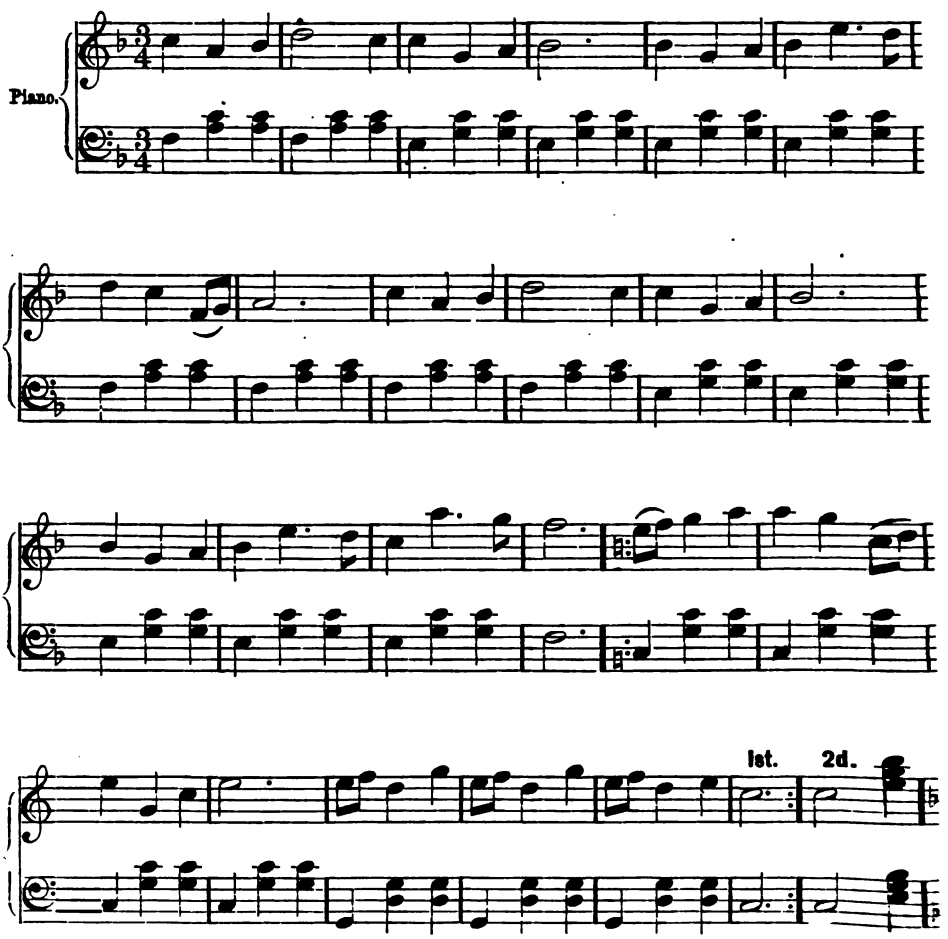
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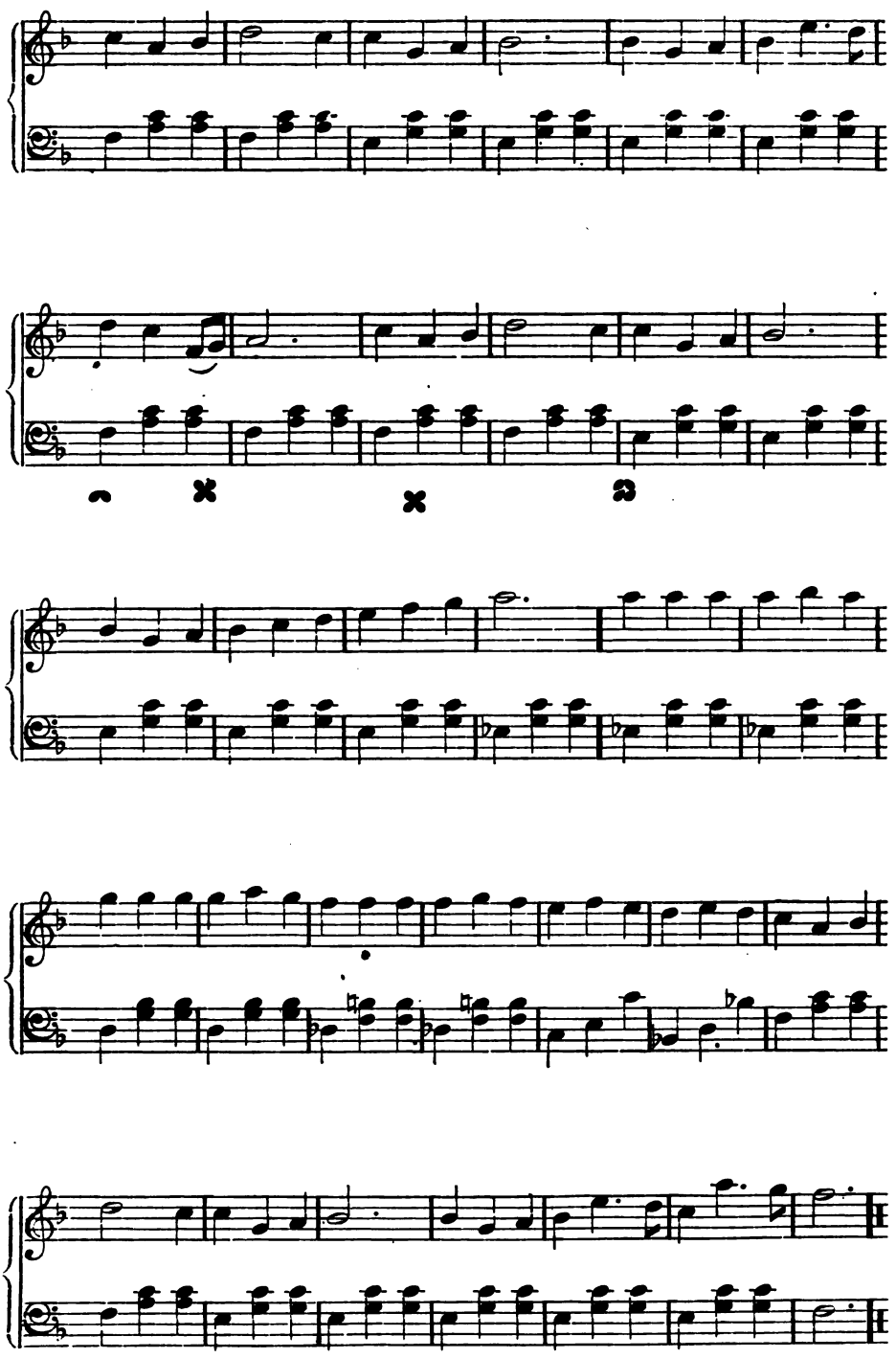
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As published by J. STARR HOLLOWAY, 811 Spring Garden St., Philada.



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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.—(See Description, Fashion Department.)

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GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIV.—NO. 504.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1872.

TWO.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART II.

"WHAT is the reason that, while clergymen are proverbially careless about business matters, and have a very imperfect appreciation of the value of money, their wives so often develop parsimonious traits? learn the practice, not only of small economies in their own households, but also of cunning play upon the sympathies and means of others?" said a lady to me once. "Some of the most adroit beggars I have ever known, and, beyond all question, the sharpest managers, were the partners of popular preachers."

To which I replied: "She is dull, indeed, who does not learn in the school of Necessity, and that soul is of purest metal that does not tarnish in such an atmosphere of fretting anxieties and noisome dreads and corrosive disappointments as surrounds the modern pastor's wife. That there are exceptions to the universality of the latter situation, I cheerfully, gratefully admit, but they are notable and not numerous. That the pastor himself so frequently passes through the test unharmed is usually because the active wits and unceasing care of his helpmeet guard him from the influences that dwarf and canker her."

Annie Sherman had dreamed of rest, appreciation, and help in her new home, and in the imposing reception that greeted them there she tasted the first delicious drops of the cup in which she was to forget "toils and dangers overpast." Her cramped nature seemed to expand; the heart, so long stifled by the mighty aggregate of petty duties and trials, beat almost lightly. The parsonage was a modern, showy building, and the ladies of the congregation had carpeted it throughout, entirely furnished the parlors and study. The house was filled on the evening of the day succeeding the Shermans' arrival. A committee of ladies had taken possession of the premises at noon, and under their direction preparations for the festival were made upon a scale that seemed princely to the unsophisticated eyes regarding them. Mrs. Sherman had never seen anything like it in all her precious life, and the children betrayed their rustic breeding, despite her repeated checks, by exclamations of the wildest amaze and delight. If anything could have marred the mother's pleasure, it would have been the glimpses she caught now and then of amused and meaning smiles exchanged between the ladies, who treated the little ones to all sorts of delicacies, hitherto unknown to their palates, and answered their questions with unfailing good-humor. This was the first shadow that fell athwart the new-born brightness of her spirit, but it was only a passing mortification. Children would be children, and they would soon become used to that which now excited their astonishment. Her complacency had a severer blow before the business of the evening fairly begun.

Nothing doubting that the committee would remain where they were until the company assembled, she slipped away from them as darkness came on, and arrayed herself carefully in her gala costume—a brown silk, with raised satin figures of the same hue upon it. "Brocade," it was called in its day, which was the winter of her marriage, and, like most marked styles, it soon "went out." Annie had taken great care of the dress—had made it over this season and re-trimmed it with brown velvet, not grudging the expense that made it look "quite as good as new." She remarked upon the excellence of the texture and fit, and the general freshness of the whole robe, while she got herself ready.

"It is a comfort to feel that one is well-dressed!" she said to George, who was shaving

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in the same room. "And brown is such a modest, serviceable color! One is never overdressed in a small company, or feels out of place in a large assembly, when she has it on."

George let her twitter on as he would a small brown wren, and thought his own thoughts, never so much as looking at her, when she pronounced the new blue cravat her sister had sent her at Christmas, "such a lovely contrast" to her dress; assented pleasantly to the supposition that she "had better go down, in case anybody should come, a little ahead of time."

The supper, with the exception of creams and other like perishable edibles, was laid in the dining-room, the parlors were ablaze with gas, and Mrs. Hayward, the chief manager of the entertainment, attended by three other ladies, was taking a final survey of the arrangements for doing their pastor—and themselves—honor. She was a handsome woman—a widow of large means and much popular talent, the recognized leader in the church, and a personage of consequence in the community. Her satisfied smile showed how well she had acquitted herself in the present enterprise. Mr. Sherman was her chosen candidate out of all who had preached in the vacant pulpit, and she meant the reception to be a "sensation."

"I am glad you have looked in upon us, Mrs. Sherman," she said, at Annie's entrance. "I am just going home. The carriage has been waiting some time. I shall return in less than an hour—be the first on the ground. You have nothing to do but to dress and rest until we come back. If we have seemed a little arbitrary in refusing to allow you to assist us, it was because we wanted you to be bright and fresh for the evening. Ah, Mr. Sherman!" this radiantly, as George appeared. "We are in flight, I assure you! We trust you to see that Mrs. Sherman does not weary herself in body and mind until we rally to her assistance in force. *Au revoir!*"

George handed the First Directress and her aides into the carriage, talking easily and gallantly on the way, shut them in and bowed them off.

"As if he had done the same every day of his life," reflected Annie, viewing it all from the entry. "I am glad he feels so much at home. They overpower me somewhat—these fine ladies who have so much 'manner!' I suppose because I have lived in the backwoods so long."

"We could ask no more beautiful home—no kinder people, Annie," said George, treading the soft carpets with marked satisfaction, and looking about him on the furniture that bore no resemblance to the plain appointments of the country parsonage.

"The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places," replied his wife, somewhat absently.

She was before the long pier-glass, pulling down and spreading out the skirts of the brown silk; untying and re-arranging the blue neck ribbon. A queer sensation was creeping over her, not unlike that she had felt in dreams of mingling in a gay company of acquaintances, all in their best attire, and coming suddenly to the consciousness of the fact that she was in her night-gown. She said to her discontented self that she looked like a Dutch doll, or the painted shepherdess upon the gaudy tea-tray that used to stand upon her grandmother's beaufet—so short and scant had her dress grown under Mrs. Hayward's eyes. Her skin had lost its transparency in the steam of stove and wash-tub; her hair was thin and dry; there were crows-feet at the corners of her eyes, and the blue of the eyes themselves had faded. She wished, for George's sake, that she were bright and pretty as when he married her. *He* did not look a day older than then. His step was light, his complexion clear, his whole mien that of a man in the glory of his youth and strength. She had persuaded him into the purchase of a handsome suit of clothes before entering upon his new pastorate. They became him well, and he would become any station, however exalted.

"It is only what you deserve, my dear," she continued, more heartily. "The people evidently understand that they have drawn a prize. I knew how it would be!"

She would not attract his attention to her antiquated apparel, by repeating Mrs. Hayward's observations.

"She probably did not notice, in the hurry of the moment, that I had changed my dress," she tried to comfort herself by saying. "Brown is such an unremarkable color. She could not be expected to know that I had nothing gayer than this. I suppose the children and I do look countrified. I can only hope that the guests will be too much taken up with their new pastor to bestow many remarks upon us. I shall be well content to stand in his shadow."

To do the guests justice, they did their best to make her forget her shabbiness—the more marked to her as to others when compared with the fashionable toilettes that presently filled the spacious rooms. Before the splendors of these the impression of being in absolute undress increased upon her until in the abjectness of her shame she felt like crawling under the nearest table or sofa to hide herself from the curious regards bent upon her; sympathized fully with the bashfulness that caused the two elder children who had been allowed to sit up "to see the party," to shrink into obscure corners, stick their fingers in their mouths, and obstinately resist all efforts to draw them from their covert. "Mrs. Sherman" was put into the most conspicuous place in the room, beside her well-dressed, animated

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husband, who remembered every visage he had ever seen before, and fitted the right name to each owner as he took him by the hand, while her brain whirled dizzily; her senses were caught up and tossed to and fro by the restless sea of strange faces; the surge of many voices in her unaccustomed ears. She smiled and bowed, and tried to seem at her ease, and to catch the prevailing tone of familiar converse and well-bred cordiality, the social spirit of those who, belonging to the same church, and most of them to the same neighborhood, rejoiced together as one family in the reunion, and in the occasion for it.

She failed, and she knew it, but bore the knowledge without other sign of discomfiture than a certain constraint of tone and expression; greater awkwardness of movement, and diffidence of speech. She impressed those among whom she was henceforward to dwell, with the facts that she was rustic and not intellectual; amiable and not ambitious; timid, but very grateful for the kindness showed to herself and family. Things might have been much more unfavorable for her future comfort had she been a woman of more "character." The ladies of the congregation liked her none the less for being unassuming and ignorant. Their former pastor was a studious bachelor, who never interfered in their department of action. They were too much in the habit of following in Mrs. Hayward's wake, and she was too fond of leading for them to contemplate cheerfully the prospect of submitting to the dictatorship which had from time immemorial been the prerogative of the minister's wife who chose to accept the reins. They could have wished, since Mrs. Sherman was so "incapable," that she were a more comely lay-figure, but, after all, it was tacitly agreed that her husband would not be less popular because she was uninteresting.

"She is a domestic dowdy, without a symptom of style or manner; as destitute of dignity as she is of brilliancy—but there is no harm in her," had been Mrs. Hayward's report that afternoon to her invalid sister, who was not able to attend the house-warming.

The lady mentally added dulness of perception and feeling to the unflattering list of qualifications for the office of nonentity in parish and society as she noted Annie's apparent unconsciousness of the homely absurdity of her figure amid its present surroundings.

"She is naturally awkward, and is unused to entertain company," thought the critic. "She looks like a good-natured dolt, but she feels none of the distress under which a sensitive person would writhe in discovering her unfitness for her present position. Why must our most gifted preachers marry while they are boys? Can her husband be blind to her deficiencies, or is he a miracle of self-control?"

She turned from these meditations with mingled compassion and admiration, to the lion of the evening, and wasted no more thoughts upon his consort in name.

The lion of the town he speedily became, and under the inspiration of the enthusiastic devotion of his own parishioners, the tokens of kindliness and appreciation he received from the citizens at large, his genius ripened into more worthy fruitage than it had hitherto borne. During his seclusion in the mountain township he had laid up treasures for future use that stood him in good stead now—mental stores and a magazine of physical forces which were beyond all price. His learning and eloquence filled his church to overflowing within six months after he assumed the charge of it. At the end of a year they tore it down and built a greater—one larger than any three other houses of worship in Aiken, and there was not a vacant pew in it three weeks after the dedication. "A prize," his wife had said, the evening of the reception. The Aikenites knew it now, if they had not then, and their pride in their acquisition leaped the bounds of the usual means by which a flock are fain to testify their approbation of the shepherd's services. Figuratively they fell at his feet, kissed the hem of his garment, and offered their necks to his tread. Literally they doubled his salary; let him have his own way in all ecclesiastical matters; *fêted* him continually, and flattered him unceasingly, and wearied not of making him presents of every description under the sun that could contribute to his individual comfort and pleasure.

He would have been more—or less—than human had these things failed to move him. Being at heart true and earnest, and in purpose upright, they stimulated, instead of enervating him. His most determined detractors—for envy is begotten by eminence as surely as the sun draws water from the bog—called him dogmatic, vain, and arbitrary; bruited that adulation had turned his head, and talked wisely of the rocket and the stick, and their willingness to abide the workings of time. Even they never said that he was idle or negligent; that he failed to play the man at the height of his dangerous elevation. Of course the ladies of church and congregation were foremost in the ranks of the brilliant preacher's allies and admirers.

I say "of course," in no invidious or sarcastic tone. While GOD'S own law of the mutual attraction of the sexes holds good, and while women's nature remains more emotional as more devout than that of man, the clergyman will continue to find his warmest supporters and most faithful yoke-fellows among the imitations of Dorcas, Persis, Priscilla, and Damaris, of whose distinguished services the celibate Chief Apostle was proud to make honorable mention. It was natural, moreover, that the women of the Aiken Tabernacle

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should be fond of their attractive minister; should sit under his pulpit discourses with great delight, and hearken, with rapt ears, to the many profound, witty, and pleasing sayings which made him the ornament of their parlors. He was a model pastor, they were agreed in affirming, sympathizing, instructive, and entertaining, as circumstances appealed to his affluent heart and mind, and divided his visits so impartially between rich and poor that neither class could complain or feel slighted. In fine, he was all they could desire—more—far more than they had hoped for. "For," said the very candid ones, "how could we imagine, without seeing and knowing him, that there was a faultless being in this imperfect world? But what a pity" (Full chorus here!) "that he has such an uncongenial wife!"

Which brings us, by a somewhat abrupt transition, from the high noon of our hero's career to the more chequered existence going on within the parsonage walls.

Mrs. Hayward had not been remiss in duty to those connected by lawful and blood-ties with the Man of the Day. If she anticipated his wishes, and seconded his endeavors in church and Sabbath-school; if she was an excellent listener to his sermons and lectures, and so discriminating in her praises of these, that he soon found himself speculating in his study as to the probable effect of this, that, and the other passage upon her speaking face, or regardful of her views and desires as he expounded doctrines and enforced belief—he was also reminded of her at every turn in the home she delighted to beautify. She "took" Mrs. Sherman "in hand" the day after the reception, and had guided her in all important affairs ever since. Under her tutilage the brown figured silk had vanished from Aiken sight and ken before it was sported a second time in that lively place; the stiff little curls, like twisted wisps of pale straw, cherished by Mrs. Sherman as a souvenir of her youthful charms and courting days, when George called them "golden," and "sunny," were trained into more modest and modish bandeaux, and the children were made almost presentable. Another bud was added to the cluster in the parents' possession when they had lived eighteen months in Aiken—a little girl, who was baptized in the hearing of the congregation one fine Sabbath as "Aurelia Hayward." Her the First Directress would have adopted but for the opposition of the real mother, who still held to certain obsolete notions touching the will of the Creator in such cases, as expressed by His disposition of what too many American matrons regard as questionable blessings.

"If he had not meant for me to have my baby for myself, He would not have sent her to me," said the benighted creature.

But "Baby Aura"—Mrs. Hayward's pet-title for her name-child—was a daily visitor at that lady's house; was caressed, and indulged, and adorned by her until she grew into such dissimilarity in appearance and behavior to her healthy, affectionate, country-born brothers and sisters, as excited general remark. The same butcher, baker, and grocer served Mrs. Hayward and Mrs. Sherman, and they did their shopping in spring and fall in company.

"It is very kind in you to spend so much time and pains upon that uninteresting woman," said the invalid sister already mentioned, one windy April afternoon, as the First Directress returned from a prolonged expedition through millinery and dry goods stores.

"I often ask myself why I do it," confessed the other, throwing off her velvet cloaks and sables, and sinking down wearily among the elastic cushions of her lounge. "But what would become of her if I were to let her go? She has not a liberal instinct in her composition. But for me, she would never have a decent thing for herself and children. I have to be constantly on the watch lest she should sacrifice taste to cheapness, or get a scanty pattern for the sake of saving a dollar or two. Her disposition to pinch wherever she can is incorrigible."

"She yields to you generally, does she not?"

"In my presence, yes, for she is a poor-spirited creature, and easily put out of countenance, besides being shrewd enough to appreciate, in some sort, the value of a wealthy, generous friend. She knows she would suffer severely, were I to withdraw my help. But she wears such a miserable face sometimes when I have argued down her fears that she 'cannot afford this,' and her suggestions that 'a simpler style will answer her purpose as well' as that I have selected, that I am ashamed of her. The very clerks know her failings, and appeal to me for directions. How a man like George Sherman ever, even in his 'real' days, fancied himself in love with that piece of commonplace insipidity, passes my comprehension. She is a clog about his neck, and will be always. These life-long blunders are miserable, hopeless complications!"

Her handsome face looked so nearly miserable as she said it; was changed from its ordinary brightness into such haggardness, as no extremity of bodily fatigue could set there, that her sister refrained from a second glance at it. She was a good and pure woman, who had learned wisdom and gentleness from suffering, yet she discerned no impropriety in this tender sympathy with a fascinating man who was unsuitably wedded; did not hesitate to speak out the form of consolation that came to her mind.

"He is fortunate in finding true friends who comprehend, and can minister to his spirit-needs. But for their companionship, and ap-

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preciation of his higher nature, his life would indeed be barren."

The tears gathered slowly in the widow's dark eyes.

"You do not know how fearful is his need, Julia, or how blank is his home life; how exquisite are his sensibilities; how strong the cravings of the intellectual man for the ready, intelligent response of a kindred soul to his aspirations and inquiries. Even I, who understand him as few others ever could; to whom he says he can reveal more of his inner self than to any one else alive, am daily discovering new wants, new depths of thought and feeling, greater capabilities for enjoyment and suffering. And this, after our intimate friendship of six years' standing! But what does this dull-witted clod who bears his name and lives under his roof—whom the world calls his 'wife'—guess of all this! It is the union of the owl and the eagle!"

At the same hour, Mrs. Sherman, having laid away carefully her cloth cloak and mink furs, sat herself down at her writing-desk, opened a "Family Expense Book," and began to record in order the purchases of the day. There were no superfluities. She acknowledged this to herself; also, that Mrs. Hayward's maxim, "The best always the cheapest," was in the main sound policy. Her girls ought to have the dresses and hats she had ordered; her fast-growing boys the new suits from the tailor who made the young Haywards' clothes. The black silk, the lace collar and undersleeves, the steel-colored poplin walking-suit and bonnet to match, were only what a woman in her station should have if she would appear as well clad as her neighbors. Yet her face, which had been anxious when she began her task, was sorrowful and perplexed as she wrote out the sum-total. There was nervous alarm in the twitching muscles of lips and fingers as she reviewed the columns of figures in the vain hope of discovering some mistake that should alter the result.

Finally she shut up the book with a heavy sigh, and locked it out of sight, lest George should happen upon it and be annoyed by what he called her "Martha-like calculation of ways and means," and, leaning her head upon her hand, sank into deep and painful reverie. She had no confidante, and sometimes she feared the seething brain would lose its balance. Was this to go on forever? this ceaseless tug at the income, which, sweat and strain as she might, was always short of the outgo? this contriving, night and day, to make ends join that had never yet met—which shrank further and further apart every year? The salary which had seemed princely when talked over in the country-manse, had dwindled and wasted like fairy gold in the handling. It took ten dollars in Aiken to do the work she used to accomplish with one. More things were needed in their town life; prices were higher, and everything was to be bought. She had not understood until their change of location that their means in their old home had been really enlarged by the homely donations of her fellow housekeepers; that when Mrs. Johnson sent her a pound of butter, the gift saved her from buying it; that Mrs. Vandyke's freshly-baked loaf of rye bread which came to her every Wednesday and Saturday, and Mrs. Peyster's invariable rice-pudding for Sunday's dinner, were, in effect, as much money in her purse. City parishioners never took this into account. The stores and market were as convenient to her as to them, and they chose to presume that she had as much money. Yet they were generous in their way. She could not complain of a want of presents. She had laced handkerchiefs, embroidered hand-screens, mantel ornaments in such profusion that her chimney-pieces looked like the show-counters of a fancy store; cut glass cologne flasks, five pair; match-boxes and paper-cutters and paper weights; inkstands of all patterns, and four writing-desks; easels for pictures, and carved brackets for books; watch cases not a few, and six jewelry stands; three glove boxes, and as many for handkerchiefs; such a profusion of flower vases, she had to keep half of them in the china closet; not to mention gift books in Turkish morocco and gilt, highly illustrated, and very expensive; elaborate and costly toys for the children, including gold and silver rattles for the baby; until from pleased surprise she passed by regular stages to a state of feeling akin to loathing. She liked "useful things." If they were pretty as well as useful, so much the better, but this shower of what she esteemed baubles dispirited and irked her. Her devotion to the practical equalled the reverent delight with which her spouse bent before the beautiful.

And all the while the money was taking to itself wings. The habit of painstaking economy, the study and planning, the sifting of "must haves" from "may wants" was closing in upon her again. Yet she had thought when she removed to this place to cast these behind her forever, as one would shake off a protracted nightmare from which she had just escaped with her life. She was beginning to suspect what many other clergymen's wives have demonstrated as a certainty, viz., that large salaries invariably bring larger—and unavoidable—expenses in their train. They must maintain a creditable appearance in the eyes of the world. The interests of the clerical profession and the Aiken church demanded it. This was one of Mrs. Hayward's cardinal doctrines.

Before it went down the brown silk. "Which was a handsome thing in its day. What a pity brocades had such a short run! I haven't seen one before in five years."

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Thus Mrs. Hayward: The children's wardrobes were "quite unsuitable for them in existing circumstances. There was so much dress in Aiken!" The well-saved cottage furniture, which had been Annie's wedding gift from the aunt for whom she was named, was also condemned. "That will do very nicely for the servants' room, my dear. It is good policy to lodge and feed your domestics well, and the set is really extremely neat."

The white curtains Annie had made with her own hands for the spare bed-room in her former abode were "entirely out of date here, and troublesome on account of the coal-dust and all that, you know. The country is so much cleaner."

The bed-quilts, two of them "album" patchwork presented by the ladies and children of their late charge, were "just the thing for the servants' bed, and you can, if you like, put one under the Marseilles quilt in the nursery. It will keep the dust off the blankets."

Annie made no resistance. George had bidden her consult Mrs. Hayward upon all doubtful points, and the business of her life was to obey and please him. She knew all the same that she was not the mistress of her own house, and each concession, the relinquishment of each cherished project, gave her as sharp a pang as it would you or me, dear sister, pride ourselves upon our individuality though we may. In place of the old familiar articles, and the household ways she had learned with care, practised with satisfaction, uprose a legion of "Indispensables," hitherto undreamed of which she yet dared not dispute. She may have been the clod her adviser deemed her, but the stupidest learn fast under the rod, and before the first quarter's salary became due, she had arrived at a pretty fair estimate of the proportion which their receipts were to bear to their expenditures. Her sensibilities were not acute perhaps, yet she endured absolute torture in lifting the remembered harness, and buckling it upon her reluctant spirit. In her agony of distaste at the return to bondage, she made one cry in the ears of him whom she seldom troubled with complaint, with whom she had long ago ceased to share such trials as could be kept from his knowledge.

It was at Christmas time, and they had been ten months in Aiken. There was a Sabbath-school festival, with a loaded "tree;" distribution of prizes, and much speaking *at* the children—that inimitable invention of some modern Herod in Howard's clothing—an original story written for the occasion by the pastor, which was a gem in its way, and applauded to the echo by great and small—and in the evening a masquerade surprise party, a delightful novelty at the parsonage. Santa Claus, led in a band of elves, decked with holly and other Christmas "greens," who piled their gifts in the shape of a pyramid in the middle of the parlor floor; danced, satyr-like, about it to a merry Christmas chorus, chanted as they moved, and retired without unmasking. Mr. Sherman pulled the ingenious structure to pieces, and distributed the presents in obedience to the labels attached to each. The children were enraptured, the father hilarious as any of them, and really gratified by his own acquisitions, the most valuable of which was a gold watch and chain. Mrs. Sherman's effort to seem pleased was so unsuccessful as to call forth a remark which was a virtual rebuke, and was understood as such by the rest as well as herself.

"Mamma is not as happy as we are; has a touch of the doldrums," said George, winding up Girard's race horse. "I hoped we should have no sober faces on this blessed Christmas day; that we should all be able to 'drive dull care away,' for a few hours, at least."

The wondering, reproachful eyes turned to her from the innocent faces about her were the severest ordeal to which he could at that instant have subjected Annie. Let us hope he did not know it. She felt each as a poniard thrust, and, like the blow following these, came the recollection that she could not defend herself then or ever from the unjust suspicions engendered in her children's minds. She could not tell them that solicitude for their welfare, much study of their interests and her husband's, many and pressing fears pertaining to present and future embarrassments, made her face and spirit "sober." All this would sadden them, and sorrow would come to them soon enough. She would not hasten it by her selfish repinings. Moreover, they might ask why she carried the whole load; why papa was light-hearted and she burdened, for children have an innate sense of justice that makes them swift in condemnation. She was sensitive and devoid of tact or address, but she would have bled to death sooner than recriminate or lower the father a thousandth part of a degree in the esteem of his offspring.

Oh, the silent heroism of these commonplace women, who are slow of speech and heavy of visage, save when, perhaps once in a lifetime, they look into our eyes with a dump piteousness that rives our souls and startles us as if the earth had caved under our feet in what we thought was a sure place, as if the stone had cried to us out of the wall. I caught such a glance the other day from a neglected wife who has neither beauty, nor youth, nor wit, to win back the truant heart she has striven for long, patient years to hold, and, remembering her that night in my prayers for "the afflicted, and those who draw unto the grave," awful words were whispered into the ear of my spirit in reply:—

"*When He maketh inquisition for blood, He forgetteth not the cry of the humble!*"

Annie made a visible attempt to drive away

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the black brood of stinging tormentors who would not let her be at ease even on Christmas day.

"Mamma is a little tired and headachy to-night," she said. "She is not as young as she used to be."

"Papa was born last week, and never ate a Christmas feast or saw Santa Claus until to-night!" retorted George, gayly. "Clear the course for Dexter! He is wound up all right. There he goes!" and off dashed the spirited courser in the ring left by the excited children.

Papa did not play with them every day, but he was the jolliest of comrades when he did; much livelier than poor mamma, who "hadn't a bit of fun in her," and was too busy all the time to frolic with them. They left her to herself, therefore, without the most distant imagination of the sufferings hidden by the quiet face that watched them.

"That horse cost five dollars, at least," said poor, sore-hearted Annie, "practical" in her pain. "And Georgie's wax doll must have been twelve! I have not three dollars in the world! I am sure George must have paid fifty for the engraving, frame and all, he gave me this morning! There is another bill to pay! He is very kind and generous, but if he only knew how little I enjoy such things when we need every cent of our salary for family expenses. How shall we get along until quarter-day—a month and a week off?"

It is by nursing such unhealthy thoughts as these that ministers' wives become contracted in ideas, mercenary in purpose.

When the children were in bed, this one of the sordid creatures made the outcry to which I have referred.

"George," she said, with a low-spirited, babyish tremor in her voice, "I am sorry I cast a shadow over your spirits or the children's to-night. But I had a cause for my grave looks. Large as our income seems, it does not meet our expenses, and I couldn't help wishing that our kind friends had given us the money all these beautiful things cost. It would have been a real help to us just now. Or that they had sent in something really useful. For instance, I would rather have had a barrel of flour and a tub of butter than this mantel clock, which I don't need in the least, and must have cost twice as much as they would."

I believe I have said elsewhere that George Sherman was never wittingly unkind or rough in word or deed to the wife he knew far his inferior. But his quiet sneer hurt her now more than downright harshness would have done.

"Judged by your rule, this world should be a vast grocery and provision store. You must bear in mind that there are varieties of taste even in the same family. I regret exceedingly, however, that yours were not more correctly divined on this occasion. You are at liberty to carry your utilitarian principles into action and barter the trumpery you do not value for solid, sensible bread and butter. As you say, that clock, which is, I know, a present from Mrs. Hayward and her sister, must be valuable. The bronze figures upon it—the Muse of History watching the motions of Time—are remarkably fine. An auction sale of your Christmas gifts would replenish your larder abundantly—give you pocket money for six months to come."

Annie, recalling his words and look five years previous, as she sat alone in the twilight of that windy April afternoon, casting up endless and unsatisfactory accounts in her aching head, felt again the positive physical constriction of heart and lungs that almost suffocated her then; the uprising of her loyal soul against insult and wrong done her by him who should have sheltered her from both. She had never given words to the protest; had tried to forget the occurrence. George had "always been careless about money." Besieged by the temptations of the city, it was not strange that he grew reckless. His love for the æsthetic was mounting, or degenerating, into a passion; his desire to possess and enjoy the books from which he had been shut out by his secluded position and straitened means threatened to become inordinate. He sought out and bought good pictures; he would have the finest library editions of his favorite authors, let them cost what they might. These were a substantial investment, he told himself and his friends—riches in which his children would revel when he had passed into the Land where all was Beauty. His wife might exhaust the powers of her intellect in remodelling last year's garments and saving candle ends. He fed his by his royal lavishness of the lucre which was only made filthy by hoarding. He made a telling point in a charity sermon by comparing such heaping up of wealth to the manna which the economical, long-sighted Hebrew stored in his vessel until the morrow, when he found it alive with corruption.

He was too manly ever to become a *petit maitre*, but he cultivated his naturally refined tastes into fastidiousness. The appointments of his study were irreproachable—perfect in general effect and in detail. "A rare poem! visible music!" Mrs. Hayward said, softly, one day, entering while he lounged in his reading chair and read Euripides in the sunshine. It was right—only just that this should be. Else how could fair fancies and exalted conceptions visit him freely? There were subtle harmonies of sense and soul which must be consulted if one would attain his highest development, mentally or spiritually. The room in which he studied and wrote was bright in winter, shaded in summer, always luxurious, although simple enough to the casual eye. It

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was kept at an even temperature, that no extreme of heat and cold should remind him, at inopportune seasons, of his corporeal existence when he would be all mind and spirit. There was a fernery in the brightest window, and rustic stands of flowers, often renewed, filled the air with delicate fragrance.

These were not personal luxuries, but appliances of his art, as were the paintings, the two or three statues, and the shelves of superbly bound books in the adjoining library. In preparing the lectures and sermons he meant to deliver without notes, it was his habit to walk up and down the length of the two rooms, his head bent, and hands behind him, with half-closed eyes, murmuring to himself in a sort of trance—a clairvoyant state, upon which no footstep or voice might break, unless the intruder's errand were one of life or death.

"The apartments seem to me like holy ground, while I catch the sound of his communing with higher intelligences," said Mrs. Hayward, once to Annie.

"I never go in, except to sweep and dust when he is out," rejoined Annie, in her simplicity. "He can't bear to have the chambermaid touch a thing of his. But I am very particular."

"I have no doubt of it," Mrs. Hayward answered, patronizingly. "It is an inestimable privilege to minister even to the temporal wants of such a man."

There was no retreat in the whole house for "Mamma's" spirit or body, not so much as a closet which she could call her own, in which she could sit her down in quiet, secure of ten minutes for Bible reading and devotion. She said her prayers generally while nursing the baby; and when the last one was weaned, lifted up her head to Him who knew her infirmities, and was acquainted with her griefs, as she could catch a moment's breathing space. A favorite season for her meditations and silent supplications was while mending the children's clothes, after midnight had set the seal of soundest sleep upon other eyes. She did not quite comprehend her husband's fervent petitions from the pulpit in the hearing of the hundreds who hung breathless upon his lips; breathings after wider, deeper, richer Christian experience and the higher life; felt ignorant, and dwarfish, and wretched, as she listened to these, and his stirring exhortations to his hearers to live above the world; to spurn the fetters of earthly desire and earthly cares; to keep their minds calm and free, ever receptive to the influences of the Infinite Thought of which the human intellect was a part.

But then there was so little Annie did understand beyond housekeeping, and sewing, and baby-tending! She had not an idea of what was meant by the divinity of humanity, or the pre-Adamic period, or the Arian or Pelagian heresy. She had a shadowy fancy that Origen had something to do with original sin, and that the same firm manufactured the Elgin marbles and Elgin watches. But she did not pretend to know the difference between Tractarianism and Antinomianism, or what Doctor Pusey believed and Bishop Colenso did *not*. She read next to nothing, except the nice little books her children brought home from the Sunday-school library. While Mrs. Hayward read everything, remembered all she read and heard, and could talk so well of what she knew, that even George confessed he sometimes gained new views of truth in his conversations with her. A wonderful woman was Mrs. Hayward! In her humility, Annie never thought of questioning this. It was very kind and disinterested in her to take her [Annie] everywhere in her carriage; to pilot her through shops and dressmaking establishments; to prescribe to her what should be eaten, drank, and worn at the parsonage. If her income equalled that of her chaperon, she might enjoy purchasing and ordering as much as she did. If her talents and education were more nearly equal, she would take more pleasure in their intercourse. Oddly enough, there floated into her memory in this connection a text George had read that morning at prayers:—

"Whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"

George would have laughed at this violent wresting of Scripture, but there was no danger of his knowing of it. She had long ago ceased to talk to him of such trifles as her private and individual religious experiences.

(To be continued.)

DOST THOU CARE?

BY ENOLA.

Dost thou care? No word of loving
To me from thy lips has passed;
Dost thou care that now the shadows
Fall around me thick and fast?

Dost thou care that I am grieving,
With no friend to whisper cheer?
Broken up the home I'm leaving;
Death has claimed the hearts most dear.

Wilt thou care when I am toiling
Lonely in a foreign land?
I shall weep for thee in longing—
Canst thou coldly from me stand?

Carest thou not? Thine eyes have brightened,
And thy lips have smiled in days
When my lips oft crossed thy pathway
On those vanished flowery ways.

But no other sign thou givest,
And I blush as though in shame,
Drawing back my outstretched fingers,
Crushing them with grasp of blame.

For thou turnest from my darkness—
I now forward go alone;
Dost thou care? Still silent asking,
Must thy heart my love disown?

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SMALL STOICISMS.

SMALL STOICISMS, if of no great value in themselves, and showing no very tremendous amount of guiltiness if absent, are nevertheless good and useful as adjuncts, buttresses, stepping-stones to the larger virtues, of endurance and courage. Just as some of the loveliest work in nature is made up of the incessant labors of microscopic insects, so some of the finest characters of humanity are those which are the most careful of the minor virtues, and the truest hero is he who is most thorough in small stoicisms. Indeed, for the most part, a person who has no stoicism in little things is incapable of endurance in larger ones; though there are certain characters which have to be spurred to the quick before they will rouse themselves to exertion—certain men whose virtues are of that theatrical kind which needs the aid of the imagination and the help of the public praise if they are to be warmed up into life and action at all. These are the people who, leading self-indulgent lives in general, are capable of one great effort on some mighty occasion; who would, with a crowd looking on to applaud, do some tremendously great deed, perform some splendid bit of heroism, that would make the world ring with their praises; but who, in daily life and without the crowd, wince if their finger aches, and find the smallest self-sacrifice a burden unendurable. Yet, as we cannot be always on the mountain tops, or before the footlights either, and as the greater part of our lives is passed in the humble little valleys and by the quiet privacy of the home fireside, it is really more important that we should daily practice small stoicisms rather than do that one great deed once in our lifetime; making our souls and our practice beautiful all through, and especially in minor things, on the principle of many a little making a mickle, and translating into morals the monetary advice about taking care of the pence, by which means the pounds will take care of themselves.

One of the small stoicisms necessary to learn is to bear ordinary pain without showing that you suffer. But some people are so cowardly in this that they cannot bear the most unimportant little ache without making every one about them take their share of the discomfort. A commonplace headache, which in some houses would be neither betrayed nor observed, in others is considered to be sufficient cause for as much sympathetic fuss as if the thumbscrews and bootikins were going on, and death was stalking right up the front stairs. Good Heavens! the anguish of mind and body that is created in an establishment where the master or mistress is of the fretful order of Sybaritism, and has got toothache or the mumps! Many a man has undergone amputation or any other terrific operation with fewer groans; and for a pain which some people would have carried so cheerfully that no one would have known anything about it, with others no epithet expressing the most excessive, the most agonizing torture is too much to use for its description. Those who see the most of this kind of thing are medical men. They leave one bedside where a patient, racked with pains that almost touch his reason, bravely shuts his lips over his groans and lets no cry escape him; they go to another, where a fine lady has the faceache, where a fretful man has a fit of dyspepsia, and they are greeted with a volley of sighs and moans and complaints, and superlatives, which makes them smile inwardly—and more or less than smile, when they remember the poor fellow who bore his agony with such patience, and even found "a smile for the doctor" in between whiles. Well, to bear small pains, and large ones too for the matter of that, without wincing, and without even showing that you suffer, is one of the lesser stoicisms which have to be learnt if we would not be mere Sybarites. And this no man or woman of our strong brave Scandinavian blood should be.

What is true of pain is true also of bodily discomfort. Take a walking party, a travelling party of any kind, where the penalty paid for the pleasure on hand is fatigue. Some of them will go on gallantly to the last, and never utter a word of complaint. They know that it has to be done, however tired they may be. They cannot stop all night in the middle of the moor or on the side of the mountain; *coûte que coûte*, they have to go on; so they make up their minds, square their shoulders, and go on uncomplainingly. Others, again, fret and fume, and lag behind if they do not stop altogether, and say they cannot do it, and they will die, they are sure they will! and it is perfectly impossible for them to move a step farther, and they don't care what becomes of them—go on they cannot and will not. And if you say, "Well, we are all tired, but we must put up with it," they assure you in all seriousness that no one is so tired as they are, and no one suffers so much. These are the people too who, in a moment of perhaps real, perhaps apparent peril, make matters worse by their lamentations, by their distracted advice to the steersman, the driver, the oarsman—whomsoever it may be that has the lead or is responsible for the safe conduct of the party. If women, they scream; clutch hold of arms that want all their strength and freedom for work; demand for themselves and their hysterical fears the attention which should be given, fixed and undivided, to the real business of the moment. Others of the same group, whose lives are just as precious, and who have no more wish to die than those shrieking creatures, and who have no more power of extricating themselves from peril, if there is any peril to extricate themselves from, yet keep silent and

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look cheerful, or at the least are quiet and passive. If they cannot do any active good, they take care not to add to the perplexities of the moment by active folly; and, as a general rule too, they think that the man in whose charge they are knows his own business best and may be trusted. Of course sometimes there are catastrophes sad enough, and the pitcher which has been scores of times to the same well gets broken at last; pleasure boats upset, and the poor holiday-makers are drowned; railway trains get smashed, and scores of excursionists with them; and even summer-worked horses take fright, and traps are overturned at sharp corners where there are rugged stones or an unhandy bridge, and eternity lying not a foot's pace from the splashboard. But, with all these possibilities before them, those who have learnt the grace and practice of small stoicisms can command themselves, and not show the fear they may perhaps feel just as keenly as the rest; and if women would only remember that screaming and clutching hold of working arms, and distracted demands on the attention of those employed in regulating the course of things, are just so much dead weight thrown into the scale of danger, perhaps they too would learn that very useful stoicism of keeping quiet when there is, or seems to be, a perilous hitch in matters, and at the most content themselves with sympathetic squeezes exchanged with some sister, as frightened as they are, but outwardly self-restrained.

Another of the small stoicisms, which unfortunately seems to be dying out as an element of education, is that of eating what we do not like with a good grace. Some foolish person set it afloat as an article of belief that a child's appetites were instinctive, and that it should never therefore be forced to eat what it did not like; some people add, and allowed to eat all that it does like. But we have to do now with the former of these two clauses. To those who have not tried it, it may seem a very small inconvenience to have the companionship of one who will not eat what he or she does not like, with the invariable corollary that he or she likes very few things indeed. But try it for yourselves, and then see what you make of it. Let us premise that you yourself are catholic in your tastes, and can (or say you can, and do in fact, which is the same thing) eat everything. You have no *index expurgatorius* in your bill of fare, and you have a certain pride in your own stoicism of not being dainty. Your companion can eat only three or four things, and these three or four cooked only in a particular way, and with such and such adjuncts. You go to a place where the cookery, to put it mildly, is primitive, and adjuncts a science of which the first principles are not known. For yourself, you can make yourself comfortable enough on what you can get; if you have no venison, you can eat mutton; and if mutton runs short, you can fall back upon eggs and bacon, or on eggs alone if the bacon is a myth. If you have no wine, you can drink beer, and you do not disdain milk or the pump if the brewer has played the district false. But your companion can eat nothing. The mutton is boiled, and he never eats boiled mutton; or it is baked, and he abhors baked meats; bacon and eggs are his taboo, and he would rather have a crust of bread and cheese than either; but the bread is stale and he eats only new, or new and he eats only stale; the butter is salt, and the cheese hard; he hates milk; water he never touches; beer is fit only for the people who can eat fried bacon; if he cannot have wine such as he is used to, he will have nothing; and so on. At first you do not mind this enforced self-abnegation; at last it becomes a cross laid on you as well as on himself, and even your stoicism is not sufficient to bear you up under it. You only wish that you could take your friend back the thirty years or so that would put him into the educable age, and that you might have the ordering of the nursery dinner, till you had taught that dainty mouth some of the catholicity you have learnt for yourself—or at least till you had taught him such amount of self-control as would enable him to make the best of what he has, and when he cannot get white bread to put up with brown. Besides the weakness of this form of Sybaritism, there is its rudeness to be considered. In a large dinner it may escape attention; and, moreover, in a large dinner there must be something even the most fastidious person can eat. But in a small entertainment, or maybe a *tête-a-tête* or family dinner, is it cheerful, think you, to have your guest blandly refusing everything offered with a quiet "Thank you, no, I never eat salmon. I cannot touch boiled beef. Is that duck stuffed with onions? none, then, thank you, for me;" and so on? Perhaps winding up with "Have you any cold meat in the house? May I ask for it if you have?" This is not a fancy sketch, it is a reality; and because it is a reality, and to be found accompanied with many sweet and charming virtues of another kind—else it would scarcely need demonstrating as an evil at all—we advocate so strenuously this small stoicism of eating everything set before one, as part of the self-education absolutely necessary for us all to learn.

In other words, these small stoicisms are commentaries on the law of unselfishness, and part of the very essence of politeness. Put a self-indulgent Sybarite and one of the old knights of chivalry together, and say who is the better gentleman of the two—he who cried out if a rose leaf was crumpled, and who knew nothing of self-control but the name; or he who could brave hunger, thirst, fatigue, pain, peril, and every kind of bodily misery, with a calm face and a steady heart, keeping secret

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all his own griefs while giving himself up to assuage the griefs of others? We do not think there can be two answers to that question!

"UNE CHANSON."

BY EMMA NASH.

LOUISIANA! I love thee, land of my birth;
Truly, I adore thee, gem of the earth!
Legend and romance around thee are thrown,
Beauty and valor claim thee their own—
Spain and gay France once called thee *daughter*,
Thou borest their 'scutcheon o'er the water;
Each did bequeath thee charms to enhance—
The beauty of Spain, the wit of France.

A daughter thou art of a sunny clime;
Jasmines and roses forever twine
A wreath of beauty for thy fair brow
In thy grand forests! and even now,
In thy mild spring sun, fruits and flowers
Are budding forth in thy sweet bowers
With a lavish pride. Oh, charming land
Of wondrous beauty! All things expand

In thy balmy air. The human heart
E'en beats with a more impulsive start
And soft emotion. The generous hand
Is ever kind to the poor's demand,
And Charity gives with a sweet smile
To friendless stranger and helpless child.
Sweet land of my birth! I love thy shades
Of jasmine boughs and magnolia glades—

Thy rich orange tree and graceful cane,
And the luscious fig that shades the lane.
I love thy lagoons of sombre hue,
And the hanging moss; the perfumed dew
That in the silence trickles at night;
Thy heaven's vault and its starry light,
And the bright-eyed stars that sweetly shine
Through thy scented groves and feathery pine—

And weird moonlight, so softly staying
O'er mimosa plant, and delaying
Its silv'ry touch on bird and flower
In the solemn and magical hour
Of midnight; hour, when the southern air
Is burdened with the fragrant prayer
Of a thousand flowers. All, all, I love—
And the placid lake, which like a dove

Lies in thy bosom, still and bright,
And gilded o'er with thy sun's warm light;
And thy noble river, grand and deep,
Flowing along with majestic sweep,
With a thousand vessels on its breast,
And the *Crescent City* for its crest.
Lousiana! I love thee, land of my birth;
Truly, I adore thee, gem of the earth!

TENDER SUBJECTS.—In things that are tender and unpleasing break the ice by some words of less weight, and reserve the more weighty voice to come in as by-chance.

Do all in your power to render your parents comfortable and happy. If they are aged and infirm, visit them as often as you can, carry them tokens of your love, and show them that you feel a tender interest in their happiness. Be all to your parents which you would wish your children to be to you.

THE MORAL UNIVERSE,
WITH A WOMAN'S EYE AT THE TELESCOPE.

BY SUE CHESTNUTWOOD, AUTHOR OF "MALBROOK" AND "HONOR BRIGHT."

WOMAN'S sphere; unsexing the sex; and their many other aphorisms, had set me thinking.

"Women should live at home; mind the children, and make it comfortable and pleasant for their husbands."

This is their untiring theme. Every proof is brought to sustain it; their erudition citing every illustration history affords, backing them up with a very cloud of authorities, way back to the blunt, eloquent bachelor, St. Paul.

Well, I hav'n't any home to make comfortable; I don't live, I board; I hav'n't any children to look after; why I hav'n't even a husband, nor any one else in this wide world but Uncle Griff. Will some wiseacre mercifully point out to me my sphere?

This world is a sphere. Every living creature on its surface has his individual sphere. I am not so great an egotist, as for one moment to imagine myself an exception to an established law of nature. I would as soon doubt the force of gravitation, and start out for a pleasant, airy stroll from my window in the third story; or turn atheist, and mock the existence of an All-controlling mind, which had framed these laws; or a miserable sceptic, questioning my own immortality, as to imagine for one moment that the Omnipotent will, that called me into being, did so, only to cast the work of His hand a stray waif on the surface of life to drift hither and thither, aimless, objectless. Every life has its centrifugal and centripetal force, as certainly as the planets, which, in their dumb, passive way, are guided through their wide circuitous orbits. Let one of these break loose from the law of attraction and repulsion, and imagine the havoc among the spheres. Such an infringement, and the whole universe would run riot. One of nature's similes; let us make the application.

No man can break a law, whether divine or human, and not have that violation felt throughout his entire community, aye throughout the entire universe. Therein lies the selfishness of sin. Let us prove the position advanced. Conceive the crime to be one of the most heinous murder. First, the man himself is a blight; his whole life from seeming honor suddenly a foul blot; wife, children, friends disgraced; the community enraged, demand life for life; human law urges, divine law sanctions the penalty. Thus two lives are sacrificed, one to rage, malice, probably jealousy, the other to justice. Thus each life, being a sphere, *two* shoot from their orbits, making as palpable confusion in the moral universe as the random course of a planet would in the mate-

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rial. Now the moral and material universe being indubitably admitted to be closely allied, one cannot vibrate without quickening the pulsation of the other.

I talked to Uncle Griff about it the other evening. He laughed, saying my analogous reasoning was mere sophistry, that I was straying into the cloudy waves of metaphysics, and stood a fair chance of losing myself.

We were in the drawing-room, I in the bay window, Uncle Griff pacing the floor, his arms folded behind him, a restless habit he has.

The apartment found us its sole occupants. The devotees that constitute our stylish little world at Madame Berrié's, were offering their oblations at fashion's crystal shrine, or, in plainer phraseology, making their dinner toilets before their mirrors. Our landlady, in downright English, is plain Mrs. Jeremiah Berry, but she gives the homely name a French accent, hoping thereby to give prestige to her house; and though you may scoff, there is policy in it, for Madame Jerêmia Berrié has more stylish boarders, and gets richer pay than Mrs. Jeremiah Berry would ever dare to ask. It is characteristic of our nation, be it spoken to our shame, this love of everything foreign.

But of Uncle Griff. I was not to be put aside by a sneer, so continued :—

"But, Uncle Griff, supposing my theory to be true?"

"Well?" from the other side of the room, in his quiet tone of questioning, waiting for me to fill out the diagram of my thought.

"Everybody, even right in this house, has his sphere. There is Madame Berrié, Atlas-like, holding our domestic skies on her shoulders; Mrs. Beauchamp, rapt up in her soroses; Mrs. Bowen, negotiating and plotting to secure establishments, and their accompanying male appliances, for her daughters; Miss Sheldon, with her whole soul absorbed in the latest style of pannier, and her chignon; so through the entire lady list, and the same with the gentlemen. Even your excellency is no exception. I alone have no orbit."

"Umph! Emulate Mrs. Beauchamp, Lucy Stone, Olive Logan, and the like. Cultivate strength of mind, to the expense of womanly grace! Prepare a lecture on the wrongs of your sex, as the China question," in a tone of utter scorn.

Uncle Griff's contempt always raises every particle of latent animosity in my nature. I had a hateful retort on my lips; he prevented it by adding sneeringly :—

"Or, like every other of your kind, fall in love and marry."

"Shall I, Uncle Griff? Do you advise it? For if you do I will think seriously of it. The young minister asked me to be his wife last week before he went away," I said, quite cooly, though with a little trembling of the lips. I had been trying to muster courage to tell him for days. He gave a little, almost imperceptible start, strode up and down the room in silence for a moment, then remarked with a sort of smothered anger,

"A minister's wife — ten children — and six hundred a year! You set your standard high!"

What woman would have borne that? I half made up my mind to accept the minister just out of spite, and was about telling him so, when he came to a sudden stand quite beside me, and taking my face in his hands looked at me earnestly. Such eyes as has Uncle Griff—gray eyes, dark, deep, intense, and when bent on me in that kind, searching way, they swept away every vestige of anger.

"Do you love him, little woman?"

"Who? The minister?" my cheeks very hot.

"Yes," with the anger breaking out again.

"No! Why should I?" laughing. He drew a long breath, and leaving me, strode up and down the room again.

For a little my thoughts took a discursive flight after the young minister, with a little wonderment as to whether he would really care that I did not love him, then, girl fashion, they flew off at a tangent, coming back to the subject that had set us quarreling. I took up the thought where we had dropped it.

"Uncle Griff, do you believe in the existence of a moral universe?" There was a bit of a smile in his eye that bade me continue. "Well, sir, according to mathematical assumption, every whole is composed of parts, therefore the universe, as a whole, is indubitably composed of said part or atoms." Another bit of smile with its unspoken "Well?" "In order to sustain irrefragable the harmony of the whole, each atom must perform its function, no matter how minute and infinitesimal that function may be." He drew a chair to my side, and sitting down, stroked his moustache in a sort of lazy amusement. It provoked me, but I was just ready to sum up my substance, so deemed it polite to be blind. "Then as the moral universe is composed of moral atoms, and as each human being is such an atom, why *I*, having every reason to suppose myself a human being, can deduce no other conclusion than that I am a moral atom, and as such have my part to perform in order to maintain the entirety of the whole." He raised his eyebrows; that always makes me angry, and he knows it. I added, excitedly: "And *I* am only *one* of many thousands of women whose lives are not blanks, nature admits of none such, but rather disturbing elements in the harmonious whole."

"Find the remedy! Prove the benefactress of your much abused sex! Collect your feminine sphere into a grand luminous constellation, that shall put to the sixth magnitude every other star in your moral firmament," sarcastically.

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At that moment the gong sounded. With his courtly grace he offered his arm to lead me to the dining-room; I declined, defiantly; he laughed.

"The 'Declaration of Independence'—a good beginning," with covert scorn. We had reached the hall and came in with the boarders, so I bit my lip for answer, but I carried my telescope to the dining-room, and, when we were seated, levelled it, first of all, at Uncle Griff.

PART II.

And viewed physically, a man finely built, with a certain elegance of bearing quite *distingué;* a head of intellectual cast; a face versatile in expression, more puzzling than handsome; mentally, strong, vigorous, original; morally, an enigma. He had baffled me always, this kind, cynical, haughty Uncle Griff. He fills his orbit with the steady brilliancy of a Jupiter, having at thirty-five amassed a splendid fortune. From a worldly point of view, his life is rounded and complete, yet he is dissatisfied, unbelieving, sometimes skeptical.

There must have been something in my eyes savoring of their moral medium, for suddenly he brought his to bear upon me, with an expression half amused, half satirical, which rendered further telescopic observations, in that direction, utterly impossible. My chicken had grown cold in the meantime; I pushed my plate away in disgust. He laughed provokingly.

"I am glad you are so happy," I said, curtly.

There was a cynical curve to his lip that instantly brought my telescope into requisition again.

"Why is not this man happy? There is a reason for everything under the sun." I had just mentally enunciated that trite truism, when Mrs. Beauchamp observed, at my elbow:

"We had a very forcible discussion on the divorce question at the Sorosis last evening."

"Ah, indeed! May I presume to ask the decision of your august assembly?" asked Uncle Griff, with courtesy of manner, save to the initiated, quite covering the latent irony of his tone.

Polemic as Mrs. Beauchamp is in disposition, she took the question *bona fide*, and answered it accordingly.

"We voted it 'woman's safeguard.'"

I turned to Uncle Griff with an air of triumph, expecting his defence, and met *such* an expression. His dark, intense eyes were terrible; his lips grand, in their infinite scorn. Mrs. Beauchamp was angry, and did not glance at him; but *I*, my eyes fairly ached with their moral lenses. He looked annoyed at my persistent gaze, and turned his back quite on me, lending his affable manner and fluent conversation to his neighbor, Miss Bowen, thereby delighting Mrs. Bowen, her mother, who mentally furnished an establishment on Fifth Avenue, *in prospectus*. Ah, incorrigible Uncle Griff!

"We have a new boarder," observed Miss Sheldon, who likes a bit of gossip next to her finery, across the table to me.

Madam Berry has the same set of boarders year in and year out, in approved aristocratic style, so this announcement was as good as an "extra." My woman's curiosity could not resist the question, "Pray, whom?"

"An invalid. I saw her come in. She dresses in deep mourning. I shouldn't wonder if she is a widow. She looks far enough gone in consumption to begin saying her prayers," ascetically.

Like all old maids, Miss Sheldon hates widows.

I had an engagement with somebody to go to the opera, so left both the gossip and the dessert, and the table too, without even so much as a word of explanation to Uncle Griff.

"'Tis love, love, love,
That makes the world go round."

It sounds pretty. There is a sentimental sort of ring in it that plays in perfect harmony on the finer chords of our nature. Aside from the poetry, the couplet contains an assertion, made in such bold, positive terms, that the first impulse is to accept it without questioning its veracity. Somebody whispered it to *somebody else* last night at the Academy, right after one of Kellogg's sweetest bursts of song in "Faust." The whisper seemed to catch the refrain, like the sweet, delicate essence of an echo. Everything appealed to the senses; the brilliant flood of light; the wild, alluring music; the air, with a multitude of gay fans, like birds of rare plumage, coaxing it into artificial zephyrs, laden with the perfume of a thousand choice exotics, surrounded by the dazzling aureola of beauty and art, with somebody's handsome face just a trifle bent toward somebody else. Was it any wonder one yielded to the power of the charmer, and believed?

Hume says: "A wise man should proportion his belief to the evidence." So this morning I brought out my moral scales into the broad light of the sun, and laid the couplet, with its mighty presumptive power, quite in it. Behold its weight! There was nothing to balance it. It did not sink an hair's breadth. The arithmetical expression 0 was its avoirdupois. I brought mathematics to the aid of my telescope, hoping to find the secret of the universe and discover an orbit for my unfound sphere.

First, is there such a thing as love? They claim that it is as old as the world. Adam first told the story to Eve. Its very antiquity, like the word of Revelation, is its strongest proof. Every effect must have a cause, and

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surely the effects of the thing *love* are palpable enough. Contrast the loved and unloved wife; then view its utter lack in the old maid. So cause and effect prove the existence of this thing love to be actual, not abstract. Now the question becomes one of strength. Is its motive power sufficient to perform the mighty function it so gaily claims—the swinging on its axis of this round world? If it can be so proven, I can be at rest; for if it will whirl this great material sphere around its orbit, it can surely do as much for my little moral sphere.

Everything tangible has two leading constituents—*quantity* and *quality*. First, as to its quantity. Set out the married couples that love each other, against those who married for interest, or whose short-lived passion, ere the honeymoon was spent, proved that

"There lies within the very flame of love,
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,"

who has the majority? You can divide the loved into the unloved, and cover your mental blackboard with an unending example in long division. Then flank the great crowd with the bachelors, old maids, and those proudly waving their divorce bills, and one's head fairly reels. Thus the quantity is proved insufficient. As to the *quality*. In the long run, it is quality, not quantity, that tells.

It requires much copper to be the equivalent of a little gold; much gold to buy a tiny diamond. A little true courage puts to the blush untold bravery. One mind may hold all matter its slave; one strong, deep intellect rules the masses. So if love can be proved immortal in quality, its continuous power, though feeble, through the ages, might make the world "go round," like the steady dropping of water, that rends the solid rock as effectually as if it had been blasted. Is it immortal? For answer.

The widow pleasantly surveys the becoming cap reflected in her mirror; the flirt kisses any silly girl who is foolish enough to give him the liberty; the epithets darling, sweetheart, so many delusive terms of deceit, so many subtle, dangerous loadstones to crime and ruin. Even where the love is true, where the man and woman are honest in their devotion, where "their children rise up and call them blessed," let one die, say the wife. The husband weeps heartfelt tears. For *one* year the sod is kept green on the new-made grave; after that, he concludes, of course, *self-denyingly*, that the children need a mother. The Saviour plainly discovered to us his omniscient presence when he declared that "In the resurrection, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage." Otherwise, imagine the riot in heaven when each man came to claim his wife; each woman her husband.

The *quantity* of love has been proved an infinitesimal particle, its *quality* essentially non-enduring. Thus is the couplet refuted. If any

"Love, love, love,
Makes the world go round,"

it is the love of God, who, out of sheer pity for vain, presumptuous man, keeps in constant revolution the great axletree of the universe, to save him from plunging into infinite space.

That evening, when somebody stooped to claim his rightful kiss, somebody else drew back, and told him, sorrowfully, what the sunlight had done. A few minutes after, going up stairs with a little sad sinking of the heart, I met Uncle Griff, and told it all in a dozen words. He stooped and kissed me in a kind, grave way, that sent me to my room with a spice of wonderment mingled with the sadness, at the different calibre of two kisses. When there, I knelt down in my casement, gazing up at the heavens, with their bright spheres revolving in their sea of blue, perplexed and troubled. The material acting only as a symbol of the moral universe. If God's love made those myriad worlds complete this revolution, might not a great, true, woman love, rendered pure by the refining influence of the Divine, cause a human sphere to "go round?"

There was a little dull ache in my heart. So had I discarded my first two lovers, the young minister and somebody. I had had a glimpse into life's mysteries; had half-guessed the secret system that made the harmonious whole, then suddenly was thrown back on myself. And my orbitless sphere seemed plunging through chaos.

PART III.

THE new boarder and I have grown quite intimate. It was in this wise: She never leaves her apartments. One day I was passing through the hall, her parlor door stood wide open. I glanced in. She was reclining in a luxurious, sleepy hollow. She smiled, I returned it. The next day the same thing happened; she called me in. Since then, there seems to be a witchery about that door. Uncle Griff says I cannot pass it. She is a sweet, gentle lady, so emaciated with consumption that one cannot judge her age. She evidently *has been* beautiful, and looks so now when the hectic is on her cheek. She has such grand eyes as artists always give to Desdemona, and a wealth of dark hair. Her mouth alone is not perfect; it is pusillanimous, and lacking in character. Her brow, I am sure, has been fair and smooth, but now there are tense lines across it, and about her whole face is a certain something which unconsciously makes one whisper to oneself, "Purified through suffering." In conversation she is entertaining and instructive. She seems to have visited every point of interest the world over. Her delinea-

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tions of character and scenes are graphic and to the point. One day she told me she had travelled for the last twelve years. That is just the length of time I had lived with Uncle Griff. I told her so. She seemed interested, and before I was conscious, had gathered the main facts of my uneventful existence—how my mother had died at my birth; and whilst I was still an infant of a month, my *very constant* father had married again; how, within two years after his second marriage, he died, leaving me, my stepmother's *sole child;* how she had devoted her short, sweet life to me, and bequeathed me on her death-bed, a child of seven years, to her only brother, this same Uncle Griff. When I had finished, she remarked, quietly:—

"He is not your uncle, then, save in name? There is none of his blood in your veins—*no kinship?*"

I had known it always, of course I had, and yet I started as if a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet. She laughed, a little low, musical laugh. It nettled me, I hardly knew why, and yielding to the abruptness, which Uncle Griff styles my inherent honesty, I rose and left the room without even bidding her good-day. Scarce a dozen steps from her door I met Uncle Griff.

"Do you want a ride?" he asked.

"No," shortly, without looking at him, and attempting to pass.

He brought me to a sudden stand, taking my face in his hands, and looking at it curiously. I bit my lips, flushed, then met his eyes defiantly.

"What 's the matter, little woman?"

"Nothing!" curtly.

"It couldn't be less," laughing provokingly, then adding, "Duke and Dandy are in fine spirits; the Park will be gay this afternoon. I will go around the block while you get on your wrappings," and he left me, coolly taking the decision in his own hands, a way peculiar to him.

He went around the square *several* times. I saw him from my window. He conquered; *he always does.* I put on my mufflers and went down. He lifted me in, sprang to the seat beside me, wrapped the robe well about me, all without a word, then gave rein to the impatient horses. They *were* "in fine spirits," and first claimed all his attention. The air was balmy as May, though still January; Fifth Avenue and Union Square like a gala day; but I had my eyes at the telescope again, and it was levelled quite over the heads of the gay crowd. Yet all my observations ended in a baffled, troubled, "Why?" By the time we had reached the Park, Duke and Dandy were more tractable and facile; Uncle Griff reduced them to a slow, even trot, then turned to me.

"Well, at what conclusion have you arrived?" quizzically breaking into my half thoughts, half speculations.

"Conclusion about what?" I asked, starting, as if he had read me.

"Why, the perplexity advanced by our afflicted Spirituality"—for such was his sobriquet for my new friend.

"Everything is perplexing," I said, evasively.

"And everybody?" questioningly.

"Yes."

"Who in particular?" in his persistent way.

All my life I had answered his questions; I did so now unequivocally, "*You*, for one."

He looked half annoyed, half amused; the latter finally eclipsed the former. Raising his eyebrows, he said: "You have been taking a moral survey of me ever since you told me about the young minister. Why?"

Something in his tone made my cheeks burn. He had caught the refrain, and tossed that troubling, bewildering "why" in my face. I was almost angry.

"*Must* there be a reason for everything under the sun," I asked. A few weeks before I had vowed that there *must.*

"I did not suppose that your very logical mind would rest content without tracing the subject to its origin," he said, tormentingly. I think I must have looked troubled, for the next minute he added: "Child, what *is* the matter?"

"I don't know, Uncle Griff; perhaps if I could find my *sphere* I should rest content"—laughing to keep from crying.

He looked grave. "Be more of a philosopher; take life as it comes. Look at this gay crowd. How *many* of them, think you, are absorbed by a grand object? Their lives are for the most part orbitless; yet they are content enough, their greatest care being to get rid of their hours. Why not emulate them? 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die.'"

His cold, keen philosophy made me shudder.

"One would think, to hear you, you were a disciple of Epicurus," I said, scornfully. Then added, looking into his bitter, sceptical face: "Uncle Griff, the principles you advocate do not satisfy you." He shrugged his shoulders. I went on: "The universe you present to my view is a chaos, each sphere rushing at random through infinite space, attracted and governed by no all-powerful centre. I am happy that I do not believe as you."

"Your *third* lover will steal your heart, and you will no longer be orbitless," he said, with a cold, hard curve to his lips.

It angered me. "What, then, will you do, Uncle Griff?"

He fought me with my own weapons, for, looking right into my eyes, he replied: "*As I do now,*" and turned from me with a fierce, smothered sigh. I buried my face in my muff, only half conscious *then* of what our words had meant. Our horses' heads, after that, turned homeward.

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At the door of my room I found our new boarder's maid, waiting with a note for me. I read it: "I have been very sick; come and see me."

I threw aside my wrappings and went. She was in the sleepy hollow where I always found her. Her face was overspread with an ashy pallor. She motioned me to a seat beside her, and dismissed the maid.

"I am so sorry," I said, penitently, remembering the angry manner in which I had left her in the afternoon, for now it was early evening, and the gas was lighted.

She paid no heed, but said, in a sort of eager haste: "I want to tell you about myself. I want you to help me. Will you listen?" Her voice was unnatural.

I drew my chair quite in front of hers; a little surprised, for she had been reticent as to her history, encircling her past life with a wall of reserve which I had never tried to overthrow.

She spoke rapidly, as if fearing to lose a second: "I have had my *last* hemorrhage; my life is numbered by *moments!*" Then, after a great effort, partly for strength, partly for control: "My father and mother died when I was a child, leaving me a fortune. I was brought up in a fashionable boarding-school. Money is all-powerful; it proved *my curse!* Every one petted and spoiled me. I was never taught self-government. At nineteen I married a noble man. I was no *wife;* I did not know the meaning of the holy word. I had been used to flattery and gayety; I could not give them up. I received attention from other gentlemen, as I had done before—*one* in particular." And the ashy hue increased, but she went on resolutely: "My husband remonstrated; I called him a tyrant; I wilfully deserted him; he obtained a divorce; I married the man *he hated!*" She lay back faint and for a moment speechless. There was wine on a light stand beside her; I filled a glass and placed it to her lips, then wiped the perspiration which stood in round beads from her brow. As she continued, her voice, usually so beautifully modulated, grew shrill with anguish: "Now I am dying. I must see this man against whom I have sinned, and beg his forgiveness ere it is too late. That was what brought me to *this* house. I knew I could not live."

"He is in this house!" I exclaimed, catching my breath, as we instinctively brace ourselves when Fate is about to read one of her dread decrees.

She raised herself on her elbows, leaning forward, her eyes wild and eager. "Yes, in this house! Can you not guess?"

"No," with a shudder that belied my word.

"You call him Uncle Griff. Now you know all. Call him! Lose not a minute! Go!" It was little other than a gasp.

I obeyed mechanically. I was like one stunned. I reached Uncle Griff's apartments as the somnambulist reaches the place he seeks. His parlor door stood open; he sat within, before the grate fire. I entered without rapping; went directly over, and stood beside him. I must have looked pale, for he looked startled, taking my hands in his, and exclaiming: "Your ride chilled you; you are ill."

"She is dying—the strange lady. She wants *you!*" I said, without a word of explanation.

He dropped my hands; his face grew hard and white, as if having a prescience of what answer his words would bring: "Who is she?"

"She *was* your wife?"

There was a look of infinite, withering scorn upon his face. "She hid herself under an assumed name. *You* have known it *all this time!*"

I was too bewildered to resent the accusation, and answered simply, almost apathetically: "Never until this moment, when I came for you."

He took my face in his hands and looked at me. I never shall forget that look—sad, yearning, intense. Then drew my hand through his arm, and led me back to this woman who had wronged him.

That meeting! It was years of agony forced into a few brief moments. There was something royal in the words: "I forgive you freely, as I hope to be forgiven."

He left the room. I was alone with her. She motioned for me to call her maid. We stood one on either side of her. There was a little sigh, an expression of ineffable peace, and it was over. Purified through suffering.

I had scarcely seen Uncle Griff for a month; we had only met at meals. Then he was taciturn and gloomy, yet I felt his kindness in a thousand little delicate ways. I spent that month literally alone. Life to me was infinite, measureless space, black and horrible, in which I was drifted hither and thither by wild and cruel currents. My face had a vague, almost frightened expression—I could see in my mirror. At the end of that month, one afternoon, I went down to the drawing-room, because the solitude of my chamber had grown hateful to me. At the first glance I thought it vacant, so entered; but instantly discovered that Uncle Griff was its sole occupant. He came to meet me, took my hand, and led me to a chair before the grate fire; then stood beside me.

"I did not know you were here," I said.

"If you had, you would not have come?" bitterly.

"No."

His arms were folded. He looked down at me. There were tense lines about his proud mouth. "Child, you have been cruel."

There was something in the tone thrilled every nerve. I buried my face in my hands; he took them, with gentle firmness, in one of his; with the other raised my face. The

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stronger will conquered. I met his eyes; he stooped and kissed brow, and cheek, and lip.

Another month. We are in the bay window of our own drawing-room. It is early evening; the servant has not yet brought in the lights. I on a low stool at my husband's knee, his hand upon my head. In the dark blue sky, one by one, the stars are peeping forth. I very humbly thank God, who has made my vision so clear, that no telescope is needed; the mystery is solved.

As the sun is to the solar system, so is love, first *divine*, then *human*, to the moral universe. And when I frankly tell my thought, there is neither sarcasm nor scepticism in the answering smile from those fine, proud lips.

MY LOVE'S DOWER.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

DOWERLESS she came to me a bride,
Save with the love that did abide
Amid life's darkest storm,
When my frail bark before the gale
Was tempest driven, and I did pale
Before its awful form.

But calm, serene, and beautiful,
Her face I saw, and lo! a lull
Came o'er my spirits deep;
The fury of the gale was past,
And I could lay me down at last,
And sleep a dreamless sleep.

The guiding star which lured me on
To victories I had never won,
Without its constant light;
Which still before shone so clear,
I could but hope, and dared not fear,
Lest it should fade from sight.

Oh Life! oh Love! oh Love and Life!
So far removed from earthly strife,
Yet so compassionate;
At every turn thy guiding sway
Doth lead me in the better way
Where sits a smiling fate.

RULES FOR READING.—Lavater says: "Read the best books which wise and sensible persons advise, and study them with reflection and examination; that is, ask yourselves, 'Do I understand what I read? Do I benefit by it? Do I become wiser and better thereby?' Read with the firm determination to make use of all you read. Do not by reading neglect a more immediate or more important duty. Do not read with a view of making a display of your reading. Do not read too much at a time. Reflect on what you have read, and let it be a nourishment of the heart and soul, moderately enjoyed and well digested.

EXPECT to live and act *forever!* and let all your thoughts and actions be pure, so that all may love you while here, and the accusing spirit hereafter may not lay the deadly weight of sin upon you.

NETTIE WINSTON.

BY VIOLETTE WOODS.

"WAIT a moment, father," and a clear, soft voice wound like a thread of melody through the wide hall and out upon the veranda, where old Judge Winston stood, buttoning his fur-lined overcoat.

He turned as he heard his daughter's soft foot-fall coming towards him, and smiled upon her as sweetly as winter sometimes smiles upon a bed of early violets.

"What commissions have you now?" he inquired, as she laid her warm hand upon his arm, and raised her bright face to his. "Is it another new bracelet, or only my pocket-book, to dispose of as you please?"

"It is only some letters, father, to which I wish you to attend particularly. Postmen are careless sometimes, you know; and it is very important that these should be mailed to-day. There are three of them, remember." And, as she handed them to him, there was a blush upon her cheek, and a bashful, maidenly fear in her heart that he would examine the superscriptions. But he did not; he placed them in his huge pocket, and carefully pressed them down, "lest they should be lost," he said.

"I thought, perhaps," he added roguishly, "you wanted another diamond ring, or necklace, or something of the kind, that woman's vanity is always suggesting; and, so I intended to deliver a short lecture upon extravagance. I am glad, however, that I shall not have to expend my eloquence until later in the day; it is too soon after breakfast to make the effort."

"Oh," she replied, averting her sweet face, and playing confusedly with the tassels of her crimson wrapper, "this is an affair too important and too sacred to be mentioned in the same breath with diamonds and dress. But I shall not detain you." And she raised her lips to receive his parting kiss.

She ran lightly up the broad stairway, and entering her chamber seated herself in an arm-chair before the fire of glowing anthracite. There were crimson roses on her cheeks, and dewy violets in her eyes, as she sat musing that snowy winter morning; and her heart was as light and happy in her bosom as a bird in its nest of down. For an hour she sat thinking. There was comfort, and hope too, in her thoughts; one would have guessed as much from the smoothness of her brow and the gentleness of her respiration. She rose after a while, crossed the room and opened her writing desk; took up two letters, kissed one of them as tenderly as the zephyr kisses the floweret, and returned to her seat near the fire. She unfolded it, gazed lovingly at the signature, and turning to the commencement, read it aloud in a voice soft as that of a cooing dove:—

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"Miss Winston—or, as my heart instead of cold formality would dictate, dearest Nettie. In the few months which have passed since our acquaintance began, I have learned a lesson which throughout the coming years can never be forgotten. That I love you, you must have discovered; but you can no more measure the depth and intensity of that love than you can measure the waters of the ocean, or test the intensity of the fires that slumber in the bosom of Vesuvius. I would that I could tell you all that my full heart feels—how your image first dawned upon my heart, faint, yet fair and distinct as the orient beams of the sun, gathering brilliancy, and warmth, and power with every hour since its rising, until, at last, it is as bright and glorious as the noonday. The language may seem extravagant, but it is the outburst of a passion high as the sky, deep as the sea, and limitless as eternity. I have chosen this method of telling my love in preference to a verbal interview, for I have felt and still feel that I could not endure a refusal from your lips. If one is in store for me, let silence upon your part be the reward of my audacity for presuming to hope where no encouragement has been given. Therefore, I ask no reply if you do not love me. But if you *do* love me, if you are willing to accept *my* love, to bear my name, and share my home, bid me come to you to-morrow night. Write me, if but a line, and send it to the P. O. Tell me that you love me, and believe me,

"Sincerely yours,
"HENRY NEWELL."

She pressed her lips to it again as she concluded; and, from the devotion she displayed, it was easy to guess that her reply had been favorable.

"It seems so short, so concise," she murmured, unfolding the original from which she had copied her answer to his fervent appeal; "but there is a 'volume in every word.'"

"MR. NEWELL: Come to me this evening at any hour you choose. I shall be alone and happy to meet you. NETTIE WINSTON."

She refolded them, and placing them in her lap, clasped her soft white hands upon them.

"My reply is brief; but in it what have I not said for which his heart could ask? My love lies hidden in those few words—'like unborn forests in an acorn cup.' I have tacitly given myself away; and Heaven grant that the gift, humble though it is, may prove the crowning blessing of two lives."

Thus she thought, as she gazed dreamingly into the fire. The little bronze clock upon the mantle chimed the hour of twelve, and aroused her from her reverie. She hastened to the room of her invalid mother, and kissed her softly.

"Are you tired of waiting for me, mamma? I have been very negligent; but I had no idea that I had wasted so much of the day until a moment ago. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"Certainly, darling; for this is your first offence, if your remissness deserves so harsh a name. But how have you passed the morning? Your eyes are as bright as dew-drops, and your cheeks rival my damask roses."

"Oh, I've only been dreaming, and you know that young maidens *will* have dreams sometimes that brighten the eyes and color their cheeks. But shall we finish the article Mrs. Gordon's visit interrupted yesterday? I am at your service now until twilight, at least."

"And at twilight—what then?"

"Mr. Newell will probably call."

Mrs. Winston's motherly love penetrated the daughter's heart and read its secret, and gazing upon her with tenderness and pride, she listened attentively as she read.

Visitors came in again and interrupted the pleasant reading. Nettie joined in the conversation with her accustomed intelligence and vivacity; and when lamps were brought into the sick chamber, retired to her own to prepare for the coming of her lover.

She dressed herself in blue, his favorite color, and descending to the conservatory, gathered a spray of white roses and placed them among her brown curls. She went into the parlor, and, seating herself at the piano, attempted to play; but her thoughts were wandering like happy birds, and the melody of music possessed no charm for her. As the moments sped away she consulted her watch again and again. It began to grow late, and every footstep upon the hard-trodden snow beneath the window, brought hope to the heart but to leave it in despair.

At last the bell rang, a short conversation ensued at the door, and some one hastily descended the steps.

"Who was it, Thomas?" she inquired of the porter.

"Mr. Wallace, Miss; but I told him you were engaged for the evening."

"You are certain it was Mr. Wallace?"

"Quite certain, Miss."

She re-entered the parlor, and waited an hour longer; then, saddened by mystery and fear, retired to her chamber. "What could it mean?" she asked herself the question again and again. Could it be possible that he had intended to deceive her? No, no. She cast aside the thought as unworthy a place in her mind, or, as unworthy to be associated with his memory.

"Something has happened to detain him," she said to herself. "It will all be explained to-morrow; and then I shall laugh at the fears that assailed me so formidably to-night." And consoling herself with this reflection, she retired to rest. Morning dawned, bringing with it hope to the heart of Nettie Winston; but the hours wore on, and twilight found her still watching, and in vain. He came not, nor was his absence explained.

As she sat in her chamber, while the wintry darkness gathered heavily without, and the firelight made grotesque shadows upon the walls within, she reviewed her acquaintance

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with Henry Newell from their first meeting. She had never seen any evidences of levity, or coquetry in his manner; he had always been honest and outspoken in his sentiments, and to her alone had he been closely attentive during his visit to the city.

He had eagerly sought her society; and only two evenings before, when they had returned from a party together and stood awaiting admittance at her father's door, he had placed the letter in her hands, which contained an avowal of his love, and asked a reply on the morrow. She had responded to his appeal; and now, for that response to be treated with silence and disrespect, was more, much more than her gentle heart could patiently endure.

"By the way, Nettie," said her father the next morning at breakfast, "I met that young friend of yours at the depot, yesterday, just as he was starting home—to Philadelphia, I believe."

Nettie raised her eyes, but did not speak.

"Young Newell, I mean—a handsome fellow, too. Had charge of that little Miss Graham, who created such a sensation in the musical world last summer. She is on her way to Philadelphia, too, I think, to visit her sister.

Nettie heard him very calmly; and the doting father, as he wended his way to his office, never dreamed that he had left an aching heart behind.

The days glided into weeks, and the weeks into months, until a year was counted out. Nettie was changed; her eye had an expression of patient suffering and her cheeks were paler than of yore. She wore deep mourning now, for her mother, an invalid for years, had died suddenly, during the summer, of a disease of the heart whose existence until then was unknown. Upon the anniversary of the night upon which she had so eagerly read the avowal of Henry Newell's affection he was to be married to another. Alice Graham had won his heart during her visit to his native city, and this was their bridal eve. Nettie, being in mourning, did not attend; but she gathered a boquet of her sweetest flowers, and sent them, with kindly messages, to the fair young bride. At dark she went into the library, to await her father's coming.

"Ah, Nettie," said he, as he bustled in, awhile later, and laid an enormous package of papers upon his table, "I am glad to see you here." And, crossing the room, he pushed the brown curls from her forehead and kissed her tenderly. "There is a great deal of business in court now," he said, warming his hands before the glowing fire, "and that suit of Johnson *versus* Adams is difficult to decide. There is an important paper to be found, and I want your assistance. Can you help me, little one?"

"Yes, father, willingly. I have nothing else to do, and if I had, I would cheerfully lay aside my own plans to oblige you."

"The task seems formidable to your unpractised eye, no doubt; but 'many hands make light work,' is an old and very true saying. The paper I am seeking," he added, after awhile, "is very old and yellow; you will recognize it from having three endorsements upon the back, the one in the centre being written with red ink. It was in our office about a year ago, and I think in my possession, but of this I cannot speak positively.

She distributed the documents into two parcels, and, appropriating one to herself, drew her low chair to the table and went diligently to work. More than two hours passed away, and still the paper was not found. Nettie looked up at the clock, as its silvery chimes told the hour of nine, and thought: "The ceremony is being performed; he will soon be the husband of another. But I must school my heart to think of him no more."

She raised one of the papers to examine it, and discovered that it was a letter. The chirography was her own, and the address that of Henry Newell. Nervously she tore the envelope open, and, glancing at the contents, realized with horror and amazement that it was the note she had written to him a year before. It had never been mailed. The truth burst upon her, and with it a bitter consciousness of all she had lost. She uttered a piercing shriek and burst into tears.

"Father! father! what have you done!" she exclaimed.

"What do you mean, Nettie? What is the matter with you? Tell me, for Heaven's sake!"

She could not calm herself sufficiently to speak. She gathered the letter tightly in her hands, as if even now she could not share the secret with another which had been her own so long.

"Tell me, Nettie, what is the matter?" he cried. "What have you found that distresses you so terribly?"

"Oh, father, do not ask me!" She knew that he would blame himself as the cause of her anguish, and she determined not to reveal it unless he insisted.

"But I must know, Nettie. Did not she whom we both loved so dearly tell me to sympathize with you in your sorrows? Am I not your father, Nettie? your best friend? And may I not be your comforter too?"

"Well, sit down, father, and I will tell you all."

When he had seated himself, she drew an ottoman to his feet, and, resting her arms upon his knees, looked up into his face and told him the story of her love and its disappointment.

He listened with tearful eyes to the recital; and, when she had concluded, said, in a quivering voice:—

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"This mistake shall be rectified. My own carelessness shall not doom my child to a life of misery."

"It is too late, father. This is his bridal night. Even now he is the husband of another."

"How do you know this?" he demanded, pityingly.

"We received cards to the wedding more than a week ago. He marries the lady with whom you saw him in company at the depot upon the eve of his departure for Philadelphia."

The old judge bent his eyes steadily upon the floor. There were tears within their depths and upon his furrowed cheeks. Nettie saw them, and her own burst forth afresh.

"Do not think for a moment, father, that I blame you. It is all just as it should be. That I have been rendered unhappy by it I cannot deny; but there is a sweet consolation in the thought that *he* was not false, as I thought. We will not refer to it again, father. I know that my secret is as safe with you as if it was enshrined within *my* heart alone. Shall we proceed with our work? My progress has been slower than yours; but my hands are less skilful in this kind of employment."

She attempted to smile as she surveyed the two heaps of papers upon the table, but the effort was too much for her. Her father noticed it and said:—

"Give me your package and I will find it; I remember now exactly where it is."

He drew it forth, examined it carefully, and laid it aside.

Two years more had slipped quietly into the past. In that time Judge Winston had resigned the high position of trust and honor which he had filled for so many years, and, accompanied by his daughter, had travelled over the principal portions of Europe. Nettie was still single; she had received many eligible offers, but to each and all she had made the same reply: "I shall never marry."

After a prolonged absence, they returned home to find that many changes had taken place. Henry Newell's wife had died a few months after their marriage, misfortune had overtaken him in other respects, and now, reduced from affluence to the necessity of earning his own support, he was practising law in Boston, and rapidly acquiring a brilliant reputation.

Nettie had never seen him, save in her dreams, since the winter night they stood together at her father's door; and after her return she met him first at the house of a mutual friend. Their hostess, being ignorant of their former acquaintanceship, introduced them as strangers. They acknowledged the introduction, but entered into no conversation. Afterwards, when they met, there was a bow, a fluttering of the heart of which neither dreamed, and that was all. He made no offer to visit her; he thought that his love had been declined upon the terms which he himself had set, and therefore he sued but once.

Judge Winston, in his casual meetings with the young lawyer, became attached to him. He had rare books in his office, which he had gathered in foreign lands; huge volumes, in whose depths treasures of the law lay buried, like gems in the ocean. He invited Newell to their perusal and assisted him in solving their mysteries. A warm friendship ensued, and finally a partnership in law was entered into.

Twilight of an October day found the two seated within their cozy office, their last client having been dismissed but a few moments before. The old judge's face had worn a shadow for several hours, which had grown deeper as the night approached.

"May I inquire the cause of your seeming sadness, sir?" asked Mr. Newell, in a voice full of sympathy and respect.

"Certainly, Henry, certainly. Something recalled to my mind to-day a little story I heard several years ago, and I cannot banish it. It was told to me under peculiar circumstances, and I often think of it with tears in my eyes."

"If I am not asking too much, please be so kind as to relate it. I feel some curiosity to hear it." And Henry drew his chair to the old man's side and prepared to listen.

"There was a young girl," said Judge Winston, drawing his hat over his eyes to shade them from the flickering firelight, "whose name I shall not mention, but who was in every respect worthy the affection of the young man who loved her. He sought her society with eagerness, but he had not the courage to address her verbally; he therefore wrote to her, declaring his love, and delivered the letter with his own hand. In it he told the maiden, if she loved him, to send her reply to him by mail, and to allow him to visit her the ensuing evening. All of that was right and fair; but here was his mistake—he told her in addition, if she did *not* love him, to make no reply; her silence would be a sufficient refusal. The young girl answered his letter, and accepted his love as eagerly as if it had been the first blessing she had ever received. With a number of others, she gave her answer to her father that he might deposit it in the office. Days, and weeks, and months glided away, and the lover came not, nor was any excuse made for his absence. The young girl thought him false, and, though her love never faltered, she bore her sorrow in silence. At last he married, and upon his bridal night the maiden was seated in her father's library, assisting him in his search for a missing paper, when, amid a heap of musty documents, she finds—what?"

"Her answer to his letter?" exclaimed Henry. "For Heaven's sake, proceed!"

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"Yes, her answer; it had never been mailed. She hugged it to her heart, wept over it, and kissed it, and thanked God that her separation from her lover was not owing to *his* falsehood, but, instead, to the mistake of her father." The tears were running down the old man's cheeks. He never thought of Nettie's disappointment without sorrow or without reproaching himself for his carelessness.

"And did her love wither and die?" asked Newell, as soon as he could command himself sufficiently to speak.

"I do not know; his name was never afterwards mentioned between father and daughter. But this much I do know: she refused many excellent offers and still remains unmarried. Whether or not the old flame still burns in her heart, he who kindled it must inquire."

"Tell me, tell me, Judge Winston," said Henry, grasping his arm, "if Nettie is the heroine of your story? If so, let me go to her at once."

The old judge drew the young man's arm within his own, and the two wended their way to the home of the former.

And years afterwards, when Nettie Newell's children climbed upon his knees and stroked his silvery hair, Grandfather Winston congratulated himself upon having atoned for his carelessness.

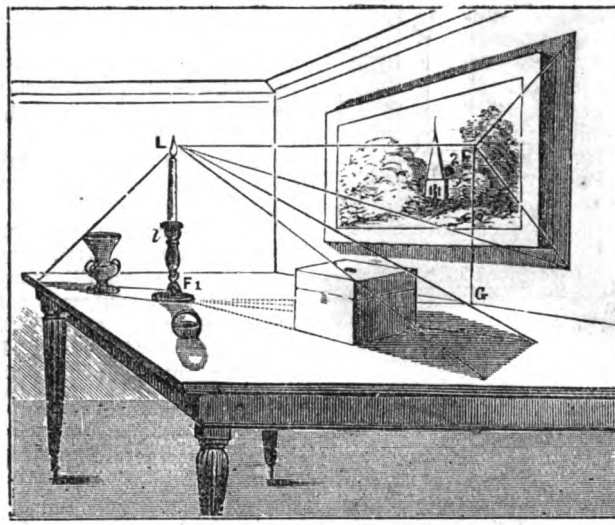
GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XXIV.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (*Continued.*)

ARTIFICIAL luminaries are less often introduced into drawings than either natural or secondary. A few examples will therefore suffice, especially as the rules are the same, though, from the fact of such luminaries radiating light in all directions, rather differently applied. In Fig. 37, the shadow of the work-box is found on the shadow-plane, in this case a table, by means of intersections of the rays with the foot-lines, precisely as in the previous examples of natural luminaries, with their shadows towards the spectator; while that of the vase being on the other side of the candle is thrown from him. The shadow of the picture-frame on the wall being thrown on a vertical shadow-plane, the foot F^1 of the luminary on that plane is to be found by drawing F G to the wall and there making G F^1 perpendicular to it; the intersection of this last with L F^1 is the foot for the plane, which must be dealt with as previously directed.

Fig. 37.



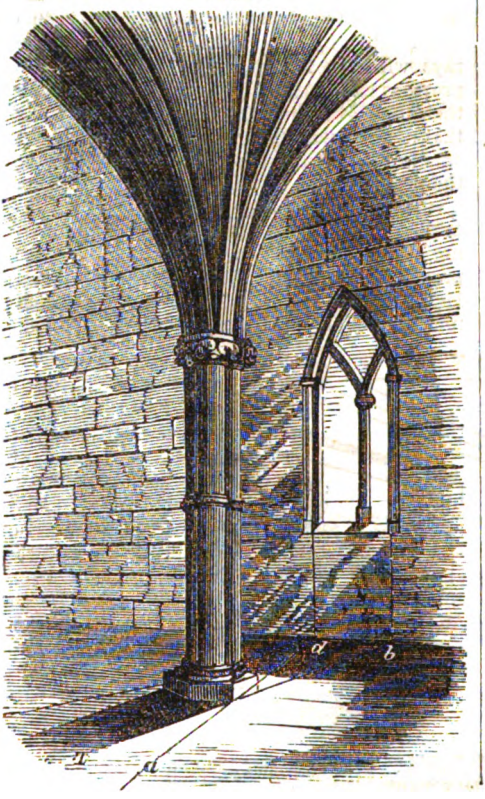
Foot-lines from it through the corners of the frame, intersecting rays from the candle, will give the extreme points of the frame's shadow.

Secondary luminations not being points, but frequently large surfaces giving out rays from every point within them, require rather different treatment The foot of such a luminary was shown at Fig. 27 to be not a point, but a line as long as the width of the luminary where its plane meets the shadow-plane. From each end of this line it may pass the object on either side, but there will always be a space behind the object in full shadow, and a space on each side in half-shadow. The rule for finding these spaces is shown in Fig. 38; a line *a b* drawn from each end of the foot of the secondary luminary past the *opposite* side of the object denotes the entire space occupied by the half shadow; and another line *a d* from each end of the foot, past the *same* side of the object, denotes the part of that space in full shadow.

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An object whose side that is in shade has less breadth than that of a secondary luminary,

Fig. 38.



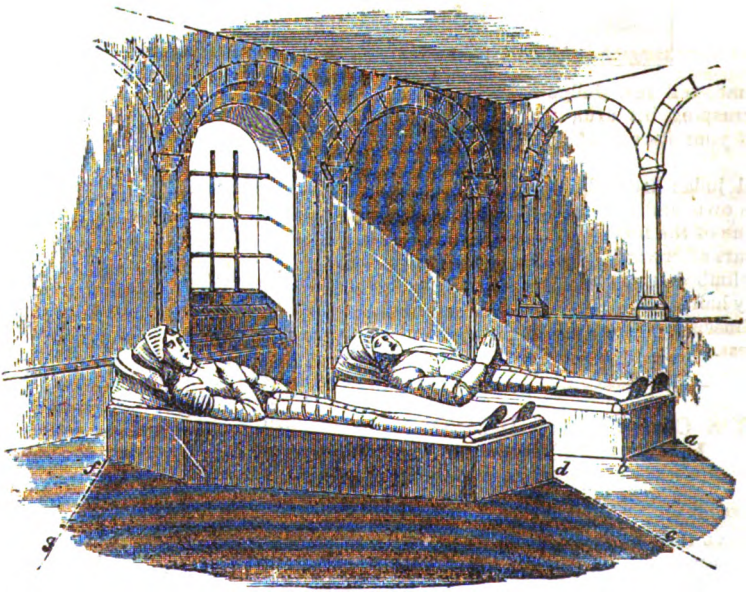
throws a shadow tapering to a point; whereas, if the shaded side be broader than a luminary, the shadow continually increases in width. This is exemplified in Fig. 39 by the tapering shadow *a b c* of the second tomb, whose *end* is turned from the window, and by the widening shadow *d e f g* of the first tomb, the *side* of which is turned from the light.

The foot of a secondary luminary, like that of the other kinds, is found by lines at right angles with the shadow-plane in Fig. 40. There are three shadow-planes; the floor being a horizontal one, and each side-wall a vertical one. The lower end of the steps is the luminary's foot as regards the shadow on the floor, and the sides of the doorway are its feet as regards those on the walls.

A most striking instance of the successful treatment of perspective effect produced by a secondary luminary is observable in a picture entitled "Monks at Devotion," painted by Granet, a French artist, in 1817. The "dim religious light" is introduced into this picture through a small window at its further end, and the long dark shadows of the devotees, projected towards the spectator, greatly enhance the artistic effect of this remarkable work. An engraving from it in mezzotint, and another of its sister-picture, "Nuns at Devotion," has been published with excellent effect, and may be studied with great advantage.

In interior views with many windows, as of churches, each window is a secondary luminary producing its own effect, yet affected in some degrees by the others. In general, those on the sunny side of the building admit the stronger light and cast the deeper shadow; so

Fig. 39.

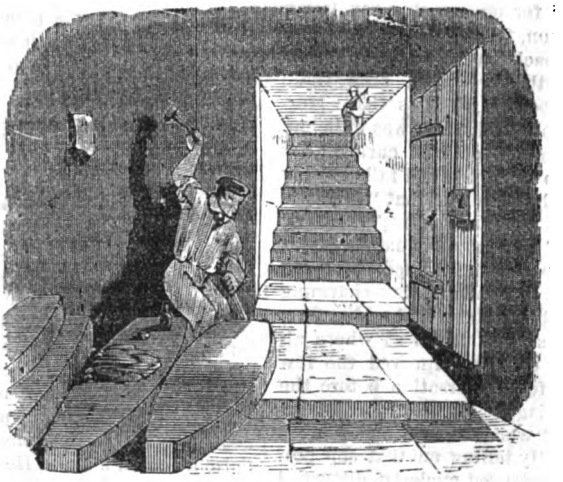


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much so, sometimes, as almost to neutralize the effect of the other. On this point precise rules can scarcely be laid down; the artist's attention being called to this effect, its imitation must be left to his judgment and observation.

The examples that have been given, if duly worked out by the student, will convey to his mind a tolerably clear conception of the mode of finding shadows under every variety of circumstances, as regards form of object, kind and position of luminary, and nature of the shadow-plane. They have been arranged with the view of fixing in his mind the principles on which he ought to proceed; an accurate knowledge of which is the surest guide to correct practice.

Fig. 40.



FAIR EDITH'S FACE.

BY KENNETH.

Oh, to have made something out of my life!
A pleasant life through its thirty years,
That I dared but ask her to be my wife,
Whose sweet, grave face from the picture peers.
Easy enough, this living for self,
Keeping within the safe bounds of sport;
Yet, after all, one gets laid on the shelf,
Outgrown by the fellows that paid him court.

I've been the king of the festal board,
The soul of the wit of the circling wine,
And some I drew there the taste has lowered
Till I would not ask them to feast of mine;
But more, the frolic of boyhood past,
Have settled steadily down to work;
Have no ambition for seeming fast,
And rather snub me as just a clerk.

Well, I've enough and a mite to spare,
To waste, if I choose, and why should I earn
More than enough to eat and to wear?
Why toil to be richer, or strive to learn?
And yet it galls me! The half of the fools
I've scorned and ruled in my social power
Thought about only as fawns and tools,
Buy love and home for a golden dower.

Can offer in sight of their earnest lives,
The honest shelter of heart and roof;
Loving as I do, can take them wives,
While beggar and braggart I stand aloof!
A man will have proved himself a man,
And claimed his rank with his young compeers,
Or shown that his life lacks scope, and plan,
And earnest motives, at thirty years.

More beautiful women than this, my love,
Have claimed for a time my every thought,
But never one so raised me above
What I am, so grieved me that I am naught.
Not of herself does my Edith think,
With her loving heart and her busy hands;
White faced and tender she does not shrink,
Though her loves and her duties make hard demands.

Will ever a man as strong and brave
As I might have made me make her his wife?
Or will she wear to her patient grave
A wasted heart for my wasted life?
Not that she loves me! but brooding here
Of my worthless self, to myself untrue,
I wonder dimly, holding her dear,
If, failing myself, I have failed her too.

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GUY HASTINGS' DESTINY.

BY MONTGOMERY G. PRESTON.

(Conclusion from last month.)

MORNING.—And for once such a revelation was to be relied upon, for when the attendants assembled in the back parlor to form for the ceremony, under the evergreen arch there erected, I was introduced to Miss Clare Merton, and, understanding that she was to be my "specialty," *pro tem.*, I glanced curiously at the lady to see who and what had fallen to my lot, and immediately perceived that "the lines had fallen to me in pleasant places;" that my "goodly heritage" was my acquaintance of the morning, completely environed by clouds of azure and white, but none the less charming that the crimson robe had been laid aside. She, beyond doubt, was "the loveliest where all were fair," and I eagerly improved the few moments given us for conversation before the hour for the marriage. At first there was a fiercely mutinous "war of white and red" in her cheek, constantly telling me that she possessed a mine of treasured modesty, disturbed by memories of the morning's adventure, and, with a tender pity for which I did not seek to account, I threw aside my characteristic diffidence, and endeavored by every art to set her at her ease. Soon she was the very personification of animation. Her eyes, are, truly,

"Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else dead coals."

And when she converses, there is an easily understood language in them, in "her cheek, her lip; nay, her foot, speaks," for I readily guessed her impatience as it beat a quick tattoo upon the floor where we stood waiting for the whole party to assemble before opening the folding doors which separated us from the front parlor and the crowd of expectant guests. And I, too, was impatient, for I wanted to take her off to some pleasant little alcove, and keep her all to myself. But my selfishness was doomed to disappointment, for no sooner was the ceremony performed and the circle of attendants disbanded, than I felt her leaning more heavily upon my arm, and noticed a deathly paleness had robbed her of the bloom excitement had lent her. To my eager questioning, she replied:—

"Please take me to the open air. The room is too crowded and warm," and I felt prompted to throttle the entire throng blocking up the doors and windows. When we reached the hall, she continued: "I feared I was not strong enough to undertake the whole evening, but Lilla insisted that I should, at least, appear through the ceremony. Now I will return to my room, and if I am asked for, please inform the family of the cause of my withdrawal."

"But let me summon some of them now," I urged. "Probably you are more seriously ill"—

"Oh, no! My indisposition proceeds entirely from the fatigue of travelling, and I anticipate that a good rest will enable me to take part in the morrow's pleasures. Good-night! Thank you! I can reach my room unassisted." So saying, she passed on, and, gliding up the broad staircase, was lost to me in the upper hall.

If a candle has any sensibility, it must feel, when an extinguisher is put upon it, very nearly as I did when she disappeared from sight, for I seemed to be deprived of light and left in gloom. Coquette, indeed! What did Clerborn mean? If she be a coquette, I wish the whole sex, Aunt Jane included, belonged to the same category.

I could not enjoy the remainder of the evening, and shall always feel grateful to the symptoms of cold, which, assisted by piteous exaggeration, soon gave me an excuse for retiring. Walter came to my room somewhere near midnight, and seemed trying how much noise he could make. He moved several articles of heavy furniture, hauled trunks, valises, etc., about the room; opened drawers, and scattered their multifarious contents; tossed his boots across the room, threw books from high places to the floor, and all entirely regardless of my slumbers, or the repose of any one in the house. I endured it for some moments in silence, but, as the woman did who tried smiles and pleasant words upon her brute of a husband, I soon found that he considered himself licensed to impose upon me only the more, and finally I rebelled.

"Halloo, Clerborn! I thought you invited me to sleep here to-night?"

"And so I did," he replied, evidently startled by my unexpected interrogatory.

"And do you think I can do so as long as you are at this ghost's work of making the night hideous with your strange noises?"

"Hush! or you will wake every one in the house by speaking so loud," he said, in a stage whisper, pressing his finger upon his lips to enforce silence, while at the same time he tugged at a resisting drawer till its members were dislocated, and it fell heavily to the floor. I uttered a groan at his obtuseness. "What's the matter? Have you the rheumatism? Was that the reason you did not dance to-night, and came away so plagued soon, while I had to move around like perpetual motion till 'the mort o' the deer?' And now you object to it when I 'blow off' a little up here," he complained.

"But what are you moving all creation in this manner for?" I asked, as he drew forward a dust-covered trunk from a remote corner.

"I am packing, my boy," he answered, his equanimity sweetly preserved.

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"But what do you want with so much baggage?

"'Shall we never more behold thee?
Never hear thy winning voice again?'

Do you intend going to Italy to shoot Park Allston, or be the cause of a tragedy in high life by depriving Mabel of her existence, if she refuses to share it with you? Commit suicide, I know you are too sensible a coward to do," I said, as he shoved a wickedly pretty brace of pistols into a corner of his trunk.

He laughed with some embarrassment as he removed them from their nook, placed them upon a near table, and muttered something about having no place to leave them, not being able to get to his room, etc. I reached forward and took a book from an open trunk near me.

"You will not take this trunk," I said, "so let them exchange place with this volume. It does not seem quite such an unsafe companion."

His hand trembled as, after stowing the pistols in the receptacle designated, he received the book from me.

"It is the Bible Mabel gave me when my birthday came at Ingleside," he said, in a low tone, doubtfully turning the leaves.

"Then it is the best substitute for those Satanic playthings. But you did not tell me how long you will stay ' I remarked, that the conversation might be guided to another channel.

"Until she marries me," he said, doggedly, as he put the Bible in his trunk.

"It would be well, then, to acquaint Uncle Hastings with your determination immediately, since, if he is economically disposed, he might further your suit to save his larder. Shylock was not the only father who preferred his wealth to his Jessica. But if they deny you access, will you

"'Stand at her door
And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience?'"

'What did you say?" he asked, rising, flushed and heated from packing, or, more properly, *stuffing* articles into the trunk.

"I was wondering if, finding Mabel is dead, you would remain at Ingleside to console the weeping *parients* and all inquiring friends who mourn o'er her green grassy grave," I replied.

Seemingly without any especial malice, but as if prompted to give vent to his feelings in that manner, he selected a "Webster's Unabridged" from the rubbish, and, taking good aim, tossed it at me. I dodged beneath the bedclothes, but my whole constitution was thoroughly jarred as the immense volume came thundering down upon me. Being thus discouraged from making any more inquiries regarding the future disposition of his time, I again wooed sleep, and had no further knowledge of anything till aroused by Walter.

"Do you intend to sleep forever, or will you awake to bid me farewell and receive my parting instructions?" he asked.

"There is my hand; shake it," I replied, slipping two or three fingers from the cover, and sleepily admitting the superiority of men over women in luck, inasmuch as they are not compelled to give their best beloved friend a more affectionate farewell cold mornings.

But at the moment I heard chanticleer's shrill clarion, and, peeping out, was astonished to find that as yet only faint rays of light were dappling "the drowsy east with spots of gray;" that, in truth, Aurora had not yet driven the retinue of Nyx from the path of day.

"What do you mean by going so soon? It is fully two hours till train time," I remarked, thinking he had made some mistake.

"Oh, I desire to be at the station in time, and you know I have some distance to ride," he replied, nonchalantly.

"Yes, I know it is a whole half mile to town, and you will barely have time to make it if you do not go immediately, so *vive, vale!*" I responded.

"Good-by! I will write you how I fare, and if I am successful, hold yourself ready to come to me on short notification."

"Very well. It is useless to assure you that in all things I am yours to command."

"Perfectly useless, for I would not believe you," he assured me, as he left the room.

Watching through the window, I soon saw the carriage rapidly driving townwards. Conscience never once reproaches me for exaggerating Mabel's illness, for I console myself with the Jesuitical proverb that "the end sanctifies the means," and know that neither of them will regret the steps I have taken towards their reconciliation. Mabel was changed when I last saw her. She was frequently sad, and I felt assured that she had known a recent sorrow. It is not my fault if she did not choose to fade like a lily, to

"Let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Prey on her damask cheek."

I consider that she has treated me badly by not thus sustaining my report. So it was no compunctive reflections which kept me awake, watching

"The morning steal upon the night,
Melting the darkness,"

till the servant came to make the fire.

It will be a long while before the other guests will be up, and as the morning seems much warmer and more spring-like than I anticipated, I believe I will rid myself of this stiffness by a stroll in the bracing air. Being one of the early birds, probably I may catch a worm.

May 10th.—To-day, for the first time in many weeks, I find myself able to emerge from my

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sick-room, in which fever and its consequent weakness have kept me immured. That morning which I mentioned in my last entry seems far back in the past, but all its occurrences are very vivid. As I intended, I sauntered forth for my walk, avoiding the road which led to the footbridge I had such good cause to fear, and directing my steps towards a high hill in front of the Clerborn mansion. Being passionately fond of fine scenery, I hoped to reach the summit ere the rising of the sun, that the cosmorama might present a landscape flushed and sparkling with pleasure at his morning salutation. Actuated by this anticipation, I walked rapidly up the rugged cone, clinging to roots and bushes, springing, in assapanic leaps, from boulder to boulder, and not looking around me till I had reached my destination, which reward, at last, crowned my herculean efforts. Panting, and in a profuse perspiration which would have been more agreeable the preceding day, I gained the clump of evergreens marking the apex of the acclivity, and, as do many men who have risen to great heights in life, turned to look down the escarpment where my path lay. With its beetling, moss-covered rocks, it seemed the place

"Where, erect, some Alaric
Fought his last fight, and every warrior threw
A stone, to tell for aye where he lay."

As the little girl who visited the top of Mt. Washington, I seemed to see the Doxology all around me. The landscape seemed to be arising from its tomb with a glorified body and glad songs on its tongue. The sunbeams, like the Israelites of ancient days, had come forth from their tents to gather the manna of hoar-frost with which the darkness had carpeted the earth, and each tiny wafer sparkled as a seed pearl of Manaar, except where swelling buds peeped through crystal drops with the "greenly-glowing" lustre of emeralds.

"Yes, all around was brightness, and a voice
From wide creation seemed to cry, 'Rejoice!'"

Desiring a view of the east, I went to the other side of the evergreens, and for a moment was startled with the belief that I had come, unawares, upon an oread. A lady, whose head and shoulders were shielded from my scrutiny by an Italian *sombrero*, or an English "sundown," or something equally disfiguring, sat upon the rustic bench beneath the evergreens, so intently regarding the eastern part of the heavens that she had not noticed my approach. Fearing to be intrusive, I turned to retrace my steps, but the crackling of twigs beneath my feet attracted her attention, and she threw a startled glance towards me. Michael Angelo! 'Twas Clare Merton, the rich beauty of her face enhanced by the radiant sunbeams. The charming walking suit, richly furred, in which she appeared, was, if possible, more becoming than the crimson *robe de chambre*, or the heavenly tinted evening dress of the day before, and never was a poor fellow happier than I when I joined her, encouraged by the blush which incarnadined her cheeks, and the expression of pleasure with which she greeted me.

"Were you flying from me?" she queried, while an indefinable twinkle of merriment illuminated her brown eyes.

"Not from *you*, as I prove by returning when I see who it is that is here," I replied, meaningly. But seeing by her clouded face that I had made a mistake, in being too direct in my tone and manner, continued with a more general remark: "I believe friends, in this latter day world, are too 'few and far between' for one to wish to fly from them."

The arch light returned to her eyes as she questioned: "And you consider me a friend? How is this, when I have had so short a time to exhibit a friendly disposition?"

"Do you not remember how short a while the good Samaritan required to prove his friendship, or kindly feeling, for the maltreated man who lay by the way-side? In like manner your simple, unaffected conduct, yesterday morning, gave me the right to regard you as my friend. Pardon me for referring to the incident. I saw last night that you had interposed a barrier between the morning and evening; but I was determined to overleap it, at least once, to thank you for sympathizing with me in the hour of my sore distress."

"You had better say *damp* distress," she said merrily. "But never mind; 'let the dead past bury its dead.' I guess, had I not been governed by a moral phlegmatic temperament, I would have been quite as volatile as my companions. So, no thanks are due me, and no explanations are necessary, since Mr. Clerborn has made them for you. Were there any signs of breakfast when you left the house?"

"None at all, I assure you, nor likely to be soon so; if you are not chilly in this elevation we will remain here a little longer. You have your portfolio with you; have you been drawing?" I asked her, hastening to divert her thoughts from the project of returning.

"I brought pencils and paper with me, that I might carry away with me at least the semblance of this exquisite view, of which Lilla had told me so often that I admired, even before I saw it, except with the 'mind's eye;' imagination. But the sun was not up far enough for me to brave Jack Frost, by taking my fingers from my muff. You see, I am no true artist, since my fear of a nipping cools my ardor."

"Your claims to the title are probably better shown by your work. Will you not allow me to examine your sketches? but first pardon me for not inquiring sooner about your health. Have you recovered from last night's indisposition?"

"Entirely, I am glad to say. I have walked

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off even the languor succeeding illness, and am now ready for any emergency."

"Your appearance supports your assertion, and after finding you so bright, I am truly excusable for momentarily forgetting you were ill when we parted. I must believe you have a decided love for roses, when you come forth to seek them at this early hour. The other ladies do not possess so much energy, apparently."

"Oh, they did not retire so early as I, nor have they heard so much regarding the fine scenery around Montcalm," she rejoined, eager to shield them from blame.

"You have never been here before, I presume."

"No. Being here is a treat I am enjoying for the first time; though Lilla and I were schoolmates, and have always been fast friends. But, like many persons who are not overburdened with wisdom, I have passed beyond home-pleasures, for the attraction of foreign lands."

"You have travelled much, then? So I had just decided, aided by the contents of this portfolio. They tell me you have an extensive acquaintance with men, things, and places. Here I find a 'promiscuous example' of Italian landscapes, Irish hovels, German castles, and French *châteaux*. Now I find a representative of each of the world's races, while this dive has brought up 'a happy family' of all the animals of the two hemispheres."

"Oh, I did not intend to sail under such false colors," she said, laughing merrily. "You will find many pictures which are but copies. Like Maurice de Guerin, though I have found that 'the stream of travel is full of delights,' and

> "'Here, Arab-like, I pitch my tent,
> And straight again 'tis furled.'"

"And are these *in memoriam* of the 'dear five hundred,' whom you have met in your pererration? The number does not seem quite so limited," I said, pointing to a pile of photographs, which I regarded with amazement.

Her rippling laugh was checked in its flow, as she eagerly tumbled the collection about as if in search of something, till selecting one of the number, she slipped it into her muff. Now the "green-eyed monster," ever watchful, seized upon the incident, and with it filled my brain-pan, till there was no room for the small allowance of wisdom which had fallen to me, and it, in disgust, departed. She seemed teased when I asked to see it, and I did not persist in the request, though I treasured the entire incident.

We continued chatting about our travels and social life, till the sun was far up the horizon. Then attracted by signs of life at the house, we began the descent. Ascending, I had considered the path rough; but descending, with a lady to fear for, it was frightful. And she persisted in leaping from rock to rock, in such a terrifying manner as to keep me in soul, mind, and body, on the tenters. At a break-neck speed I endeavored to keep near her, but a will-o'-the-wisp could not more successfully elude its pursuer. Finally, in timely pity for my breathlessness, she stopped to gather some of the winter-green leaves growing upon the slope, and I precipitated myself over a perpendicular rock to get before her. At the same moment, the rock upon which she stood commenced slipping down the declivity, and, with a cry of terror, she sprang aside, where my arms, extended to prevent her from falling, received her. But an instantaneous thrill of pain, flashing through me, admonished me, even as one of them once, in the hour of my country's sorest need, had hung, wounded and useless, by my side, so now, when its whole strength was needed, the weak rascal had treacherously withdrawn from the service by breaking anew. As well as I could I supported Clare, till she regained her equilibrium, and then, according to the account, she has since given me, fell heavily to the ground. Certainly it was not very chivalric treatment, after undertaking to escort a lady home, to leave her upon the hill-side, under the necessity of going the remainder of the way alone, as she must have done; for, when I awoke from my short "forgetfulness of life," she was not with me, though the portfolio, emptied of its contents, which were strewn around, was at a little distance from me. Feeling as stiff and unaccustomed to life as Rip Van Winkle could have done at his return to consciousness after his memorable slumber, I endeavored to rise, but would have indulged in a second fainting, had I not with all my will opposed the inclination. Another attempt to regain an upright position was more successful, and I immediately collected the scattered sketches, and refilled the portfolio. A photograph had fallen several steps from the others, and, going for it, I found that it was my very own image. I had not had any with me, so I naturally concluded it belonged to Miss Merton, and was probably that which she slipped in her muff. "But where did she get it, and what was she doing with it?" I mentally asked, with as much curiosity as my debile condition encouraged. Hope and vanity both gave answers to the question; and with a strong heart, though a trembling body, I made the best of my way down the hill, to meet at the base a funeral cortege, led by Miss Merton, in the capacity of chief mourner, coming to bear my mangled remains to the tomb of my fathers. She was amazed at beholding me, and looked as if she thought my "canonized bones hearsed in death," had "burst their cerements," after the custom of Hamlet's father. To her rapid questions, I would have replied lightly, not desiring to frighten her more, but in the moment I grew dizzy, and, as I closed

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my eyes preparatory to enjoying a comfortable swoon, I heard her sob, "Oh, I knew he was badly hurt!" and saw her lovely head bowed upon the shoulder of Dr. Somers, one of the attendants, and one, by the way, whose name had always given me the horrors. If I had had the power, I would have restrained the inclination to faint long enough to horse-whip him for putting his arm around her, and soothing her so affectionately. But, though "the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak," and I had no ultimatum, finally, but to avail myself of the kind offices of so many friends, waiting to perform some labor of love for me, so I made myself as dead as possible, that they might have the pleasure of carrying me to the house, which I suppose they did; as, when I again awoke, I found myself upon the sofa, in Major Clerborn's drawing-room, with Dr. Somers trying to pull off the broken piece of my arm, to display his surgical skill to a group of admiring spectators. Clare Merton stood beside him holding the damp bandages to be bound around my arm; and so beautiful was she, her soft eyes and white cheeks expressing so much sympathy, that I decided that, though the pain of setting the arm was excruciating, I would gain more by keeping my eyes open than by closing them upon the lovely picture.

At last Dr. Somers ceased worrying my arm, and a summons to breakfast drew off all except Clare, who insisted upon remaining with me till some of the others could return; and I did not find it hard to acquiesce. I would have assumed a sitting posture, but she exclaimed against the proceeding, and it was pleasant to submit to her.

"I will leave you also if you do not keep still, as Dr. Somers directed. You will be fortunate if you escape without a longer illness than that which generally results from a broken arm, for you have not recovered from your hesternal immersion as yet, and for our comfort, if not for your own, I beg you not to do anything that will cause further anxiety," she said, with a charming air of solicitude, which made my heart pulsate with joy.

With my free hand I searched my pocket, and drew forth the photograph she had left upon the hill-side, and handed it to her. A deep blush bloomed upon her pale cheeks as she received it.

"Where did you get it?" I asked, attentively watching her lovely face.

But, making no answer, she petulantly threw it back to me. It fell to the floor.

"Alas! Poor thing! How, like the original, tossed about from place to place, and at last compelled to take care of itself! No one owns it, no one cares for it. But pardon me, Miss Merton, and do not be angry with me, please. I would never have asked the question, had I known you would be disinclined to answer it," I said, deprecatingly

She stooped and picked up the photograph.

"Is this completing the biography of the original?" my heart queried.

"Pardon *me*," she replied in a low tone. "I had not meant to requite you thus for the sacrifice of yourself to secure my safety. And besides, as it is your photograph, I suppose you really have a right to know by what authority I possess it. I received it from your cousin, Miss Clara Somers."

I sprang up in amazement. "And who furnished her with it, pray?" I asked, aggravated by Miss Merton's manner.

"Probably you might have the question answered if you would return to the city, and seek the lady herself," she replied, coolly.

"Ah, you mean that I should 'beard the Douglas in his hall'—or mine. I have not the hardihood of Roderick Dhu; or, at least, am warned by the fate of that chieftain. What would be the result of my temerity? My imagination must provide me with an explanation. Aunt Jane probably gave it to her as a defrauded man would give to the police the photograph of a thief, that they may recognize and secure the law-breaker upon sight."

"What do you mean, sir?" she exclaimed, starting forward, her cheeks crimson, and eyes flashing with indignation. But almost instantly resuming her usual tone, she continued, "I should have warned you that I am Miss Somers's friend. Your insinuations, if I read them aright, injure her, and again I ask, what do you mean by them?"

"But a few hours ago you permitted me to hope that you are my friend also. When I have an opportunity I will explain my remark, and, if you have any kindly feeling for me, your sympathies will also belong to me, instead of Miss Somers. You are going to breakfast now? But, come back soon, please, and, when I can, I will tell you all about it." And as she passed me, presuming upon my position as an invalid, I caught her hand in mine to detain her.

"Don't forsake me, if this broken member confines me to the house. I have neither sister nor mother to come and soothe the pain away with a little petting. Will you not fill their place in that now and then, to keep me from feeling so desolate? I will not let you go till you bless me with your promise," for she was struggling like a netted bird for freedom, fearing to use all her strength, lest she should hurt my wounded arm.

"That being the case, I'll promise immediately," she said; and I freed her hand, as Charlie and his bride entered the room. A, to me mysterious, glance passed between the three, as Clare met them, but she shook her head defiantly, and danced from the room. Charlie and Madame Lilla seemed affectionately interested in my welfare, but I was irresistibly wooed by the drowsy god, and in the face of their in-

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quiries, fell asleep. I remember being half carried from the sofa to my room; but memory is a blank, regarding my existence, during the weeks that followed, when nature and sickness fiercely debated the question of life or death, till nature conquered, and I took a new lease upon life; for now my powers,

"Though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity."

Never has existence been so pleasant to me as to-day, when I am down stairs with the dear ones who have been father and mother, sisters and brothers to me during my illness. Of course, I sent all the guests prematurely from the house, and deprived Charlie and Lilla of their bridal tour; but they have never once reproached me, declaring that they are rather indebted to me for the greater amount of happiness derived from their quiet sojourn at home.

And Walter is here, with immeasurable gratitude to me for giving him the precious little bride he has brought with him. And Mabel has told me the whole story. How Park Allston gave Walter the reputation of a consummate flirt, and furnished her with what she was forced to believe indisputable proofs of the fact; that she had hoped that Walter would appeal against his dismissal, but that not a word from him had reached her, and she had accepted his silence as an admission of his guilt. I had her to tell it to me more than once, for when the recital dealt with her emotions at the reception of Walter's last letter and the coming of Walter himself, no motherless boy was ever before the recipient of so many caresses and so much petting as fell to my lot.

And Clare is still with us, and told me to-day that she was waiting to attend my funeral. I hope she may not leave me till that takes place. Her face is thinner than it was that last day in the drawing-room, and I suspect she has performed her full share of the watching by my bedside. Once or twice, I remember, I imagined she was near me, and am fully persuaded it was no delirious phantasm. Anyway, she has watched beside me like a guardian angel to-day; has not only humored every expressed wish of the convalescent, but has anticipated them, and is untiring in her efforts to make my return to health pleasant and rapid. Her attentions are a sufficient analeptic for me, and I hope to be strong and well soon. She has just entered to take pencil and paper from me and to bring me a loving letter from Aunt Jane. That dear old lady went home but a few days ago, after striving indefatigably to drag me from the grave to which I seemed hastening; and though she gave me many a clinic lecture upon my shortcomings and misdemeanors, I shall not dread returning to her, for, when menaced by a separation, each of us found out the value of the other. And her motherly letters—this is certainly writing under difficulties, with Clare moving my paper to and fro, Lilla holding my pencil, and Mabel putting her little hands over my eyes, while I hear Mrs. Clerborn's advice to me to desist from writing till my eyes are stronger, till there is no danger of a "back-set," etc. Though Major Clerborn, Walter, and Charlie are present, neither will assist me against my persecutors, but all smile a broad approval of this gynæcian tyranny to which I must submit.

May 15th.—This evening, when Clare sat beside the sofa on which I was reclining, while she read me Longfellow's "Sandolph" and other gems, Charlie entered and broke the spell of perfect happiness which the hour had cast over me by the inquiry:—

"Cousin Clare, did I tell you I have received a letter from Dr. Somers, in which he informs me of his intention to call upon us to-morrow? His sister Clara will be here also, for *your* delectation, Guy."

"Heaven forbid!" I warmly ejaculated, feeling a decided hatred for the whole Somers family, in consideration of the blush of pleasure with which Clare had welcomed the first part of the intelligence.

"You ought fervently to pray that Heaven would interpose in your behalf, for you know Dr. Somers waited upon you in the first part of your illness, and has doubtless repeated some of your unchivalric utterances. Some time ago she had knowledge of your unflattering regard for her. Yet this but whets her ardor, and she comes prepared to conquer or die. The result, though doleful, is not doubtful, Guy, for soon to Aunt Jane will be sent that old Roman telegram, '*Veni, vidi, vici.*'"

"Never!" I declared, summoning all my strength to give emphasis to the word. "I have no fear of Miss Somers now, for I am proof against her boldest attacks."

"Oh, we prefer waiting for time to assist us in judging whether you are or not," laughed he, as he left the room.

I turned to Clare, to find a deep flush burning upon her cheek and an ominous light in her eyes.

"Let me explain it all to you, Miss Clare, before you condemn me for speaking thus of your friend," I begged. And rapidly I told her all my trouble; assured her that she had a mistaken estimate of Miss Somers; that, in her own credulous innocence, she had been imposed upon, and that she could not understand such a bold coquette, spoiled pet of fashion, etc., as Miss Somers seemed to be. Various emotions disturbed the calm of her face while I was speaking, but she laughed heartily when I ceased.

"I really do sympathize with you," she said, after a short silence; "but you should be reprimanded for judging so rashly. I feel safe in

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assuring you that I do not think Miss Somers is entitled to the character you give her, and will make you confess your error when you know her, or you are no friend of mine," she said.

"Then I may as well change my opinion now upon your recommendation, for, Clare, dear Clare, the day will never come when I will not be your friend. But I want to be something more than that, for I love you, and have tried to purchase your heart by giving you mine, filled and overflowing with love for you. Can you not tell me that it is mine, Clare?" I had frustrated her attempt to leave me, by drawing her close to my side, and now bent down my head to receive her answer, which her quiet submission to my detention led me to hope would be propitious. She lifted her head.

"Would you repeat this to Miss Clara Somers?" she asked, coyly, while an irresistible smile played about her mouth.

"Never!" I ejaculated, bending lower to—check the growth of the smile.

She quickly hid her face upon my shoulder, and in a low tone, replied:—

"Then your question is answered, for I am Clara Somers, and must wait"—

"You are Clara Somers!" I repeated, in bewildered incredulity. "That is not very probable."

"Probable or not, it is possible, for I am Clara Merton Somers, your Aunt Jane's scheming cousin, the bold coquette, spoiled pet of fashion, or anything else your honor may choose to dub me," she said, with a most becoming pout.

"You are giving yourself a dreadful character, dearie, but with all your faults, I love you still, and if the choice of a new name be left with me, will christen you with the precious name of wife," I replied, hushing her teasing in the most summary manner.

At that moment Charlie opened the door, but, judging from some "divine instinct," that he was *de trop*, would have beat a hasty retreat had not his love of teasing checked him. Turning quickly, he came towards me with extended hand.

"There is danger in putting 'off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.' Allow me to congratulate you now, for fear you may deprive me of the pleasure by changing your mind before to-morrow. Cymocles is too frequently a model for the young gentlemen of the present day for confidence to be reposed in them, Clare. It was not so in my young days, but the times have changed. And what about the telegram now, Guy? Do not look so stunned, my boy,

> "'There is no help.
> The bitter disposition of the times
> Will have it so.'

You are but fulfilling your destiny, so do not rebel, laddie, for 'what is decreed, must be.' Ah, me!

> "'As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
> They kill us for their sport.'

Truly, 'he only hath free will whose will is fate.'"

"Have you any wish that yours should be that of Ananias and Sapphira?" I asked, gravely. "If not, you ought to think twice before you again make as many mis-allegations at once as you did a few weeks since about Clare?"

"And in what have I been anything but an Avatar of truth concerning Clare?" he demanded, in a grieved tone.

"Did you not tell me that she was as old as my grandmother?" I rejoined.

"No, for I did not know your grandmother's age," he said.

"Well, you said that your mother and she were cotemporaries?" I persisted.

"And are they not? My mother is not dead yet, I am glad to say, and neither is Clare, if that be she sitting beside you."

"Oh, pshaw! But you did assert that Clare had crows-feet, and wrinkles, and deep hollows in her cheeks."

"Well, so she has! Laugh, Clare, and show them all, if you would be my compurgator. There is your answer!" he continued, as the dimples deepened in her cheeks, and the loveliest wrinkles in the world made nests about her eyes and mouth for the musical laugh.

Shaking with mirth at my defeat, Charlie rose to leave the room, but I had still an accusation.

"You cannot thus excuse yourself for having said that it would be better for me that a millstone should be hanged about my neck than that I should meet Clare?" I said, triumphantly.

"That truth *you* will assist me to establish after the honeymoon, I expect, for I dare say you will be one of those poor unfortunates who, the first six months of married life, feel as if they could devour the 'earth treading stars' which have fallen to their lot, and the last half of the year *wish they had. Au revoir!*" and, with a merry laugh, he quickly retreated.

Then she told me how it all came to pass; how Aunt Jane had often written to her, pleading for a visit from her, and blinding her to the fact that I was wearing the *toga virilis*, by speaking of me in such a manner as to induce her to believe instead that I was but a boy. And that she had never been any wiser till, stopping in the city to make some purchases before coming to Montcalm, she had there seen and taken possession of the photograph which revealed to her that I was of man's full stature, and not a beardless youth. She had known nothing of my aversion for her until my absence, and Aunt Jane's evident disappointment and strange remarks led her

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to suspect something of the kind. A morning call from Charlie had confirmed her suspicions, for he betrayed me, though he excused my wretched conduct. She had continued her journey that night, and was the lady whom I met on the train, whose beautiful eyes

"Looking through and through me
Did thoroughly undo me."

She was called Clare Merton by almost every one, except Aunt Jane, and resolved to be introduced to me as such, thinking it would make but little difference, since we would be thrown together so short a time. The whole family had abetted the deception for my good.

July 20th.—And now "York and Lancaster are reconciled," Miss Clara Somers has succeeded in marrying me [Clare, quit pinching me!] after all,

"Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front,"

Aunt Jane is happy, and I am as submissive as I promised to be should they succeed in entrapping me. [Mercy, Clare! that pin was two yards long, and, besides, it is very dishonorable to read private writings.] That "bold coquette," that "spoiled pet of fashion," has sobered down into sweet Clare Hastings, and Charlie's assertion stands against his veracity yet, for with me

"All the jarring notes of life
Seem blended in a psalm,
And all the angles of the strife
Slow rounding into calm,"

and I have no cause to regret the fulfilment of my "destiny."

GOLD FOR GOLD.

BY MAGGIE LUTE SULLIVAN BURKE.

Ages since two angels sought me,
Each with treasures all untold—
Love for naught gave fairest jewels,
Friendship offered gold for gold.

Love in rosy robes beguiled me,
Smiled upon me till I wept;
Friendship, with a brow half bending,
Argued thus the wares he kept:—

"What is love? 'Tis but a fable;
Passion, too, a tale that 's told:
Friendship is an honest barter—
Come! I offer gold for gold."

But, alas! love's charm allured me,
With the spell that worked of old,
And I grasped the passion diamond;
Thus, ah me! I lost my gold!

Lost my gold, and while my jewel
Scarce as bright as erstwhile shone,
Time, the hoary lapidary,
Proved but paste my priceless stone.

No matter how humble your circumstances; moral influence depends far less on these than most people imagine.

A MONTH AT RYE BEACH.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

Here we are at Rye Beach, July 18th, 186–, four of us—Sister Belle, Cousin Anna, myself, and dear old father. We came down by Dr. Fenton's advice, who thinks the sea-air will prove beneficial to me. Ah, if he but knew *why* my cheek is so pale and my step so languid! But my secret is safe, or I could never again behold his face, for I should cover my own with shame to think I have loved unsought. Why cannot I overcome this weakness and be strong? I *must* and *will!* Yet my heart cries for a little more time to recover itself, and then this idol shall be dethroned from its shrine. But I cannot root out this love suddenly; it would take with it the very fibres of my heart. Yet no shadow shall darken the pathway of my fair sister; *her* young life shall be one of joy and happiness, for, blessed with *his* love, how can it be otherwise? And for the sake of my dear father, also, whose life has already been darkened by the death of our beloved mother, I will try to stifle my own selfish grief, and become a joy to his heart and light to his home. They are coming now; I hear their merry voices—sister's and Anna's—along the hall. They are coming to inquire about the health of the "invalid," as they call me. I must hide my written sheet and call up a smile to welcome these happy girls.

19*th.*

I was awakened this morning by Belle and Anna, who came into my room with cheeks flushed from an early walk upon the beach, to which they had challenged each other last evening, that they might see the sun rise from his ocean bed. With merry voices, often interrupted by laughter, they related to me an "adventure" which had befallen them on their morning excursion. It ran in this wise: Sister Belle and Anna had extended their ramble quite a distance down the smooth beach. The tide being low, they amused themselves by gathering the small shells the receding waves had left upon the sands; but at length, wearied with their walk, they turned their steps hotelward. Walking along by the ebbing water, Belle espied what she supposed was a shell, rapidly floating out upon the tide. Hastily setting down her little basket, already containing several specimens of shells, and lifting her Balmoral, regardless of wet feet, she sprang after the coveted prize, and succeeded in grasping it just as a large wave threatened to snatch it from her extended hand. But no sooner had she secured the shell than, with a cry of pain, she unclasped her fingers and endeavored to throw it from her. But no! it was not so easily gotten rid of, for it proved to be a *crab*, which had fastened upon her poor fingers with the possession of "squatter sovereignty." Re-

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gardless of wet feet or skirts, Belle danced about in the water, and, with the other freed hand, endeavored to unlock the clinging creature, but without success. A moment and Anna was beside her; but the crab was taking most dire vengeance on poor Belle for his capture, and, notwithstanding her efforts and cries of pain, would not release his tenacious hold. At this crisis two gentlemen, who had passed them but a few moments previous, hearing Belle's cry, returned toward them.

"What is it, young lady? Are you injured?" exclaimed one of them—"the handsomest," Belle affirmed, but Anna thought differently. "But," she added, "we shall soon have an opportunity of judging for ourselves, as they are both stopping here at the Ocean House."

But, to go on with the story. "The dark gentleman," Belle continued, "repeated the inquiry, 'What is it, lady? Can we render any assistance?' I replied by extending my hand, to which the pertinacious adherent was clinging. 'It is a crab, miss,' he said. And, taking my hand in his, grasped the creature, and, with a sudden pressure, forced it to loose its hold, and threw it far out on the white-crested breakers."

Belle related thus far, then ceased, while Anna exclaimed, "Go on, Belle." But, as Belle evinced no disposition to proceed in the narration, Anna took it up.

"Well, then, Winnie, I will give you the remnant of the romance; and I'm sure I don't know what Dr. Fenton would have said had he seen the solicitous manner in which the dark stranger staunched the blood from the wound, then bound his handkerchief about Belle's hand, telling her to wear it until she felt no pain. Here, Belle, show your badge of honor to Winnie." And Anna grasped Belle's right hand, holding it up to my view. "Well," continued the voluble Anna, "the two gentlemen turned to leave us then, as they had their guns in hand and had come out in quest of game, when Belle exclaimed: 'Oh, my basket and shells, Anna! Where did I leave them?' 'There they go,' I said; 'they are sailing out to sea beautifully, Belle,' for by this time the tide had floated them off. 'Permit me to recover them,' exclaimed the other stranger, and he sprang for the basket; but Belle's pocket-handkerchief knight was before him, and had reached it just as the undertow was sweeping it away. Bringing it to Belle, he said, in the most musical voice I ever heard, 'I was fortunate in recovering it; another moment and it would have been too late.' And all this for Belle!" exclaimed Anna, with a most lugubrious expression overspreading her own face, "while poor *I* was left unnoticed. And yet, though Belle was the *heroine*, the dark-looking stranger was not, to my mind, the *hero*," she added, evidently to provoke Belle to a retort.

"You think so," said Belle, "because the other walked home beside you, and you chanced to learn that he is an old friend of your brother's at college. For my part, I think my deliverer from the crab by far the most distinguished-looking. And it appeared we were not wholly unknown to them, Winnie; they saw us when we arrived yesterday, and inquired us out. He told me this on our return to the hotel, for they concluded to give up their sporting for this morning, as it was getting to be nearly breakfast-time."

"But who are these gentlemen?" I asked. "The dark one and the light one—Anna's admirer and your knight of the beach, Belle?"

Belle unbound the handkerchief from her small white hand; upon one corner, in clear characters, was the name, "Stuart Langdon."

"A good name," I said to Belle. "But, Anna, who is *your* hero—this friend of your brother Richard's?" was my next inquiry.

"Why, who but Horace Stanton!" replied Anna. "And just think! I recognized him from a daguerreotype I have often seen in Dick's desk—given him two years ago, when they were in college together. Oh, Winnie! you should have seen his look of astonishment when I asked him, very demurely, 'Mr. Stanton, when did you hear from your friend, Richard Edwards?' He looked at me in such amazement, and then asked: 'Pardon me, but how did you know that I had such a friend?' 'Oh,' I replied, laughing, 'because he chances to be my own dear brother Dick, and he happens also to be owner of an excellent miniature of yourself.' And then how quickly he grasped my hand," continued Anna, merrily. "Why, it completely put Belle's crab in the shade! And I do believe he left his impression—not in the shape of a crab's claws, though." And she held up her hands, laughingly, as she spoke. "But, Winnie, we shall talk you into a headache, notwithstanding Dr. Fenton's prescription, 'rest and quiet.' And here it is almost breakfast-time! Mercy! there is the gong now, and neither of us ready! Belle, we must hurry, or we sha'n't meet our heroes at the table. There comes your father for us now."

"Who wouldn't forget the flight of time with such a chatterbox as you beside them?" exclaimed Belle, as she hastened to the door to let papa in, telling him she would soon be ready; then hastened after Anna to their room.

Father came in, and, seating himself beside me, tenderly inquired after his invalid child.

"Oh, papa," I replied, "I shall soon be strong in this bracing sea-air. I feel better already; have slept soundly all night, and intend to improve so rapidly that in a week's time you will hardly know me for the wan girl you brought here for health and spirits."

"I hope it may be so, my dear child," he said, laying his hand upon my forehead and bending down to give me the good-morning kiss; I pray it may be so, for it would brea

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your father's heart, Winnie, to behold you fading from him. It would be like losing your dear mother over again, for you are now what she was when I first met her; so hasten and get well, my darling, for your father's sake."

Belle and Anna came in then, and they all went down, leaving me to my thoughts.

"Yes, I *will* recover," I mentally exclaimed, "if but for my father's sake alone. I have been too selfish all along in yielding to despondent thoughts; the world may have much brightness left in it, though *one* disappointment has brought its traces."

I was but just convalescing from a long and severe illness, and from which at first I had not much cared if I never recovered again; but now my own selfish feelings vanished like a mist, and I began to desire health for the sake of that father whose heart was so tender toward his eldest born. I would exert myself to grow into health and activity again to please him, nor allow my mind to brood over sad thoughts. My new-born resolves were, at this juncture, interrupted by the entrance of Jenny, my waiting-maid, who came in to assist me with my morning toilet, after which the waiter brought up my breakfast.

Later, afternoon.

Papa has gone out fishing with a company of gentlemen — among them, Mr. Langdon and Mr. Stanton, Belle's and Anna's acquaintances of this morning. The two girls are in the parlor, playing duets together, to the admiration of some half score, or more, of the boarders; while I am seated upon the veranda, in the shade of the great willows, with book in hand—occasionally glancing into Tennyson, then listening to the music and the hum of applause which greet the pianists. But, above all, comes to my ears the never-ceasing chant of the restless ocean — whose throbbing heart beats and thrills at the touch of every chance wind wandering over it.

Oh, the mighty ocean, blue and boundless, with its never-silent voice—how it ripples and smiles when the day is fair, and the sun shines goldenly above it. How serene its waters this beautiful July afternoon, as I catch flashes of them through the willows that fringe the road, leading down to the long stretch of sandy beach. As fair and smiling, as if never a fierce tempest lashed its treacherous bosom into hungry billows, eager to engulf their prey.

Evening.

To-morrow Belle and Anna try the surf-bathing, and I shall go down to the beach to see them. To-night, at tea, I had a look at Mr. Langdon and Mr. Stanton. They were seated opposite us at table. I heard Mr. Langdon say, when I entered, leaning on papa's arm, and passed near his seat, "That is *her* sister. She looks like an invalid."

"Yes, very delicate!" I heard Mr. Stanton reply.

20th.

There are several hundred here, at the Ocean House; nevertheless, so admirably is the hotel arranged, and so commodious, that it seems quiet in comparison to other watering-places. The "House" is situated very pleasantly, at a short distance from the beach. It is very unlike the usual watering-places, which are so destitute of trees and shade. There is a pretty shaded path, leading direct from the veranda through the garden down to the bathing-houses, and to the water, which arrangement is very convenient and nice for surf-bathers.

This morning Belle and Anna tried bathing; and I walked down through this garden path, with a score or more of lady and gentlemen boarders. Such figures as they presented, *en costume à la* Bloomer! There was one stout lady, whom I saw at table yesterday—Mrs. Colonel Blair; and in the surf I noticed her, throwing up her hands, catching her breath, and splashing the water about *à la porpoise*, so that none of us could refrain from laughing outright. Then there were two tall, maiden ladies, whose angular forms, and sharp features, together with their scanty locks tucked close beneath oil-silk bathing-caps, made them objects of considerable inspection. Manifestly they think sea-bathing will do wonders in the way of improving their personal rotundity, for they adopt the severest water regimen, bathing regularly twice per day, as does the obese lady, Mrs. Colonel Blair, though for an opposite reason.

But what right-down enjoyment Belle and Anna, together with the greater portion of the bathers, seemed to take. I really wish myself with them; and think that to-morrow I shall don my Bloomer suit, and tempt the white-crested, tumbling breakers. Mr. Langdon and Mr. Stanton were among the bathers; and I noticed that Belle and Anna had a good amount of "dips" assisted by those gentlemen, for every few moments Belle's and Anna's heads would disappear underneath the great breakers. There were the usual number of persons on the beach, noting the bathers. One lady, Mrs. Langdon, whom I should have known from her resemblance to her handsome son, whose perfect breeding, and open, frank manners bespoke her the true lady, observing that I did not bathe, approached me with some remark upon the picturesque group; and soon we were in an animated conversation.

Evening.

This afternoon, as we were in the great parlor—Belle, Anna, and myself—papa came in from the piazza with Mr. Langdon and Mr. Stanton, and presented them to me, adding that "he believed the gentlemen had already made the acquaintance of the other two young

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ladies." Both are very pleasant and agreeable. Mr. Langdon is a Southerner, and Mr. Stanton is his cousin, the nephew of Mrs. Langdon. Mr. Langdon left us for a few moments after the introduction; and, crossing the parlor to his mother, who sat conversing with several ladies, returned presently with her, and presented her to our group, saying that he desired his mother to share with him his new and agreeable acquaintances.

I like them all very much, and so does father; and as for Belle and Anna; I can see that they are greatly pleased with the addition to their list of admirers, for the gentlemen are both handsome, agreeable, intellectual, and particularly deferent to our young ladies.

26th.

Several days since my journal has been visited, owing to a round of pleasure engagements. Day before yesterday I first attempted the bathing; and, finding I am better for it, to-day repeated it. Think that I feel strengthened and invigorated from this acquaintance with old Neptune.

Yesterday, a party went out sailing early in the morning; among them papa, Belle, Anna, Mr. Langdon, and his cousin. They all enjoyed it exceedingly. I did not dare venture, from fear of that disagreeable visitor, sea-sickness, and so remained in my parlor. While sitting alone, in the forenoon, Jennie came up with a message from Mrs. Langdon: "Was I alone? She would like to come and sit with me awhile, if agreeable." Gladly I received her; and presently we were conversing as though we had been friends for years. She told me much of her beautiful Southern home, of that clime redolent of summer and bloom; and I listened to her descriptions with pleasure. She is a lady of much culture and refinement. She spoke of Stuart as her only child; and I noticed a thrill of pride, such as, I suppose, a mother feels in knowing that she has, indeed, a noble son.

While we were conversing, the party returned, and sister and Anna came in, laughing merrily over some new adventure that had happened to some of the party. The two girls are perfect feminine Don Quixotes, in the encountering of "adventures," which are plentiful, to them, as were "Dulcineas" and "windmills" to the Spanish knight.

August 4th.

A letter came to the house by yesterday's mail, which, by some delay, papa did not receive till this morning. It was from Doctor Fenton. He is coming down; and will be with us to-day—this afternoon, probably. When papa told me I felt, for a moment, all my strength leave me; but by an effort I recovered my composure. I am *determined* to conquer this weakness; and I feel that I *shall* succeed. I must be happy with papa, and look calmly on *him* as another's, for he loves my sister. But *Belle*, what has come over *her*? She did not say one word when papa read the letter. I doubt if she cares so much for Doctor Fenton as he does for her. I often question if it was wise in papa to have no acknowledged engagement between them, for it leaves both so much liberty. But then Belle is so young—only eighteen! five years my junior. I suppose papa knows best; but, if anything should happen to break this off, it must be Belle's fault. I am half inclined to believe that *now* she dreads Doctor Fenton's coming—for she expressed no pleasure at the tidings. This young Southerner, to my mind, would be a dangerous rival; but I am foolish, and will not go out to meet trouble where there may be none existing.

Evening.

Dr. Fenton arrived this afternoon. Though Belle knew that he was expected, still she did not give up the horseback ride, for which she had engaged herself with Mr. Langdon. Anna and Mr. Stanton accompanied them also; and the party cantered off but a short time before the omnibus brought Doctor Fenton from the Greenland station. He sprang out on the veranda of the house, and his eye wandered in search of Belle, even before he inquired where she was.

"Oh, she was not expecting you so soon," replied my father, who met him at the door, "and has just set off on an equestrian excursion with her cousin and some new friends."

I fancied that a shade of disappointment came to the doctor's brow, and that he bit his lip, but both quickly passed, and he was himself again. When the party returned, we were again upon the piazza. As they came dashing up, Mr. Langdon rode beside Belle, whose happy face, shaded by the dark plumes of her riding-hat, told its own story of pleasure in her companion's society. Anna and Mr. Stanton, both equally animated, followed them more leisurely. I looked at the doctor, who, with a quick glance, was scanning Mr. Langdon's countenance; then, turning to me, he said, abruptly: "Winnie, who is your sister's escort?"

"Mr. Langdon, a Southerner—an acquaintance we have made here," I replied. "He is very gentlemanly and agreeable," I added, half apologizing for my sister. "And Anna's attendant is his cousin, Mr. Stanton. They are both pleasant companions for a ride or a sail."

"I should judge so," he replied, shortly. "But let us go in, Winnie; this sea-breeze is coming up too strong for you;" and, offering me his arm, we re-entered the parlor.

A few moments later, sister and Anna came in with the gentlemen. Belle blushed when she encountered the eyes of Doctor Fenton, bent somewhat reproachfully upon her; but

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advanced, saying, "So you have arrived, Doctor? And sooner than expected. Permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Langdon and Mr. Stanton—Doctor Fenton, gentlemen." She said this with a conscious blush.

The gentlemen shook hands, and then, as the girls shortly left the parlor to change their habits, their attendants also sought their own rooms to make alterations in their dress preparatory to tea.

I felt fatigued and low-spirited this evening; and so left the company below and sought my room and the companionship of my journal. Belle and Doctor Fenton have gone down to the beach for a moonlight walk; Anna and Horace Stanton have strolled off in the direction of the quiet town of Rye, sleeping so calmly down in the soft moonlight; father and Mr. Langdon sit conversing upon the piazza, Mr. Langdon smoking his meerschaum, the fragrance of which is borne up by the evening air into my open window. I think he must be uneasy at Belle's absence.

Do I feel lonely, with so much passing around me, and I not taking part? Standing aloof, with no lover but my dear papa to care for me? But I must be content. *His* love is more than most parents bestow upon their children, and it shall so fill my being that I will crave no other's.

8th.

Four days have elapsed since *he* came, and I think he is not happy. Belle appears so strangely, and Mr. Langdon keeps his old station at her side continually. I do think it is not right, and that Mr. Langdon should know that Belle is not free to accept his attentions; but when I venture to hint the same to papa, he only laughs, saying, "He guesses Doctor Fenton is too old and wise a man to be jealous of the little attentions Belle receives from other gentlemen; and that, of course, as 'the child'" (as he calls her) "is young, she may be permitted to enjoy herself." How *can* papa be so blind?

Evening, 10th.

We have had a grand sailing party to the "Shoals" to-day—a group of islands lying about ten miles out at sea. The day has been fine, with a light breeze from the land. There were three sail boats, in one of which went our party—papa, Doctor Fenton, Messrs. Langdon and Stanton, with Mrs. Langdon, another lady, Belle, Anna, and myself. At first I felt undecided about going, fearing sea-sickness, but on all the party declaring that their pleasure would be spoiled if I remained at home, and with Doctor Fenton's assurance that the sea was so calm I should not be sick, I was persuaded. And a happy day we had of it!

The sail to the Shoals was delightful; the ocean undisturbed, save by the slightest heaving; and then, at the Appledore House, on the largest island, we dined; passed a pleasant day in roving over the island, and returned this evening, with the full moon flinging her silver sheen over all the broad expanse of sea. I was not sick in the least, and Doctor Fenton was very kind and careful of me. Neither am I weary now, as I sit writing by my window.

Evening, 12th.

To-night Doctor Fenton came to our parlor, where I was alone, and, seating himself by me, said, quite gravely:—

"Winnifred, I have come to ask you a question, and I want you to answer me truly."

Inwardly wondering what question he had need to ask of me, I assented, awaiting his words.

"Do you think your sister loves me?" he asked, abruptly; then he added, "Or that, if she were not bound to me by this tacit engagement, she could not love another far *better;* nay, that even now she does not prefer this Southerner's society to mine?"

I hesitated for an answer.

"Winnie, my friend, don't fear to speak! I have known it ever since my arrival here; when I first saw them together returning from that horseback ride. And to-night Mr. Langdon came to me, like an honorable gentleman, as he is, and, not suspecting my feelings, confessed his love for Belle, and announced his intention to ask her hand to-morrow. What could I say, Winnifred, to this? That Belle was my betrothed? I hesitated at affirming that, for I have begun to think that Belle did not know her own mind when this engagement was entered into, and now finds it irksome. And, Winnifred, if this *is* so, she shall be free. It would cost me a great effort to give her up, yet I should do it unhesitatingly if I found it necessary to her happiness. I left Mr. Langdon somewhat abruptly, and sought you, as a friend to whom I could speak at this time. And now what think you? Answer me truly, Winnifred."

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that I was overcome, and could not reply. But Doctor Fenton must have read in my face the fears that I have entertained all along, for he said, after a pause, and in a thick, husky voice:—

"I see that this thought is not new to you, Winnifred." And then he left me.

14th.

The engagement between Belle and Doctor Fenton is broken, and he has returned to the city. Belle now wears another ring upon her slender finger, placed there by Stuart Langdon, and she seems like another being, so happy in her new love that I fancy seldom a thought of the poor doctor intrudes upon her mind.

Mrs. Langdon seems much pleased. She

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fondles and pets Belle like an own mother, and is perfectly satisfied in her son's choice. I hardly know how papa regards it. He is sorry for the doctor, but still would not like Belle to marry without love; and he thinks so much of Mr. Langdon, too. And there is another engagement—Anna's and Mr. Stanton's. This seems to be a *pairing* time; and they are both very happy in their new relation. In a few days we shall return to our city home. Mrs. Langdon and her son, and Horace Stanton, will accompany us for a brief visit before returning South. They wish the wedding to take place before they return, so they can take Belle with them, but neither papa nor I shall consent to her leaving us so soon. He says that Mr. Langdon may come for her next spring, and Anna will, at the same time, be wedded to Horace Stanton, who has not been a whit behind his cousin in his wooing.

Evening, 27th.

This is the last time I shall write in my journal at Rye Beach. But I must confide to it my own strange and new-born happiness. I scarcely dare write it here, lest, like a dream, I find it vanish with the morning light, so unreal does it seem. And yet I know this is no delusive vision, but a reality, that will remain with me, and brighten all my future life!

Yesterday afternoon we were all surprised at the sudden reappearance of Doctor Fenton, who came down by the afternoon omnibus from the nearest station. We had not heard from him since he left us, two weeks before. I wondered why he should come here again, and how he would meet Belle and her lover. But his countenance was unmoved at the greeting, and I admired his calmness, for I knew how difficult was the concealment of the love of a true heart. But *now* I know *why* he could meet Belle so calmly, and to you, my friend and companion heretofore—my journal—will I confide the secret. To-night Doctor Fenton came to my side as I sat upon the veranda, enjoying the cool, refreshing sea-breeze.

"Winnifred," he said, "will you walk with me down the garden path to the beach? The evening is fine, and you will not take cold."

I brought my shawl and mariposa, and we left the house. At first he was silent, and, I fancied, thinking of Belle, so I said, sympathizingly:—

"I am sorry for you, my friend, that you are unhappy, for, believe me, there is no one I should prefer for a brother before you; and if Belle could but have thought so"—

"Stay!" he exclaimed, interrupting me, and bending a strange look upon my face. "Winnifred, I am not fickle, but *I* do not now regret that your sister loves another, and one better suited to her younger and vivacious nature. I do not regret the experience I have had," he added, after a pause, "for it teaches me that I am capable of a deeper attachment than I ever felt for Belle. The knowledge of my own heart, gained within the past fortnight since I left here, has convinced me that in loving the child-like Belle, I did not read *all* that was in my nature; that a great mistake was saved me, perhaps an unhappy life. My heart has cried for companionship, and I fancied that the sprightly girl would give it, but, Winnifred, I now honestly know that, in reality, Belle's image was but the index to *another's*, and that other's her quiet sister, my dear friend Winnifred! Can you believe me, Winnifred, and take this stronger love—a love not transferred, for it is *not* the same I gave your sister—and still let me believe that life has something of joy left for me?"

Even to you, my journal, I may not give my answer, whispered faintly, amid much emotion, with the low monotone of the sea and the murmur of the wind to make its accompaniment. But, low and trembling as it was given, he heard it, and it satisfied him. And when the golden October days brighten hill and vale, and the dying year clothes itself in regal glory, then shall I become *his*—my beloved's!

It is so sudden that it seems like a dream. How have I wished this—and it has come to me so suddenly—such perfect joy! And henceforth *his* hand shall lead me along the sweet paths of contentment and love. Murmur softly, oh, blue, moonlit sea, emblem of my worn, tempest-tossed heart, now laid to rest!

BOSTON, *June 1st*, 186—

There were two weddings at our house today, for, since my marriage in the last year's golden autumn, we have continued to live with dear papa. Sister Bella looked lovelier than ever in her bridal robes; and dear Anna, the sweetest and best of cousins, seemed a picture of angelic beauty. Father gave away Belle; and Anna's brother Richard, a young lawyer, came on from New York to bestow his only sister upon his old college friend. Mrs. Langdon came on to the wedding, lady-like, dignified, and affable as ever.

After it was all over, they left us on the bridal tour. They go to Niagara, and on their return stop a few weeks at Rye Beach, for "there," the happy husbands say, "they met their fates." The house seemed deserted after their young faces had departed. The other day I found myself telling my husband that "I shouldn't wonder if we had *another* wedding before long."

"Why, Winnie!" he exclaimed, "you're incorrigible! Ain't *three* weddings within the year—and one of these your *own*—enough to satisfy any ordinary lover of romance?" he asked, looking up with his quiet smile.

"No; like Oliver Twist, I cry for 'more!'" I answered, saucily. "Wait and see if my

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surmise doesn't prove true! Papa will be lonely, now the girl-torments are gone; and you know that *you* require so *much* love, he has but a poor share left of mine; and he and Mrs. Langdon would make such a noble-looking, congenial couple! But I'll say no more now, only time will prove. And now, dear Edward, I am going to read you what is written about you, papa, Belle, Anna, and myself, in my diary, about our month last summer at Rye Beach.

THE OLD CANOE.

BY E. L. JOHNSON.

THE river still is flowing,
To its ocean fastness going,
And the brightest flowers are blowing
On its green and pleasant side;
And the breezes light are sweeping
O'er the waves in sunlight leaping,
While the plash of oars are keeping
Music with the flowing tide.

And the past comes back before me,
When the skies of youth were o'er me,
And the old canoe oft bore me
To the bright and sunny shore;
While my memory is teeming
With a ne'er-forgotten dreaming,
Of eyes whose love-lit beaming
Shall illume my path no more.

Where the thickest shades are sleeping
And the waves forget their leaping,
Where the moss of age is creeping
And the reeds are tall and rank,
Lies the old canoe, decaying,
While the breezes 'round it playing
Sets the yellow sedge grass swaying
O'er the old path on the bank.

But other boats are dancing
Where the golden sun is glancing,
And bright eyes are enhancing
With radiance divine;
While the shadows are reclining
'Neath the morning-glories twining,
And the dew-drops bright are shining
On the overhanging vine.

Still my thoughts are backward flowing
Where my feet would fain be going,
Where the summer flowers were blowing
In the morning's fervent glow.
To the past my heart is clinging,
While the birds above me singing
And the plash of oars are bringing
Music of the long ago.

CRYING.—Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief—on the part of children as well as of older persons—and regard the eyes and the mouth as the safety-valves through which Nature discharges her surplus steam.

OUR BIG BROTHER.

MRS. H. G. ROWE.

CHAPTER I.

"I SUPPOSE I might find a chance for you as under-clerk in some dry goods establishment. You're a tolerably good looking fellow, if you'd only stand up straight, and break yourself of that foolish habit of blushing if anybody says a word to you. But you won't be so thin skinned after you've stood behind a counter, and sold dry goods to the city damsels, a year or so, I reckon." And Brother Robert laughed significantly, *disagreeably*, I thought; although I would not have hinted as much for the world.

"But," interposed my mother, timidly, "isn't Lewis capable of filling a higher place? He's such a good mathematician and writer, that he would make an excellent book-keeper; and besides he's so exact, and—"

"There, there!" interrupted my brother, contemptuously, "don't meddle with things that you know nothing about. City merchants don't employ *country greenies* to keep their books, let me tell you; and if Lew gets any kind of a chance in the crowded city, where there are twenty applicants for every vacancy, it will be owing entirely to *my influence*. He might search Boston all over for a place, and never find the shadow of one if he had no influential friend to recommend him."

"Very true," said my father, "and it's a blessed thing for the boy that he has a brother, able as well as willing, to secure a place for him. I don't know what we should do without you, Robert." And my father's worn and wrinkled face glowed with pride and gratitude as he cast a look of mingled love and reverence upon the portly, well-dressed figure, and self-satisfied countenance of his eldest born, and favorite son; who, not at all abashed at the compliment, replied complacently, adjusting, as he spoke, a cameo sleeve-button, that fastened one of his snowy wrist-bands:—

"As the eldest, of course, I *expect* to have to help the others; and it's well, as you say, that I have the means to do it with. I don't know what you'd have done with such a troop of young ones if it hadn't been for me, I'm sure."

To this father, as usual, meekly assented; but I could not help seeing the flushed cheeks of my mother and sister, as they bent lower over their sewing, to hide the mortification that must not find expression, as well as the flashing eye, and curling lip of sailor Charlie, as he exclaimed bluntly:—

"Don't feed us on salmon, Brother Robert, and then harpoon us with the bones. I don't believe I'm ungrateful for what you've done for us" (Charlie had worked his own way up from cabin boy to second mate of the good ship Condor, entirely unassisted), "but I'd rather

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recall it, myself, than to be so often reminded of it."

In spite of his odd score of years, Charlie was still a "boy" in our father's eyes, and as such he was subjected to a stern paternal rebuke for his "disrespect and ingratitude;" a rebuke to which he listened, in dutiful silence; although, as we lingered for a moment upon the stairs, on our way to bed, and overheard Robert telling little Andy, the baby of our flock—a bright-eyed urchin of ten—to "be sure and have his boots well blacked for him before he was up in the morning," I was not surprised at his half-angry, half-amused exclamation:—

"It's as old Sally Townsend said, once: 'Father thinks that Robert brought him up,' and he thinks we ought to feel the same."

"But, Charlie," I said, deprecatingly, "he *has* done a good deal for us, in one way and another; he half clothed us when we were little fellows."

"With his own cast-off clothing."

"Well, it was just as good as new for us, as I've heard mother say a hundred times; and our school books—he almost always paid for them, and, and—"

"A keg of oysters at Christmas," suggested Charlie, with suspicious gravity.

"Well, well, all these little things count up," I returned, rather irritably, for I felt that I was getting the worse of the argument; but Charlie, instead of following up his advantage, made no reply, whatever; silently following me into the chamber that we shared in common, and seating himself upon the edge of the bed, sat, softly whistling in a low key, for some moments (an old habit of his, when thinking intently upon any subject), and when he did speak, the bright, bantering tone had been exchanged for one of grave, almost stern significance.

"Did you ever think, Lew, how queer it is that we should know so little, in fact, *nothing*, of our brother's business? Even father, although he talks so grandly mysterious to the neighbors, about 'speculations,' and 'successful ventures,' and all that, *knows* no more about his son's affairs than you and I do; and he would no more dare to ask a direct question in regard to them, than he would ask the president what his inaugural suit cost him."

"Robert is naturally reserved," I said, loftily, and trying hard to appear unembarrassed, for, to tell the truth, this matter of Robert's reticence upon his own affairs, had been for years a very tender point with me, and I naturally shrank from any allusion to it. "But he often speaks of speculations in this and that, so I am sure we are safe in calling him a speculator."

"Yes, I know he talks of such matters as if he were familiar with them; but honestly, Lew, did you ever hear him say, in plain words, *what* he was speculating in—or, in fact, that he was really speculating at all?"

"Why, yes—no—well, really, I don't know as I ever did; but he has the same as said so; or, at least—" I was getting into a muddle, and the laugh that I saw just then, in Charlie's eyes, didn't help to settle my wits at all; so, like many another in like extremity, I was forced to assume the "injured," in sheer self-defence. "You're in a strange humor to-night," I muttered, reproachfully. "I wouldn't begin to be suspicious of my own flesh and blood, at this late day, it seems to me."

I hoped that he would deny the imputation; but, much to my surprise, as well as disappointment, he only said, in a tone of grave kindliness, that seemed to me in my spirit of resentful partisanship, as if intended to express some hidden feeling of contempt for my youthful credulity:—

"Oh, well, Lew, we won't trouble ourselves about what don't concern us. So good-night, and pleasant dreams to you, my lad." And in five minutes more, his heavy breathing assured me that his kind wishes had not returned unto him void.

For myself, I could not sleep. Bright dreams of future riches and honors danced before my excited vision, completely banishing even the desire for slumber; and seeming to me, for the time, not mere possibilities, but sure, glorious realities. With Brother Robert's wealth and influence as a stepping-stone to the first round in the ladder, I would mount step by step, upward and onward, until gaining the summit, I could look down with calm superiority upon the struggling thousands below, benevolently aiding the worthy, and frowning down the dishonest and mean; respected, revered by all, the pride of my parents, of my native town, even the—

But just here, somehow, the vision became dim and obscure, fading off into broken, misty fragments, oddly intermingled with glimpses of a shy, bright young face, with soft bands of wavy chestnut hair, and—and I slept until the bright morning sunshine, streaming in my room, and Charlie's cheery "good-morning," aroused me once more to the realities and duties of my daily life.

The next day was to be the last of Brother Robert's visit; and that evening, as we were again assembled around the cheerful, blazing wood-fire, the subject of my city venture was again introduced, when Robert remarked, pompously:—

"I shall do all I can to get you a place—anything, rather than to see you a green, ignorant countryman, delving and digging all your life for a mere living. It's a dog's life that these Maine farmers lead; and no young man, who has a spark of enterprise about him, will submit to it."

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"Thank you," I said, rather constrainedly, for I had grown up in, and learned to love the dear, sturdy old State, in spite of the roughness of its features. "But Maine isn't such a hard place to get a living in, after all. There is some splendid land for farming, to say nothing of its noble timber lands. Why, here is Deacon Halsey, with his great farm, makes it his boast that there isn't a stone on it as large as his fist, and the soil is as mellow and rich as any that you can find in the South or West."

"Yes, and I suppose the deacon has been hard at work upon it for the last sixty years, toiling to get it into decent shape for the man who comes after him. By the way," and he gave a sly glance at my conscious face, "how is the old man's daughter—Esther, I believe, you call her? Is she married yet?"

I know that my face was burning, and I was thankful to my mother for answering for me:—

"She is well, and prettier and brighter than ever. As to her being married, she is rather young for that. We don't marry our girls, here in the country, until they are old enough to know their own minds."

Robert laughed lightly.

"'T would be a good investment for some one of these young countrymen about here, to marry the girl, and so make sure of the old man's property. She'd make a good housekeeper, no doubt, and that's all you farmers care for in a wife."

It was a wanton uncalled for thrust; and the indignant retort that sprang to my lips at sight of our mother's grieved and mortified face, was checked, as lifting his toil hardened hand, with a deprecatory gesture, our sire replied, in a lowered, but proudly significant tone, that none of us could fail to understand:—

"Your mother was a farmer's wife, Robert."

"I was only joking, of course." And with this clumsy apology, Robert hastened to change the conversation to other and more agreeable topics; but immediately my thought turned to the picture that always hung in my father's room—of a proud faced, dark-eyed woman, stately and grand in gauzy head-dress and prim, short-waisted silk gown, whose sleepless eyes, looking straight into my own, had been at once the terror of and wonder of my childhood, and upon whom, as "Robert's mother," I had been accustomed to look, with something of the awe and reverence with which the Italian regards his clumsy image of the Madonna.

It was very seldom that our father spoke of his first wife; although from the favoritism displayed toward her son, I had naturally concluded that his love for her had been deep and unchangeable, in spite of his apparent forgetfulness.

That Robert was like his mother, our old neighbors all agreed; and it was a common saying among them, that, if he had been reared upon the farm, in our little out-of-the-way corner of the world, instead of among his maternal relations, in the great metropolis, he would have been just as proud and over-bearing as he was now—a conclusion, by the way, in which I have never shared, for I believe that, whatever one's natural inclinations may be, circumstance and association are the principal agents in the work of moulding and deciding every man's character for life. But be this as it may, it has little to do with my story, and the anxiety with which, for the next three or four weeks, I watched for the letter that was to bring the news of Robert's success or failure in obtaining for me the much coveted situation.

It came at last, the thrice welcome intelligence, that I was to have a position as clerk in the great dry goods establishment of Messrs. Cole & Chalkins, with a fair prospect of advancement, if I proved smart and capable in the business.

"Your salary will be too small the first year," wrote Robert, "to admit of your boarding, as *I* do, at a hotel, and I will try to find some cheap boarding house for you, where you can live as quietly as you please, until you are able to earn the means to dress and appear like other young men."

"Dress and appear like other young men!" repeated Sister Anne, as I reached this point in the letter, that I was reading aloud, for the benefit of the family. "What a pity that you are such a monstrosity!" she added, with a little vexed laugh. "I wonder how long you will have to keep out of sight for the rustic to wear off, so that you may not offend the eyes of the city bred ladies and gentlemen that frequent the streets and public resorts, that you are not to be allowed to visit."

"How like a simpleton you talk!" I returned, laughing heartily at this little ebullition of sisterly jealousy and pride, and my laugh was echoed by a clear ringing voice at my elbow, that sent the hot blood to the very tips of my ears, and a strange thrill to my heart; as turning my head, I looked slyly into the bright young face, with its dancing hazel eyes, and rosy little mouth of pretty Esther Halsey.

"Why, Esther, where did you come from? I didn't see you when you came in," cried Anne and my mother, in a breath, while the younger ones clustered around her with loud tokens of welcome, and the eagerly volunteered information, that "Lew was going to Boston, next week, *to keep a store!*" To which little Andy gravely added, in his childish fashion: "And to grow to be a great rich man like Brother Robert."

Esther laughed, with the rest of us, at Andy's hopeful prediction; but, somehow, a quaver, as of pain, seemed to have crept into her tones, as she asked, quietly:—

"Then you have decided to go?"

"Yes."

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Then father added, in an explanatory tone: "Robert has secured a situation for him in the store of one of his own business friends. It will be an excellent thing for the boy to be there, right under Robert's eye. We sha'n't feel half the anxiety about him that we should otherwise." And, evidently unconscious of having said anything in the least unpleasant, the dear old man, gathering up his pipe and tobacco, placidly retreated to the kitchen, to indulge in a quiet smoke, in honor of the occasion.

It may be foolish, but it is certainly natural to young men generally, to dislike to be made the object of parental solicitude in the presence of their young lady friends, and I must own to being no exception to the general rule. Nor was my vexation at all lessened when my sister, with a sly wink at her friend, remarked, in a tone of suppressed merriment:—

"I hope Robert will be able to protect him from those fascinating city ladies that he talks so much about. It wouldn't do for a poor clerk to fall in love with a fashionable belle, whose laces, for a single year, would cost more than his whole salary will amount to."

"I'm not going to the city to play the beau," I retorted, sharply, not at all pleased with Anne's girlish banter. "I have my own way to make in the world, and shall have neither money nor time to spare to make myself agreeable to either city or country ladies."

Anne laughed a little sly, provoking laugh (the gypsy was a noted tease), and, softly tapping her friend's dimpled cheek, remarked, in an audible whisper: "You needn't look blue, Ettie; he excepts you and me, of course."

"He is very sensible and prudent *in intention*," was the staid reply, while the rosy face assumed an expression that would not have been out of place under the cap border of Dame Halsey herself. "But the city is a dangerous place for country-bred youths."

There was a merry twinkle in the bright eyes, and the dimples went dodging about the primly-set little mouth, defying their owner in her efforts to maintain the gravity befitting her words, while the small brown fingers plucked nervously at the fringes of her shawl, as Anne said, with an air half whimsical, half in earnest: "If by going away he is to outgrow us here at home, forgetting all the old loves and friendships of his boyhood, I would rather that he lived and died on the old farm, and never saw the cars or a steamboat in his life, like old Sally Townsend, who never travelled twenty miles from her birthplace, and now, in her eightieth year, declares that she wouldn't risk *her* life in one of them new-fangled contrivances that they call *railroads*."

We all laughed at Anne's sally, while I took special pains to convince her (of course it was nothing to me that Esther Halsey was a listener) of the needlessness of her fears in regard to my own unchangeableness. And how it came about I can scarcely tell, but that night, as I walked with Esther along the footpath that, leading through the orchard, shaded if it did not shorten the way to the deacon's house, I found myself making the same protestations to my old playmate herself, with sundry tender variations interesting to ourselves alone; to all of which she listened in silence, although I could feel the little hand that rested upon my arm tremble, as, in my impetuous, boyish fashion, I declared that neither time nor circumstances could ever change my feelings toward her.

At that moment, emerging from the shadow of the trees, the bright autumn moonlight falling full upon her face revealed to me traces of tears upon a cheek, not glowing with blushes, but pale and troubled; while her voice, low and sweet as ever, had in it a new tone of firmness, as she said, steadily:—

"I will not allow you to bind yourself by a promise, Lewis, that you may come in time to regret. I haven't a doubt of your sincerity," she added, earnestly, in answer to my indignant protest; "but in going out into the world you will meet with the beautiful, the rich, and the fashionable, beside whom little plain, simple Esther Halsey will seem like a meadow butterfly in a bouquet of hothouse beauties. Then, perhaps, you will regret the freedom that you are now so anxious to resign. We are both young, and can afford to wait until you are sure that your choice is the wisest that you can make."

There was no affectation of shyness; only the plain common-sense view of the subject that my reason told me was wisest, even while my pride writhed beneath the unexpected blow that it had received.

"You will see," I returned, with more dignity than tenderness, I am afraid, "that I can be constant even if I *am* out of sight of the object of my love. I have known and loved you from a little child, and I could no more transfer that love to another than I could exchange my own head for that of another man."

Esther smiled, but there was a mournful significance in the smile that haunted me for many a day. Even in the midst of the bustle and excitement of business that face, with its sadly foreboding expression, would look up at me from between waves of glistening silk or from a shimmer of costly lace, never bright and joyous as of old, but mournful and tender, as in that never-to-be-forgotten parting.

CHAPTER II.

After my first feelings of bashful bewilderment had passed away and I had become somewhat accustomed to the unwonted confinement, so different from the out of door freedom of country life, I began to find myself, not only

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contented, but really happy in my new employment. Being naturally quick to learn, and with a set of uncommonly good-natured and obliging fellow-clerks to teach me, I was not long in becoming familiar with the duties of my own department, which I soon learned to discharge in a manner that won for me the approval of even those very precise and critical gentlemen, the Messrs. Cole & Chalkins.

My employers were both of them past the middle age—grave, keen-eyed men of business, whose very tones reminded one of the chink of coin, and whose eyes, if by chance they lighted upon you, wore a look of shrewd calculation, as if their owner were making an estimate of the drops of blood contained in your body or the hairs on your head. That Mr. Cole was a family man and his partner a bachelor I soon learned, and that was all. No reference was ever made to matters disconnected with the business that occupied our thoughts from morning till night; and, beyond a stiff "good-morning" and a few curt words of direction and commendation, neither of my employers had seemed to notice me at all, when, one morning, I was really startled to find myself addressed by Mr. Cole, as he lingered for a moment at my counter to inspect a box of cashmere shawls that had just been opened.

"Who was that gentleman whom I saw you with at the —— House last evening?"

I fancied that there was something of suspicion in his tone, and I hastened to reply: "It was my brother; he boards there, and I stopped in to see him for a moment."

"Your *brother!* I didn't know that you had any friends here."

Suddenly it flashed across my mind that Robert had in his letter spoken of this very gentleman as a "business friend" of his own, and here was the gentleman himself failing to recognize him either by face or name. I was completely mystified, and I presume my face betrayed as much as I said, hesitatingly: "It is the brother who secured this situation for me; I supposed that you knew him."

"Never heard of him," was the curt reply. "It was—let me see—it was old Coatts, of the firm of Coatts & Wescott, clothiers, that spoke to me about you." And, evidently considering the subject too trivial for farther discussion, he walked away; and, while I was puzzling my brains over this to me strange mystery, he was deep in a consultation with the head clerk upon the amount of profit that it would be safe to charge upon the scarfs.

It is curious how many things suspicion, once rooted, will find to clasp its tendrils around; and now a thousand little acts and words that had passed unheeded at the time recurred to me as proofs of my brother's insincerity. His persistent silence in regard to his own employment, his evident dislike to introduce me to his gentleman acquaintances, and, strangest of all, the deliberate falsehood that he had told in regard to his relations with my employer, all combined to strengthen the doubts that had found a lodgment in my breast.

"Show me some cashmere trimming, if you please." It was a sweet, silvery, girlish voice, and I started from my reverie to meet the glance of a pair of eyes in whose blue, liquid depths I caught, as I fancied, a glimpse of heaven; while, as the little, delicately-gloved hand toyed carelessly with the rich trimming that I had hastened to place before her, a faint, sweet scent, as of spring violets, floated upward from the perfumed kid, suggestive of pure, fresh nooks far away from the artificial glare and glitter of the crowded city, and thrilling me with a new and strange delight, as in the presence of something too lovely and rare to be an inhabitant of this work-a-day world of ours. The richness of her dress, as well as that indefinable air of graceful self-possession that marks the daughters of luxury whom dependence has never taught timidity, proved her one of the favored few of whom it is so fitly said that they are "born to the purple, born to joy and pleasance." And yet it never occurred to me that, in her girlish gossip, as she examined and criticized the rich fabrics that I offered for her inspection, interspersed with various little items concerning the weather, the sleighing, etc., that there was aught of condescension, much less the shadow even of impropriety. And yet there was a thrill of disappointment mingled with my surprise as Mr. Cole, having finished his "confab" with the head clerk, once more approached my counter, and, laying his hand caressingly upon my fair customer's shoulder, asked, with a smile that had really a gleam of tenderness in it:—

"Do you find anything that you like among these trimmings, Lena?"

"I don't know, really, papa," and the blue eyes cast a furtive glance at my astonished face as their owner uttered the significant appellation. "Here are two pieces that I can't choose between. I do wish," she added, with a pretty air of vexation, "that the dressmaker herself could see them and decide for me. But why"—with a sudden brightening up, as if under the inspiration of a new idea—"can't you let this gentleman go up home with me, and take the two pieces along? Then we can select the prettiest, cutting off what we want, and he can bring the rest of it back."

Her father laughed. "You can take the *trimming* if you wish, but you won't need the clerk. There's no special hurry about returning it. I can slip it into my own pocket when I come down to-morrow morning."

But the little lady persisted. "Oh no, *that* wouldn't do, for you might lose any number of customers by its absence. No, *my* way is the best this time." And, turning to me, she said, in an authoritative tone that the arch smile

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upon her fair face contradicted: "You may fold up these two pieces and take them home for me." And then, carefully readjusting the rich furs about her slender neck and giving a little flirt to the shining folds of her morning-silk, she added, carelessly: "You can come right along with me, for you might get lost alone, and I shouldn't like to have to wait for the trimming."

Mr. Cole nodded assent, rather reluctantly, I thought; and, dazed and bewildered at this unlooked-for privilege, I hastened to don hat and overcoat, and, with a wildly-throbbing heart, followed my fair guide up the broad and crowded street—*so* crowded that, as we turned the first corner beyond the store, she was obliged to walk very cautiously, thus giving me the coveted opportunity to continue the *tête-à-tête* of the morning:—

"You didn't guess who I was when I first came in?" she asked, with an arch glance at my conscious face; then, laughing gayly, she added, with charming *naïveté*: "Perhaps you took me for some milliner's apprentice or a governess even."

Of course I hastened to disavow any such preposterous fancies, and, although astonished at my own audacity, I managed, rather awkwardly, to be sure, to introduce the subject of my own position and prospects:—

"I was very fortunate in securing so good a school for my business education as the perfectly conducted establishment of Messrs. Cole & Chalkins. Hoped that I might be able to satisfy them and win their trust and confidence," etc. A foolish outburst of boyish confidence, that, although encouraged at the time by the graceful condescension of my fair auditor, cost me in my cooler moments many a pang of angry self-reproach and mortification.

How brightly, bewilderingly beautiful she was, as she tripped along by my side, her girlish face glowing from the keen frosty air, and her slender figure daintily robed in velvet and furs, erect and graceful, with that indescribable air of saucy independence so agreeable to the humble adorer, as a proof of her natural indifference to the forms and customs of aristocratic society.

She was certainly the most beautiful woman that I had ever seen, and with the natural impulsiveness of my age and temperament, I was not long in convincing myself that I was irremediably in love with this wonderful vision of female loveliness. To be sure, I was only a poor clerk, while she was the petted child of my wealthy employer, and had been until this morning a perfect stranger to me. But what of that? It only added to the romance with which my love-lorn imagination invested her, and I listened to her clear, sweet tones as she chatted familiarly upon various topics of interest to both, with a growing confidence in myself as well as in her.

I was not, as my brother had said, a bad-looking fellow, and vanity whispered that in the gay condescension with which she had chosen to treat me there was perhaps a spark of genuine interest that might in time be fanned into a flame. Nor was this conclusion so presumptuous as it might at first appear, as week after week slipped by, each pleasant day bringing her, often with a group of girlish companions, sometimes alone, but always affable and chatty; and always managing, too, by her woman's art, to make me say or do some foolish thing, for which I was sure to wear the sackcloth and ashes of unavailing mortification and regret, until another visit gave me a change of subject, if not of emotion.

In her presence I was excited, feverishly happy with a wild, uncertain joy, unsatisfactory and evanescent as the froth upon the glass, for no sooner was she out of my sight than I straightway began to torture myself with a careful review of all the foolish nothings that I had given speech to, blaming my own thoughtlessness in thus exposing myself to the ridicule of her fashionable friends, for never once did I think of accusing her of complicity in the matter.

My fellow-clerks were not slow to guess at and banter me upon my enslavement; and the book-keeper, an elderly man, who had always shown himself especially friendly toward me, at length took it upon himself to give me a well-meant word of caution one evening when we happened to be walking home together.

"You won't think me meddlesome, will you, Wyman? but we old fellows learn something of human nature, especially of woman nature, in a thirty years' experience in the dry goods business; and I am sorry to see that you are taken with Helena Cole's pretty face and glib tongue, for she cares no more for you than she does for her mother's pet poodle. You needn't deny the soft indictment," he added, good-naturedly, to my angry, confused remonstrance, "for I have seen, from the first day that she came into the store and saw you, that she was bent upon playing off her coquetries for your benefit."

"You are unjust to her," I exclaimed, indignantly. "You cannot deny that she is a lady, and, as such, above the meanness and indelicacy of angling for any man's admiration merely to feed her vanity."

"You have hit the mark exactly," he retorted, dryly; "that is just what she *is* capable of and just what she is doing. Have you noticed how distant and reserved she is if her father happens to be present? Or how shrewdly she avoids introducing you to any of her friends by name? These may seem little things to you, but there is a meaning in them. I don't think," he added, with a glance at my flushed and mortified face, "that she is wilfully malicious and cruel—only

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vain and heartless; but that don't make her deceptions any easier to bear."

"You are unjust to her and—" I was tempted to add "impudent to me," but I checked the unspoken word, and, anxious to change the subject, I inquired, with a sudden affectation of interest: "By the way, Dexter, how does it happen that Chalkins never got married? He is rich, with nobody but himself to spend his money on; and besides, I should think a man of his age (he must be over sixty) would want a home and family of his own."

The book-keeper laughed significantly and said: "When he was at the marrying age, he was too poor to afford it, and now that he has the means he probably lacks the disposition; unless, as I have sometimes fancied, he expects to find some young and blooming maiden who will be willing to overlook his age and ugliness in consideration of the exquisite enjoyment to be derived from the spending of his money."

I laughed, as in duty bound, at my friend's sally, and then, as I turned the idea over in my mind, I remembered how that very day, as Miss Cole and several of her friends were chatting together beside my counter, the gentleman in question had approached the group, greeting each familiarly; and (my blood boiled at the remembrance), standing beside my charmer, had lifted, with his yellow, skinny fingers, a stray curl that had slipped from the confinement of its silken net, and, carelessly toying with its sunny coils, continued his conversation with the others as coolly as if that precious tress had been nothing more than a part of his own unnaturally frizzled toupee.

I had thought him presuming at the time, but now, rendered suspicious by my friend's hints, I began to look upon him as even worse—an arrogant, purse-proud fool; a shark among the fishes in the sea of celibacy, ready and eager to fancy every pretty face a bait for his voracious jaws.

And thus, as day after day passed by, each bringing some new proof of his audacity, in the shape of a clumsy attention or stale compliment, none of which escaped my jealous eyes, I grew to despise and hate the man upon whose good will I was dependent for my daily bread, and whose kindnesses toward myself, although quiet and unostentatious, were, nevertheless, frequent, and I fear at that time undeserved. And yet, engrossed as I was with these matters, I did not forget to mention to my brother, on the first occasion of our being alone together, the discovery that I had made in regard to his agency in procuring for me my present situation.

"I thought you said that *you* spoke to Cole & Chalkins about me, Robert?"

I tried to speak indifferently, though with poor success, for I knew that Robert's eye was upon me, and I had not yet so far outgrown my childish awe of the "big brother" as to bear that glance entirely unmoved.

"Well, who says I didn't?"

"*They* do. Mr. Cole says that he never saw or heard of you, and that my situation in the store was due to the good offices of a Mr. Coatts, of the firm of Coatts & Wescott, tailors. It's a perfect mystery to me. I can't understand it."

Robert laughed, contemptuously. "You have made a great mystery out of nothing," he said. "Mr. Coatts is a cousin to me on my mother's side, and as he and Cole were old friends, I asked him to speak a good word for you, instead of attending to it myself. I may have said that I spoke for the chance; very likely I did, so long as 'twas the same thing."

There was nothing more to be said after this, of course, and yet, before the evening was over, I had caught myself wondering more than once why Robert had never mentioned this same relative before, or, in fact, why he had never given me even a hint as to the nature of his own employment, or the various hopes and fears naturally connected with it, whatever it might be.

But the winter, on its steel shod sledges, was gliding swiftly away, and as beyond the city's shade and smoke patches of the blue spring sky peeped out, making glad alike the heart of the millionaire and the beggar, my own heart turned towards the dear old home once more, and as I folded and re-arranged the shining folds of silk and velvet to please the eye of some fashionable city dame, I thought of the violet-spangled turf in the meadow, and the scarlet-tipped maples that nodded to the moss-grown roof of the old homestead, until a longing, as new as it was intense, took possession of me to look upon these well-remembered beauties once more. But this might not be, and with all the patience I could muster, I set myself to work to do my best in the busy season that was now opening before us.

And a busy time it proved, *so* busy that even the proprietors themselves were forced to lend a hand now and then in waiting upon the crowds of customers, on one of which occasions Mr. Cole approached my counter, and, holding up a scrap of bright colored Cashmere, asked, anxiously:—

"Is there any of this left?"

"I sold the last dress pattern yesterday."

"What a pity!" he exclaimed, in a tone of real annoyance. "Miss Bridgham has sent for an extra yard to finish out her dress, and there 'll be a dreadful fuss if she can't have it."

"Perhaps we could match it somewhere," I suggested, and the puzzled storekeeper gladly caught at the idea.

"I 'm glad you spoke of it, for that reminds me that I saw a dressing gown at Coatts & Wescott's exactly like it, and if you 'll run

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over to their place—No. 14 —— Street—and see if you can match it, I will take your place while you are gone," and, suiting the action to the word, he hastened to spread out before the eyes of a waiting customer the desired article, discoursing volubly meanwhile upon its wondrous beauty and durability, while with a side glance he signalled to me to hasten upon my errand.

I suppose I must have pictured my brother's relative to myself as a somewhat imposing personage, for I was conscious of a slight feeling of disappointment at sight of the little, bustling, supercilious man, who answered my request by a doubtful shake of the head, accompanied by the curt remark that "There *might* be a few yards left," and, beckoning me to follow, he led the way up a long, dingy stairway, and, opening the door of a room from whence issued the unmusical clatter of a sewing machine, called out, imperiously :—

"Robert, I want you!"

My heart was in my mouth, for, looking over the bristly gray head of the little man before me, I caught sight of a familiar figure standing before the long cutting-table, shears in hand, for he had paused in his work at the sound of his employer's voice, and now stood meekly awaiting his pleasure.

"Did you have any of that Cashmere with the mauve ground left, after cutting General Brett's dressing-gown?"

"I believe so, sir—a yard or so; not more."

The face, the figure, the *whiskers*, were Robert's; but the tone, humble, conciliatory, respectful, was that of Messrs. Coatts & Wescott's cutter and foreman, and I rubbed my eyes and took a second look before I could be sure that my vision had not played me some strange trick. But no—there he was, bustling about, too eager in his search for the desired remnant to notice my presence, until, having succeeded in disinterring it from a heap of similar goods, he came forward with a complacent smile and a "Here it is, sir!" just as I, too, made a step forward, and thus met him face to face.

To say that both were astonished, is but a tame expression to apply to us at that moment. Robert's face turned from red to white, and back to red again, with such wonderful rapidity that it would have been difficult to decide as to its natural hue, while the shadow of a smile that he managed to coax up to his lip would have been really pitiable if it had been a whit less ridiculous.

"Is that you, Lew?"

"Certainly," and I added, a little maliciously, I am afraid, "you never can fail to recognize me, for *I* never sail under borrowed colors."

"Here 's your bundle," interrupted Mr. Coatts, thrusting the package into my hand, and then, turning to Robert, he commenced giving him some directions in regard to his work that entirely precluded all further conversation on our part, and sent me about my business with an odd, half-amused, half-painful feeling at my heart, as I watched this lifelong illusion melting away into a plain, very matter-of-fact reality, and realized that in the wealthy speculator of my boyish imagination I had found only an industrious, well-to-do tailor, whose pomposity, if not less offensive, was infinitely more ridiculous now that his real position was revealed to me.

One by one I recalled the various small devices by which he had managed to appear, in the eyes of credulous friends, as a person of unlimited power and influence; the grand promises never fulfilled, the glibly repeated gossip of the stock exchange, and the disdainful air with which he had been wont to refer to those who earned their bread by their daily toil; and as each passed in review before me, it seemed as if, like one of olden time, the "scales fell from my eyes," and, instead of the trusting, easily-duped youth, I had passed, at one step, to the wary, keen-sighted man of the world, quick to detect the ring of the false metal beneath the fairest and smoothest outside; quick, too, it may be, to look with suspicion upon what had heretofore seemed truest and best.

It may have been this new-born suspiciousness that prompted me to look distrustfully upon Helena Cole's flattering little condescensions, while it enabled me to watch with philosophical coolness the sudden falling off of those attentions attendant upon the advent of a certain handsome mustachioed navy officer, who rejoiced in the appellation of "Cousin Fred," and upon whom Miss Helena lavished her smiles and compliments with such reckless prodigality as to call forth a reproof even from her usually indulgent love-blinded parent, to which reproof I chanced, unwittingly, to be a listener.

"Lena,"—and Mr. Cole tried hard to assume a tone of severity—"I 'm afraid you 're making yourself altogether too agreeable to Fred. He dances attendance upon you everywhere, and it don't look well. I 'm sure people will make remarks about it."

"He 's my cousin," pouted that young lady in an injured tone, "besides being a visitor, and it 's my *place* to entertain him."

"Humph! Well, well! I only wanted to give you a hint not to go *too* far. It would be awkward to have Fred falling in love and proposing for you, and *then* have to tell him that you are already promised."

"It 's that very promise that makes me flirt with whoever I choose, for I mean to have all the fun I can while my freedom lasts, and it 's *such* sport to see how easily these lords of creation can be taken captive, and befooled by a pretty face and a few flattering words."

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and, with a little triumphant laugh, she passed along, and I saw her a moment after, smiling and chatting amiably with an acquaintance at the further end of the store. But my cure was complete, and when, later in the day, I met the young couple enjoying a promenade, I really *pitied* the handsome lieutenant for his foolish infatuation.

To be sure, for a time life seemed coldly blank—a mere round of daily duties, unlighted by a spark of romance or fancy; but as the months passed by, I grew to long for the letters from home, which were always sure to contain some little item of news in regard to the "Deacon's" family, and almost before I knew it myself, the brown, true eyes of Esther Halsey were haunting me with the old love-light of other days, and amid the rush and bustle of city life, I longed, with a weary, tender longing, for the sound of her kindly voice, and the touch of her firm but gentle hand upon my own traffic-stained and dinted palm. And when at last that longing was gratified; when, taking advantage of an unexpected vacation, I sought once more the shelter of the old roof tree, and, amid the cherished scenes and loves of my boyhood, proffered to her who, wise in her womanly instinct, had feared to trust the untried love of the boy, the deeper, graver, yet far tenderer love of the man, my heart was thrilled with grateful joy as the modest assurance that I so coveted fell from her trembling lips, and I knew that, setting aside the glamour that a lover's fancy ever throws around the cherished object, in the truest, holiest sense, my soul had found its mate.

CHAPTER III.

"THEY are beautiful! exquisite!" and the little wife lifted, with a look of wondering delight in her brown eyes, the dainty, satin-lined case that contained the richest of her bridal presents, a beautiful set of pearls—pin, necklace, and ear drops, that had just arrived from the city. And so appropriate—not *too* rich for —for"—

"A book-keeper's bride," I suggested, laughing at her embarrassment. "Mrs. Chalkins likes to show her taste in making presents, as well as in other things."

"In choosing a husband, for instance. It always seems so strange to me that a young girl, gay and pretty, as you describe her, should marry a man so old, even if he *was* rich and her father's partner. She *must* be unhappy, in the midst of her splendor."

"Not at all," I said, and truthfully. "She has what she likes best—plenty of money, an elegant establishment, and her own way; while her husband is too deeply immured in his business to bore her with his attentions."

"Oh, you wicked man!" and the brown eyes laughed roguishly, even while the slender hand, whereon glittered the yet untarnished marriage ring, was lifted warningly; "to insinuate that the giver of my beautiful present is a heartless, selfish woman! I don't believe you really think it yourself."

"She is good-natured," I admitted, "and, in this case, generous and polite as well, although I have my suspicions that it was her husband's idea, instead of her own. He has always been remarkably kind to me in his own quiet, undemonstrative way. It was to him that I was indebted for my position as book-keeper after poor Dexter died."

Here the deacon, unconscious that he was interrupting our conversation, remarked, in his hearty, hospitable tones:—

"By the way, Lewis, I'm sorry that Robert couldn't a' come down with you to the weddin'. Busy, I s'pose. What's he about now?"

Glancing upward, I saw, just over the deacon's shoulder, the anxious, agitated, half-frightened face of my white-haired father, as he listened with breathless attention for the expected answer, and, much as I disliked to be a party to my brother's deception, I had not the heart to strike a blow at the loving credulity of that fond old heart, and assuming an air of careless unconcern, I replied, with just an inward qualm, perhaps at my own "cuteness:"—

"Oh, he's very busy with his *rents* just now! He has all he can do attending to them."

The deacon nodded sagaciously, while the worn face at his elbow brightened, and the bent figure became erect for a moment as the gratified father remarked, in a thin, shrill tone of triumph:—

"I always advised Robert to speculate in real estate. It's about as sure as anything."

Enlightenment would have been useless cruelty, and my heart is glad to-day to know that he went down to his grave at last happy in the belief that his favorite son was destined to make the name of Wyman famous to all future generations.

Now.—"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in mind, and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "then" I will do it. No! this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

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WORK DEPARTMENT

CARNATION MADE OF FEATHERS.

For the centre take the dried calyx of a carnation, or an artificial one, such as you can get at any florist's shop. The petals are made of goldfinches' feathers, yellow and brown. They need not be clipped round; the feathers are left in their natural state, but they must be curved out with a penknife. Fasten to a piece



of wire one or two shreds of goose's feathers, which must come out beyond the petals, then place the feathers for the petals all round, two or three times double. Fasten them on tightly with thread, then pass the wire through a small hole bored through the calyx, and draw up the latter close to the petals. The long, thin leaves can be made of brown or gray feathers. They are fastened on to the stem, which is covered with green silk.

NEEDLE-BOOK AND SILK WINDER IN PERFORATED CARD.

Materials.—The fine stperforated card-board, sarcenet ribbon, and Cashmere of the same color.

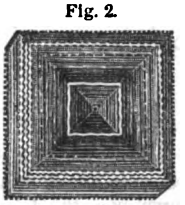
The pattern consists of six squares in relief, each containing seven layers of card upon a surface of thirty-six types (by type we always mean the plain part between four holes) in breadth, and fifty in height, arranged according to Fig. 1. It is easy to count the uppermost layer from those surrounding it, and cutting away a type from the middle; this is a rule for all the other layers, which are regularly graduated, one type inside and outside, the last ending with one type line. In the middle of the ground layer, where five holes

Fig. 1.



are left free, gum a two-type broad edge, and over that a layer of one type, reducing it on the outside. When both the covers are worked in the same manner, they are stitched upon sarcenet ribbon with white silk, which ribbon

Fig. 2.



forms the back of the book. Leaves of white flannel, stitched over with blue, a little ribbon pocket, and narrow strings complete the needle-book.

Fig. 3.

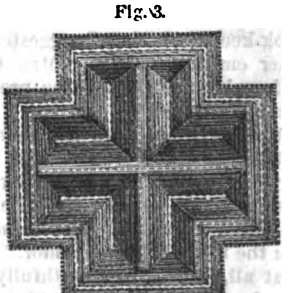


Fig. 3 shows a winder in full size, which is double, and consists of two squares arranged in four parts, with the corners meeting together.

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HANDKERCHIEF BOX.

Fig. 1 shows the handkerchief box completed, and Fig. 2 half the pattern for the embroidery work, full size. Take a piece of blue Cashmere, eight inches square; trace the pattern upon it, and line with stiff calico; then work the pattern in Breton embroidery with fine silk; the centre star is white, with branches of black foliage with golden stems. Round this there are eight small yellow diamonds, finished off with sprigs of white leaves with golden stems. Beyond this again, eight large red flowers, with golden veinings and brown foliage, are placed alternately with eight small yellow rosettes with golden centres. The large scallops round the pattern are of gold thread, with black edges and yellow rosettes. The flowers in the corners and sides are white, with golden veinings and green and brown foliage. The border has in each angle a yellow rosette, and is formed of a black double waved outline, divided in the middle by gold thread; the sexagons are red and yellow, with a gold cross.



Fig. 2.

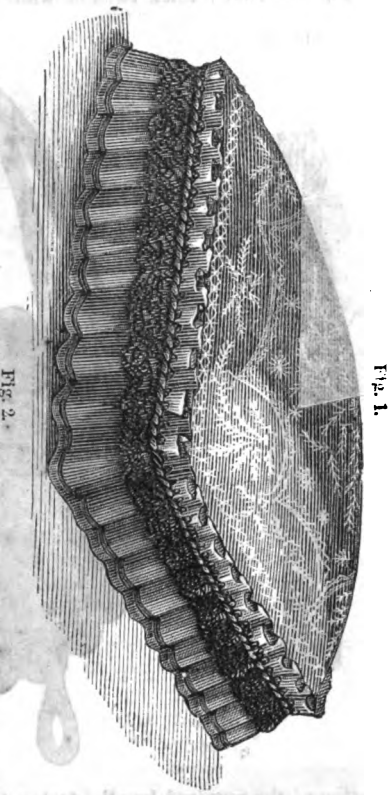


Fig. 1.

When the pattern is worked, stretch the Cashmere over a square piece of card-board slightly quilted, scented with violet powder, and lined with white satin. This forms the cover of the case, which is of card-board, lined with similar quilted and perfumed satin. The case is trimmed round with a quilling of blue satin ribbon, the heading of which is fastened on with a narrow black lace border and a gold and silk gimp cord.

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CLOTHES LINES.

These lines are adapted for fine articles, being softer and more pliable than the common cord lines.

Fig. 1 is made of a thin rope worked over with fine gray twine. Wind around the rope a thin string, leaving a space between each coil, and on this string work loose loops of string, as seen in the illustration, with a large darning or rug needle. A similar line may be made with thick cotton cord worked over with white piping cord.

Fig. 2.—Take a thick twist of white netting cotton of the required length; fasten the end to a lead pincushion, tie the end around with thick cotton, and then work over the twist with the same cotton by passing the ends over and under the twist, as seen in the illustration.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 2



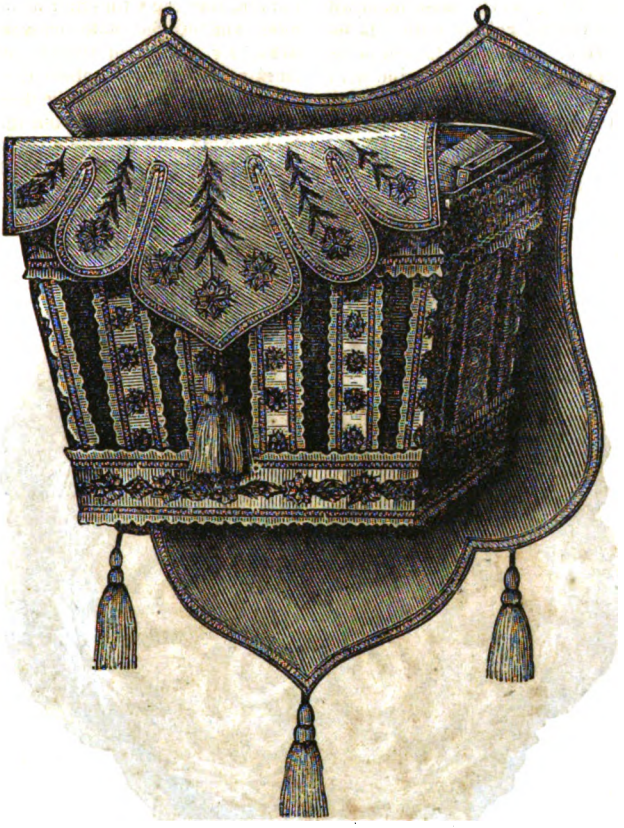
Fig. 3.—Bag for Clothes Line. This bag is intended to hold a clothes line for articles of fine linen; it is made as follows: Cut out of stiff brown paper a circular shape. Over this shape lay a coil of plaited string, beginning at the centre, and sewing the coils together, without stitching into the paper. When the shape is quite covered, cut off the plait and sew up the ends, and then remove the paper away. Repeat this for the other side of the bag, leaving a hole in the centre for the line to pass through. Work the spots seen in the illustration with red fleecy, and then join the two halves with a two-inch wide circular strip of string plaits sewn together, leaving a slit ten inches long open at the upper half to admit the line. For the edge of the bag, work with red fleecy an edging as follows: Make a chain the required length, divisible by nine, and work * 1 double on the first foundation stitch, 1 chain, missing 4 foundation stitches; into the following foundation stitch work 7 times alternately 1 double long treble, 1 chain, missing 4 foundation stitches; repeat from *. The handles consist of a twist of 3 string plaits fastened to the circular strip between the two halves of the bag, the fastening being covered by a red crochet ring worked as follows: Make a chain of 10 stitches, miss the last stitch, work on the remaining 9 1 treble, and 1 long treble into the first stitch, 2 long treble into the next stitch, 1 double long treble into the next stitch, 2 double long treble into the following stitch, 1 long double treble into the following stitch, 2 long double treble into the next stitch, 2 long treble into the next, 1 long treble and 1 treble into the last stitch. Tie up the slit with red strings.

WHAT-NOT.

This ornamental box, arranged for hanging against the wall, is very useful for holding papers or scraps, or may be used for brushes

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and dusters. It is made of card-board, covered with gray cloth. Cut out two square pieces of card-board 10 inches deep, 13 inches wide at the top, and 12 inches wide at the bottom; two pieces for the sides 10 inches deep and 4½ inches wide, and one piece 13 inches long and 4½ inches wide for the bottom. Cover these



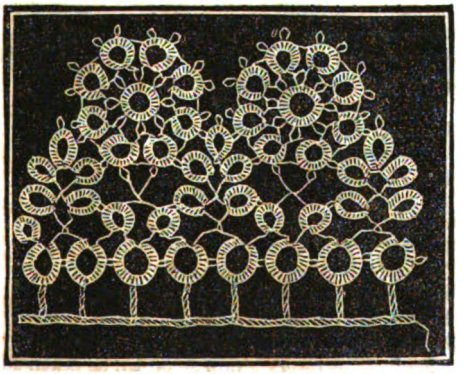
on the outside with dark gray cloth, and inside with gray glazed calico, and join them together. Ornamen tthe outside with strips of light gray cloth, embroidered and cut in scallops at the edges. Make a flap to fall over the top of the box of gray cloth, embroidered according to illustration, lined with calico and edged with fine gray cord. Fasten this box to a pasteboard back, covered with dark gray cloth, embroidered round the edge. Sew a cord all round with loops to hang up the whatnot, and add gray worsted tassels.

ROSE PATTERN IN TATTING.

The materials used are cotton, Nos. 12 and 20, a shuttle, and fine crochet hook.

First Rose.—(1 double, 1 pearl, 8 times centre) 4 double (1 pearl, 1 double, 4 times), 3 double, draw close, join to 8th pearl of the centre, 4 double, join to 4th pearl of 4th tat (1 double, 1 pearl, 3 times), three double, draw close, join to next pearl of the centre, make 5 more the same as last, for the 8th 4 double, join to pearl of last tat, 1 double, 1 pearl, 1 double, 1 pearl, 1 double, join to 1st pearl of 1st tat, 4 double, draw close, join to the centre and fasten off. Make as many of these roses as required.

Foundation.—3 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, draw close.



Leaf.—Leave about a quarter of an inch of cotton, 5 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, draw close; leave quarter of an inch of cotton, 5 double, 1

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pearl, 5 double, draw close; leave about the eighth of an inch of cotton, 5 double, join to the lowest of the pearls of one of the rosettes, 1 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, draw close; join with the tatting pin to the cotton between the two last tats made, 5 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, draw close, and join to thread between the next tats; 5 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, draw close, and join to thread between the 1st tat made and the first tat of the leaf; 3 double, join to pearl of the first tat made; 3 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, draw close; 3 double, join to pearl of the tat of the leaf (the next, the tat you are making); 3 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, draw close; 3 double, join to pearl of the last foundation tat; 3 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, draw close; 3 double, join to pearl of the last small tat; 3 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, draw close; 3 double, join to pearl of last foundation tat; 3 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, 1 pearl, 3 double, draw close.

The Second Leaf.—5 double, join to pearl of last small tat; 5 double, draw close, leave cotton the same as for the 1st leaf; 5 double, join to 3d pearl (counting from the pearl that was joined to 2d loop of 1st leaf) of the rosette; 5 double, draw close, leave cotton; 5 double, join to next pearl of the next tat of the rosette; 1 double, join to another rosette; 5 double, draw close, join to threads between the tats. Make the remainder of the leaf in the same way as the others, joining the 2d loop to rosette in the same way as the last, and so on till as much as required is made.

With No. 20 cotton and hook make a crochet edge thus: Dc into a loop of a small tat at the edge, 8 chain, *, 1 long in next tat, 5 chain; repeat from *.

ROUND SOFA-CUSHION.

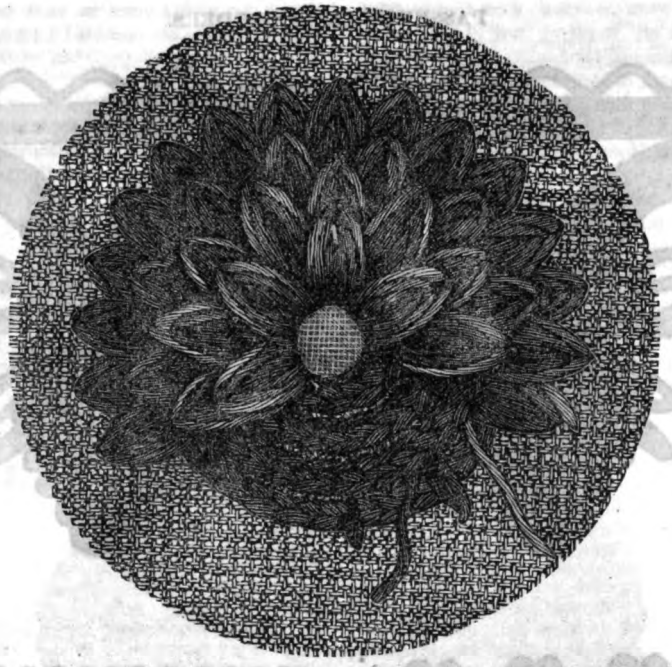
Two pieces of muslin, each thirteen inches in diameter, are cut at the outer edges in eight curves, then run together at the back, turned over, and stuffed with sea-grass, feathers, or horsehair. Satin of two shades or of two distinct colors may be chosen. The cushion is covered with blue satin in the middle; round the edge is a blue satin puffing, two and a half inches wide, the place where it is sewn on being hidden on the front side by a satin roll. The applique and embroidery, standing out so effectively from the dark ground, is traced out on a piece of satin, eleven and one-fourth inches in diameter; the outlines are button-holed round with gray silk, cutting away the stuff carefully between the arabesques. It is worked partly in a guipure embroidery style, and with thick-worked shell, herring-bone, and stalk-stitch. We must not forget to say that when the stuff is cut away at the back the work looks much better. The embroidered round is to be sown on round the edge of the satin puffing, so that the stitches are not seen.



A DAHLIA.

THIS design shows a dahlia partly worked on black railroad canvas. It is intended for a tidy. Get a square or round piece of the canvas, of the size desired, and commence by putting three rows of double zephyr around,

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plaited as seen in illustration; then commence to work over in points, commencing with the light in the centre and shading out to the edge, five shades being required for a flower. These are placed at regular intervals over the canvas, a space being left between of the plain black canvas. Several colors can be put on one tidy or all may be of one color, as fancy dictates. The edge is finished by a knotted fringe, made of the shades of the flower.

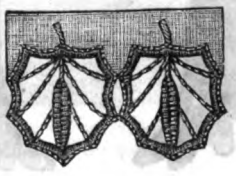
KNITTING STITCH.

THE most useful stitch for knitting Shetland shawls is either "The Feather" or "The Spider Net." For "The Feather" 19 stitches are required for each repetition of the pattern, and it is well to have 2 edge stitches at each end of the row, which are knitted plain and will not be included in the pattern. After 1 purl row—1*st pattern row.* Bring the thread forward, knit 1 three times, knit two together 3 times, knit 1, knit 2 together 3 times, bring the thread forward, knit 1 three times; repeat from the beginning. 2*d.* Purl. 3*d.* Plain. 4*th.* Purl. Commence again at 1st pattern row. For the "Spider Net" 6 stitches are required for a pattern and 2 edge stitches to be added at each end of the row. After a purl row—1*st row.* * Over, 1 plain, over, knit 2 together, 1 plain, knit 2 together; repeat from *. 2*d.* Purl. 3*d.* * Over, 3 plain, over, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over; repeat from *. 4*th.* Purl. 5*th.* * Knit 2 together, 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 1 plain, over; repeat from *. 6*th.* Purl. 7*th.* * Slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over, over, 3 plain, over; repeat from *. 8*th.* Purl. Commence again at 1st row.

QUILT BORDER.—CABLE PATTERN.

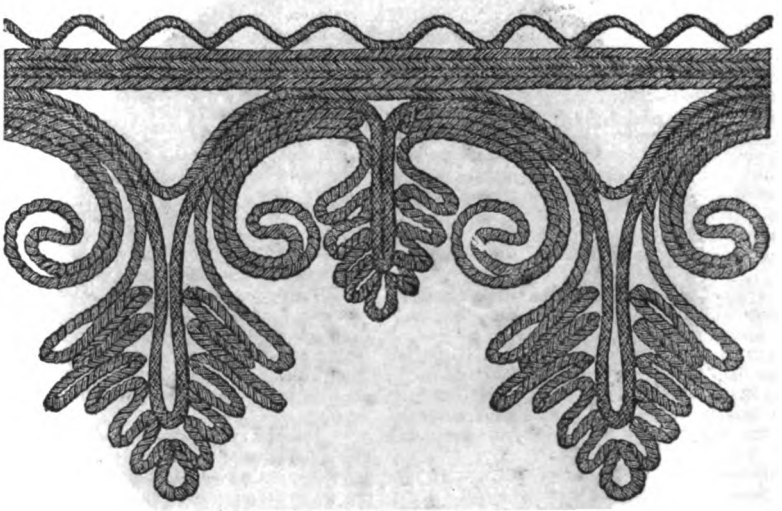
CAST on 56 stitches, and do a purl row. 1*st pattern row.* 3 edge stitches (which are to be knitted plain throughout), 4 purl, 8 plain, 9 purl, 8 plain, 9 purl, 8 plain, 4 purl, 3 edge stitches. 2*d.* 3 plain for edge, 4 plain, 8 purl, 9 plain, 8 purl, 9 plain, 8 purl, 4 plain, 3 plain, for edge. Repeat these two rows twice more, making 6 in all. 7*th.* Knit the twist as follows: 3 plain, 4 purl, take 4 stitches off on a third needle, knit the next 4 plain, then the 4 on the third needle, 9 purl, take off 4 on a needle, knit the next 4 plain, then the 4 on the extra needle, 9 purl, take off 4 on a needle, knit the next 4, then the 4 on the extra needle, 4 purl, 3 plain. 8*th.* Like 2d, and continue in this manner, making the twist every 7th row.

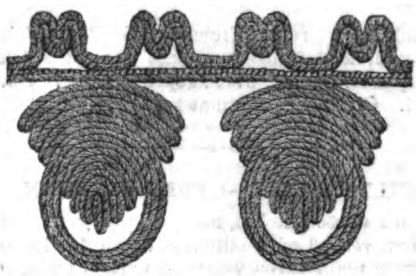
EDGE OF GUIPURE NETTING.

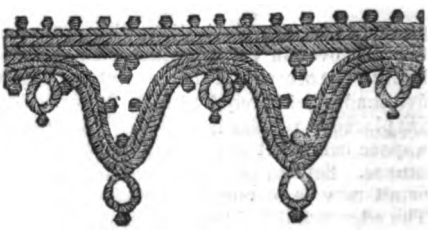


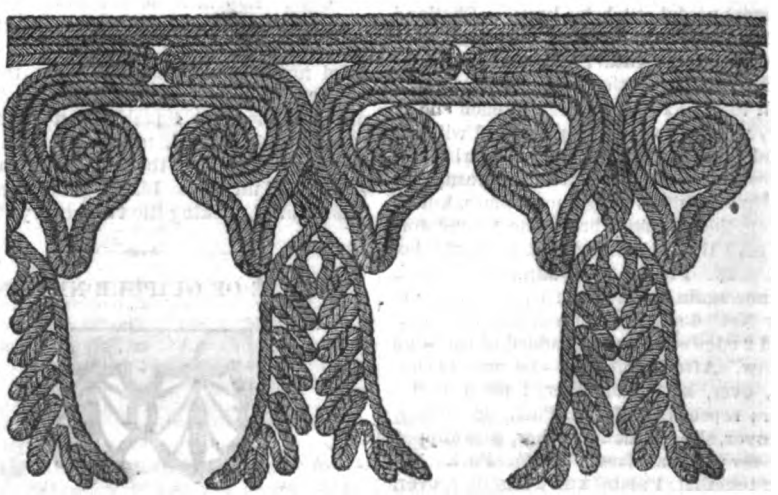
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PASSEMENTERIE BORDERS.









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Receipts, Etc.

POTATOES.

FOURTEEN WAYS OF DRESSING THEM.

General Instructions.—The vegetable kingdom affords no food more wholesome, more easily prepared, or less expensive than the potatoe: yet, although this most useful vegetable is dressed almost every day, in almost every family, for one plate of potatoes that comes to table as it should, ten are spoiled.

Be careful in your choice of potatoes; no vegetable varies so much in color, size, shape, consistence, and flavor.

Choose those of a large size, free from blemishes, and fresh, and buy them in the mould; they must not be wetted till they are cleaned to be cooked. Protect them from the air and frost by laying them in heaps in a cellar, covering them with mats, or burying them in sand or in earth. The action of frost is most destructive; if it be considerable, the life of the vegetable is destroyed, and the potato speedily rots.

1. *Potatoes Boiled.*—Wash them, but do not pare or cut them unless they are very large; fill a saucepan half full of potatoes of equal size (or make them so by dividing the larger ones), put to them as much cold water as will cover them about an inch; they are sooner boiled and more savory than when drowned in water; most boiled things are spoiled by having too little water, but potatoes are often spoiled by too much; they must merely be covered, and a little allowed for waste in boiling, so that they may be just covered at the finish.

Set them on a moderate fire till they boil; then take them off, and set them by the side of the fire to simmer slowly till they are soft enough to admit a fork (place no dependence on the usual test of their skin cracking, which, if they are boiled fast, will happen to some potatoes when they are not half done, and the inside is quite hard); then pour the water off (if you let the potatoes remain in the water a moment after they are done enough, they will become waxy and watery), uncover the saucepan and set it at such a distance from the fire as will secure it from burning; their superfluous moisture will evaporate, and the potatoes will be perfectly dry and mealy.

You may afterwards place a napkin, folded up to the size of the saucepan's diameter, over the potatoes, to keep them hot and mealy till wanted.

This method of managing potatoes is in every respect equal to steaming them, and they are dressed in half the time.

There is such an infinite variety of sorts and sizes of potatoes that it is impossible to say how long they will take to cook; the best way is to try them with a fork. Moderate-sized potatoes will generally be done in fifteen or twenty minutes.

2. *Cold Potatoes Fried.*—Put a bit of clean dripping into a frying-pan; when it is melted, slice in your potatoes with a little pepper and salt, put them on the fire, keep stirring them; when they are quite hot they are ready.

3. *Potatoes Boiled and Broiled.*—Dress your potatoes as before directed, and put them on a gridiron over a very clear and brisk fire; turn them till they are brown all over, and send them up dry, with melted butter in a cup.

4. *Potatoes Fried in Slices or Shavings.*—Peel large potatoes, slice them about a quarter of an inch thick, or cut them in shavings round and round, as you would peel a lemon; dry them well in a clean cloth, and fry them in lard or dripping. Take care that your fat and frying-pan are quite clean; put the pan on a quick fire, watch it, and as soon as the lard boils, and is still, put in the slices of potatoes, and keep moving them till they are crisp; take them up and lay them to drain on a sieve; send them up with a very little salt sprinkled over them.

5. *Potatoes Fried Whole.*—When nearly boiled enough, as directed in No. 1, put them into a stewpan with a bit of butter, or some nice clean beef drippings; shake them about often (for fear of burning them) till they are brown and crisp; drain them from the fat.

It will be an improvement to the last three receipts, previously to frying or broiling the potatoes, to flour them and dip them in the yelk of an egg, and then roll them in fine sifted bread crums.

6. *Potatoes Mashed.*—When your potatoes are thoroughly boiled, drain dry, pick out every speck, etc., and while hot rub them through a colander into a clean stewpan; to a pound of potatoes put about half an ounce of butter and a tablespoonful of milk; do not make them too moist; mix them well together.

7. *Potatoes Mashed with Onions.*—Prepare some boiled onions, by putting them through a sieve, and mix them with potatoes. In proportioning the onions to the potatoes, you will be guided by your wish to have more or less of their flavor.

8. *Potatoes Escaloped.*—Mash potatoes as directed in No. 6, then butter some nice clean scallop shells or patty-pans; put in your potatoes, make them smooth at the top, cross a knife over them, strew a few fine bread crums on them, sprinkle them with a paste-brush with a few drops of melted butter, and then set them in a Dutch oven; when they are browned on the top, take them carefully out of the shells, and brown the other side.

9. *Colcannon.*—Boil potatoes and greens, or spinach, separately; mash the potatoes, squeeze the greens dry, chop them quite fine, and mix them with the potatoes with a little butter, pepper, and salt: put it into a mould, greasing it well first; let it stand in a hot oven for ten minutes.

10. *Potatoes Roasted.*—Wash and dry your potatoes (all of a size), and put them in a tin Dutch oven or cheese toaster; take care not to put them too near the fire, or they will get burnt on the outside before they are warmed through.

Large potatoes will require two hours to roast them.

11. *Potatoes Roasted under Meat.*—Half boil large potatoes, drain the water from them and put them into an earthen dish, or small tin pan, under meat that is roasting, and baste them with some of the dripping; when they are browned on one side, turn them and brown the other; send them up round the meat, or in a small dish.

12. *Potato Balls.*—Mix mashed potatoes with the yelk of an egg, roll them into balls, flour them, or egg and bread crum them, and fry them in clean drippings or brown them in a Dutch oven.

13. *Potato Snow.*—The potatoes must be free from spots, and the whitest you can pick out; put them on in cold water; when they begin to crack, strain the water from them and put them into a clean stewpan by the side of the fire till they are quite dry, and fall to pieces; rub them through a wire sieve on the dish they are to be sent up in, and do not disturb them afterwards.

14. *Potato Pie.*—Peel and slice your potatoes very thin into a pie dish; between each layer of potatoes put a little chopped onion (three-quarters of an ounce of onion is sufficient for a pound of potatoes); between each layer sprinkle a little pepper and salt,

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put in a little water, and cut about two ounces of fresh butter into little bits and lay it on the top; cover it close with puff paste. It will take about an hour and a half to bake it.

TO REGULATE TIME IN COOKERY.

Mutton.—A leg of eight pounds will require two hours and a half; a chine or saddle of ten or eleven pounds, two hours and a half: a shoulder of seven pounds, one hour and a half; a loin of seven pounds, one hour and three-quarters; a neck and breast, about the same time as a loin.

Beef.—The sirloin of fifteen pounds, from three hours and three-quarters to four hours; ribs of beef, from fifteen to twenty pounds, will take three hours to three hours and a half.

Veal.—A fillet, from twelve to sixteen pounds, will take from four to five hours, at a good fire; a loin, upon the average, will take three hours; a shoulder, from three hours to three hours and a half; a neck, two hours; a breast, from an hour and a half to two hours.

Lamb.—Hind-quarter of eight pounds, will take from an hour and three-quarters to two hours; fore-quarter of ten pounds, about two hours; leg of five pounds, from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half; shoulder or breast, with a quick fire, an hour.

Pork.—A leg of eight pounds will require about three hours; griskin, an hour and a half; a spare-rib of eight or nine pounds will take from two hours and a half to three hours to roast it thoroughly; a bald spare-rib of eight pounds, an hour and a quarter; a loin of five pounds, if very fat, from two hours to two hours and a half; a sucking pig, of three weeks old, about an hour and a half.

Poultry.—A very large turkey will require about three hours; one of ten pounds, two hours; a small one, an hour and a half.

A full-grown fowl, an hour and a half; a moderate sized one, an hour and a quarter.

A pullet, from half an hour to forty minutes.

A goose, full-grown, two hours.

A green goose, forty minutes.

A duck, full size, from an hour and a quarter to one hour and three-quarters.

Venison.—A buck haunch which weighs from twenty to twenty-five pounds will take about four hours and a half roasting; one from twelve to eighteen pounds, will take three hours and a quarter.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Veal Balls.—Two ounces of beef suet, two ounces of veal, the yelks of one raw and one boiled egg, one small onion, pepper, salt, mace, nutmeg, and lemon-peel to the taste. Beat them all well together, fry, and serve in gravy.

To Dress the Inside of a Cold Sirloin of Beef.—Cut out all the meat, and a little fat, in pieces as thick as the finger, and two inches long; dredge it with flour, and fry in butter, of a nice brown; drain the butter from the meat, and toss it up in a rich gravy, seasoned with pepper, salt, anchovy, and shalot. Do not let it boil on any account. Before serving, add two spoonfuls of vinegar. Garnish with crimped parsley.

Bubble and Squeak.—Boil and strain, then chop and fry, some cabbage, with a little butter or dripping, pepper and salt, and lay on it slices of underdone beef, lightly fried, and seasoned with pepper and salt.

Beef or Mutton Scalloped.—Chop some mutton or beef very fine, adding some good broth or gravy, with some walnut ketchup and a little Worcestershire sauce poured upon it, and pepper, salt, and chopped pickle mixed with the meat. Put it in scallop shells; then grate some bread, and strew thickly over it. Brown it nicely, and serve quite hot. Mutton is the best meat for the purpose, and must be *well moistened* with the broth.

Cold Beef or Mutton may be stewed with peas. The directions are as follows: Shell three-quarters of a peck of green peas, not very young, and put them in a stewpan with the heart of a lettuce cut in pieces and an onion sliced. Simmer in half a pint of broth for an hour and a half; cut the beef in slices, sprinkle each side with pepper and salt and put them in the stewpan. Simmer another hour and a half, then stir in a little Worcestershire sauce, and add flour and butter, with a little flour of mustard, to thicken it. Give one boil up, and serve. This would be even better with uncooked meat, in which case it must be put on with the vegetables. A turnip previously boiled in the froth would improve its flavor.

To Stew Green Peas.—Take a quart of peas, three cabbage lettuces, cut small, put them into a stewpan with a piece of butter the size of an egg (and a slice of raw ham, if you like), an onion stuck with cloves; let them stew gently till the peas are half-done, then add a pint of good gravy; when stewed, thicken with flour and butter, the yelks of two eggs, and a teacupful of cream. Keep stirring after the eggs are in or it will curdle. Some think a teaspoonful of white powdered sugar is an improvement. Gravy may be added, but then there will be less of the flavor of the peas. Chop a bit of mint, and stew in them.

Fried Cauliflower.—Having laid a fine cauliflower in cold water for an hour, put it into a pot of hot water that has been slightly salted (milk and water will be still better), and boil it twenty-five minutes, or till the large stalk is perfectly tender, then divide it equally into small tufts, and spread it on a dish to cool. Prepare a sufficient quantity of butter, made in the proportion of a tablespoonful of flour, and two tablespoonfuls of milk to each egg; beat the eggs very light, then stir into them the flour and milk alternately, a spoonful of flour and two spoonfuls of milk at a time. When the cauliflower is cold, have ready some fresh butter in a frying pan over a clear fire. When it has come to a boil, and has done bubbling, dip each tuft of cauliflower twice into the batter, and fry them a light brown; send them to table hot. Brocoli may be fried in this manner.

To Boil Turnips.—Pare them, and if large, split them; if small, leave them whole. Put them in boiling water with a little salt, and keep them well covered until they are tender. They require from fifteen to thirty minutes.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

A Good Seed Cake.—Beat to a cream one pound of butter, beat into it one pound of fine sifted sugar, next add the whites of eight eggs in a solid froth, and the well-beaten yelks of twelve. Add these by degrees, beating continually till all be well mixed; then gradually add a pound and a half of flour, in which two ounces of nicely cleaned caraway seeds have been strewn, and a good-sized nutmeg grated. Beat another quarter of an hour; then pour into a buttered mould and bake for an hour and a half.

New Puddings.—Grate bread fine, a teacupful, shred four ounces of suet very fine, put four ounces of best currants into hot but not boiling water for ten minutes; take them out and dry them on a clean cloth (this should always be done, as it plims them well). Take half an ounce of citron and of orange, fine moist sugar, a little salt, some nutmeg, two eggs, yelks

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and whites beaten separately. Mix all together, and shape into the size of a large goose's egg, but flat at the bottom like a rissole. Put a quarter of a pound of butter in a small frying-pan; when melted and quite hot, stew them gently in the butter over a stove. Turn them two or three times till of a light brown; mix a glass of brandy with the batter; serve very hot, with sweet pudding sauce.

Rhubarb Tart.—Cut the stalks in lengths of one or two inches, having, if old, taken off the thin skin. Lay them in a dish, and put over a tablespoonful of sugar, then cover with short-crust or puff-paste, and bake for half an hour to three-quarters. Some add a little grated nutmeg.

Green Gooseberry, Green Currant, Ripe Currant, Raspberry, Raspberry and Currant, and Black Currant Tarts, are all made by placing the respective fruits in a pie-dish with about two large tablespoonfuls of brown sugar to a small pie-dish, and two or three tablespoonfuls of water; then cover with paste, and bake.

Raspberry Tart with Cream.—Roll out some thin puff paste, and lay it in a patty-pan of what size you choose. Put in raspberries, strew over them fine sugar, cover with a thin lid, and then bake. Cut it open, and have ready the following mixture warm: Half a pint of cream, the yelks of two or three eggs well beaten, and a little sugar; and when this is added to the tart, return it to the oven for five or six minutes.

Manchester Pudding.—A pint of new milk boiled, three ounces of bread crums strewed in the boiling milk, and the grated rind of a lemon, are to be sweetened to the taste with lump sugar; then add the yelks and whites of four eggs, and three ounces of butter melted. Line a dish with a puff paste, cover the bottom with preservé or marmalade, pour the pudding into it, and one hour will bake it.

Apple Charlotte.—Boil four large apples, beat them to a pulp and sweeten them with loaf sugar, add one egg and the rind of a lemon grated; pour this into a dish which has been well buttered and lined with bread crums, cover the top with crums, and bake it a light brown.

SEA-SICKNESS.

1. HAVE every preparation made at least twenty-four hours before starting, so that the system may not be exhausted by overwork and want of sleep. This direction is particularly important to ladies. 2. Eat as hearty a meal as possible before going on board. 3. Go on board sufficiently early to arrange such things as may be wanted for the first day or two, so that they may be easy of access; then undress and go to bed before the vessel gets under way. The neglect of this rule by those who are liable to sea-sickness is sure to be regretted. 4. Eat regularly and heartily, but without raising the head, for at least one or two days. In this way the habit of digestion is kept up, the strength is preserved, while the system becomes accustomed to the constant changes of equilibrium. 5. On the first night out, take some laxative pills; Seidlitz, or the citrate of magnesia, taken in the morning on an empty stomach, are bad in sea-sickness. 6. After having become so far habituated to the sea as to be able to take your meals at table and go on deck, never think of rising in the morning until you have taken something, such as a plate of oatmeal porridge, or a cup of coffee or tea, with some biscuits or toast. 7. If subsequently during the voyage the sea should become unusually rough, go to bed before getting sick.

CONTRIBUTED.

Cherry Cordial.—Twenty pounds of cherries, and six of sugar. Stone, and lay the fruit in the sugar over night. Boil down to a thick jam, adding two large tablespoonfuls of bruised fruit kernel (apricot or peach kernels); add three gallons of brandy, put it into a demijohn, and at the end of six months strain and bottle it. This is a delicious cordial.

JANE.

To Wash Flannels.—Make strong soap suds, add one teaspoonful of borax to every gallon of water; use soft water, only as hot as the hands can bear. Borax prevents white flannels from turning yellow, and keeps them soft and from shrinking; blue the rinse water. Also in washing fine linens or muslin, add a small piece of borax to whiten them; by adding a little gum-arabic to the starch, when done up the linen will look like new. MRS. S. E. A.

Queen of Puddings.—Soak one pint of bread crums in one quart of rich milk, beat the yelks of eight eggs and whites of four with one cup of sugar, flavor to taste; add one tablespoonful of butter, and bake it. Beat the four whites of eggs that were left out, and mix with sugar as if for icing. As soon as the pudding is baked, spread lightly over it a layer of cranberry, grape, or any jelly slightly acid; then put the icing on thick, place it back in the oven until the meringue is slightly browned, which will depend on the temperature of the oven. Send to table in the pudding dish in which it was baked.

For variety, another pudding may be made with the same base; add Sultana raisins to the mixture when being prepared for baking; after it is baked, omit the jelly, and proceed with the icing as above.

MRS. S. M. A.

Meat Jelly.—Will some one of our subscribers furnish us with a receipt for meat jelly. The receipt has been asked for by a correspondent.

Improved Starch.—A beautiful finish can be given to articles to be starched by taking one-fourth of a pound of starch, and working it over and kneading it with a little water, then placing five or six pints of water in a pan and adding to this a very small quantity of powdered borax, a small piece of sugar, and a fragment of white wax about the size of a hazel-nut, and heating the whole sufficiently. This water is then to be added to the starch, stirring it continually, and mixing the two together until the whole is as thick as is convenient for application. If the articles are to be made quite stiff, the strength of the starch may be increased two or three-fold.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cold Cream.—One drachm of spermaceti, half drachm of white wax dissolved in one ounce of best almond oil, in a very small clean saucepan; when nearly cold, add by degrees one ounce of good rose-water, stirring it with a pestle in a marble mortar till it is well incorporated, so as to become white and light. It is not necessary to add all the rosewater should it be stiff enough without, which is frequently the case. This receipt requires great care and accuracy.

A French Way of Removing Ink Spots from Linen.—Melt a little fat, and dip the stained portion of the linen into it. When the article is washed, the stain will disappear.

Sugared Aniseeds.—Dry some aniseeds in a preserving-pan, and then cover them with syrup in the manner directed for smooth almonds.

To Tell Good Eggs.—Put them into water; if the butt ends turn up they are not fresh. This is said to be a certain test.

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Editors' Table.

PHILOLOGY.

THERE are many of the sciences for which women are in a measure unfitted. The apparatus required, the necessity of making personal observations and studies in the open air and in outlying districts of the globe, are barriers that can be with difficulty overcome. But there is one science which offers no such obstacle—the science of language. The materials have been so largely gathered that there will be enough to occupy many lifetimes in arranging them and drawing the scientific inferences. Moreover, it is far more important that women should have that complete mastery over the art of speech which only an insight into its principles can give than that they should be versed in Mechanics or Astronomy. They are the first teachers; men learn their vernacular from their mothers, and that early teaching abides with them through life. Many a man, in some respects thoroughly educated, is unable to free himself from the vulgarisms or the bad grammar learned in the nursery.

There is another reason in the important part which women themselves play in the formation of language. Professor Max Müller, in the Second Series of his Lectures on the Science of Language,* has the following passage:—

"The influence of women upon the language of each generation is much greater than that of men. We very properly call our language in Germany our *mutter sprache*, for it is from our mothers that we learn it, with all its peculiarities, faults, idioms, accents. Cicero, in his 'Brutus,' says: 'It makes a great difference whom we hear at home every day, and with whom we speak as boys, and how our fathers, tutors, and mothers speak. We read the letters of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, and it is clear from them that her sons were brought up, not in the lap, but, so to speak, in the very breath and speech of the mother.'

"Dante ascribes the first attempt at using the vulgar tongue in Italy for literary composition to the silent influence of ladies who did not understand the Latin language. The Prâkrit dialects in India first assumed a literary position in the Sanskrit plays, where female characters, both high and low, are introduced as speaking Prâkrit, instead of the Sanskrit employed by kings, noblemen, and priests. Now it is from the Prâkrit, and not from the literary Sanskrit, that the modern vernaculars of India branched off in course of time. * * * * * * *

"It has been remarked that several languages divide themselves from the first into two great branches—one showing a more manly, the other a more feminine character; one richer in consonants, the other richer in vowels, etc. Thus we have Greek, in its two dialects, the Æolic and the Ionic, with their subdivisions, the Doric and Attic. In German, we find the High and the Low German; in Celtic, the Gadhelic and Cymric, as in India the Sanskrit and Prâkrit; and it is by no means an unlikely explanation that the stern and strict dialects, the Sanskrit, the Æolic, and the Gadhelic, represent the idiom of the fathers and brothers, used at public assemblies; while the soft and simple dialects, the Prâkrit, the Ionic, and the Cymric, sprang originally from the domestic idiom of mothers, sisters, and servants at home.

"But whether the influence of the language of women be admitted on this large scale or not, certain it is that through a thousand smaller channels their idioms everywhere find admission into the domestic conversation of the whole family and into the public speeches of their assemblies. The greater the ascendency of the feminine element in society, the greater the influence of their language on the language of a family or a clan, a village or a town."

In our country, where the fusion of classes is so constantly carried on, where men rise from poverty and obscurity to the highest public positions, and finally where so much depends upon the faculty of speech, it is especially necessary that we should learn in the very cradle the grammar and the diction of our native English. In this matter example is more powerful than precept, and the speech of his associates will be that of the child. How important, then, that the language of his mother, his sisters, and his nurse with whom he probably passes four-fifths of the first ten years, shall be pure and correct!

We often hear even well-educated people disputing over a grammatical point which a very slight knowledge of philology would explain. But even more important is the acquaintance which we obtain from this science with the derivation of our words. A flood of light is thrown upon the history and present meaning of our language by the discovery of its origin. Nothing is more impressive to a child, or more tends to fix the meaning of a term in his memory, than to show how it came to signify what it does, by some simple transition from an ordinary physical action. We are conscious of so much good that we ourselves have derived from the process that we would urge it upon our sex, who have not generally the advantage of studying Latin etymology, that they should become familiar with the past history of every word whose meaning they do not thoroughly understand. They will help themselves, their brothers, husbands, and sons, and add one more to the many great services which it is their happy lot to render to the world and to humanity.

* Published by Scribner & Co., New York; for sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

DRESS REFORM.

A SOCIETY has been lately formed by ladies in England, having in view a very desirable object. It is styled the "Women's Dress Association," and, as may be supposed from this title, the purpose of those engaged in it is to bring about a reformation in feminine attire. The efforts of the society will be directed both against absurd and unwholesome fashions, such as monstrous headgear and high-heeled boots, and against extravagant expense. The crusade will be carried on by both precept and example; and, as the queen has always been an admirable pattern, and the influence of the French Court will no longer be exerted in the opposite direction, the ladies engaged in this warfare against vanity and folly may have good hope of attaining some real success.

We must protest, however, against the assumption that women themselves are entirely to blame for those absurdities and extravagancies in attire. If our readers will carry their recollections or their reading a little distance back, they will find that not long ago the women were outdone in such matters by the other sex. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the court gallants outshone the dames in brilliancy and expensiveness of dress. Sir Percie Shafton's character, like all that Scott depicted, was drawn with historical truth; and that courtly knight's description of his wardrobe shows it to have surpassed even the remarkable list of dresses in which Miss Flora Mc Flimsy could discover "nothing to wear." Going back only to the last century, we find that our great-

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grandfathers, in their ruffles and peach-colored coats, rivalled, if they did not outshine, their brocaded and red-heeled dames.

But now a graver era has come for men. Life has taken a more serious and earnest cast. Their business now, if they would be respected, is not to shine in courts or ball-rooms, but to do something which will help on the world's progress. They must work and think; they must lay Atlantic cables, construct Pacific railroads, dig Suez canals, make some useful discovery in science, produce some work of art or literature, or at least take part in some labor which will benefit their kind, if they desire to gain the applause of their contemporaries or the approval of their own consciences. Absorbed in these duties, they have forgotten that the love of the beautiful is a part of human nature which needs to be gratified quite as much as the desire for material progress; or, rather, they have left it to woman to supply alone the æsthetic and picturesque element in society, and have contented themselves with smiling good-humoredly at the mistakes which she makes in attempting, without aid or sympathy, to make up for their own deficiencies.

Let us trust that a time is coming when these matters will be better ordered on both sides. Women, we have good reason to hope, will become more and more conscious that life has too many serious duties to allow of devoting any large portion of it to mere adornment; and men may discover, at the same time, that if a sober and dingy attire suits the time of work, there are, or should be, hours of innocent enjoyment, when the artistic tastes, the love of graceful outlines and brilliant colors require to be satisfied. Even Atlantic cables and Suez canals will not reconcile people in general to a social world entirely of blacks, browns, and grays. If something more of elegance, ease, and brightness could be infused into the stiff and melancholy garb in which men present themselves to the public eye on gala occasions, the good work of the "Women's Dress Association" would be greatly lightened. The contrast now presented by the two sexes is too absurd to last. There is surely a point, which good taste and good sense can define, at which they may properly meet in this matter—a fashion or system of plain and neat attire for work-day duties, and of brighter hues and more graceful lines for times when the natural love of beauty, or, to speak in scientific phrase, the sense of ideality, may rightly be gratified.

THE USE OF WEALTH.

In this age and country of large fortunes, rapidly acquired, it is a pleasure to know that many of those who have gained great wealth have disdained to spend it in ostentation or self-indulgence, and have devoted it to the benefit of others. The names of Lawrence, Vassar, Astor, Cornell, Rush, and many more that might be mentioned, will long be held in grateful remembrance for such well-directed liberality. The acts of such men should be, and doubtless will be, examples which others who are equally fortunate in the race of life will follow, to their own honor and to the great gain of their fellow-countrymen.

There are other examples, less generally known, which now and then come to light, and should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Such a one is found in the character and acts of a very excellent lady, the late Mrs. William B. Astor, whose death, recorded a few weeks ago, has brought to the knowledge of the public a course of steady, thoughtful, and unobtrusive benevolence, of which previously only a few personal friends were aware. Mrs. Astor was the daughter of General Armstrong, who was distinguished in the war of the Revolution, and in that of 1812. Her mother was a sister of Chancellor Livingston. Her husband's generosity and public spirit are sufficiently shown by the large additions made by him to the noble public library which the city of New York, and we may say the whole country (for it is free to all), owes to his father's bequest. With such a parentage, and such a counsellor and seconder at home, it need not surprise us to learn that Mrs. Astor found her chief pleasure in the exercise of a judicious charity. It is easy for the rich to give, in a certain way. For one whose income is overflowing, a large subscription to some public or private object of benevolence costs merely the drawing of a check. But to give in a way which requires the exercise of constant care and supervision on the part of the giver, demands genuine kindness of heart, high principle, and earnest self-devotedness. When we learn that Mrs. Astor had an asylum in the country near New York, in which fourteen orphan girls were always supported and educated, we at once perceive that these qualities must have been elements in her character; and they were combined with the other excellent traits which usually accompany them. "Her most distinguished characteristics," writes one who knew her well, "were simplicity and industry. Her hands were never idle. It were well for the present and coming generations to remember this: that the wealthiest woman in our land was the simplest and most busy. Her books and work were always at hand; as one was laid aside, the other was taken up. Her habitual dress was simple, yet entirely suitable, with a scrupulous neatness of detail, and a freshness most attractive."

When it is added that her religious feelings were deep and strong, and that, while her charities and kindnesses were many and great, they were at the same time as far as possible so conferred that, as her friend writes, "the left hand knew not what the right hand did," we have an example presented which, if followed by all the possessors of wealth, would do much to transform society, and would reconcile the most discontented minds to the inequalities of fortune.

A HINDOO LADY'S LECTURE.

The British occupation of India has doubtless led to some sad results, especially in former times, but it must be admitted that the benefits which it has conferred on that country have outweighed these evils. The abolition of the dreadful custom of suttee, with all the degrading ideas connected with it, would alone be sufficient to compensate for more oppression and injustice than the European conquerors can be fairly charged with. The improvement in the general condition of women is benefit of vast importance. An evidence of this improvement is shown in a report, published by a Madras paper, of a lecture recently delivered in that city, as the first of a series, by a Hindoo lady of high caste. Her name, strange to our ears, but doubtless noble in Hindoo, was Sree Rungamba Garu. The lecture was delivered in the Telugu language, and the subject announced was "Human Being." This rather extensive subject was, however, hardly noticed in the first lecture, which was merely preliminary, and was devoted, with good judgment, to removing any prejudice which might be felt against such an effort on the part of a woman. It appears that the meeting was attended by a large number of Hindoo gentlemen and pundits, as well as by native ladies.

The lecturer, while modestly admitting the general inferiority of women to men in point of learning, took occasion to remind her audience of the numerous examples recorded in Indian history, of

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ladies, even of royal blood, who were distinguished not only for their knowledge of various sciences and arts, but as having delivered lectures, and given instruction to their husbands and others. She then referred to other learned women of India, both of ancient and modern times, who had acquired the title of pundits, or doctors, and to their noted literary works. She alluded to the "Female Improvement Society" of Calcutta, and to the highly improved mental condition of women in Europe and America. In view of all these facts, she thought she could not be considered by wise men as trespassing beyond the assigned province of Hindoo women in complying with a request to deliver a lecture, especially when her object was the advancement of the education of her own sex. At the conclusion of the lecture, several native gentlemen, including a professor in the Presidency College, and a "Sanskrit pundit," expressed their satisfaction with it, and their assent to the lecturer's views.

An occurrence like this certainly marks a great advance in India, and affords a fair promise for the future of that great and splendid region, the home of more than the tenth part of the human race. When in that country a woman is welcomed as an advocate of the education of women, we have reason to hope that the chains of caste, of ignorance, and of Pagan custom, which have hitherto weighed so heavily upon them, are loosening and ready to fall.

BOOKS FOR HOME READING.

We have lying before us a new book from the press of Messrs. Harper, which we think will supply a want long felt in literature. It is called "Music and Morals," and the author, who is evidently both an accomplished musician and a very intelligent observer, endeavors to show that the sphere of music is all-embracing; that every mood and emotion finds expression in it; that rational characteristics impress themselves upon it; that it has a distinct mpral character; and that, to a certain extent, it shows the composer's very self, as a book does that of the author. He explains why German music is superior to Italian or French music; what are the peculiar excellences and defects of each of the great musicians; what musicians can draw from nature, and what they must elaborate; the effect of music upon the composer, the singer, and the listener; and many more things, at once so interesting and so little known, that we predict for his book a wide circulation. We shall give one or two extracts within the next month for our readers. In the meantime we commend it to them heartily. Women, almost all of whom have some acquaintance with music, and many of whom have so excelled both as singers and instrumentalists, will find here, in a pleasant and readable shape, as much information and as good philosophy as we have ever seen collected upon the important and interesting subject of harmony and its connection with our daily life.

NEWSPAPERS EDITED BY LADIES.

We have four of these on our table; all seem prospering.

The Heathen Woman's Friend, edited by Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, and published in Boston, is devoted to Foreign Mission work, under the sanction of the Methodist Episcopal Board. The paper is well managed. We gained from it our reports of Miss Swain's medical successes.

The True Woman, edited by Mrs. Charlotte M. McKay, and published in Baltimore, Md., is a sound conservative guide on the political status of women. We commend it to those who desire to enlarge their sphere of usefulness—in a womanly way.

The Christian Woman has completed its first year successfully, and numbers about ten thousand subscribers. Organ of "The Pastor's and Ladies' Association" of the Methodist Episcopal churches, it has a wide field of work. Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer is admirably fitted for its editorial management. To diminish the evils and sufferings of our social system, by teaching the Gospel to the poor, the ignorant, and the sinful, is the plan of this truly Christian association. The success has been most encouraging.

Women and her Work will be noticed next month. We have communications and books that will also receive attention.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

The Cost of a Sunset.—The author of that agreeable book, "My Summer in a Garden," replies to the question, "Does gardening pay?" by some remarks which are both amusing and suggestive. He says:—

"It is so difficult to define what is meant by paying. As I look at it, you may as well ask, 'Does a sunset pay?' I know that a sunset is commonly looked on as a cheap entertainment; but it is really one of the most expensive. It is true that we can all have front seats, and we do not exactly need to dress for it as we do for the opera, but the conditions under which it is to be enjoyed are rather dear. Among them I should name a good suit of clothes, including some trifling ornament. I should also add a good dinner, well cooked and digestible; and the cost of a fair education, extended, perhaps, through generations in which sensibility and love of beauty grew. What I mean is, that if a man is hungry and naked, and half a savage, or with the love of beauty undeveloped in him, a sunset is thrown away on him; so that it appears that the conditions of the enjoyment of a sunset are as costly as anything in our civilization."

If these truths make a sunset a dear enjoyment, they give a new value to education. They show that the money and time we spend in training our children in knowledge and refinement will secure them a "free admission" to many of the most delightful entertainments the world can offer; for the charm of a landscape, a fine building, a picture, or even of a flower, like that of a sunset, is all in the eye of a beholder.

Lady Artists.—Here are some interesting items of "art news" from abroad:—

"Miss Jessie Macgregor recently carried off the highest honors at the British Royal Academy in historical painting. This prize has been given once before to a woman. Another woman, Miss J. C. Smith, received at the same time the silver medal for the best drawing from the antique."

"Mrs. Morrell and Miss Gardner, two American ladies who occupy a studio together in Paris, are at present both engaged upon large and important pictures. Mrs. Morrell has upon the easel a canvas eight feet by nine, which represents the "First Battle of the Pilgrims," as described by Longfellow. Miss Gardner's picture represents Cinderella in her hour of triumph, at the moment of the trying on of the slipper. Both pictures are highly spoken of by the Paris critics.

To Correspondents.—We have several articles on hand that will be noticed in our next number.

Edward Jameson.—Wrote you January 20th. Letter returned as uncalled for. Why is it that authors do not take their letters from the post-office?

"After All."—No stamp for reply.

"Taloosa."—The author sent no stamp.

"Mrs. L. F." is respectfully informed that we do not need any new contributors this year.

Rev. H. A. Guild.—You sent no stamp for a reply. There are thirteen Fremonts in the United States, and you don't say what State your Fremont is in.

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Health Department

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE

TIGHT LACING.

Our attention has been called to this subject by the receipt of a curious though evidently genuine letter, the writer of which, a young lady, desiring to know our opinion upon tight lacing, and whether we regarded it injurious or not. She stated that for five years she had laced herself perseveringly, and during that time had reduced her waist from twenty-four inches in circumference to eighteen, and yet remained in apparent health. A friend of hers had also followed the same course, and had lessened the size of her waist to fifteen inches, instructing her nurse "not to let the lace slip in the least, though she was being tightened until she could hardly breathe." This lady was stated to be as "healthy and strong as any one," although she had been seen to "faint twice while she was being tightened." Comments upon such facts as these—which have been closely paralleled in our own experience, so that we can vouch for their being neither impossible or improbable—would seem almost unnecessary; but as this presents a favorable opportunity, we have chosen to specify, in as concise a manner as possible, a *few* of the evils which this wicked habit entails upon its foolish followers. Let us consider for a moment the nature of the subject in question.

In the construction of our bodies, a strong and solid frame work—the bones—are provided to give firmness and strength to the fabric, and to bestow individual character on the body. In the limbs they are hollow and cylindrical, and here they constitute the organs of support and locomotion; in the trunk and head they are flattened and arched, forming cavities for the reception of the more important vital organs, and admirably adapted by their conformation and structure to afford protection and permit of their healthy and unrestrained action. This we call the skeleton, and in its various cavities are situated, each in its appropriate position, the immediate organs of animal life. In the skull we have the brain, the great nervous centre, the author and regulator of all things corporal. In the thorax we have the lungs, whose office it is to aerate the blood and remove from the body the carbonic acid which is continually accumulating from the destruction and breaking down of the tissues; the heart, the great organ of the circulation, which keeps the blood in constant motion, whirling it through the arteries and back through the veins, again to take it up, to send it on its journey again. In the abdomen we have the kidneys and the liver, organs intended to purify the blood, and rid it of useless and effete materials; the stomach, to act as a receptacle for food; and its fellow laborers, the pancreas, the duodenum, and small intestines, to furnish digestive fluids with it, and assist in the digestive process; the lacteals and lymphatics to take up the food after it is in proper condition, and carry it into the circulation to be changed into solid bone and muscle; the nerves, the veins, the arteries, and other organs of special function which go to make up the perfection of the animal organism. Between these two great cavities we have the diaphragm, a strong muscular partition, separating the two, and constituting the principal muscle of respiration.

Now, during every moment of our existence, these organs, with the single exception of those belonging to the digestive system, which are at rest during the intervals of digestion (or ought to be), are in constant and unremitting motion. The diaphragm is continually contracting and relaxing, enlarging and diminishing the cavity of the thorax; the lungs are inflating and collapsing; the heart pumping the blood into the bloodvessels; the kidneys, and liver, and stomach are active at duty, and everything is all excitement and commotion. No organ is asleep or off of duty. All are up and wide awake, and faithfully performing their various duties. All goes on quietly and harmoniously, for there is nothing to interfere, and thus they will continue always, if unabused, and nature be allowed her sway.

Being thus aware of the healthful and natural conditions of these important organs of our body, and the intimate relation that exists between the one and the other, it will require no great exercise of reason or judgment to appreciate at once the effects of interference with their functions. Nature makes nothing useless or redundant, and is never guilty of a misfit or malappropriation. Everything is perfect for the furtherance of her purposes, and attempts of any kind at improvements in our hands are certain to breed disturbance.

Now what are the effects of tight lacing—of forcibly constricting the abdominal walls—and crowding the great organs of the interior into half their ordinary space? Imagine the entire body in a similar position, and a very good idea of the condition of things will be arrived at. Put a man's hand or arm in a vice and squeeze it up to half its natural size, and see what use he can make of it. Tie a ligature tightly around a finger or a limb, and see how soon it becomes benumbed and lifeless. And this is just what is being done, only in a more moderate manner, when a woman tightly laces herself. All of the great and important organs of the interior of her body are bound down and pressed against, and suffocated, and all is disarrangement and confusion, and healthful action of every kind no longer a possibility. As a result of this practice we find, therefore, a long list of trying and troublesome ills.

1st. Tight lacing seriously limits, indeed almost annihilates, the respiratory movements of the diaphragm, for the pinch comes just on that portion of the ribs to which this great muscle is attached, and squeezes them together so as to throw it almost or altogether out of work. The lungs do not then appropriate the proper amount of air; the blood is not completely aerated, and carbonic acid accumulates. This substance, in sufficient quantities, is, as every one is aware, a deadly poison, and its effect upon the system when thus continually present, even though in limited quantities, is extremely injurious.

2d. The corset, by constant pressure upon the muscles which support the spine, impairs their nutrition, and pains in the back and weakness are more or less constantly present.

3d. Not only does the corset thus interfere with the growth and nutrition of the muscles, but by its pressure upon the bust, often produces much discomfort. The glands are so squeezed, and especially the nipples are so flattened, from an early period after puberty, that when the time comes for nursing an infant, the young mother finds, either that she cannot suckle at all, or must do so in great misery from inflamed nipples, abscesses, etc.

4th. The digestive process is more or less interfered with, from the cramped condition of the stomach and other digestive organs, and dyspepsia, with its train of horrible evils, is often induced.

5th. The liver and other emunctories of the body, from their strained and unnatural position, do not perform their office of purifying the blood properly,

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and languor, debility, and headaches arise as a consequence.

6th. The bowels, for similar reasons, are slow and imperfect in their action, and constipation, bad breath, and offensive exhalations from the skin ensue.

7th. The nerves and blood vessels are irritated and interfered with, and cold hands and feet, fainting fits, and hysteria, are common occurrences.

And thus we might continue almost indefinitely upon the many unhealthful influences that are engendered by this foolish habit. The subject is almost an inexhaustible one, and if the ladies knew how many of their aches and ills really came, directly and indirectly, from this prolific cause, we are certain they would "loosen up" a little and give old nature a little more "leeway." We look upon the practice as an inexcusable and an abominable one, and believe that a more indefensible sin against the laws of health does not exist upon the face of the civilized earth.

Literary Notices.

From J. M. STODDART & Co., Philadelphia:—

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP. By the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." This is, unequivocally, the best book Mr. Arthur has ever written. Into its production he has thrown the very best of himself—his whole mind and purpose, his hatred of the liquor traffic, and his desire to see the triumph of the temperance cause. It is a startling book; but, sad and tragic as its incidents are, they are daily paralleled in real life. In truth, he deals mainly in facts, and his characters are some of them living people. The sketch he gives of the "Temperance Blessing" is true in every particular, and Charles Heritage is the real name of an actual person. His statistics are all correct, being drawn from prison and other records and carefully revised by competent persons, that no error might by any possibility creep into them. It is a book which all temperance men and all temperance organizations should circulate by every means in their power, and, in the present awakening interest in regard to local option and other temperance laws, it may be productive of unbounded good. Sold exclusively by subscription.

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From CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

VESTA. By Hester A. Benedict. This little book is a collection of poems by a young but already popular writer, the longest poem of which gives its name to the volume. Mrs. Benedict's poems are characterized by their delicacy of sentiment, their imaginativeness, their happy fancies of expression, and their musical rhythmic flow. "Vesta" is a story of mother love and mother loss, at times really powerful in its passion, though some portions of it betray a tendency toward an imitation of Tennyson. The volume is in all respects pleasing, and will introduce the public to a writer well worthy of its approval.

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From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ISRAEL MORT OVERMAN: *A Story of the Mine.* By John Saunders. We find this book an exceedingly interesting picture of life among the miners in the neighborhood of a Welsh coal mine. Of the interests which centre around such a place, of the perils and dangers encountered, of the courage and self-sacrifice to be witnessed, this book gives a faithful record, and will please every reader.

From PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD. By William Still. Mr. Still, the author of this work, was for many years connected with the anti-slavery office in Philadelphia, and chairman of the Acting Vigilant Committee of the Philadelphia branch of the Underground Railroad. The records which he has kept are the only records of the Underground Railroad in existence; consequently this volume is the only book of the kind which it is possible to publish with any guarantee of the authenticity of its stated facts. He gives in it facts, narratives, letters, etc., relating "the hardships, hair-breadth escapes, and death-struggles of the slaves in their efforts for freedom, as related by themselves and others or witnessed by the author." The volume is handsomely illustrated by seventy fine engravings by Bensell, Schell, and others, and portraits copied from photographs. It is sold only by subscription.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., and CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

ANCIENT AMERICA, *in Notes on American Archæology.* By John D. Baldwin, A. M., author of "Pre-Historic Nations." One of the most interesting subjects, and one which, it is strange to say, has received very little attention indeed from American writers, is that relating to the antiquities which are found scattered over our country, and which date back to a period concerning which tradition even has nothing to say. There have been brief sketches by travellers, recording imperfectly what they saw, with perhaps a hazarded guess as to their origin; there are also heavy quartos and folios, in French, Spanish, and English, each treating of some particular department of the subject; but these are not accessible to the general reader, nor has there ever been any volume on the general subject of American Archæology prepared for popular use. Mr. Baldwin has attempted the preparation of such a volume, and has produced an exceedingly readable book, full of valuable and curious information. The illustrations, which are numerous, are from authentic sketches, and add much to the interest of the volume.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, *Written by Himself.* In three volumes. Vol. III. As a chronicle of past events, and a history of English politics and English politicians in a past generation, the autobiography of Lord Brougham is an exceedingly valuable contribution to English literature. Dating in its commencement away back to what seems a remote period, it does not, even in its third and closing volume, approximate times which we might even relatively call recent, as the records close before the accession of the present incumbent of the English throne.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M. A., *Founder of the Methodists.* By the Rev. L. Tyerman. In three volumes. Vol. II. This volume opens in the year 1748, and carries forward the events of Wesley's life for a period of twenty years, in which are embraced some of its most interesting and important events, including, among others, his marriage, and circumstances which followed and resulted from it.

MUSIC AND MORALS. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A. This book is divided into four sections or "books," the first treating of the philosophical, moral, and emotional phases of music; the second giving biographical sketches of the most noted composers, with references to their works; the third relating to the various musical instruments, their origin and subsequent improvements; and the fourth devoted to critical dissertations on music and mu-

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sical authors, styles of performing, teaching, and composing, etc. etc. The book will be found a pleasing one for either the professional musician or the amateur.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, *on the Second Epistle to the Corinthians and the Epistle to the Galatians.* By Albert Barnes, author of "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," etc. Revised edition. A work of acknowledged merit and authority among orthodox Christians.

MAUD MOHAN. *A Novel.* By Annie Thomas, author of "On Guard," etc.

CECIL'S TRYST. *A Novel.* By the author of "Carlyon's Year," etc. Two novels, of average merit and interest, belonging to Harper's "Library of Select Novels."

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHRIST IN MODERN LIFE. By Rev. Stofford A. Brooke, M. A. This is a collection of sermons, preached in St. James' Chapel, London, discussing various subjects of importance and interest. The two first sermons relate to "The Fitness of Christianity for Mankind;" and in these, says their author, are outlined the main thought and purpose of the entire volume, which is, "that the ideas which Christ made manifest on earth are capable of endless expansion, to suit the wants of men in every age; and that they do expand, developing into new forms, of larger import and wider application in a direct proportion to the progress of mankind, of which they are both root and sap." The spirit of these sermons is liberal and progressive, without in the least tending toward infidelity.

THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. A comprehensive and exhaustive work, beginning with the writers of the 14th century, and mentioning critically all authors—poets, novelists, essayists, historians, and orators, down to Dickens and Thackeray. There are copious quotations made from the writers discussed, so that the volume really seems to form an epitomized library.

MABEL LEE. *A Novel.* By the author of "Morton House," etc. The author of this book has already taken his or her place in the front rank of American writers, and this volume will do much toward increasing a well-won popularity. The story is handsomely illustrated.

RIGHTED AT LAST. *A Novel.* A characteristic and interesting story of New England life by an anonymous author, who need not have withheld his or her name through any misgivings as to the real merits of the story or its reception by the reading public.

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From G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

BRAZEN GATES. *A True History of the Blossoms which grew in the Garden at Cragenfels.* Compiled by Christabel Goldsmith, and Preface by the author of "Widow Goldsmith's Daughter." A pretty, fanciful story, from the pen of one who knows well how to stir the imaginations and touch the hearts of her readers. Those who have read "The Widow Goldsmith's Daughter," and its lively sequel, will be pleased to learn that "Brazen Gates" is supposed to be Christabel's first literary venture. Read it and judge for yourselves what the young lady's literary talents are.

TRUE AS STEEL. *A Novel.* By Marion Harland. Deservedly ranking among the first of American story writers, Marion Harland does not prostitute her exceptional talents to the purpose of merely charming the fancy and holding captive the attention of her readers. Underlying the story there is always a purpose—a lesson to teach, or a principle to illustrate, which lends color and force to her writings. This is never obtrusive—never mars in any manner the interest or excellence of the story, as a less skilled writer would be sure to make it so; but it is nevertheless plainly there, and its force is felt and acknowledged, and, we trust, profited by. "True as Steel" is a story of wifely love and devotion under the most trying circumstances, and it is beautifully and effectively told.

ANTIDOTE TO "THE GATES AJAR." By J. S. W. Although this little pamphlet has reached its "tenth thousand" in England and this country, we do not apprehend any serious check upon the sale of "Gates Ajar." The author merely combats the imaginings of Miss Phelps concerning the future world, by his own imaginings concerning the same place.

RESOLUTION; *or, the Soul of Power.* By A. S. Rowe, author of "A Long Look Ahead," etc. Mr. Rowe is not a sensational writer, and his story depends rather on his delineations of character, careful and life-like working up of incidents, and elevated sentiments, to attract his readers.

In consequence of the increasing magnitude of their publishing business, G. W. Carleton & Co. are compelled to remove from their present elegant quarters at the Worth House, and will, in a few days, open their new and larger establishment under the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

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From J. W. SCHERMERHORN & Co., New York, through J. A. BANCROFT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE RIVAL COLLECTION OF PROSE AND POETRY, *for the Use of Schools, Colleges, and Public Readers.* By Martin Larkin. This promises to be an excellent class book for the use of schools; but it will be found a no less valuable addition to the private library, as the selections are made with excellent taste from the best American and English authors; and the person of moderate means who may not be able to obtain the works of all these authors, will in this book possess some of their choicest productions.

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From SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG, & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

TRAVELS IN ARABIA. Compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. An exceedingly interesting volume of travel and adventure among the Arabs in the desert, belonging to the "Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure," now in course of publication. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

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From THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York, through J. C. GARRIGUES & Co., Philadelphia:—

AT LION'S MOUTH. By Miss Mary Dwinell Chellis, author of "Temperance Doctor," etc. This book, strongly temperance in character, is intended especially as an addition to Sabbath-school libraries, for which purpose it is admirably adapted.

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From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

THOUGHT HIVES. By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. This is a collection of tracts or short appeals upon

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religious subjects, written by this celebrated divine, so well known to all who have spent much time in New York. The style is pungent, and abounding in metaphor. The printing, paper, and general appearance of the work, are beyond praise. There is no more substantial publishers than the Messrs. Carter.

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From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston:—

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF HUGH MILLER. 2 vols. By Peter Bayne. By a special arrangement with the family of Mr. Miller, the publishers have brought out an American edition of this interesting work, which we suppose few of those who have enjoyed his books will fail to read. Hugh Miller's life is one of the most instructive on record. He worked his way up by sheer force of intellect and character to a high position among scientific men, and to the editorship of an influential paper. His private life is as interesting as his public career, and will help us to understand many of the events which mark his course. The editor of the book succeeded Mr. Miller in the management of the *Witness*, and possesses every qualification for his task. We commend the book to our readers.

THE BREMEN LECTURES. Translated by Rev. D. Heagh. The contents of this book are a series of lectures delivered in Bremen in the beginning of 1869, upon various portions of the Bible, its doctrines and commands, by eminent Dutch theologians. Some of the titles are, "Miracles," "The Person of Jesus Christ," "The Authenticity of our Gospel," "Christianity and Culture." It is well printed and bound, and will doubtless prove a valuable adjunct to the theological student.

GOD WITH US. By the Rev. Alvah Hovey, D. D. This work is an essay upon the person and work of Christ, together with an examination of Dr. Bushnell's "Vicarious Sacrifice," with which the author does not entirely agree. It appears to be written by a man of ability and logical force.

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From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

OUR POOR RELATIONS. Last month we noticed a handsome book from this publishing house, and this, in typography and binding, amply sustains the character of its fellow. "Our Poor Relations" are beasts and birds, the furred and feathered tribes, without which so much of our happiness would be lost. The author is an excellent writer, whose whole soul is in his subject, and he has made a most readable little book. The illustrations are by Ernest Griset.

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From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

NORTHERN LANDS; *or, Young America in Russia and Prussia.* By William F. Adams (Oliver Optic). A pleasant book of travels, in which the adventures of the juvenile travellers are judiciously blended with history and geography, in a way to make the book profitable as well as entertaining. It is one of the "Young America Abroad" series.

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From L. PRANG & Co., Boston:—

SCHEM'S UNIVERSAL STATISTICAL TABLE. Edited by Prof. Alexander J. Schem. This is an exceedingly valuable work for business and literary men. It contains the area of each country, form of government and head of the same, population, expenses, debt, paper money, standing army, navy, imports, exports, coins, weights and measures, railroads, etc. etc. It is prepared on the same basis as Hübner's Statistical Table, a German work which has run through twenty yearly editions.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

JUNE, 1872.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—"A Visit to the Armorer." In this capital picture the stalwart armorer, who may himself have done good execution with some such instrument as he holds in his hands, seems to be explaining its uses to the juveniles who have paid a visit to his workshop, in the lower regions of the castle or "moated hall" which is their paternal residence. He is manifestly eloquent in its praise. The boy listens thoughtfully, while he scrutinizes the weapon closely. His sister looks wonderingly and half fearfully into the face of the man, and holds the arm of her brother, as if for protection. By the way, she handles her pretty little pet dog most uncomfortably; but the excitement of the story may, it is presumed, plead justification for the neglect of her favorite. The figures of the youthful pair form an elegant contrast with that of the rough and stout armorer, and the trio are most effectively grouped.

The sixth of the Lolipop etchings is given in this number—The Supper-Room. This is an excellent and correct view of the excitement which attends the *feeding* of the guests at such parties as the Miss Lolipops of the day give to their friends. Gentlemen's coats and ladies' dresses are ruined on such occasions, and many of the guests go home without getting anything to eat.

The colored fashion-plate and extension sheet are filled with an elegant array of the latest styles of dresses and articles suited for the toilet.

A large sheet of braiding and embroidery patterns is given as an extra in this number.

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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for March, among other pleasing illustrations, has the third of Mr. Bensell's clever series of outline sketches entitled "Miss Lollipop's Party." The design before us represents the reception, and contains some very clever sketches of character. The magazine is, as usual, full of information about the fashions and other matters of interest to the ladies.—*Telegraph*, Phila.

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IT seems to be taken for granted by some of our subscribers that every writer for the LADY'S BOOK lives in this city. We assure them that it is not so. When sending a letter to us to be delivered, send a stamp, or the person written to will not receive the letter.

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ROGERS'S GROUPS.—Perhaps no hidden power in a single individual ever developed with more entire and rapid success than in the case of John Rogers, the maker of statuettes. These little groups caught the popular eye and heart, and hence their wonderful triumph. At the same time that they please the masses, these groups are so true to nature, so exquisite in form and proportion, and so powerful in expression, that the best art critics can only praise them. They are considered the most *recherché* of all presents for the bride, for the holidays, or from any gentleman of taste to his lady friend. They are being distributed all over the country, and the taste for statuary—a taste heretofore too chaste and classical for any but the intellectual, will grow and develop till even antique forms will find a place in the cottage as well as the palace.

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PARTIES answering advertisements inserted in the LADY'S BOOK will please state that they have seen them in the Book. They will confer a favor by so doing.

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WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

April 15th, 1872.

On the evening of March 14th, the Ambassadors from Japan gave a magnificent reception at the Arlington in return for the reception in their honor at Masonic Temple. Mr. Mori, the resident *Chargé d'Affaires*, stood beside the Prime Minister, the Prince Iwakura, while the four Chief Ambassadors, Kido, Okuba, Ito, and Yamagusti, ranged next in order, and after these, the remaining members and secretaries of the Embassy, fifty or sixty in number. The guests were presented by Mr. Mori to the Prince, and afterwards passing on, bowed or shook hands with the others. The parlors were elegantly decorated, but the dining-room was superb. This was the room of the evening, as on either side the long tables were wide promenades, sufficient for all the guests, where they met and chatted with friends, and admired the elegant tables and splendid decorations. American and Japanese flags alternating, covered the walls entirely, while Japanese emblems and festoons of evergreens clustered on every hand. Temples of confectionery, mountains of moss and flowers, Japanese lilies being in the ascendant, decorated the tables, which were filled with every delicacy. A fine band of music sat at the upper end of the room, playing all the evening, and the whole scene was one of rare beauty and enjoyment. Many members of the press, all the Cabinet Ministers, with their ladies, many officers of the army and navy, with their families, and almost all the Senators and Representatives in Congress, were present with their families.

On the evening before, the Chief Ambassadors dined with the President, together with Mr. Mori, all the Cabinet Ministers, the Vice-President, Chief Justice Chase, and several other distinguished gentlemen. Mrs. Grant had the table elegantly decorated with flowers, the Japanese lily being the chief attraction. After dinner, the gentlemen repaired to the Blue Room and passed the evening in company with the ladies.

Mr. King, Professor Loomis, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Solomons have all had literary entertainments during the month, Mr. King's being held every Saturday evening. But the last reunions of the season are now over. They were closed last week, Mr. Taylor giving his last on Monday, Mr. Solomon on Thursday, and Mr. King on Saturday. A great number of distinguished persons were present at these last meetings, and the exercises were exceedingly interesting. The Vice-President and Mrs. Colfax, Senator and Mrs. Patterson, Senator and Mrs. Sherman, Senator and Mrs. Morrill, and Senator and Mrs. Tipton, with Hons. John Coburn, John Hill, Judge Niblack, and other members of Congress, with their ladies; Mr. Mori, Mr. Takaki, Mr. Yashiwora, Mr. Kawage, Mr. Kodama, and Mr. Watanabé, from Japan; Mr. L'Oisean, of the Turkish Legation; Dr. Chickering, of Boston; Professors Loomis, Taylor, and Brown; Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Nealy, and Miss Wager, correspondents; Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the novelist; Mrs. Dufour, poetess; Miss Ware, Miss Stockton, and Mr. Tweedale, elocutionists; Doctor Stone, Vinnie Ream, Clark Mills, and Mr. Dorian, sculptors; Messrs. Kaufman, Baumgras, Weyl, Poole, Johnson, Shephard, Eicholtz, Miller, Miss Searle, and others, painters; and a great many other persons distinguished in different walks of life.

Miss Bertha Gerolt, a young lady of rare beauty and accomplishments, and daughter of Baron Gerolt, our late Prussian Minister, took the black veil a short time ago in the Convent of the Visitation, much against the wishes of her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, of the British Claims Commission, leave for England soon. This pleasant couple entertained their friends in the most genial and pleasant manner, and all will rejoice to see them on their return in the autumn.

The "Tuesdays" of Mrs. Thoman B. Bryan have been among the most pleasing receptions of the past season. Mrs. Bryan is a most queenly lady, and her house is rich with paintings, sculpture, bronzes, and other treasures gathered abroad. Mrs. B. will pass the summer at her beautiful prairie home near Chicago. Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Attorney-General Williams, Mrs. Speaker Blaine, and others, have resumed their "morning" receptions since the close of Lent. Gail Hamilton is still the guest of Mrs. Blaine.

The grand Calico Charity Ball was a very brilliant affair. Silk and tarlatane skirts, with "Dolly Varden" overdresses, were the order of the evening. Many of these were beautiful, and *all* were gay. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with hangings of misty tarlatane, evergreens, hanging-baskets, flowers, and singing-birds. A large sum was realized for the poor, and many garments were contributed, as every lady brought a contribution in clothing.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames still makes her winter home in Washington, from whence she sends out her letters for every day in the year. Mrs. Wilmot, the widow of the famous "Wilmot Proviso," member of Congress, also resides here, as does the widow of the late Henry Schoolcraft, the distinguished Indian historian.

M. E. N.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Freeman & Burr's clothing warehouse, on the cover. These gentlemen rank with the first houses in that line of business in the city of New York. Their new system of self-measure enables parties in all parts of the country to order direct from them, with the certainty of receiving a most perfect fit. With them boys' and children's clothing are a specialty.

Of the new "Saratoga stride" the local paper says: "It is really hard to do. You have to practice it a good deal in your room, and then if you don't get your fins—we mean your arms—to hang just right, you spoil it all, and you hear them whisper as you pass along: 'She hasn't got it right.'"

Good Accommodations for Bugs, Big and Little.—The following we cut from a morning paper:—

"Homes for 'Big Bugs.' Twelve rooms, $8,000. Your own terms."

Amusing.—The following notice about Wachtel, the singer, appeared in an Eastern publication:—

"He has undeniably a most superb tenor voice. There is no good or fine quality that his voice does not possess, and it has a magnetic power over the audience that is at times almost maddening. But here his merits cease."

That, we think, is where they ought to cease. Nothing better could be said of a singer. But our critic, sorry for the praise he has given, goes on to show that he is no singer at all. He uses the following hard words in proof: "Something is the matter with his *arpeggi;* his *portamento* is out of order; the glottis does not come up to the mark; his *coup de poitrine* isn't exactly the thing; his *saccadé* is abrupt, and his *timbre* is a claptrap; but his glorious chest C is some compensation." Now, is not this transparent humbug?

Messrs. Garfield and Creeley, members of Congress, will please accept our thanks for public documents.

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HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY *for June* contains a brilliant and showy salon piece by Ketterer, a sparkling piano duet for two performers, by Rhollo, two new songs, Alone, and This Heart of Mine, the latter especially touching and beautiful, and a sprightly little polka, arranged as an easy lesson for beginners. The duet is one of the series we are publishing this year, and will be found fully equal to the Wyoming March, published in the April number. Send 40 cents for a copy, or $1 for the three last numbers, to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—Through all the Changing Scenes of Life, beautiful sacred solo and quartette, by Beckel, 40 cents. Only to Thee I Cling, solo and quartette, by Beckel, specially adapted for church or social singing, 30. Bring me Blue Violets, beautiful new song by Coralie Bell, author of Speak my Name in your Home, Nellie, Sunny Days, and Little Clare, each 30. Down by the Whispering Sea, by Stewart, new edition of this ever-popular favorite, one of the sweetest songs ever published.

Also, Wyoming March, duet, 35. Rhollo's March, duet, 35. Graceful Schottische, by Beckel, beautiful piece, and *graceful*, like its name, 30. Adeline Waltz, by Ohm, 30. Ohio Mazourka, brilliant piece by Dr. Sutter, 50. Bird of Paradise, showy fantaisie by Sydney Smith, 60. Send orders, directed as above, to J. Starr Holloway.

MARION HARLAND'S "Common Sense in the Household" has already reached its *tenth edition*. The Boston *Congregationalist* says of it: "It is in every way a capital guide in all kitchen affairs; common sense is emphatically its spirit, and economy and convenience, as well as good eating, are the interests it serves.

"IN the examination of manuscript written in a scraggy, irregular, or blurred hand, it is true enough, as an exchange remarks, that many a paper, ably composed in so far as the subject-matter is concerned, is thrown aside in disgust because of the difficulty met by the editor in deciphering it."

That's so; and another matter operating against a MS. is a long letter accompanying it. We do not seek to know why you send; we have nothing to do with your troubles. The only question is whether the MS. is worthy of insertion.

CHARLES V. PECKHAM, 687 Broadway, N. Y., is the only importer of human hair who retails. As he sells none but the best, and fills orders promptly, he is securing for himself a very large country trade.

NEWSPAPER CARRIERS.—Why not adopt some arrangement to collect what is due them on the first of each month? If such arrangement could be made, and we cannot see why it cannot, their money could be ready for them on that day, and subscribers would know that the amount is correct. As it is, they come at all times in the month. The master or mistress must be hunted up, and they may not have the change, or they may be out, and all this time the carrier is kept waiting.

SOME idea of the commercial importance of the flower-growing trade may be formed when it is said that one of the large perfumers of Paris employs, annually, 80,000 pounds of orange flowers, 60,000 pounds of cassia flowers, 54,000 pounds of rose-leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, 32,000 pounds of violets, 20,000 pounds of tuberose, 16,000 pounds of lilac, besides rosemary, mint, thyme, lemon, citron, and other odorous plants, in larger proportion.

THE *Norristown Herald* says that the proper hymn to be sung at our Centennial celebration is "Old Hundred."

BIG FEELINS.

BIG feelins doesn't allers go
With riches nor with size,
Because my hundred pounds o' self
Can tell you otherwise;
Though Poverty has stuck so cluss,
She never let me know
A single blessin' upon airth
That she did not bestow.

I've lacked in every sort o' thing
That riches ever buys,
And yet my feelins seem ter be
About the same in size;
I'm sartin sure they're none the less,
Because the fates decreed
That I should feel all sorts o' ills
With every sort o' need.

My speritz sometimes sink like lead,
But pride holds on the same—
The pride of all my loveliness,
Besides the pride o' name;
And Nature thought she gin enough
With jenus rich as mine,
And meant that all should stand away
And give me chance ter shine.

SALLY JERUSHA.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The March number of this veteran magazine comes to us with more than its ordinary charms. We are bewildered reciprocally by the attractions of fashion, pattern, work-table, receipt, and tale—the monthly staple of a magazine which is now an accepted and authoritative institution of the country. Who could indicate, even by approximation, the number of households it has brightened, the hearts it has made happy, during its career of nearly half a century? Whatever interests a lady, whatever is useful or indispensable to her, finds its way into this magazine as naturally as sparks fly upward. If the genial editor and publisher should, with malice prepense, seek to make a dull and unattractive magazine, he would inevitably fail from constitutional unfitness for the task.—*Phila. Proof Sheet.*

VERY TRUE.—It is common to speak of those whom a flirt has jilted as her victims. This is a grave error. Her real victim is the man whom she accepts. A happy simile runs thus: "A coquette is a rose, from whom every lover plucks a leaf; the thorn remains for her future husband."

A FASHION reporter describes some of the toilettes at a recent party at Cheyenne: "The belle of the evening was Miss W. She dressed faultlessly in a linsey wolsey of the palest shade of *café au lait*, cut en train, and trimmed with Chicago relics. Miss H. wore a polonaise made of blue jeans, postillioned in the back, cut vis-a-vis with a de trop bias, and gored in the most sanguinary manner. She wore no jewel but consistency."

WHY certain stars are not engaged at our theatres is a question asked which we can answer. Their terms are too high. Some ask five or six hundred dollars a night, or half the gross receipts of the house; in this latter case leaving the manager out of his half to pay rent, salaries, etc. If engaged on these terms, the managers must raise the prices, to which the public object.

CROQUET.—If men's morality were to be judged by their words rather than their actions, what a good world this would be! As an illustration, a Western preacher some time ago wrote a fierce article against the playing of croquet, denouncing it as an immoral game. A few days since this same devout shepherd was arrested in Boston for forgery, has been tried, convicted, and is now serving out a year's imprisonment in the penitentiary. Excessively pious people are always legitimate objects of suspicion.

It may be remembered by our readers that we denounced this minister at the time as a hypocrite. It will be seen by the above that we were correct. We are always suspicious of those over righteous.

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CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.—There is now a protest from Washington against the imposition of too much work on children in the public schools. A father complains that the teachers are sacrificing everything to the success in "spelling matches" of the pupils. One of them has a custom of calling up her pupils, without regard to age or capacity, to write out long lists of words, and every word mis-spelled they are required to write twenty-five times after school hours. Under this system his own little girl, eight years old, had to write six hundred words one night, and another, about the same age, had to write one thousand. It would be a small matter, of course, for a ready penman to write a thousand words, but for a child eight years old, who cannot form the letters except with slowness and painstaking effort, it is a wearisome and a cruel task. The ambition of teachers is frequently without discretion, and very often needs to be checked for the good of their pupils. When children from seven to ten years of age have tasks set them which can be accomplished only by work outside the schoolroom, where they spend six hours daily, it is high time for somebody to interfere. We would ask that when such tasks are imposed, that they should be done in school, and the teacher obliged to stay there till they were completed.

YOU say in the last Book that you are proud of your contributors. But I wonder if your contributors are *not* proud of GODEY. I am sure we have all as high a pride in its fine appearance as you can have.

Very gratefully yours, D.

FRENCH CORRESPONDENCE:—

"A curious ceremony took place last Friday at St. Denis—the *mariage des rosières*. The *rosières* are poor girls of the town, who, by their merit and good conduct, have won a crown of roses and a modest marriage portion. The funds for these annual presents or prizes were bequeathed to the town by some eccentric old philanthropist; and upon the municipal council devolves the onerous care of deciding upon the most deserving among all the unportioned young girls of St. Denis who are about to enter wedlock. This year there were seven *rosières*; and the seven marriages took place together, with much pomp and pretty ceremonial. The white dresses of the brides, the wedding rings, and the whole expenses of the weddings and wedding banquets, are paid by the old philanthropist's legacy; and not the smallest part of the pleasure of the present lies in the pride with which the brides march in grand procession through the streets to church. Leaders of the *cortège* wearing new and brilliant costumes of blue and gold braid led the train; the Orpheonist Society of St. Denis, banner spread and music playing, followed; a *piquet d'honneur*, commanded by a sub-lieutenant, escorted the guests of the seven weddings; and in the centre of the procession—led by no others than the *maire*, the *sous-prefet*, the lieutenant-colonel in command of the garrison, a major, and other official personages—walked the seven brides, dressed in white and orange flowers, and followed by the seven bridegrooms. After the sevenfold wedding service had taken place, the procession returned to the *mairie*, where the brides were presented with the seven purses containing their little portions; and then each wedding party went its way to partake of its banquet in the restaurant chosen."

WE have received a letter from Hamilton, Canada, recommending a knitting-machine. It is not our business to advertise it; let the inventor do that.

ALPHONSE KARR, the gardener poet, has offered a *bon mot* to the world. He was lately present at a banquet given by the disciples of Hahnemann. Toasts were given to the health of every medical celebrity by everybody, when the president remarked, "Monsieur Karr, you have not proposed the health of any one." The poet rose, and modestly replied, "I propose the health of the sick."

A CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL BLUNDER.—A funny typographical blunder occurred in the columns of the Paris *Constitutionnel*, in connection with M. Thiers, who was writing for the paper at the time the mistake occurred. It was in the days when Thiers was prime minister of France, under Louis Philippe, forty years ago. Then, as now, M. Thiers was very sensitive upon the subject of adverse votes of the Chambers, and was always ready to resign his office at the slightest provocation. One of these emergencies occurred, and M. Thiers sent in his resignation, but at an interview with the king he was induced to withdraw it. On the same day a noted burglar had been captured and brought before the *juge d'instruction*, whom he grossly insulted. The *Constitutionnel* contained the following two items about it: "After his majesty had informed M. Thiers of his desire to keep him at the head of the government, the prime minister, deeply moved, replied to the king: 'You rascally old fellow, I feel like wrenching your head off!'" The burglar, Jenneuse, was captured yesterday by the gendarmes. He was taken in irons before the *juge d'instruction*, to whom he had the impudence to say: 'Your majesty, the confidence you repose in me touches my heart extremely. I shall try my best not to disappoint your expectations.'" The closing paragraphs of the two items had, of course, been transposed.

FOR this the Boston *Transcript* is responsible: An enthusiastic ritualist, wishing to make a gift to his rector at Easter, ordered a beautifully embroidered clerical vestment to be made in another city. He gave directions that the garment should be sent by express and marked C. O. D.—and so it was, in the most elegant style of fancy needlework, and prominently upon the back, where it could be plainly seen of men and women.

Perhaps some may not understand that C. O. D. on a package means Collect On Delivery.

A SENTIMENTAL young gentleman recently made an observation of a tender nature to a lady during the progress of a quadrille; but, as he was afflicted with a severe cold, she could not gather whether he had been "nipped in the bud" or "dipped in the mud." This state of uncertainty is most cruel.

A GERMAN expressman called at a house in Brooklyn, recently, to deliver a box. He rang the bell, and a servant girl opened the door, when the expressman said: "I have got a schmall pox, and if you likes I will carry it up stairs." The girl looked horror-stricken, and, not relishing the idea of admitting a man with the smallpox, slammed, bolted, and barred the door in the astonished expressman's face.

IT does seem singular when you go to the theatre to see a comic performance, that, while the people in the parquet are convulsed with laughter, that the upper portion of the house should be in tiers.

WHEN Burke made one of his famous attacks upon the crown civil list, he was several times noisily interrupted by somebody who, occupying an official position in the household, seemed to think himself the special guardian and champion of royalty. This officious person kept reminding the orator every now and then, with vehement interjections, of his duty to the king. At last Burke paused in the flow of his speech, and declared that he perfectly understood it to be his duty to honor the king, but he did not thereby feel himself constrained "to honor the king's man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox, and"—fixing his eyes upon the obnoxious intruder—"his ass!"

A CONNECTICUT obituary reads: "Passed to the home of the angels from Hartford, Conn., ——, only *surviving* daughter of ——."

"NEW maid and old maid clothing always on hand."

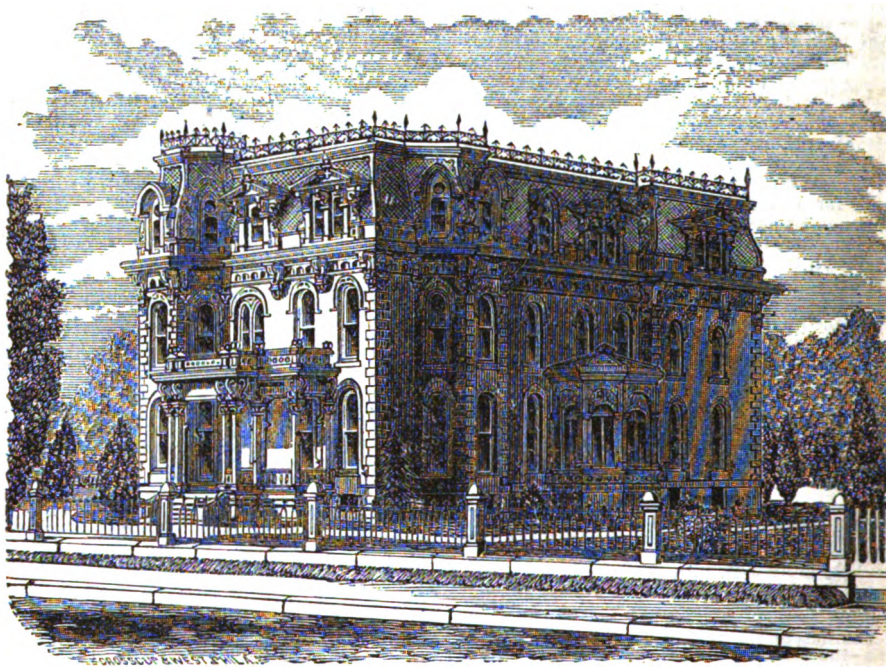
The above sign did not give satisfaction.

A FORTUNE-HUNTER gives the following advice to husbands: Settle as much money upon your wife as you can, for her second husband, poor fellow! may not have a sixpence.

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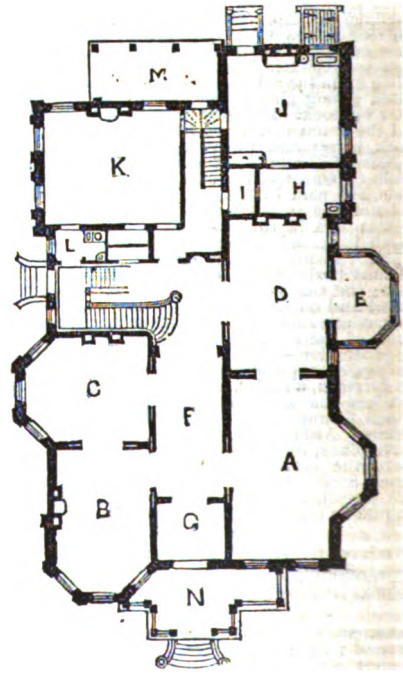
SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, *Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*



THE above design is a beautiful type of suburban residence, with a Mansard roof. It is to be constructed this year in Elmira, N. Y. Great pains have been taken with its proportions to make it one of the most complete residences in the country. It is being built for Mr. Reynolds, of Elmira, and its cost, when completed, will be $50,000; and will compare favorably, for internal beauty and external grandeur, with any of those princely residences built in the city of New York. It will be built of brick, with Ohio sandstone finish. As will be observed, the dimensions of all its parts are to be upon a grand scale. The stairway will be of the most superb kind. The Newel post is to contain a bronze figure, holding a globe. The opening of the stair above passes half way over the hall, and the wainscoting and railing are of a carved pattern of a very grand kind. The dining-room is also extremely grand and effective, having a conservatory for flowers in the manner of a bay, with fountain in the centre. The lower lights of glass, being made of mirrors, reflects the plants most beautifully. The floor is to be made of ornamental ironwork, with places between the patterns for planting the flowers. It is rarely that so much pains are taken with the arrangement. We ask our friends and the public to give this design their consideration, and they will find nothing cramped. Liberality and thought will be observed in every part of this design. Many thousands of buildings, costing double the amount, are met with, but few possess the grandeur and completeness of the above. The woodwork is to be of a new style of finish, invented by ourselves. It is far more effective, and possesses many advantages over the ordinary architrave, that is placed around doors and windows, and admits of a higher architectural finish by being capable of possessing ornamental carvings impossible by the old method. We caution all persons building fine mansions not to commence them until every detail drawing of the parts is fully considered in all their points.

First Floor.—A, parlor, 24 by 10 feet; B, sitting-room, 23 feet 3 inches by 16 feet; C, library, 20 feet 10 inches by 16 feet 10 inches; D, dining-room, 26 feet by 15 feet 9 inches; E, conservatory, 14 by 9 feet; F, hall, 38 feet 6 inches by 11 feet; G, vestibule, 11 by 8 feet; H, butler's pantry, 12 feet 6 inches by 8 feet; I, store closet, 8 feet by 5 feet 4 inches; J, kitchen, 18 by



FIRST STORY.

18 feet; K, nursery, 22 by 18 feet; L, lavatory, 6 by 5 feet; M, back porch, 21 by 10 feet; N, front porch, 24 by 10 feet.

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AN EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—Miss Marie E. Stacey, of Hamilton, Ont., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine fourteen years, since she was eight years of age, principally in mattress and upholstery work; has made twenty large size mattress ticks in a day, with plenty of leisure; has earned at least $10,000 with it. The family sewing is a pleasant amusement.

WE have received many letters inquiring where "Common Sense in the Household," by Marion Harland, can be procured. We answer, of Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., 654 Broadway, New York, and the price is $1.75.

"IN New Orleans, the superintendent of police has issued a general order, forbidding members of the force courting whilst on duty."

Too bad! In a free country, that a man can't court when it pleases him. Tyrannical superintendent!

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. R. R. C.—Sent pattern March 29th.
Mrs. C. W.—Sent pattern 29th.
Miss T. F. W.—Sent pattern 29th.
Miss S. G.—Sent pattern 29th.
Miss R. G. W.—Sent ring by express 29th.
Miss E. W. S—Sent bracelets by express 29th.
M. R.—Sent pattern April 3d.
E. W.—Sent pattern 3d.
Mr. F. T. L.—Sent wrapper by express 3d.
L. M.—Sent hair jewelry by express 5th.
Miss M. T. S.—Sent breastpin by express 5th.
Mrs. M. S.—Sent pattern 16th.
Mrs. Dr. S. M.—Sent pattern 16th.
Miss M. T. S.—Sent earrings by express 16th.
Miss H. A. S.—Sent rubber gloves 17th.
Dr. S. S. N.—Sent slippers by express 17th.
Mr. F. G.—Sent sleeve buttons by express 17th.
Mrs. Y. H.—Sent silk dress, etc., 18th.
Mrs. S. B.—Sent pattern 18th.
Miss S. L.—Sent lead comb 18th.
A. H. L.—Sent pattern 18th.

Sophie.—Yes, they ought to have a separate room for the piano. It is a nuisance at a watering-place for a young woman to come into a parlor and bang away at the piano, interrupting all conversation and annoying everybody.

H. B. A.—If you want our autograph, send stamp and pay the postage on your letter, and not send it under a Congressional frank. You first rob Uncle Sam of three cents, and we suppose you thought to do the same by us.

An Englishman—Asks if it is easy to travel about in this country with a pet dog. We answer yes, if he is dead and his skin stuffed.

Bettie.—Don't know of any.

F. T., Boston, Mass.—What you mean by raised bead-work we do not know, but we consider all work done with beads under that head. We fear we will have to lend you our *editorial* glasses to see with, for below we give a list of the different numbers, in which bead ones are contained. And the list of part beads and other kinds are very numerous, and not given here. The reason more are not given now is that fancy gilt, bronze, or china ones have taken the place of worked ones; every year, however, contains one or more designs: Fig. 3, page 552, June, 1855; page 394, November, 1855; page 305, October, 1863; page 11, July, 1861; February, 1864, small extra page in front of book; page 439, November, 1867.

J. R. D.—We do not substantiate the validity of any article advertised in our Book. This is perfect nonsense.

S. E. W.—Of McLean & Hooper, 4 North Eighth Street, Phila.

Ruthie.—1. A gentleman always precedes a lady up stairs and follows her down stairs. 2. No.

Florence.—Yes, with intimate friends.

Alva May.—If there is nothing really objectionable in the gentleman, act your own pleasure, but your after life will certainly be happier if you drop his acquaintance.

Maggie M.—You must take the book according to the advertisement. The publishers are in Boston, Mass. For the other book address G. W. Carleton & Co., publishers, New York. We do not send books by mail.

Daisy.—We do not profess to be physicians, and therefore do not give medical advice. We advise you to write to the "Dispensary of Skin Diseases, 216 South Eleventh Street, Philadelphia," a well-known and reliable institution, devoted entirely to diseases of the skin.

Lona V.—1. On foolscap or any other paper, writing on one side only. 2. The editor. 3. That article commands no price; every editor is overrun with it. 4. Yes. 5. No.

Maggie M., New York.—You refer to an article in the May number. Would it not have been as well to have mentioned the page? We certainly shall not take the time to look over the whole number for it.

Spinnie and Dora.—We cannot tell character from handwriting, but we can judge pretty well from the matter in a letter, and reading yours it would not be favorable. Your questions are too ridiculous to answer.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of its transactions; and whether the person sending the order, is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dinner dress of light green silk. The skirt is trimmed with two pointed ruffles; polonaise cut low square in the waist; the skirt open in the back and finished by points; open sleeve, trimmed to correspond; fan-shaped ornaments in the back of waist.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of lilac silk, made with a court train and trimmed with white silk and *point appliqué* lace. Open corsage; short sleeve of lilac silk, with white muslin and lace below. Pearl bracelets, earrings, and necklace.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of *écru*-colored *foulard*, made with two skirts and tight-fitting sacque. The skirts are trimmed with narrow pointed ruffles and

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bands trimmed with a darker shade of silk. The sacque is trimmed with passmenterie ornaments and band of silk and small buttons. Hat of the two shades, trimmed with lace and feather.

Fig. 4.—Dress of pink French muslin, made with trained skirt and waist, the skirt trimmed with one ruffle nine inches deep. Overdress of white muslin, trimmed with a narrow ruffle, and a broad sash of pink ribbon knotted on the right side. Square waist, with jacket of white muslin, trimmed with pink silk. White lace barbe, and pink velvet in hair.

Fig. 5.—Evening dress of blue silk, made with one skirt, trimmed with six narrow pinked ruffles. Overdress of illusion, looped up with bunches of pink roses; low corsage, with basques; short sleeves, with bouquets on the shoulders. The corsage is trimmed with puffs. Hair arranged with curls hanging in the back, and half wreath of pink roses.

Fig. 6.—Dress for child of two years, of blue chambray, made with a ruffle on skirt, low basque waist, with white plaited muslin above it. White chip hat, trimmed with blue.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Figs. 1 and 9.—Front and back view of a braided upper skirt and sacque. It can be made of wash goods braided with white and finished by a cotton fringe, or it can be made of plain colored or black Cashmere and be worn cool days during the summer.

Figs. 2 and 3.—Front and back view of walking dress, made of black grenadine. The underskirt is trimmed with four narrow plaited ruffles; the polonaise is open to the waist in the back of skirt and looped at the sides; it is trimmed with ruffles to correspond with underskirt.

Figs. 4 and 5.—Front and back view of a travelling dress of *écru*-colored batiste, made with two skirts, the lower skirt trimmed with bands of the material of a darker shade than dress; overskirt with revers of the same in the back, edged by a ruffle and band in front; basque waist, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 6.—Gray silk dress, made with two skirts and basque, the lower one trimmed with ruffles and bands of brown silk, the upper one with fringe and band of silk; basque waist and open sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 7.—Lilac silk dress, made with two skirts, trimmed with fringe, lace insertion, and puffs; basque waist, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 8.—Suit of white *piqué*, trimmed with a ruffle plaited on the lower skirt. Upper skirt trimmed with braiding and fringe. Sacque to correspond.

Fig. 10.—Garden mitten. This mitten is intended for ladies to draw over their hand and arm when gardening. It is made of gray linen, the two ruffles being plaited to go up over the arm, cut in scallops, and bound with scarlet worsted braid. The part to fit the hand is made with a thumb, and buttons on the back of the hand. It is ornamented all around with herring-bone stitch done in scarlet zephyr.

Fig. 11.—Evening headdress of white lace, pink roses, and velvet.

Fig. 12.—Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with green ribbon, black lace, and white flowers.

Fig. 13.—Hat of white chip, trimmed with white ribbon, black velvet, and feather.

Fig. 14.—Christening cap for an infant, made of Valenciennes lace and insertion, and trimmed with white satin ribbon.

Fig. 15.—Infant's hood, made of white *piqué*, trimmed with fringe and braiding.

Fig. 16.—Bonnet of fine Leghorn, trimmed with black lace, straw-colored ribbon, and feathers; scarlet pomegranates in the face.

Figs. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23.—Different shaped fashionable linen collars for gentlemen.

Fig. 24.—Ladies' night-cap, made in the shape of a net, and finished by a plaited ruche of muslin edged with lace, muslin bow on top, trimmed with lace.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Travelling suit for lady, of flax-colored linen, made with an underskirt and loose sacque with cape. It is trimmed with a plaited ruffle on the underskirt, cut in scallops and edged with lace the same color as dress. A row heads the ruffle, with an insertion above it. The sacque is trimmed with lace and insertion.

Fig. 2.—Morning dress for lady, made of yellow linen, and trimmed with a plaited ruffle of the same, headed with small shells. The front part and top of the ruffle in back is trimmed with a white fringe, headed by shells, as is also the cape and basque waist.

Fig. 3.—Parasol of lilac silk, trimmed with a border of thread lace. A ribbon is fastened at the top, and finished by a bow at the edge of parasol. Pearl handle.

Fig. 4.—Parasol of silver-gray silk, trimmed with narrow pinked ruffles put on in points and finished by a ruche of silk; gray painted handle.

Figs. 5 and 7.—Marie Antoinette *fichu*. This *fichu* is made of plaited muslin, and is trimmed with black velvet. It is Vandyked at the edge, and there is a bow between each Vandyke. The ends correspond in style, and the whole is bordered with Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 6.—Bonnet of fine white straw, trimmed with pink roses and black ribbon; the strings are of silk, edged with a narrow ruffle.

Fig. 8.—Morning cap of white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and blue ribbon.

Figs. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 18.—Fashionable modes of making dress sleeves. These sleeves are variously trimmed with lace, silk, gimp, ruffles, ribbon, and braiding. The shape can be easily seen from illustrations.

Fig. 15.—Flannel skirt for child putting on short clothes, trimmed with a narrow band of silk embroidery.

Fig. 16.—Apron for a girl of twelve years. It can be made of linen, alpaca, or silk. The scallops are bound with braid, and the buttons are placed in them.

Fig. 17.—Fancy waist, to be worn over a colored or black silk dress. It is made of white French muslin, trimmed all around with Valenciennes lace, headed by a ribbon with lace medallions on it. The neck is cut square, and finished with lace. Short sleeves, and bows on the shoulders.

Fig. 19.—Chemise for a miss of fifteen, made with rows of Valenciennes lace, forming a point in front and on the shoulders.

Fig. 20.—White muslin skirt for lady, made with a ruffle around the bottom, trimmed with lace and a puff.

Figs. 21 and 22.—New patterns for ladies' chemise. They are cut tightly gored, without any gathers in them. Fig. 21 has a double ruffle, edged with lace around neck and sleeves. Fig. 22 has puffs and insertion put in in points, in front, cut square in the neck, back and front.

Fig. 23.—Cambric pinafore for girls from five to seven years. This pretty white cambric pinafore consists of back and front breadths, joined on the shoulders. It is trimmed with insertion and plaited cambric frills, according to illustration; the pockets and front trimming being made in separate pieces, and stitched on to the pinafore. Colored bows ornament the front and the pockets.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(*See Engravings, Page* 516.)

Fig. 1.—Dress for girl of six years, made of blue silk, the skirt trimmed with one ruffle with a heading to it. The overdress is of gray, trimmed with blue, made low corsage and no sleeves.

Fig. 2.—Zouave suit for boy of seven years, made of gray linen, the jacket trimmed with a narrow braid.

Fig. 3.—Dress for girl of seven years. The underskirt is of pale pink lawn; the overskirt and waist and sleeves are of white muslin, trimmed with embroidered ruffles. The over waist, cut low square, is made of pink silk, cut in scallops, and bound with silk braid. White chip hat, trimmed with pink ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Suit for boy of twelve years, of very light cassimere, made with an open jacket and vest of white *piqué*. Hat of white straw, with small wing at one side.

Fig. 5.—Dress for girl of five years, of light green silk, made with an overskirt and basque, trimmed with fringe. White straw hat, trimmed with green ribbon and feathers.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

THE little folks must come in for a small share of our chat this month, or we fear that they will feel that they have been neglected.

For young girls and misses the polonaise and cape are most worn; the shape of the polonaise is similar to that on Fig. 1, May number, first side of extension sheet, only less bouffant in the back. Many are not draped at all, but hang in deep folds behind to the end of the skirt. The cape is a plain round talma, falling just to the elbow, and ruffled as the trimming on the polonaise. Deeply kilted skirts, with overskirts simply hemmed, and a plain basque, are much worn by school girls. For smaller girls the princess dress is worn; this is a Gabrielle, with pointed overskirt, and is made up in *piqué*, with elaborate braiding, and inserted bands of embroidery. Loose, low-necked, short-sleeved Gabrielles of white muslin, ruffled, will be worn over summer poplins, light silks, and colored grenadines by little girls. The same garment is made of summer silks, with scalloped edges, beneath which plaited muslin frills appear. The silk ones, with a high neck-plaited muslin or linen waist, makes a very pretty dress. They can be made of plainer dress goods than silk, if desired, and look very nicely. Handsome dresses of last season that are now too short for growing girls are lengthened by scalloping the edge of the skirt and binding them, and putting underneath a side plaiting of the same material, if possible, or else of a darker shade. Wash dresses can also be so lengthened by putting on a plaiting of colored chambray, or of white muslin. The goods worn by girls are of the same nature as those already quoted in previous months, the only difference being that small figures are used, and narrow hair stripes, and white is very generally used, more than any color. The kilt suit is still retained for boys not wearing pants. For cool days the skirt is made of small plaid summer poplin, generally black and white, cut bias, for general wear of white *piqué*. The skirt is laid in deep kilt plaits; the front breadth is left plain for a short space, and trimmed with two or three rosettes. This kilt is buttoned to the belt of a shirt waist of plaited muslin. The jacket, made with a vest, is also of white *piqué*. The child's drawers must not be long enough to show; part of the bare limb is seen above the long sock. The cap is a Scotch cap of straw, with rosette and band of black velvet.

Boys in pants wear dark blue, or gray thin cloth, or flannel suits, or linen and different kinds of wash goods, made with the Alexis blouse, belted, double breasted, and fastened with steel bullet buttons. The pantaloons reach to the knee, and buttons are placed up the outer seam. These are for boys from four to six years of age. Jackets for larger boys invariably have vests and knee pantaloons. Very jaunty suits are of very light cloth, striped with black in faint lines; the jacket is the English walking coat, with long waist, and short slashed back, with the buttons behind set wide apart.

The new and prettiest suits for cool days in summer are the new English sailor suits; they are of dark blue twilled flannel, and consist of a shirt and knee pantaloons. The blouse is simply a sailor's shirt put on over the head, and instead of being belted, a rubber band is run in the hem to hold it in place around the waist, and this band is elastic enough to let the garment be pulled off over the head. The shirt is long enough to droop over the hips in true sailor fashion; it is not open down the front, but is cut very low at the throat, and finished with a large sailor collar. A pocket is on the left breast. Two thick white cotton cords trim the collar and cuffs. A striped black and white linen shirt waist is worn beneath, and a black bow is at the throat. Cords and six white buttons trim the outside seam of the pantaloons.

For ladies' dresses, thin goods are being most made up this month in preparation for the expected brilliant conquests by our fair belles at watering-places and mountains. White is made up in every material and form; Swiss muslin is chosen for dressy suits, made with tucks, puffs, embroidered and lace insertion, and edgings, and tiny ruffles, edged by narrow lace. Let us give our readers a word of advice about the making of these dresses. If you have no sewing machine, do not attempt making one; there is so much work on a single dress, and work that must be done reasonably nice, that unless done by a sewing machine, the tiny puffs, tucks, and ruffles would take months to complete, and may be crushed and destroyed in a single wearing. Do not misunderstand us, and imagine we do not speak in favor of thin white dresses, for we do not consider any dress as beautiful for summer for an afternoon or evening, and especially when worn over a colored silk, now so universally adopted. Our idea of a perfect wardrobe for a young bride was one seen last summer, she having white dresses of all kinds, and only white, except for street wear, some of them most elegant, the different toilets being made by the colored underskirts and ribbons. But we have wandered from our topic. Victoria lawn, and undressed *piqué*, with the satin-like stripe called the Yosemite stripe, for general wear. The most useful overdress for these suits is a bouffant polonaise, as it may be worn effectively over black or colored silks, as well as with the white skirt that completes it. White polonaises are made without lining, and many for the street are finished by a small talma, reaching only to the elbows. The trimming is side plaiting, headed by bands of embroidery. When polonaises are not used, the waist is a French blouse, and the front part of the upper skirt extends over the back breadths, giving the effect of a plaited postillion. The skirt is trimmed very high, with from one to three rows of side plaiting.

Very tasteful buff linen suits for morning shopping and short excursions in the summer, when wash dresses are so very desirable, are so easily and simply made that the style can easily be carried out at home. The skirt is of ordinary walking length, trimmed with two straight scant flounces, so deep

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that when sewed on they cover two-thirds of the skirt, the top of the upper one coming just below the hips. The upper edges of the flounces are gathered on a cord, while the lower has a three-inch hem, in which long deep scallops are cut and finished by the narrowest possible edge of imitation Valenciennes. Worn with this is a loose belted sacque, trimmed like the flounces, and just long enough to slightly overlap the upper flounce. When well adjusted, this gives the appearance of a blouse waist and a third flounce on the skirt. A round collar finishes the neck, and a small talma, open up the middle of the back, scalloped all around, and edged with lace, is added for the street. This suit is very effective, and has one very strong point of recommendation, that of being easily done up, and being capable of being done at home. Two colors are used, or, rather, two shades of one color. We will describe a very beautiful dress seen, to explain our meaning, and then pass on to other topics. Lawns and French muslins come this season in all the beautiful delicate shades in solid colors. The one seen was of flax-colored lawn over bois (wood) color. These fine firm lawns are trimmed around with Cluny of the same flaxen tint, and the Cluny is not only dented deep but tasselled, thus presenting a fluffy, busy wave, light and elaborate. The quantity of flaxen braiding on the bodices and sleeves of these lawns would astonish any one but Parisian seamstresses. It looks like twist. Twist passementerie is consequently in great vogue. It is purchased ready made up in all sorts of arabesques and designs for the back of the waist, front of bodices, and sleeves. It is usually set off by having a piece of black lace underneath. The *écru* or raw shades are very fashionable, and thus trimmed will be worn over blue, pink, rose, and lemon.

The coquetry of summer toilets consist in the pretty bows that are stuck about in most unnecessary places. A bow far up on the left front, another on the right shoulder, with short ends hanging behind; a Watteau bow, with long streamers placed just back of the neck, a bow without any ends at the back of the belt, a bow at the elbow of ruffled sleeves, or a little scarf tied in a bow on the cuffs of coat sleeves; these, with two perpendicular rows of loops set far back on the upper skirt to hide its plaits of drapery, are the jaunty garniture of French suits. Ribbon or silk cut two inches wide is used for these bows. Our readers should particularly note where these bows are placed, as they are to be very much worn on white suits made of different colored ribbons. In fact, bows for the hair and neck now form a needful accessory to the toilet. They are made in the most coquettish manner, and generally of the palest tints. Nothing but a colored ribbon is passed through many of the ruffs, but for our taste it does not look pretty. The Breton heart and fleur-de-lis, hanging from a wide velvet, are being much worn around the neck, with long velvet ends behind.

Tortoise-shell combs are worn high, at the head of the light flowing braids which form so graceful a headdress, provided they are light and sunbearing. A ribbon is simply drawn through the hair in front, but all the art is required in the way the ribbon is pulled through. It has to wind and look as if it did but meander as naturally as a rivulet in mossy banks.

The Charlotte Corday cap becomes more and more fashionable, and is worn by both old and young.

We must not forget to mention scarfs, which are a vast preoccupation at present. It is decided that the scarf is either to look Moorish or Lady-of-the-Lakeish. That will altogether depend on the material selected. The scarf is fastened by one end to the left shoulder by means of a bow, and the arrangement will be brought in graceful folds round the bosom, to be led under the right arm and pinned under the folds of the pannier behind, a little towards the right hip, where a knot and ends finish it off. Worn in this manner, the scarf is not only a graceful trimming and finish, but a light and cool accessory for the shoulders, neither mantle nor jacket, for the heat of summer. Many of these scarfs will be made of the same materials as the dress with which they are worn, and will be draped in a variety of different ways.

The Alpine parasol, with stick to be used like a cane, or lashed to the belt in tourist fashion, will be the popular fashion for the summer. Gray and *écru* pongees, trimmed with lace of same shade, or with deep fringe or a ruffle, will be most used. Very expensive ones are also braided with soutache or embroidered. English parasols, of dark blue or plum-colored silk, richly fringed, and as large as an umbrella, are very stylish. The handles most seen are of imitation shell or ivory; bamboo and rosewood sticks are also used. The latest novelty is a revival of the old-time canopy-top parasol, with a silver-mounted knob and handle. Double-faced silk serge, black or brown outside, with blue or pink inside, is used for serviceable umbrellas.

Real lace veils are of plain net, or else have thick dots, instead of the lightly-wrought dots formerly used. The lace border is about two inches wide. The veil is shaped to fall below the chin, sit smoothly on the sides, and fall behind in long streamers. Less expensive veils are squares of Spanish net, with or without dots, edged with a deep border of Spanish blonde. Three-cornered veils are also of the same material. Jet daggers or arrows, or else dead gold pins, fasten the veil over the chignon.

A most picturesque round hat, called the Dolly Varden, is designed to wear with gay chintz suits in the country at midsummer. This is a Leghorn or chip flat, with a broad, soft brim, not held in shape by a stiff wire, but caught up in plaits on each side. A cluster of rosebuds is in front, pale blue or *écru* ribbon is twined around the crown and tied in a large bow, with streamers behind. Another bunch of buds is under the brim on the left, and an ostrich plume on the left curls around behind. The brim is faced with silk of a becoming color, usually in contrast to that of the trimming. There are long strings to tie under the chignon or chin, as the wearer fancies. The most dressy hats yet seen have high, sloping crowns, with very slight drooping brims, and are made of black net and thread lace, row after row, gathered around the crown in standing frills, and ornamented with very rich jet ornaments, in blocks, bands, aigrettes, and sometimes a coronet made up of small jet beads. Black straws, sewed chip, and split straw round hats are shaped like bonnets, with a narrow revers in front, and only require strings to transform them into bonnets. The turned up revers is faced with a color and lace, a great bow is placed in front, a wing at the side, while a rose and vine trail down the back.

We see before us a bewildering array of beautiful bonnets, but our space warns us we must hasten by; we will merely describe a black thread net one, a style ever popular with ladies residing in cities, who not only consider them stylish but economical. This net is more substantial than tulle, and is made up over lace frames, piped with black silk. Real thread lace is its garniture, with coronet of jet; the trimming is massed in front, with a large bow of two leaves of lace, with jet butterfly in the centre, with drooping ends of net hanging low behind. Wide lace strings are used for these bonnets. Any color of flowers desired may trim them.

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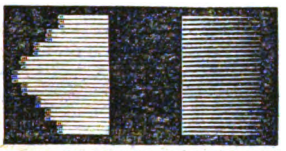
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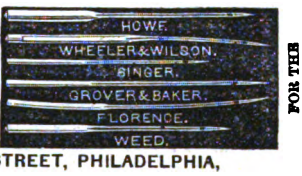
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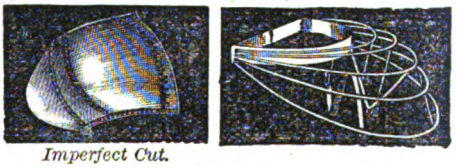
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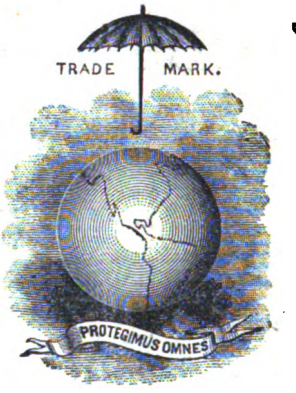
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